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1895

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Confederate Veteran.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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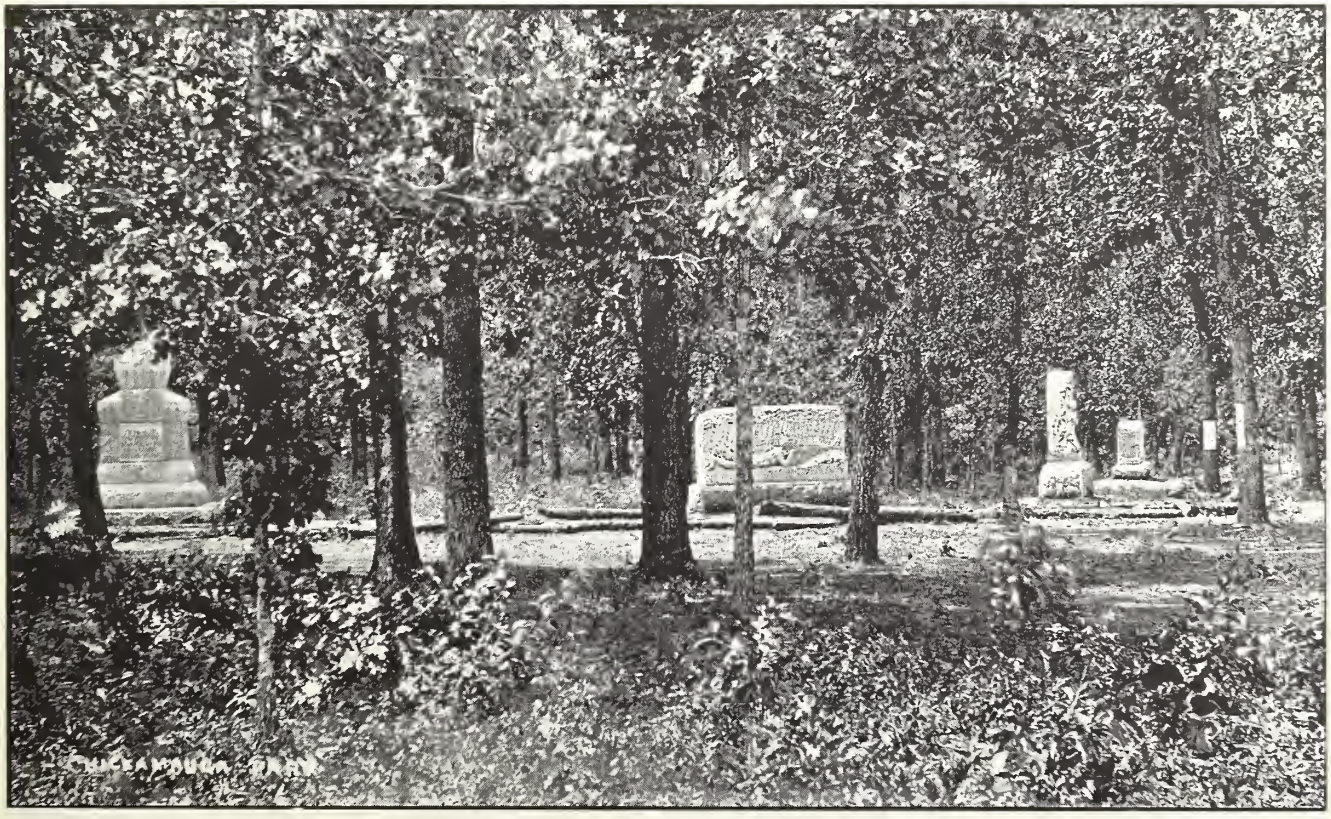
G. A. C. Wash. Oct. 1895

RE-UNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MAY 22, 23, 24, 1895.

The Re-union Association, of Houston, Texas, through W. A. Childress, its General Manager, writes the Veteran that Gen. W. L. Cabell, to whom had been referred the fixing of the date for the re-union, has named May 22, 23, and 24, as the time, and that the Association has concurred in the same.

We will see to the people after they get here. We have every reason to believe that the railroads will give us low rates from beyond the Mississippi, while the Texas roads have done all we could ask.

We anticipate a great gathering and a good time,—Grand Encampment Meeting State Guard May 20-24.



Scene in Chickamauga Park.

This view is at the angle or left of Thomas' Line on Sunday, September 20th, occupied by King's Brigade of Regulars, in front of which Breckinridge and Cleburne fought on Sunday, and near which Generals Helm and Deshler and Colonel Colquitt were killed. See page 4.



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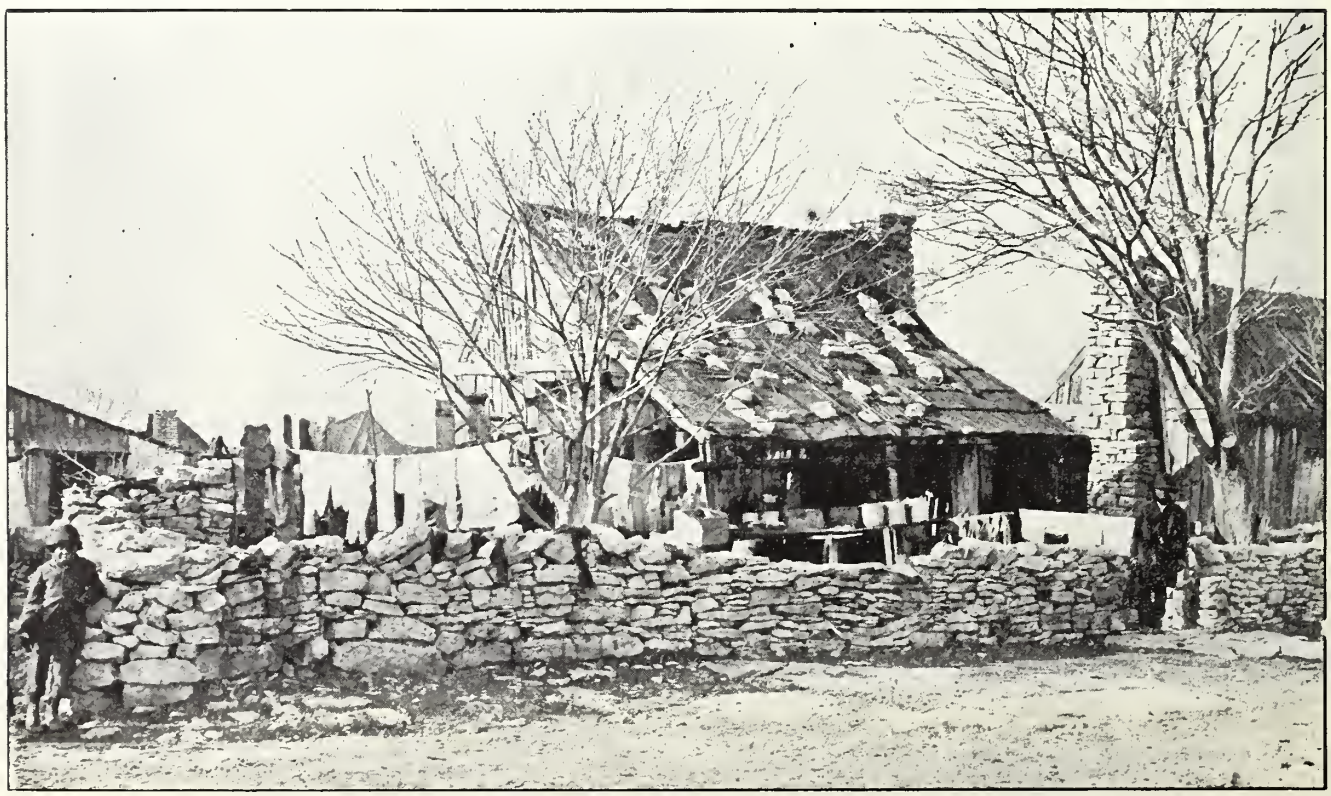


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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1895. | No. 1. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributers will please be dilligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Nichol & Holliday, Eastern Advertising managers, Atlanta, Ga.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Though men deserve, they may not win success.
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

This VETERAN is printed under disadvantages that may not be expected hereafter. Change in the color of title ink seems necessary because of the large editions. Let every friend be diligent in advancing its interests and the results will be satisfactory.

At going to press time, report comes of an interesting and profitable meeting of the United Confederate Veterans of Arkansas, held in the Capital building at Little Rock. An account of it is secured for the next issue. The VETERAN was adopted as their official organ.

A correspondent in Alabama criticises the VETERAN for mentioning the "Battle of Pittsburg Landing." Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh, Manassas and Bull Run, Antietam and Sharpsburg are confusing terms to young people, and the VETERAN suggests the propriety of the reconciliation of these and many other confusing names of battles. Of course it is something that will require concession from both sides. Who will submit a remedy?

Hon. S. D. McCormick, of Henderson, Ky., whose article on the "War of Secession" was in November VETERAN, replies to editorial note at the bottom of article, and says: "I cannot accept your suggestion, War Against Secession. From the standpoint of the Union the Civil War was a 'War Against Secession,' while from the Southern standpoint it was a 'War for Secession;' but from the standpoint of North and South it was a 'War of Secession.' You will observe that 'War of Secession' is broader and fills the full measure of a descriptive title."

By a constitutional amendment the State of Texas may expend as much as $100,000 annually for Confederate soldiers and sailors who were injured in the war. It may be assumed that the Commissioners in charge will not allow imposition.

W. M. McAlister, of Warm Springs, Va., on a recent visit to the VETERAN reported new Camps:

In August, 1894, he helped to organize Bath Camp of Confederate Veterans with an enrollment of nearly two hundred members. Mr. McAlister was elected Commander, and Mr. Geo. Mustoe, Adjutant. Then in October he assisted in organizing a Camp in Pocahontas County, W. Va., with a membership, of about 150. Col. A. C. L. Gatewood was elected Commander. He reported an arrangement to organize another Camp at Covington, Alleghany County, Va., on the 8th of January, County Court day.

The Edgefield, S. C., Chronicle reports the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held by the Abner Perrin Camp, and the annual election of officers, in which Capt. Geo. B. Lake was chosen Commander, S. L. Ready, W. S. Allen, and M. Lott, were made Lieut. Commanders, and R. S. Anderson, Adjutant.

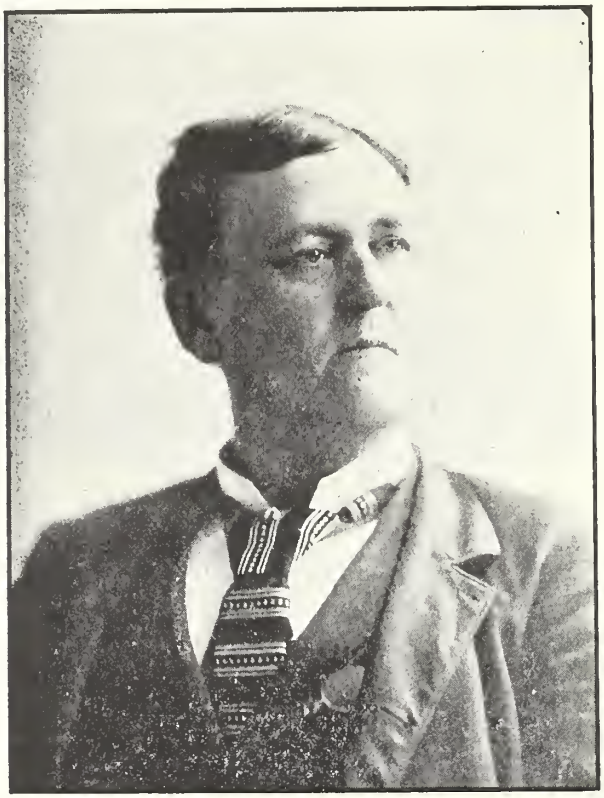
Provision was made for sons to become members of that Camp, until they could organize for themselves. Capt. Lake in responding to the honor conferred upon being elected chief officer, said: "I deem it greater honor to be chosen Commander of this Camp of old soldiers, than to be elected Governor of South Carolina." Severe condemnation was expressed of a published suggestion that decrepid Confederate soldiers might be provided for in the county poorhouse.

In a communication from Levi Perryman, Forestburg, Texas, in the October VETERAN, a correction is due as to name of Regiment, which should be Hawpes' instead of Hipp's.

The National Tribune at Washington, D. C., states that Geo. H. Stone. Co. K. 8th, Iowa Cav. Marion, Iowa, has a large Silver Medal, found in the State of Alabama during the war which the owner can have on satisfactory proof. The medal bears the name of Charles E. Gallihor of Palmetto Regiment, S. C., on reverse side, several Mexican war Battles.

COL. WM. LOGAN CLARKE.

Confederate Comradeship sustained sad loss in the death of Col. William Logan Clarke. It occurred at Nashville, January 19th. Col. Clark was widely known and popular. A native Kentuckian, he served in the Orphan brigade, and commanded, much of the time, the Sixth Regiment. He distinguished himself at Shiloh, at Vicksburg and at Baton Rouge. In the latter he was severely wounded. He left a sick bed to make the fight at Murfreesboro, and was complimented in orders by Colonels Lewis, Cofer, and Gen. Gibson. At "Rocky Face," at Dalton, and at Resaca, he was a hero with his men. On the morn-



ing of day that the Dallas battle took place, while lying down, after a nights command of Brigade skirmishers, his left arm was shattered.

Col. Clarke was of the best families in Kentucky, and was closely intimate with Gen. Ben Hardin Helm. He married a daughter of Maj. Thomas Helm of Glasgow, Ky. His wife and six children survive him.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. R. C. Reed, pastor of the Woodland Street Presbyterian Church, of which he was an efficient member, by Elder R. Lin Cave who was a many times wounded comrade, and Rev. J. H. McNeilly, whose experience as a Confederate has had prominence in the VETERAN. The services were pathetic and worthy the occasion.

At the burial, Gen. W. H. Jackson read the service after a brief, appropriate mention that after the last burial by the Bivouac, that of comrade Dr. N. D. Richardson a few weeks before, Colonel Clarke read parts of the service to his son Walter, as he wanted to impress him with its beauty and appropriateness. Rev. Dr. Blair, Chaplain, concluded the service with prayer. Col. Clark and Mr. Isaac Litton, whose death was reported in the last VETERAN, were the First and Second Vice Presidents respectively of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac.

Col. Clarke as a business man was hardly second to his career as a soldier. For some years after the war he was associated with the venerable J. S. Lithgow in Louisville, and subsequently took an important place with the largest manufacturing establishment in Tennessee, if not in the South. He procured and held the ardent devotion of his business associates. His patriotic zeal for the great cause of the VETERAN was unceasing. The first speech ever reported in it was by him. It was to his old Brigade, at Hansons, and this is the concluding sentence .... "If I had nothing else to bequath my children, my service and connection with this old brigade would be a sufficient heritage."

In one of the darkest days of the VETERAN at a reunion of Kentuckians in Versailles, Col. Clark and Rev. Jno. R. Deering were of its most heroic advocates, and it will honor both to the Judgment Day.

HOW A VIRGINIA GIRL SAVED LEE'S ARMY.

The following remarkable sketch is by a gentleman whose statements on any subject are believed implicitly, and hence this sketch should be preserved as one of the most remarkable events of the war. The author deplores that he can't recall the name of the family whose daughter was such a heroine:

In front of Petersburg, in the early spring of 1865, every soldier of average intelligence knew that Gen. Lee was only waiting for the end to come, and wondering how the new born Confederacy was to die. But we were certain that it would "die game."

One evening late in March, Gen. A. P. Hill sent for me and said his impressions were that Grant was preparing for a general forward movement, and that Gen. Lee should have accurate information as to his movements. He desired me to take as many men as I thought I would need, and get inside the enemy's lines as soon as we could, obtain all possible information, returning one man at a time as we gained it, and that I must get information regardless of danger. Early next morning, with three companions, I had reached a point in rear of Grant's vast army where we could conceal ourselves during the day. My hope was that the next night we could reach a place near Cabin Point where we thonght we could certainly get in through the enemy's picket lines.

During frequent scouts in that direction I had become acquainted with a family (the head of which was in the army), consisting of mother, two daughters aged about twenty and eighteen, and a son about twelve years. They were poor but intensely Southern. Their humble log cabin was always open with genuine Virginia hospitality, and especially to a soldier in gray. We had often used the boy, by sending him inside the Federal lines with a basket of pies, for which he would ask a dollar each. We priced them high to prevent his selling out too soon. He was a very remarkable boy, and soon "caught on" so he could go all through the army. Those old-fashioned,

"half-moon" Virginia pies were quite a factor in the secret service of the Army of Northern Virginia. The eighteen-year-old daughter was really the head of the family.

It was to this place we were hurrying, when about two o'clock the second night out, on a broad, sandy road, now little used on account of the position of the armies, the quick ear of our scouts caught the sound of a rapidly approaching horse. We had hardly concealed ourselves when the horse and rider had reached us. With a bound like wildcats, Jackson and Bond had the horse thrown back on his haunches. Instantly a bright pistol flashed in Jackson's face, but I had already grasped the wrist and the bullet went singing through the air. Reuben Boon took the pistol from the small hand, and she cried out, "Would you murder a woman?" I replied, "What are you doing here alone at this hour?" "This is Captain, and the very man I am looking for!" It was the younger daughter of the family above mentioned. In lifting her from her saddle, I found her to be thoroughly wet and shivering with cold. We wrapped her closely in the folds of two army blankets, and I gave her some whisky from a small flask given me by Gen. A. P. Hill before starting. She soon became quite comfortable, and seated at the foot of a large pine tree, though far from home and with four men whom she only knew as rough soldiers, without a particle of trepidation, in a clear voice she told us that on the day before her family had observed unusual activity in the army. The young brother went out and soon returned to inform them that the whole Army of the Potomac was already on a forward movement. The plan was clear to turn Lee's right at Five Forks and Dinwiddie Court House. With Sheridan then to force his way to the South Side R. R., and there cut off Lee's retreat, then by a general forward movement, the effort would be made to destroy his army. The young lady said that her mother prayed for quick means to inform Gen. Lee, and watched anxiously for some scout to come along. She astonished her mother by telling her she was going that night to give the Confederates information. She kissed her mother good-by, and mounting their only horse, she sped away in the darkness to give her countrymen, over thirty miles away, the news. She explained that in fording a creek about twelve miles back, her horse fell in water waist deep. She kept her pistol dry, leading the horse out. Again, about seven miles back, a "Halt" rang out, and a minnie ball passed over her head.

We were astonished at the important news and the wonderful action of this remarkable Virginia girl. I told her that we must get this news to our army as soon as possible. She said the men could go, that surely one of them might get through, and added: "I want you to see me home, Captain." I decided to take her home, and had lifted the then helpless girl on her horse, when, after a warm clasp of the hand with each scout and a "God-speed and protect you," she turned to go. I also bade them farewell, with an admonition to let nothing stop them until Gen. Hill was informed of the situation. They started for our army, while I went in an opposite direction to deliver to her mother the grandest heroine history has ever recorded.

I instructed her to stay from four to six rods in my rear, and let this distance separate us unless she wanted to speak with me.

The gray of dawn was beginning when we reached the vicinity of her home. Concealing her in a pine thicket near, I quietly as possible approached the house. Looking through a crack between the logs, I saw the mother and sister sitting by the fire. Their pale, anxious faces told the tale. No sleep had come to them through that long night of anxiety. "Thank God! thank God!" was the only reply that the mother could make when told of her daughter's safety. I lifted her from her horse, but she could not walk a step. When clasped in her mother's arms, she fainted as if dead. Her tired nature was exhausted and the reaction had come.

Two cups of genuine strong coffee and a good breakfast somewhat restored me after thirty-six hours without rest or sleep. I bade farewell to this grand heroine and good family, and with their prayers following me, I started on the perilous journey to Lee's lines.

Grant's entire army was on the move. The usual routes were blocked. Several times I ran upon them. Once a regiment of cavalry forced me into a creek with nothing but my nose above water and head under drift. I had to remain until they crossed within a hundred feet of me. Another time that day I lay under a culvert almost buried in mud while a brigade of infantry and a battalion of artillery passed over it. Late that night I got into the promised land to find Lee's entire army ready for battle.

Reaching Gen. A. P. Hill's quarters, I found him up and dressed. I gave him such additional information as I had gained. He told me one of the scouts had been captured, but two arrived safe, with the information. In less than an hour after they reported, couriers were dashing in every direction, and in five hours the army was in line of battle. Bushrod Johnson and Pickett had been sent to Five Forks and Dinwiddie Court House, and reached there before Sheridan.

By the patriotic courage of this young woman, Lee met Grant at every point, and but for her the surrender would have been at Petersburg, and there would have been no Appomattox.

I have never heard of this noble Virginia family since that eventful night. Nor have I seen but one of the three scouts. Jackson lives in Oklahoma. The others I have never heard from. I suppose they have gone to join Hill, "Stonewall," Archer, and Lee.

The VETERAN would be glad to learn of this family and fully of its members.

Miss Sue M. Monroe, Wellington, Va., near the Manassas battlefield: "I was very much interested in the short account of Maj. John S. Monroe, of New Orleans. Can you answer me in the VETERAN if he is still living, and where, and if dead, the particulars? John and Spence Monroe, two Highland Scotchmen, settled on Monroe's Creek, Westmoreland County, in this State. Spence was President Monroe's father, and John was my great-greatgrandfather. The Major reminds me of my own father, and I would have done just as he did if I had to die for it."

GEN. BASIL DUKE ON CAVALRY SERVICE.

M. B. Morton writes from Frankfort, Ky.:

I take much interest in the most picturesque figure of modern times, "Old Johnny Reb Who Wore the Gray," and note the excellence and the evident success of the VETERAN.

I had the pleasure recently of hearing Gen. Basil W. Duke's lecture on the "Confederate Cavalry Service," which he delivered in this city to perhaps the most distinguished audience ever assembled in the Frankfort Opera House, consisting of the entire appellate bench of Kentucky, the State officials, and the most prominent citizens of Kentucky's capital.

It is hardly necessary to say that Gen. Duke was Morgan's "right bower" during the Civil War, and after the death of his dashing chieftain, was the leader of his famous command until the final surrender. He is one of the best lawyers in the South.

In this State where he has an extensive personal acquaintance, and where so many persons have heard his clear, incisive legal arguments and his charming conversation, his lecture has been looked forward to as an epoch in Confederate history. Though he was one of the chivalric figures of the war, and has upon his person the angry scars that bear testimony to some of the many fierce conflicts through which he passed, he would never be selected as a veteran of a war that closed thirty years ago. He is lithe, active, and vivacious, and his auburn hair and full, cropped beard are merely tinged with silvery threads. While telling his story simply and without ostentation, he holds his audience in rapt attention during the two hours consumed in its narration.

The chief object of the lecture is to show the importance of the service rendered by the bold riders of Forrest and Morgan in inspiring confidence in the Confederate sympathizers of Kentucky and Tennessee, striking with terror the loyal hearts of Ohio and Indiana, and drawing off large bodies of Federal troops in their pursuit who would otherwise have been engaged in active hostilities against the beleaguered armies of the South. He adorns his narrative with many charming incidents; some of the most interesting of which occurred in Tennessee and in Sumner County, which, with a voting population of 2,800 at the breaking out of the war, furnished 3,000 soldiers to the Confederate Army.

Though he spent four years of his youth in the camp, in the military prison, and in the wild fray, Gen. Duke is a man of fine literary attainments, attested by his well-rounded periods and rapidly flowing diction; but occasionally in the heat of action he throws aside his glittering ornaments and tumbles headlong into the wild vernacular of the camp, and occasionally uses the African "et" for "ate." Then the auditor loses sight of the elegant figure in evening dress before the footlights: sees only the slouched hat and gray uniform of the plunging trooper, and hears the "rebel yell" and the angry notes of the navy-six and double-barrel shotgun that Morgan's men adopted.

F. O'Brien, of Berwick, La., reports the death of another old comrade, Wade Coleman, during the first week in January.

CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

The visit of Gen. A. P. Stewart, Commissioner for the Chickamauga Park on behalf of the Confederate side, who was the special guest of the Ladies' Hermitage Association at its annual gathering January 8, was improved by the VETERAN for a conference about his work. He was glad of so good an opportunity to make some statements to its fifty thousand readers, explaining that the Southern people do not seem to be as well informed as they should be in regard to it. His association with the two Commissioners representing the volunteer army and the regular army respectively, has been very pleasant, and he is gratified that the government gives equal liberty to the States which served the Confederate Army with those that furnished soldiers for the Union Army:

In August, 1890, the Congress of the United States passed a bill, which was approved by the President, to establish a National Military Park on the battlefield of Chickamauga. The work was to be under the charge of the Secretary of War, who was authorized to appoint a commission composed of three members, who were to be taken from the survivors of the battle of Chickamauga and the battles around Chattanooga. There was also to be an assistant in historical work. The Secretary of war organized the commission by selecting one member of it from the Northern volunteer army, one from the regular army, and the third from the Confederate army. The assistant in historical work was also selected from the Northern side. This Commission, acting for the Secretary of War, and with his approval, proceeded to purchase the lands embraced within the limits of the battlefield of Chickamauga. They have bought nearly six thousand acres lying on both sides of the road leading from Rossville, in Northern Georgia, to Lee & Gordon Mills, on the Chickamauga River. The road from Rossville Gap, on Missionary Ridge, along the crest of the ridge to the north, was made one of the approaches to and parts of the park. Also the road from Reed's Bridge, on the Chickamauga, to Ringgold; the road from Lee & Gordon Mills, by way of Crawfish Springs and Glass's Ford, on the Chickamauga; the Crawfish Springs road from Rossville, passing through McFarland's Gap and Missionary Ridge, to Crawfish Springs; all these roads, as well as the road from Rossville across the point of Lookout Mountain and Lookout Creek, were made approaches to and parts of the park.

In March, 1892, the work of construction on the park began. All the roads running through it, at least those which existed in 1863, had been graded and thoroughly surfaced, some of them with broken stones and gravel, and others with gravel alone. The road from Rossville Gap and along the crest of Missionary Ridge has been graded and surfaced, making one of the finest driveways in the world. The road from the Tennessee and Georgia State line, at Rossville, through Rossville Gap and Lee & Gordon Mills, and then toward Crawfish Springs, has been graded and surfaced. The forest over a very large proportion of the area of the park has

been cleared of undergrowth, so as to restore it to the condition of open woods. The intention is to bring the whole field as nearly as possible to the condition it was in at the time of the battle of Chickamauga. The lines of battle occupied by the troops on both sides will be indicated by placing on them large iron tablets, containing a brief history of the operations of the troops on both sides.

The act establishing the park authorized every State that had troops engaged to locate the positions of their troops, and to mark them in any suitable way by tablets or monuments, and made provision to that end, but as yet no Southern State has taken any step in that direction. Nearly all the States that had troops engaged there, either North or South, have been commissioned to assist the National Commission in determining the location of the troops. The State of Minnesota has erected four monuments on the field of Chickamauga, and one on Missionary Ridge; the State of Ohio has erected some fifty-five monuments on the field of Chickamauga, and besides has placed a large number of stone markers indicating the positions of its troops; the State of Tennessee had in the battle of Chickamauga a larger number of regiments and batteries than any other State, North or South, and ought to take steps to mark the position of her troops, and to place on these monuments a brief outline of the part taken by each on the field of battle. The same thing should be done by every other Southern State. No distinction is made by the law establishing the park between the States of the two different sections of the country; all have the same rights.

The battle of Chickamauga is regarded by many as affording the best illustration, given by any battle of the war, of the military prowess of the American soldier. When the plan has been completely carried out, a visitor to the field will be able to trace out the positions occupied by the troops on both sides, and to understand just how the battle was fought, and to appreciate the result. The battle began on the morning of the 19th of September, 1863, and closed about dusk on Sunday, the 20th. The whole Federal Army left the field in possession of the Confederates, and retired to Rossville Gap, and the next day to Chattanooga. It was certainly a glorious field for the Southern troops, and the Southern States owe it to them to commemorate their deeds in an appropriate way on the park.

Two months after the battle of Chickamauga, on the 25th of November, 1863, the Confederate Army, which was then occupying the crest of Missionary Ridge, and which had been greatly reduced in strength by the transfer of Longstreet and his corps to Knoxville, was attacked by the army of Gen. Grant, which had been largely reinforced, and driven from its position. The odds, however, were practically as great as four to one. The left flank of Bragg's army was turned by the force which Hooker led across the point of Lookout Mountain and through Rossville Gap. The position became untenable and was abandoned by the Confederate troops to avoid capture.

The scheme for the National Park embraces the ridge, and crest road on the ridge, as well as the field of Chickamauga. The commission has erected three observation towers on the Chickamauga field, one of which is on an eminence in the extreme southern part, near the Chickamauga River; another on a high point in the northwestern part of the park, near the road leading to Reed's Bridge; and the third on the famous Snodgrass Hill. Two other towers have been



SNODGRASS HOUSE, NEAR WHICH THEREWAS DESPERATE FIGHTING.

erected on Missionary Ridge, one of them on what is known as Bragg's Hill, on which stood a little house occupied by Gen. Bragg as headquarters; the other on a commanding position some two miles farther north. From either of the three towers on Chickamauga field the observer may have a commanding view of the entire field, and can trace out the movements of the armies.

In the battle of Chickamauga there were four brigade commanders on each side either killed or mortally wounded. The spots where these officers fell have been located and marked by triangular pyramids, each having a base two or three feet high of the limestone quarried on the park, and with a superstructure made of eight inch shells, the whole rising to a height of ten or twelve feet. This work has been done by the National Park Commission. The names of the four brigade commanders on the Southern side were Helm, of Kentucky; Colquitt, of Georgia; Deshler, of Arkansas; and Preston Smith, of Memphis, Tennessee; on the Northern side, King, Baldwin, Hegg, and Lytle, the latter being the Cincinnati poet. The work of construction on the park has been nearly completed, but there is a great deal that ought to be done by the Southern States in the way of erecting monuments or some other markers in honor of their troops.

A bill has passed Congress for the National Dedication of the park, on the next anniversary of the battle, September 19-20, 1895. The President and his cabinet, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, Governors of States, and the surviving soldiers of the war, are to be invited to be present on that occasion. An appropriation of $20,000 has been made to defray the expense. Ample preparations will be made to provide accommodations for everybody, and doubtless, on that occasion, there will be the greatest reunion of the Gray and the Blue that has ever taken place, or that ever will occur.



(This monument to Gen. Hegg is the same as the Government has erected to Gens. Preston, Smith, Helm, and Deshler, and to the four Federal brigadiers killed on that field.) The government exhibits a liberal policy in it all.



GEN. BARNARD ELLIOTT BEE.

Son of Col. Barnard E. Bee, and Miss Ann Wragg Tayssonx, and grandson of Judge Thomas Bee of Revolutionary fame, was born in Charleston, S. C., in the year 1824.

He, and his elder brother Hamilton, moved to Texas in 1837, with their father, who contributed his sword in the defence and liberty of his adopted State.

Gen. Bee was a graduate of West Point, and served in the United States Army all through the Mexican war, having been twice brevetted on the field for bravery, and for which South Carolina presented him a beautiful Sword, now the in possession of his brother, Gen. Hamilton P. Bee, of San Antonio, Texas. In 1860 on the secession of his native State from the Union, he tendered his resignation to the United States Government, and volunteered to defend his native State with the Sword she had given him.

Battery Bee, which contributed her full quota on the 12th and 13th of April, 1861, in the expulsion of the garrison of Fort Sumter, under the command of Major Anderson, was named for him.

Soon afterward he went to Virginia, where the belligerent armies were gathering to face each other.

The Battle of Manassas, on the 21st July, 1861, found him amongst the foremost, and while gallant y fighting for the South, eager to advance even to the cannon's mouth, to inspire his brave men to follow Gen. Jackson who was leading, he pointed to him, and with an outburst of patriotic eloquence cried: "Look! there is Jackson, standing like a Stonewall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer!"

Conquer we did, but a fatal bullet pierced his noble form, and the Angel of Death bore his immortal spirit into the arms of the God of Victory.

He lies buried beside his father and mother in the cemetery at Pendleton, S. C. JAMES M. BEE.

MR. POLK MILLER AS A LECTURER.

A review of Mr. Polk Miller, as a lecturer and a delineator of negro character, was inadvertently omitted from the Christmas VETERAN, and now the comment by Rev. Dr. G. W. F. Price, President of the Nashville College for Young Ladies, is substituted, which is a finer tribute. It is taken from the College paper:

Never has there been a greater and more pronounced success won by any platform speaker, than that which was scored in this city by Mr. Polk Miller, of Richmond, Va., in his recent visit to our community. His characterization of the grand old ante-bellum days upon the Southern plantation, and his delineations of the negro character in its most pleasing aspects, were listened to by an audience which drew together all extremes of age, and which represented the education, the culture and the social prestige of Nashville.

Mr. Miller is simple, artless, unaffected. He speaks out of abundant knowledge and a sympathetic heart. His personal experience of the events, incidents and characters which he reproduces lends the pleasing spice of autobiography to his inimitable recitations and stories. It requires no effort for him to give the negro dialect. It is as natural to him as his venacular. He knows the negro character, his method of thought, his philosophy of life, his religious susceptibility, his subtle craftiness, his biting humor, his spontaneous drollery, his irrepressible gayety, and his quaint superstitions.

With banjo in hand, Mr. Miller so wonderfully personates the plantation darkey, that one rubs his eyes under the delusive spell to assure himself that the veritable Sambo is not there in person, manner and voice. Interspersed with the drolleries of the hour come many a pathetic touch, bringing tears to the eyes of those who are old enough to read between the lines. Mr. Miller is doubtless about the last amongst us who will ever be able to reproduce out of personal knowledge these vanished phrases of a civilization at once unique and splendid.

At the College Mr. Miller carried the girls by storm, and for the time quite broke up the schedule of the day. While he sang, played or talked every eye was fixed on his slightest gesture, and when he ceased a tumult of applause gave an irresistible encore. So, too, in Watkins Hall, his public audience seemed rooted to the spot, unwilling to let pass from eye and heart a figure whose like we shall not see again, unless, as we all devoutly wish, in his own person. Come again, come often, Mr. Miller.

GENEROUS ACTION OF A COMRADE.

Miss Claudine Rhett, wrote from Columbia, S. C., October 30th: Last Sunday night, we had a large gathering of Survivors, and citizens, at the First Baptist Church of this city, where the convention which passed the ordinance of Secession first met, to listen to the annual sermon preached to Camp Hampton, by the Rev. S. P. H. Elwell, their chaplain, himself a one-armed Confederate soldier. This discourse was eloquent, manly, and true to the principles of "the right of self-government." His text was from Samuel, 2d book, 27th verse: "How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished." Gen'l M. C. Butler commands Camp Hampton.

During a pause in one of the engagements fought in Virginia, Col. M. C. Butler, of Hampton's Cavalry, and Major Farley, the famous scout, were sitting quietly on horseback talking together, when suddenly a ball struck Col. Butler above the ankle, passed through his horse, killing it, proceeded to crush Major Farley's leg, and killed his horse also.

Some of the soldiers rushed quickly forward, and disengaged the fallen officers from their dead horses, but it was found that both of these gentlemen would have to suffer the amputation of a limb. Surgeons were sent for, and they were laid in the shade of a big tree near by.

When the surgeon, Dr. B. W. Taylor, arrived to perform the double operation, he first approached Col. Butler, the ranking officer, and said to him, "Colonel, I have very little chloroform, but I will share it equally between you and the Major."

"No," replied Col. Butler, "keep it all for Farley, who is worse off than I am. I can bear the pain without it."

The ordeal was accordingly endured, without the aid of this alleviating adjunct of surgery, and the generous hero happily survived the operation!

As soon as he was able to ride, Butler returned to the field of duty, resumed the command of his regiment, and rose to be the youngest (and the handsomest) Major General in the service of the Confederate States.

He now holds the position of United States Senator from South Carolina.

The gallant Farley died a few days after the above mentioned incident, in spite of the magnanimous self-renunciation of his comrade.

H. H. Stephens, who was of Company I, Seventh Mississippi Regiment, Byhalia, Mississippi, writes:

I notice in the November issue of the VETERAN that W. H. Albertson, of Lake Charles, La., wishes information concerning Doug. McIntyre, who enlisted at Holly Springs, Miss., and was captured and caged in "Rock Island" in 1864. Mr. McIntyre went to Texas some eleven or twelve years ago, where he was actively engaged in teaching school. One very cold day in mid-winter a party of gentlemen was out on a lake shooting ducks, and in the midst of their sport the boat capsized and poor Doug. was drowned.

I can't tell him anything about Bester Coleman or J. A. Barefield, about whom he also inquires.

CONFEDERATE NATIONAL MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, Commanding Department East of the Mississippi, United Confederate Veterans, issues general order No. 4:

COLUMBUS, MISS., January 15, 1895.

The Lieutenant General Commanding invites the attention of all Confederate Veterans to, and heartily commends the patriotic suggestions of Col. Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York city—who, in the war between the States, was a comrade in the Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia—looking to the establishment and maintenance of a National Memorial Association, in and by which "to perpetuate the memories of the glorious struggle of the South for Constitutional rights, to pay deserved tribute to the heroic deeds of their fallen comrades, to furnish an inspiring object lesson to their descendants, and to leave to posterity enduring proofs of the courage, loyalty and devotion to duty of the Confederate soldier."

For the erection of the necessary buildings and to provide an adequate fund for the permanent maintenance of the contemplated Memorial, it is estimated that the sum of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars will be necessary, to be raised as now outlined in the form of subscriptions to an incorporated body, with the stated capital and stipulated valuation of shares, under a Board of Administrators, charged with the organization and management of the Association, to be composed of the nine surviving Confederate officers of the highest rank, who, after organizing, will alone receive donations and subscriptions to the stock to be issued by them; and that none might be excluded from participation in the patriotic undertaking, it is contemplated that the PAR value of the stock be fixed at Ten Dollars PER share.



STATE OFFICERS TENNESSEE DIVISION CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

It is the purpose of this general order to enlist interest at once in the proposed Memorial, and to urge upon the nine surviving ranking Confederate officers to meet at an early date, organize the Board of Administrators, and formulate the details of organization, so that the Veterans and their sympathizers everywhere will be placed in possession of the purpose, scope and extent of the movement, and be prepared to consider and perfect the uncompleted details of the work when they meet in Reunion at Houston, Texas, next April.

Let it be understood that the contemplated Memorial will in no wise antagonize, but rather supplement the existing Memorial organizations here and there throughout the late Confederate States.

As well said by Comrade Rouss: "The mementos of the struggle of the South and the evidences of her glorious prowess in the field are scattered broadcast over the country. Should they not be collected and provision be made for their preservation as a rich inheritance for our children and a patriotic object lesson for generations to come?" To this eloquent appeal we believe the responsive answer of all true ex-Confederates will be, Yes! Then, as our ranks are being rapidly thinned by the Scythe of Time, let the comparatively few of us that remain at once take the matter in hand, and labor for the realization of the prophetic vision and joyous hope of the patriot orator—Senator Daniels, of Virginia—in the consummation of a completed Battle Abbey, in which the "figure of Jefferson Davis shall be the central object, and around which shall be grouped the heroic relics of the battles of the Confederacy, and the pictured faces and sculptured forms of the great and

true and brave men who fought them. An undying memorial of the people who fought their own battles in their own way, for their own liberty as they conceived it, for their own independence as they desired it, and who need give to the world no other reason why."

E. T. Sykes,
Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.

CARED FOR A SICK SOLDIER BOY.

MRS. ELLEN G. M'CORD, ALBERTVILLE, ALA.

One bright Sabbath morning in the early autumn of 1864, two soldiers came to my well for water. One of them was an old man, and the other seemed a mere boy. Hood's army had left Atlanta and his soldiers had been passing by for two days. Some were riding and some were on foot. Old men and boys had been called out to defend their native State, but now the magazines had been blown up, Atlanta had fallen, and we were in the enemy's lines.

I was a widow then, with two small children, and a kind old lady, Mrs. Smith, who had lost husband, children and home by the war, lived with me.

I saw the two soldiers as they tarried at the well, and as I was going to see about dinner I stopped to speak to them. While the old man was talking to me, the boy said, "I will go out to the grove and lie down and rest a little while."

I saw that the boy was sick, and I told him to go with me to the house and I would prepare him a comfortable place to rest. He had neither coat nor blanket, only a dirty haversack.

When dinner was ready I invited them both to dine. The old soldier gladly accepted, but the sick boy could not eat.

After dinner the old man said: "Madam, we must go now." The boy tried to rise from the bed, but fell back, saying, "I can't go, I am so sick." I asked the old man to stay with his son until morning, as he might be able to go then.

"He is not my son," said the old soldier. "When we gave up Atlanta he was sent out with other sick soldiers from the hospital and the ambulance broke down, and I have helped him this far."

I sent for old Cage, an old family servant, to come and put clean clothes on the sick boy and then put him to bed. The next morning he could not rise at all. The old man bade me goodbye with many expressions of gratitude for shelter and food, leaving the sick boy in my care.

The railroad was torn up for miles and there was no hospital near, so I told the old soldier we would take care of the lad.

We called in a physician, who said he had the typhoid fever. I sat down by his bed and inquired where he lived and asked his name, but he could not tell me anything at all. He tried to collect his thoughts, but his mind wandered. For two weeks he knew nothing, but lay and muttered about shooting men, and sometimes he talked of people we supposed to be his friends at home. He was neither bright nor attractive, but we remembered that he was a soldier and felt that somewhere a mother longed to see her boy, so we nursed him through the long days and nights. The doctor attended faithfully, and he did not suffer for anything the neighbors could do for him. One day I carried the poor, dirty haversack to the washerwoman, and we opened it to find two small pieces of cornbread and two thin slices of bacon and a small rag of salt. Somehow the little rag of salt and the poor lunch caused me to shed the first tears I had given the sick soldier. We had made nice soups for him, but he could eat nothing.

One morning when I entered his room I noticed an expression of intelligence on his face. When I carried the medicine to his bed, he said, "How long have I been here, and where am I?"

I replied that he had been very sick and that we had been nursing him for two weeks.

To my inquiry as to where he lived and if his parents were alive, he told me they lived in southern Alabama. He gave me their address and requested me to write to them and let them know where he was. I wrote to them and they answered, thanking me for attentions, but were too poor to come to him. Weeks passed by and the soldier boy grew strong and well and no Federal soldier had visited us, but we were in their lines; so one morning I told "Uncle Cage" to take the mules and wagon and a load of wheat below Griffin to some friends of mine for the enemy were foraging near us. The soldier asked me to let him go on the wagon so he could go from Griffin on the cars home. I gave him a good suit of gray jeans clothes and some money to pay his fare home, aunt Smith gave him a great deal of good advice, and he bade us goodbye.

After a while there came a letter saying he was safe at home, but when the war ended he would come back and oversee the hands on the farm for me.

I never saw our soldier boy again, but I often feel glad that I helped to save the life of one Confederate soldier, and I pray God that he may be true in all the relations of life.

E. T. Hollis, Sharon, Tenn.: "I heartily and enthusiastically endorse the Veteran, and look forward to its monthly coming with pleasure. The reading of it makes me both a better man and a better citizen; for the love and sympathy for my old comrades in arms, aroused in my heart by reading it, embraces very largely all mankind."

W. R. Bloomfield, editor of the "National Bivouac," writes of the Veteran as follows: "We copy from it this month liberally, not only on account of the value of the articles, but that our boys might judge of its merits. We have received three copies, and read them with care, but cannot find a line that the most fastidious of the boys in blue could object to. This magazine will aid, as does this and other papers published in the interest of the old armies of the blue and the gray, to preserve much valuable unwritten history of the hard days of the war. * * * The editor says: 'The Veteran belongs to the South.' In this we take issue with him. It belongs to us of the North as does the 'Bivouac' to those of the South. This is, or should be, true of every paper published in the interest of the soldier, whether he wore the blue or the gray, provided they are edited in a broad and catholic spirit. The war is over. We fought brave men, and should now extend the olive branch to them, and they should feel kindly toward us."

WORTHY ACTION BY MEMPHIS COMRADES.

Camp No. 18, U. C. V., has taken this important action: It has addressed a communication to Camps in Tennessee, requesting that their delegates meet in Memphis, and all go in a body to Houston, Texas, on the occasion of the Fifth Annual Reunion in April, 1895; and ask their authority to instruct them to arrange for Quarters for the Tennessee delegates, and also to secure a place for "Tennessee Headquarters."

At the Reunion in Birmingham, the State had no stated headquarters; nor was there any conference between the different delegations, and therefore Tennessee had a Speaker for each Camp, while other States would speak through one delegate selected by all the Camps. The report adds:

There are strong reasons why Tennessee should be creditably represented at Houston. It is a fact that Tennessee and Texas are bound to each other more closely than any other States. Tennessee furnished more troops to free Texas from Mexico, and has sent more of her citizens there since the war between the States, than any other State. Of the 172 heroes who sacrificed their lives in the Alamo, over one hundred of them were Tennesseans. Sam Houston was a Tennessean. In fact the history of one belongs to the other. It is fitting, therefore, that we should make a good appearance on the occasion of the Reunion, and we urgently beg that you will send your delegates to meet in Memphis, and all go in a body to Houston, and let us have a banner inscribed, "TENNESSEE AND TEXAS."

We also request, that you signify your approval of securing a place for "Headquarters" for the State, as well as hotel accommodations for all who desire it.

The Committee is comprised of comrades Jas. Dinkins, A. J. Vaughan, W. F. Taylor, and J. P. Young.

SKETCH OF THE ALAMO.

The story of the Alamo is the most awful on record, concerning the sacrifice of American soldiers. On the morning of March 6th, 1836, Santa Anna overpowered the garrison and put to death the occupants. It is briefly as follows:

"During this time Santa Anna had been extending his conquests all over Mexico, until Texas alone held out against his power, and in favor of a Republic. Texas he now determined to conquer, and at the head of his victorious army, he rapidly marched to San Antonio. A detachment of his troops reached the heights of the Alamo overlooking the city on Febuary 22d, 1836, when Colonel W. B. Travis, with one hundred and forty-five effective men, retired to the Alamo.

Santa Anna's army arrived Febuary 22d, and he appeared next day bearing the red flag, which he displayed from the tower of the Cathedral in plain sight of the Alamo. He then sent a summons to the Texans to surrender, but was answered by a cannon shot. Colonel Travis secured eighty bushels of corn and twenty or thirty beeves that day.

The second day was of a harmless bombardment



HOW THE ALAMO APPEARS AT PRESENT.

The building with porches at the left is modern so is the stove pipe in lower right hand window.

Colonel Travis sent out couriers for reinforcements, saying, "I shall never surrender or retreat."

On the third day Santa Anna moved his headquarters across the river, and made a personal reconnaissance. The Texans killed two of his party and wounded six others.

On the fourth day the Mexicans made an unsuccessful attempt to divert the water from the ditches which supplied the Alamo. That night the Texans burned some wooden bridges north of the garrison.

On the fifth, sixth, and seventh days the bombardment was continued without effect.

Eighth day—Thirty-two citizen soldiers from Gonzales reinforced them.

For eleven days the Mexicans continued the bombardment. but the Texans, being short of ammunition, seldom fired. When Colonel Travis, in despair, proposed to surrender to Santa Anna, pleading only for the pledge of mercy, his answer was: "You must surrender at discretion, without any guarantee, even of life, which traitors do not deserve." Santa Anna's excuse for this course was that it accorded with the will of the Mexican Congress.

Colonel Travis then announced to his companions their desperate situation, and, after declaring his determination to sell his life as dearly as possible, drew a line with his sword, and asked all who would do likewise to form on the line. With one exception they all fell into ranks, even Colonel Bowie, who was dying, had his cot carried to the line. The man who declined made his escape to the Mexicans.

Sunday morning the Mexican bugles sounded the fatal peal. With a rush like tigers the enemy dashed forward, but the heroic Texans, roused to their last duty, did so well that twice the brutal hosts of Santa Anna were hurled back defeated, only to be again forced forward by the sabres of the Mexican cavalry. This time Santa Anna himself urged forward his troops. General Castillion's division, after half an hour's desperate fighting, and after repeated repulses and unheard of losses, effected an entrance in the upper part of the Alamo, in a sort of outwork, but the fighting had only begun. The doors and windows of the Alamo church were barricaded and guarded by bags of sand heaped up as high as a man's shoulders, and even on the roof were rows of sandbags, behind which the Texans fought as never man fought before—muzzle to muzzle, hand to hand. Each Texan rifle shot exhausted its force in successive bodies of Mexicans packed together like a wall of flesh. Muskets and rifles were clubbed, and bayonets and bowie knives never before wrought such fearful carnage.

The picture was indescribable in its sublime terrors. Each room in the building was the scene of a desperate struggle, the men driven to desperation, conscious that escape was impossible. They fought even when stricken down, and when dying still struggled to slay Mexicans. Colonel Bowie, whose name tells of his fearful knife and deeds, lay stark and stiff on a cot.

One account of the death of Colonel Travis is that he was shot in the head with a rifle ball, just as he impaled on his sword a Mexican officer, who was attempting to mutilate him.

Generals Cos and Castillion united in asking Santa Anna to spare Travis' life, but the brutal Santa Anna was terribly enraged at the disobeying of his orders, saying: "I want no prisoners," and turning to a file of soldiers, ordered them to shoot the heroes. Colonel Travis was first shot. He folded his arms stifly across his breast, and stood erect until a bullet pierced his neck, when he fell headlong among the dead. David Crockett fell at the first fire, his body completely riddled with bullets. And soon all were killed.

PASSED WITHOUT THE COUNTERSIGN.

Miss Lucy R. Buck, Front Royal, Va.: The following incident is, I think, curious enough to be preserved in your record of war experiences:

Capt. Irving A. Buck was adjutant-general on Pat. Cleburne's staff during the campaign in the Southwest, and was often entrusted by his chief with important missions. A short time after the battle of Chickamauga, wishing to ascertain something as to the position of the enemy, Gen. Cleburne sent Capt. Buck on a private reconnaissance toward Chattanooga. The night was very dark, and when he reached the skirmish lines he was halted by a Confederate picket, and the countersign demanded.

He replied: "I am an officer on Gen. Cleburne's staff, and may pass without any countersign."

"How am I to know that you are telling me the truth?" questioned the sentry.

"Put out your hand and feel the bars on my collar," answered Capt. Buck.

This ceremony being performed, and the soldier being satisfied, Capt. Buck passed on.

Years after that, Capt. Buck, then a merchant in Baltimore, was conversing upon current topics with some friends in the lobby of his hotel, when a stranger standing by stepped forward and said to him:

"Excuse me, but were you with Bragg's Army in Tennessee?"

Capt. Buck replied in the affirmative.

"Then you are the officer I halted near the skirmish lines at Chattanooga two nights after the battle of Chickamauga, and whom I identified as a captain by feeling his bars. I felt sure you must be the same man as soon as I heard your voice."

This is a remarkable case of retentive memory.

The experience and knowledge of the editor does not concur in the conduct of that "Sentry." A yankee might have secured a coat with bars of a Confederate officer. And yet, how could an officer similarly situated, be expected to know the countersign of an army that he was not a part of? The proper thing would evidently have been to arrest the man and have him establish his identity with the officer in charge.

T. M. Murphree, Troy, Ala.:—I certainly enjoyed reading the December issue on account of the contribution by our North Carolina Comrade concerning the Battle of Sharpsburg, as I was there and can say that "Rebel" states it correctly as to who manned the guns of Miller's Battery at the very critical moment. I was then a member of the Sixth Alabama Regiment, D. H. Hill's Division.

THE CRATER BATTLE, 30TH JULY, 1864.

Col. Geo. T. Rogers, now of Washington, D. C.:

Much has been said and written about that battle. Some bold truths of history, in a general way, have been recorded, but full, accurate details have never been given to print, because the participants who only know much of the matter from observation and experience have not been writing.

I was attached to "Mahone's Old Brigade." He commanded, really, a division at the time, and for many months before. The brigade was under the command of Col. W., afterward made a brigadier, being the oldest colonel of the army, and we had for several months before the Crater explosion been doing duty on the outside of the trenches with his command as "flankers." We were engaged in protecting the main line of supply to Gen. Lee's Army, the Weldon Railroad, and rarely a week passed that we were not moved out to push off the attacking enemy or to retake and re-establish the broken line of the railroad of such vital importance. Many men had been lost, killed, and wounded in those oft-repeated conflicts, and, in truth, the command had been very nearly "frazzled out"—to use a vulgarism—and no recruits, having their choice, would enlist in it. command.

The brigade of five regiments could not always report for duty more than one thousand men, the casualties were so great and frequent. The worn-out command that had taken part in every skirmish, as we called them, on the railroad, was brought to notice a little after the Crater Battle because of its thin ranks, and was sent to take charge of the line between the two rivers, James and Appomattox, that had been held by pickets—a recruting division of perhaps five thousand men. Yet it is a fact that that line was held by this thin brigade for months before the march to surrender. But when the mine explosion sounded deep, low, and rumbling, as we read of earthquakes, on the 30th of July, 1864, the brigade was on the extreme right and three or four miles from the disaster, outside the trenches, except about one half of our regiment, the Sixth Virginia, that was on the picket line.

Just as the day began to dawn came that low, deep, quivering, ominous sound. I had stretched myself on a board, raised a little, under an old cart shed that had been bored and splintered again and again by the enemy's batteries in the front, on the right, and on the left, hoping that in the quiet, all along the line just then reigning, I might catch a short nap.

The thunderous explosion shook me from the board, and I leaped to my feet to find its cause.

The rumbling was yet to be heard; and knowing that mining and counter-mining had been going on, the cause was soon determined. In the course of an hour or more, a courier rode to brigade headquarters, and in a very few moments the order ran around to "fall in, fall in quietly, men;" and under a guide we started for the scene of action and disaster by a circuitous and somewhat hidden approach, to avoid as much as possible the outlooks of the enemy.

By a zigzag, covered way, pretty safe from shot, we drew up in front of the broken Confederate line. We entered the ravine to avoid observation—and for shelter—almost directly opposite the Crater proper. As we entered that natural ravine from the artificial zigzag way, we met the division commander, Gen. Mahone, who gave orders to each commanding officer of a regiment, as we passed, to move up the ravine about the front of his brigade. I was on the right, and, therefore, front of the brigade.

"And then, sir," was the General's order, "halt your right front, and move up and down the line, and give the order softly that no shot is to be fired until after the men are in the broken trenches. Fix your bayonets, and await the order to forward. Let your men understand that it is only 'forward,' and with cold steel."

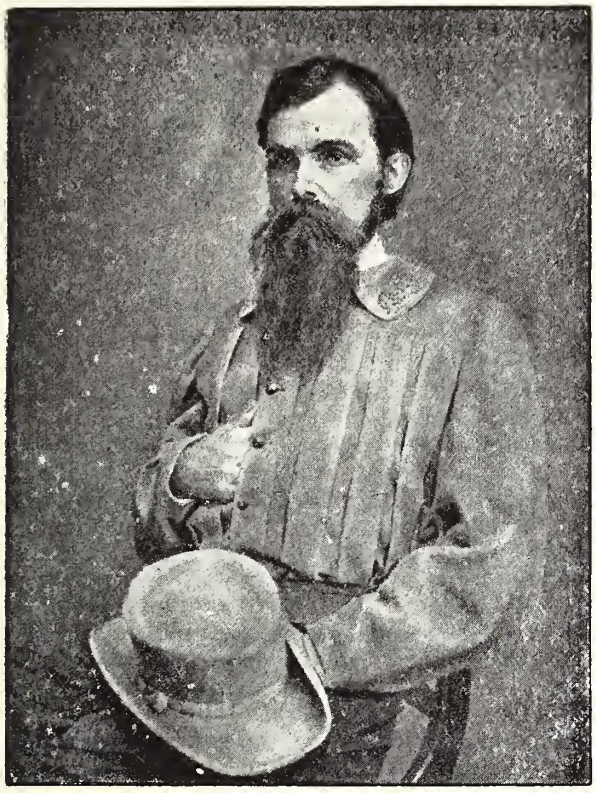
Let me say that such orders were not often given. They were not often necessary. We looked around and saw that there must be no failure. There was no second line, as the enemy thought, between them and the city of Petersburg; only some scattered artillery had been brought into position in the rear.

If we broke—failed to retake and re-establish the broken line—the enemy could march without strong check to the capture of the city. I was informed by the General, as I moved up the ravine, that a Georgia brigade would follow directly and form on my right, then an Alabama brigade would move to the right of Georgia, and in that way the whole broken line would be covered, recaptured, and re-established at one rush.

But alas! plans and purposes rarely go as designed. The enemy, who had held the line since 5:30 A.M., were very restless. The explosion was a success, and they were in possession of the line by a frontage of at least three or four brigades. Those then in the trenches, unfortunately for any final or lasting success, were negroes, and many of them were under fire for the first time. Several of those captured had been owned by white men of the adjoining county, and had been gathered from the fields in a recent Federal cavalry raid.

By whose order such an arrangement was made I do not venture to say. There was disagreement among the Federal authorities, and it was soon found that those colored troops were only ready for slaughter. They were led by white officers; one a colonel, held position on the right of the Crater, and in our front. He was a very gallant man, and used all the means at his command to induce his regiment to charge from the broken line he held to the heights in his front; but his gallaxt men, whom history tells us "fit nobly," were not ready or willing to follow him from those sheltering trenches. Yet how safe they were. There was a double line of ditch at least four feet deep, and as wide, with a heavy line of earthwork between them six to eight feet in height, and impenetrable to shot or shell. The front line, now their rear, was capped by heavy, thick sandbags, through the little ports of which our men had fired while in possession, and did again as soon as regained. We boys who had never fought "behind any dirt" thought it was "just splendid," yet rashness lost for us several men after the recapture.

But the efforts of the colonel referred to were of so energetic a character, and so great his encouragement by command and example, it was thought by our general, Mahone, that he might induce his men to charge. He seized his colors, sprang over the pro-



GEN. MAHONE IN WAR TIMES.

tecting ditch, and by every gesticulation showed the way to the front—and perhaps to victory. So the command came whispered along our line from the left to "Charge! Now, men, charge!"

As yet, the Georgia brigade and Alabama brigade had not gotten into position, but the moment was critical. Gen. Mahone had no idea to stand and receive volleys of lead on open field from perhaps two or three lines of battle, so he ordered his Virginia brigade (Col. W. in command) to the fearful charge, unprotected or unsupported by the flanks, and the boys answered to the low-toned command. With fixed bayonets and a strong double-quick, they sprang from the ravine and rushed upon the foe, the packed trenches. Nor was a shot fired until we hit the line; but many fell under the single volley from the rifles of the regiments in the trenches. From the right regiment in that short, bloody charge of not one hundred yards, eighty-two men fell from the front and flank fire, and so the loss was felt all along the line, lessening as the fire reached the left regiments. The trenches were won at that dash all the way on the right—our left—of the Crater, but it still sheltered its packed, disordered hundreds of black and white men.

Now came the deadly thrust of the bayonet. During the preceding years of that bloody war, it was the first time I had ever seen or ordered the bayonet to be used. To think of it makes me recoil even now. Soon the trenches were filled with the dead—in many places they lay heaped, and there was literally no place on the ground for the feet.

Many tried to escape by the front and were shot from the start. The space between the two battle-lines (they were within musket range) was covered with dead and wounded. The artillery played heavily on those seeking safety in flight, from the heights in our rear and from the flank, where the line remained unbroken. The deadly work was fearful to look upon; fearful now to recall from the dim past.

No troops passed beyond the broken line in battle order. Fear seemed to hold those who were behind. That dreaded double-reserved line, which the Federals always kept within reach, was with the Confederates a myth. There was no second line—only a little hastily-placed artillery. The attack and recapture was made by troops brought from the extreme right of Gen. Lee's lines.

The success was wonderful; and I may add just here that Gen. Mahone's commission as a major-general bears the date of that day in commemoration of that deed, at the request of Gen. Lee and the order of President Davis. Since those sad days, some years agone now, I had the pleasure of looking at, upon the walls of his hospitable mansion in Petersburg, a large and finely-executed oil painting representing that special battle scene. It is well worth the examination of a critical artist.

The battle ground, the Crater, etc., was kept, I have heard, for exhibition to the peaceful curious, and revenue so made! I make no remark upon that subject.

I will give you one or two incidents illustrating the peculiarities of men even in the midst of such horrors. As the date and the locality would indicate, the temperature was high. The sun gave out his fiercest rays, and flesh could not be allowed to remain long uncovered when dead and festering.

Therefore, about noon of the next day, Gen. Grant raised a white flag and asked time for the removal of his wounded and burial of the dead. The latter act became absolutely necessary, and the first, of course, humanity called for. As I have stated, the space between the two lines of battle was strewn with the dead and some few wounded.

In visiting each body to determine whether dead or wounded, one poor fellow about midway between the lines, as soon as approached, bounded to his feet, and no wound was found upon him; but he had laid upon that field rigid and stiff through the long day and night, afraid to raise his head, so close and steady was the fire from the Confederate battle-line; and from the Federal, too. He had waited motionless, as far as could be discovered, and after being a little refreshed by the ever-ready restorative, whisky, marched off jauntily to his line for protection.

The dead in the Crater proper were buried where they lay, deep below the surface of the ground, simply by hastily shoveling the broken and loose dirt in upon the bodies. How many were buried in that pit I do not recall, but many had sought shelter there and met death.

One fellow I noticed closely. He lay upon his stomach, face to one side, on the incline of the pit side, and did not move at all while the earth rose around him. His tongue hung from his mouth, and the flies buzzed about it and his head, and still he made no movement until the earth was reaching his head rapidly, when the fear of being buried alive overtopped his dread of his enemies, and he then rose up and shook away the earth from his body, and

it was found that he had no wound save that a bullet had passed through his jaws, cutting the roots of his tongue. He was sent quietly to the rear as a prisoner, and to a hospital. The dread of death with those men surmounted every other sentiment; *per contra*, one wounded and helpless man, a colored barber from New York, made so terrible an outcry during the night—before there had been opportunity to care for any of the wounded—that I went to him and asked why he did it. He replied that he was badly wounded by a piece of shell, that his thigh was shattered, and that he was in great pain and could not control his cries. In reply to my inquiry, he said that he was in the army against his will, that he was a drafted man and was obliged to take up his musket, and that, having enlisted, he had done his duty as far as possible. All others to whom I spoke protested: "I ain't fired a shot to-day, Massa. I prays don't kill me."

When told that nothing could be done for him, but that as soon as the firing slacked a little he should be removed with the wounded to our rear for help, he remained patiently and quietly until the aid came.

The history called "The War of the Rebellion," made up of official reports—Federal, chiefly, of course—gives the loss on that memorable day as about 4,500, nearly 1,000 prisoners, and 20 stands of colors.

But little is said of it in the history I cite; but, in truth it was one of the most desperate charges made by an unsupported single line of battle any history makes record of. It is to be remembered that this loss of life was enacted within one half hour, and along a frontage of less than two hundred yards.

After the broken line was repossessed by the Virginia brigade of a few thin regiments, the Georgia brigade came up and rendered gallant aid in holding the lines. But they failed to cover the Crater proper or to oust the mixed crowd of whites and blacks now huddled there. Our front was yet too narrow.

The Alabama brigade came up yet later, and while the Virginia and Georgia brigades turned their fire directly upon the excavation and kept down all heads and hands with guns, they (the Alabama troops) made a handsome charge directly on the mine and captured it without loss, comparatively. It was a handsome walk-over for them, while the Virginia and Georgia boys kept well under cover all offenders.

History gives this report from Gen. Lee: "That the recapture of the line broken by the mine explosion was due mainly to the troops of Mahone's Division, and his prompt and timely action."

President Davis replied as below:

"Have ordered the promotion of Gen. Mahone to date from the day of his memorable service, 30th of July, as recommended. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Richmond, August 2, 1864."

Rarely, indeed, was there as much history made in half an hour during the four years' conflict.

J. T. Cartwright, of Denton, Texas, tells for the VETERAN readers some amusing incidents, and heroic deeds by a Company of Scouts under J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky, now an eminent member of the United States Senate, during operations in the Mississippi Valley the latter part of the war.

Capt. John A. Dicks, Natchez, Miss., who was Second Lieut. Company E, Fourth Louisiana Battalion:

As a Confederate veteran, I think your periodical one of the best I have ever seen, and I have been a subscriber to everything in shape of a war book that has come my way. I take deep interest in everything connected with the great war, and as I grow older that interest grows upon me. Your subscription list ought to be a large one. Every Confederate who can spare the dollar should take the VETERAN.

I wish to get some information in completing my diary of war events. I should like to correspond with any Union soldier who was among a lot of prisoners brought out of Tennessee in advance of Hood's Army, in December, 1864. Any soldier who was in the retreat of Gen. Hood from Nashville can well remember what a terrible trip it was. I do not believe any army in any war ever experienced greater hardships than the little band of brave men who went from Florence, Ala., to Nashville, and back again to the Tennessee River.

I was one of the guard that left Columbia, Tenn., with 1,200 Union prisoners a day in advance of the retreating Confederates, and I shudder to think of the terrible suffering endured by the Confederate guards, as well as the poor prisoners, during the march from Columbia to the Tennessee River. I thought it probable you might help me. I am exceedingly anxious to find some Union soldier who was with that number of prisoners.

In response to inquirers for "My Happiest Christmas?" Mr. Polk Miller, in Richmond Times, states:

Well, it was in the good old ante bellum days when every white boy and nigger on the plantation had *pop-crackers* and popped 'em. The coming home of negroes who were hired out by the year as tanners, blacksmiths, carpenters and shoemakers, and whom we never saw at any other time, was a great pleasure to me and to them, and as they never failed to bring me "sump'n good" and made "a heap o' fuss" over me. It made me happy. Then, too, it was a time when I could enjoy the companionship of those whom I preferred. The white boy was good enough to play with at school, but he was inclined to have his way, and if I opposed any proposition made by him to play a certain game, he or I one would have to give in or fight it out. But the negro boys looked up to me, and whatever was my will was theirs, and they obeyed me in all things and followed wherever I led.

But

No mo' will I hunt for de 'possum an' de coon,
Or set about dat sweet ole cabin doh,
For de cruel war has ruined my happy Southern home,
An' I never specks to see de like no mo.'

Capt. Dicks tells a funny story of how a Confederate, while en route to a northern prison, shrewdly swindled an old woman selling pies at twenty-five cents each. He took advantage of her confusion, slipped his hand under a fat one, raised it up, and said: "Old lady, give me my change." "How much is it, honey?" was replied; and he told her fifty cents. She handed him the quarter, and he soon gave it for more pie.

MEMORIAL PARK FOR APPOMATTOX.

The Norfolk, Va., Pilot sent a letter of inquiry some time since to prominent men of the South, to learn whether they favored making a National Park at Appomattox.

Wade Hampton replied that there was "no historic place of the war so full of interest."

Major General Nelson A. Miles favors it, and adds: "Any movement toward properly carrying out those views will have my hearty sympathy."

Gov. Fishback, of Arkansas: If there is any one spot in the United States. the memory of which our national government should cherish and mark with appropriate monument, that spot is "Appomattox."

Gen. Louis Wagner, writing from the Battlefield Memorial Association Philadelphia, trusts that a monument may be started to that end. He corrects a popular error by stating that the government has not purchased nor magnificently parked the great field at Gettysburg, they have neither purchased nor parked, but will probably do so if Congress passes the bill introduced at this session by General Sickles. All the work heretofore done at Gettysburg has been done by the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial association (see the above letter-head), which association has been started and managed by members and posts of the G. A. R. and the monuments upon the field have been erected at the expense of the several States and regiments, represented in that battle.

The scene enacted there will ever be remembered as the greatest drama of the civil war, and should be perpetuated, the spot suitably marked, and the grounds preserved by the national government.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commanding Department East of the Mississippi, United Confederate Veterans, issued an order from Columbus, Miss., Dec'r 27th, 1894, in which he appointed the following staff with the rank of Brigadier General.

E. L. Russell, Mobile, Ala., Ass't-Adj't-General; Wm. Elliott, Beaufort, S. C., Inspector-General; B. F. Jonas, New Orleans, La., Quartermaster-General; Wm. Gordan McCabe, of Petersburg, Va., Commissary-General; Wm. L. Calhoun, of Atlanta, Ga., Judge-Advocate-General; W. J. McMurray, of Nashville, Tenn., Surgeon-General; W. S. Penick, of Shreveport, La., Chaplain-General.

The following additional officers were appointed with the rank of Colonel, all as Aids-de Camp:

Charles Broadway Rouss, Sam'l L. Robertson, of Birmingham, Ala.; Rich'd E. Jones, Birmingham, Ala.; A. J. Russell, Jacksonville. Fla.; L. L. Middlebrooks, Covington, Ga.; C. M. Wiley, of Macon, Ga.; M. D. Logan, of Danville. Ky.; John H. Stone, of Clinton, La.; W. D. Holder, of Jackson, Miss; G. D. Shands, of Oxford, Miss.; Thos. Harrison, of Columbus, Miss.; Chas. M. Steadman, of Ashville, N. C.; James Armstrong, of Charleston, S.C.; Tully Brown, Nashville, Tenn.; Rob. S. Bashen, of Richmond, Va.

The order is official by E. T. Sykes, Adj't-Gen'l and Chief of Staff. And the appointees are requested to report by letter.

Eugene Worthington, Esq., of Annapolis, Md., concludes a subscription letter as follows:

After reading a copy of the VETERAN, Mr. Hays called upon me, expressed much pleasure in it, and requested me to have his name placed on the subscription list.

He is a G. A. R. man—a Past Commander of Meade Post and Aid-de Camp Dept. of Maryland. He served in Co. H. 48th, Reg. Penn. Volunteers. It was the Regiment that dug the mine in front of Petersburg. Mr. Hays was wounded badly at the second battle at Cold Harbor, in attempting to capture a battery of Artillery—the 1st Maryland, in which I served as a private.

I intend, as soon as relieved of the press of other business, to begin to solicit subscriptions for the VETERAN, those whose names I have sent in all asked me to havs it sent to them.

The old Confederates are profoundly gratified by the succes which has crowned the tireless efforts of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Magazine. Class papers usually fail, but Mr. Cunningham's success is a brilliant exception to the rule. The December number brings the good news that Mr. S. W. Meek, a leading publisher of Nashville, has associated himself with Mr. Cunningham as publisher and business manager. The literary and editorial departments remain in charge of the founder, and the Magizine anticipates a great future.

Thanks for the above to the Sunny South, Atlanta.

J. E. Boyett, Chico, Texas:—I wish to make inquiry of the whereabouts of two ladies who waited upon me when I was wounded at Franklin, Tenn. Their names, at that "long time ago," were Misses Mollie Brown, and Sallie Reams. I belonged to the Forty-seventh Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division. Fell just where the Columbia and Franklin Turnpikes cross, and lay there all night. I was wounded in the left shoulder and right thigh. These ladies came to me the next morning just after sun up. They dressed my wounds and waited on me for seventeen days, until I was sent to Nashville. I would like to hear from them if living. I often think of these dear ladies as having saved my life.

E. A. Bullock, Uz, Texas: "My old friend, W. R. Cox, wants to know the whereabouts of Maj. James H. Nounnan, of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment. He was with him at the battle of Cold Harbor, Va.

HEADSTONES FOR TENNESSEANS AND VIRGINIANS.—The Tennessee Association of Confederate Soldiers has a letter from the Ladies' Memorial, of Charlottesville, Va., stating that the following named Tennessee soldiers are buried there, and asking contributions to put headstones at their graves:

Adams, E. S., Co. I, 14; Moore, D. C., Co. E, 14; Bayless, R. B., Co. K, 43; Pengen, J., Co., G, 14; Donald, T. J., Co. E, 14; Richards, B. P., Co. B, 7; Forester, T., Co. C, 7; Vaughne, G. N., Co. B, 1; Kelso, J. I., Co. G, 1; Wyatt, J., Co. D, 1.

Any contributions sent to Col. Jno. P. Hickman, Nashville, will be forwarded to the Ladies, and proper credit will be given to the donors.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Office: 208 NORTH COLLEGE STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to command its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

OUR VETERAN ANCESTORS AND THE UNION.

Argument is effective, upon the review of history, that the most loyal friends of the Union, until the actual outbreak in 1861, were the Southern people.

No greater claim is made than for the proportion the South bore in the Revolution. It is but natural that foreigners could not become as loyal as those whose ancestors fought under Washington. Remember the words of Andrew Jackson: "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." Kentucky stood by her motto "United we stand, divided we fall," in remaining neutral. This theme was taught by the firesides and in the schools of those who espoused the cause of the South in our great war. Now and then expressions are given by those who suffered for the principle of State Rights, that must seem strange to those whose training has been since the war, but the theme of their ancestors was that the Union of the States be maintained. It was argued as policy, however, rather than principle. The right to withdraw from the compact had never been questioned, hence the greater fear that the Sovereign States would do it. The plea of the South during the childhood of those who made the best Confederate soldiers was that the Union be perpetuated, so when they actually went to war under a different flag, the provocation was such as to make them desperate. Confederates honor the memory of ancestors who fought under Washington, whether they went from New Jersey, Vermont or South Carolina.

Since the above was in type, an address of Gen. R. Brinkerhoff upon the patriotism of Ohioans shows that he concurs in the foregoing. Gen. Brinkerhoff is a Union Veteran of Ohio. As a young man he was tutor of the grandsons, by adoption, of Andrew Jackson at the Hermitage.

In the annals of history we have no record of a nobler body of men than the fathers of the American Revolution, and it could not be otherwise than that they should transmit something of these qualities to their descendants, and, therefore, in all the wars of the republic the Sons of the Revolution have been first at the front. The war of 1812 was fought out under the direction of Sons of the Revolution: Jackson in command of the army of the south; Harrison, of the west; Van Rensselaer of the centre; and Wade Hampton, of the north, were all Sons of the Revolution, and so also were three fourths of the rank and file of all these armies. On the sea, where our sailors covered themselves all over with glory, they were directed by Sons of the Revolution, like Decatur, and Hull, and Porter, and Bainbridge, and Commodore Perry. In the war of 1812, as a matter of course, the Sons of the Revolution should be at the front.

As in the war of 1812, so in the Mexican war the leading spirits were Sons of the Revolution, and there were thousands of them under the command of Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, both of whom were Sons of the Revolution. So in the civil war the Sons of the Revolution were represented out of all proportion to their numbers.

H. M. Stanley, the explorer, was not endorsed by the VETERAN, and no deserter will ever be. A comrade at Waco, Texas, writes regarding H. M. Stanley's record as a Confederate soldier: "The Missouri Republican, in war tales published a few years ago, gave it, and it is not very much to his credit. It states that while he was acting as Paymaster's clerk he absconded with the funds entrusted to him with which to pay off the regiment. Possibly, this was not so, but it has never been denied. Such renegades should find no mention in the VETERAN."

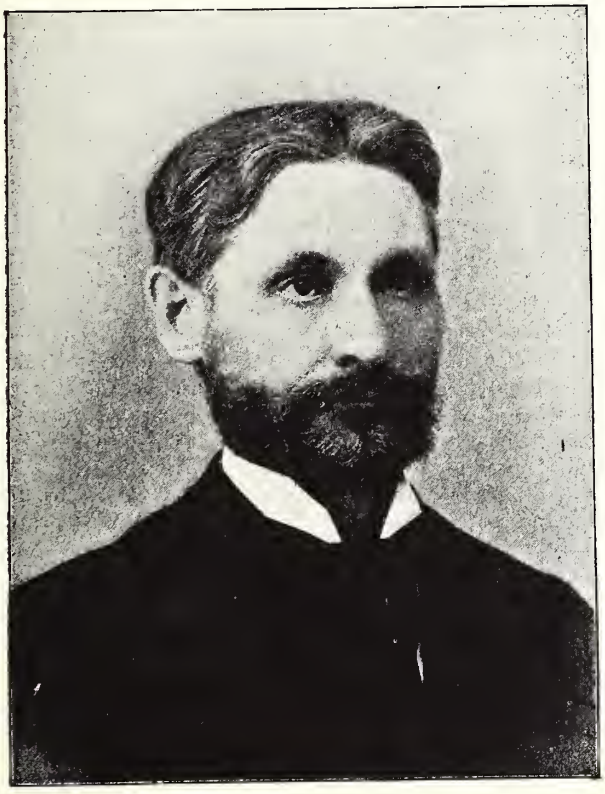
The story of his extraordinary life was given as a matter of history. It is deplorable that a man who has done so much for civilization should ever have been faithless to any colors, especially when their people would have made any sacrifice for them, even to the surrender of their lives.

Nine widows of Revolutionary Soldiers are on the Government Pension list. They are Mary Brown, age eighty-nine, Knoxville, Tenn.; Nancy Cloud, age eighty-one, Chum, Va.; Esther S. Damon, age eighty, Plymouth Union, Vt.; Nancy Jones, age eighty, Jonesboro, Tenn.; Rebecca Mayo, age eighty-one, Newbern, Va.; Patty Richardson, age ninety-three, East Bethel, Vt.; Mary Snead, age seventy-eight, Parksley, Va.; Asenath Turner, age eighty-nine, Manchester, N. Y.; Nancy Weatherman, age eighty-four, Lineback, Tenn. Of these, six live in the South, three each in Tennessee and Virginia. Two of the others are in Vermont, and one in New York.

A serious error occurred in the article paying tribute to Capt. Edwin R. Crockett, by B. G. Bidwell, Esq., in the December VETERAN. The fault was entirely in this office. The last two sentences were added to Mr. Bidwell's tribute. In calling attention to our error, the author of the tribute states: His family and friends in Tennessee know that I know he was not a son of Davy Crockett. He was a son of Martin D. Crockett, and grand-son of Samuel Crockett, one of the earliest settlers in Robertson county, Tenn.

FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF "THE CHASM."

Months ago publication was made in the VETERAN of the exceeding kind thought on the part of a Union Veteran, of Michigan, Hon. Washington Gardner, in sending a cordial invitation to attend their last Grand Army reunion. He had previously written the Commander suggesting the propriety, and quoted his cordial words. Mr. Gardner extended such generous hospitality in his invitation characteristic as that which has long been the pride of Southern people.



HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER.

Mr. Gardner was a private, a boy soldier in the war, and shot in the knee at Resaca, Ga. He has since risen to much literary, social and political prominence. He has been very popular for some years as a lecturer, as a professor in the Albion college, a beloved minister, a politician so prominent that as a candidate for Secretary of State at the last State election his plurality was over 108,000, and it was the largest ever given any man by either party in Michigan. It was consistent with the high character of Mr. Gardner to introduce Gen. J. B. Gordon on his recent visit to Albion. The press notices are very kind indeed. Mr. Gardner was thoughtful and kind enough to write an account of it, which is here given. In his letter he mentions Gen. Gordon as "now seamed by the storms of time as well as scarred by the bullets of battle." The following are extracts:

ALBION, MICHIGAN, January 15, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. CUNNINGHAM.—I send you clippings from our local paper and from the Hillsdale College Herald, relative to the lecture of General Gordon, recently delivered in our town and also at Hillsdale and Ann Arbor on "Last Days of the Confederacy." In each and all of these educational centers magnificent audiences greeted the General. * * *

Probably more federal soldiers faced the speaker than any previous lecturer who ever visited our city. They came from miles away as well as from the town. Some had fought face to face with the General's troops, some had been captured by his command, and all felt they were looking into the face of one of the ablest of living commanders, and one of the bravest and most gallant spirits of the war.

At the close of the lecture, the General, by request, held an informal reception, receiving all the soldiers present and many students and citizens who pressed forward to grasp his hand.

The lecture was admirable in tone as well as in manner of delivery. No son of the South, however devoted to the past, had he chanced to be present, would have felt called upon to carry back to his late comrades in arms an apology for anything uttured, and no veteran of the North, however loyal to the old flag, could discover other than a spirit of fealty to the restored Union.

Is not this the ground the soldiers of both armies and their descendants are destined to occupy—each holding sacred the memories of the men whose deeds of valor are imperishable, and all rallying around one common standard, the emblem of authority, of order, of law and government?

I am sure I correctly represent the feelings of the great mass of the surviving veterans of the federal army when I say there is to-day in their hearts no feeling of bitterness, nor hate, nor revenge toward the brave men, who, a third of a century ago, met us so valiantly on the battle's front.

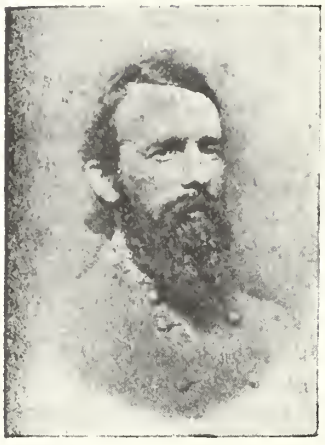
There is military glory enough in the past to cause Americans for all time to point with pride to the fact that the actors of both sides were their countrymen. There are national possibilities before us, great enough to tax the intelligence, the patriotism and the devotion of all the people of all the sections of our great country.

In a personal letter, Mr. Gardner states: "I am convinced that of all classes in the two sections, there is less of enmity and most of charity between the men who faced each other on the battlefield."

Victor Montgomery, Santa Ana, Cal., corrects some errors made in a note in September VETERAN by D. F. Fuller, of that place, in regard to the medal which was given by a Confederate to a Union soldier, at the battle of Fort Donelson, in appreciation of kindness shown him while wounded. The name upon the medal is Robert J. instead of "T." J. True, as published. The heirs of Mr. True are advised to communicate with Geo. M. Doyle or Victor Montgomery, at Santa Ana, Cal., and on satisfactory proof that they are the heirs, the medal will be forwarded to them.

GEN. JAS. J. ARCHER.

CAPT. F. S. HARRIS, NASHVILLE, TENN.



The December VETERAN, containing picture and sketch of Gen. Archer, has a few inaccuracies concerning this very remarkable man.

Gen. Archer was born at Belair, Maryland, about the year 1825. After finishing his collegiate education he read law, but upon the passage of the Tenth Regiment bill by Congress, he accepted a commission as captain from Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, and was assigned to duty in Oregon, where he remained until his resignation to enter the Confederate Army. Mail facilities in this new country at that time were not good, there being but one mail every three months. Considerable progress had been made by the South in preparing for the war when he first definitely learned of it. He immediately resigned but awaited its acceptance before he started South. He was so bold and outspoken that he experienced great difficulty in reaching Louisville. He came on to Gallatin, Tennessee, where he accidentally became the guest of Col. Bailey Peyton, who, although a Union man, entertained him courteously, offering every facility to reach the South.

He tendered his services to President Davis and was at once appointed colonel of the Fifth Texas infantry.

When Gen. Hatton fell in the lead of his brigade at the battle of Seven Pines, Col. Archer was appointed Brigadier-General to succeed him. From this on he became practically a Tennessean, and his heart was with the Tennessee boys. The old brigade, known ever afterward as "Archer's Tennesseans," was composed of the following regiments of infantry: First Tennessee, Col. Peter Turney; Seventh Tennessee, Col. John F. Goodner; Fourteenth Tennessee, Col. Wm. A. Forbes; Nineteenth Georgia, Col. W. W. Boza; and the Fifth Alabama Battalion, Maj. Smith. Later on the Nineteenth Georgia was transferred and the Thirteenth Alabama (Col. Fry) substituted. And later still, that glorious little band of Marylanders, the Second Maryland Battalion was added, than whom no better soldiers ever lived.

In a little over a month after assuming command, Gen. Archer had led his brigade through the seven days' battles around Richmond, commencing on the 27th of June, 1862, at Mechanicsville. Then, in rapid succession, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Turkey-neck Bend, and Malvern Hill. He led them at Cedar Run, the three days' hard fighting at Manassas, also Chantilla and Ox Hill; then to Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Shepardstown, besides innumerable smaller engagements, and wound up the memorable year of 1862 at Fredericksburg, when his brigade held the extreme right of old Stonewall's Corps, and with the assistance of Pelham's horse artillery, met and repulsed the fearful onset of Gen. Meade. It was in this battle that Col. Peter Turney received the fearful wound, at the head of his "Hog Drivers," from which he has never recovered.

He again led them at Chancellorsville, and was at their head when his brigade led the advance of Lee's army at Gettysburg. While developing the enemy's strength, Gen. Reynolds, of the Federal army (who was killed that day by the Tennesseans), flanked him on both wings, capturing a number of prisoners including Gen. Archer himself. He effected an exchange from Johnson's Island and assumed command of his old brigade in the summer of 1864, in front of Petersburg. The rigors of a northern prison were too much for him, his health rapidly declined and he died in Richmond a few months later, and now sleeps in beautiful Hollywood, near his great commander, Gen. A. P. Hill, the worthy successor of old Stonewall.

The make up of Gen. Archer was enigmatical. His exterior was rough and unattractive, small of stature and angular of feature, his temper was irrascible, and so cold was his manner that we thought him at first a Martinet. Very noncommunicative, and the bearing and extreme reserve of the old army officer made him, for a time, one of the most intensely hated of men.

No sooner, however, had he led his brigade through the first Richmond campaign, than quite a revolution took place in sentiment. The estimate of a soldier is invariably gauged by his conduct in battle. Beneath his rough exterior beat a warm heart. But his estimate of men was always from the standard of a soldier. His judgment of them was infallible. For some officers he had a contempt, while there were privates for whom he never failed a warm hand-shake. He had none of the politician or aristocrat, but he never lost the dignity or bearing of an officer. While in battle he seemed the very God of War, and every inch a soldier according to its strictest rules, but when the humblest private approached his quarters he was courteous.

There was no deception in him and he spoke his mind freely, but always with the severest dignity. He won the hearts of his men by his wonderful judgment and conduct on the field, and they had the most implicit confidence in him. He was dubbed "The Little Game Cock." He was held in the highest regard by Generals Harry Heth, A. P. Hill, and Stonewall Jackson. He was devoted to his brigade, and refused a major-general's commission rather than be separated from this brigade.

He estimated the officers and men with unerring judgment and he had recommended as his successor, in case of his own death or removal, Geo. A. Howard, whose rank at that time was a first lieutenant. He had the highest regard for Capt. John Allen and Lieut. J. H. Moore, and great confidence in Col. S. G. Shepard and a number of others, not only of the Seventh, but the other regiments of his command.

He told me once, when on the picket line in front of Petersburg, that if he had the power to officer his brigade as his judgment dictated he could duplicate Balaklava.

When in trouble before him his men knew equal and exact justice would be given them. The old brigade loved him devotedly.

Gen. Archer was never married, and in the presence of ladies was timid and retiring.

W. M. McCall, Esq., who was a Lieutenant Company E., Seventh Tennessee, now of Humbolt, Tenn., writes as follows:

I was much gratified at seeing photograph in last VETERAN of Brig. Gen. James J. Archer, (of blessed memory), who commanded the now famous Tennessee Brigade in Lee's Army.

Your correspondent is in error in some details. Archer was Colonel of the Fifth Texas Infantry, not the Fourth. At the date of his taking charge of the Brigade it was composed, as I now remember of the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, Nineteenth Georgia, and Fifth Alabama Battalion. The Thirteenth Alabama Infantry was attached to our Brigade in place of the Georgia Regiment after Fredericksburg.

On the first day at Gettysburgh, Archer's and Jo Davis', Mississippi Brigades, brought on the fight. They were sent in to "feel" of the Federals, and they "felt" of us a little. They had concealed a Brigade in the tall, uncut wheat at right angles with Archer's right, and, swinging around, captured Archer and nearly the entire right wing of the Seventh Regiment.

We did not "drive the Federals into the town," it taking all of A. P. Hill's corps to do that. After the capture of Archer, the Seventh Regiment, and, as I now remember, the entire Brigade, was sent over to the extreme right of Lee's Army to watch the Federal cavalry, threatening that point, and remained there all day and that night.

Archer was sent to Johnson's Island after Gettysburgh, where he remained until the summer or fall of 1864, when he and other Confederate officers were sent by order of the War Department at Washington, to Charleston harbor, and put under fire of our own guns. He remained there until exchanged at that point a few months thereafter; but he contracted the disease there that ended his life a short while after his exchange. I was at Johnson's Island, a guest of the Federals myself at that time.

While Archer was there he gave his gold watch and $150.00 to a yankee soldier to permit his escape. The fellow let him out, but had notified the authorities, who, having placed a skirmish line out about a mile from the shore on the ice, recaptured him and brought him back. But the yankee kept the money and the watch—A "yankee trick," sure enough.

Archer was one of the bravest, truest of men. He had no sense of fear in battle.

I see him now at Fredericksburg. The Federals, four lines deep, had broken our lines, and as I went out (making about thirty miles an hour) I met Archer going in with that band of heroes, the Fifth Alabama Battallion, numbering about one hundred and fifty men. In attempting to rally my company on the hill, I saw Archer and the Fifth Battalion surrounded by Federals; yet standing like a rock they held the yankees at bay until D. H. Hill's division came up. The last thing that I saw of Archer at that time, he was on his little black, a Federal soldier had the mare by the bridle-bit, the mare was rearing straight up, and Archer's heavy cavalry sabre was poised over his head. I never learned what the fate of that one yankee was, only surmised.

Peace to the ashes of James J. Archer.



STATE OFFICERS TENNESSEE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Other friends have written about the brief article referred to, but the points have been fully expressed in the foregoing.

LAST BATTLES OF THE WAR.

B. L. Ridley, Esq., Murfreesboro, Tenn.:

I commenced keeping a journal a short time before the surrender. Was quite young, an aid of Lieut. Gen'l A. P. Stewart. * * * Headquarters Army of Tennessee, Smithfield, N. C., March 16th, 1865. I have just reached camp from Oxford, N. C., where I went on two days' leave of absence to visit my father's mother. Found Lieut. Gen'l A. P. Stewart Commanding the Army of Tennessee by order of Gen'l J. E. Johnston, who took command yesterday of the army of the South—Hardee's, Bragg's and Stewart's (formerly Hood's army) consolidated, make the Army of the South.

March 17th, conducted Gen'l Johnston to our headquarters, near Swift Creek, found him surprisingly social, and endeavors to conceal his greatness, rather than to impress you with it. I expressed to him the joy the Army of Tennessee manifested, on hearing of his restoration to command. He said that he was equally as much gratified to be with them as they were his coming, but he feared it "too late to make it the same army." * * * He said that never in his life had he seen such generous, free-hearted people as the Middle Tennesseans. "Take out that little spot which you know is infested with Union men, and it is the most loyal part of the Confederacy." Received orders this evening to march toward Bentonville, 15 miles distant, to meet Sherman, who has taken an easterly course from Aversboro to effect a junction with Schofield, at Goldsboro.

March 18th, struck tents this morning and arrived here at 5 o'clock P. M. One mile beyond Bentonville where we bivouac. Enemy camps eight miles on same road. Our army in high spirits and ready to brave the coming storm.

March 19th both armies commence the march. Three miles beyond Bentonville, at Coles' Farm, we meet, skirmishing heavily for a short time. Armies going into position. Bragg commands left wing, Stewart the center, and Hardee the right. At 1 o'clock enemy charges Clayton's division and is repulsed handsomely, leaving fifty dead on the field. Brig.-Gen. Reynolds, of Arkansas, upon entering the field had his leg so mutilated by a solid shot as to necessitate amputation. His loss is much lamented. He is the idol of his brigade. Gen. Johnston now orders that Stewart and Hardee confer with each other and advance. The hour for attack was agreed upon, fifteen minutes to 3 o'clock. Gen. Stewart directed me to acquaint the corps commander of this, Loring commanding, Stewart's corps, Bate's, Hardee's old corps, and D. H. Hill Lee's corps, in connection with Hardee's army, all advanced, and with a rebel shout, drove the enemy nearly a mile and routed them from two lines of breastworks, capturing eight pieces of artillery and four hundred and seventeen prisoners. The excitement of the occasion and the many ravines we had to cross broke our line to such an extent that we halted and reformed. While doing this, the enemy rallied, reinforced, and charged repeatedly upon our lines until nightfall, but with no effect. The brunt of this battle was on the Army of Tennessee, and the more praise should be accorded them for their quick recuperation from the disaster at Nashville. Old Joe drove back Sherman's disciplined veterans with a demoralized army of not exceeding twelve thousand men. In consequence of a flank movement to our left, we were ordered to retire to the position from which we advanced to entrench.

March 20th Gen. Loring goes to the rear from sickness, and Walthall succeeds to command. Enemy seem remarkably quiet in our front, but demonstrating heavily on Gen. Bragg, evidently trying to find a weak point. One division of Hardee's, sent to support the left. Skirmishers on our side have advanced to still find a force confronting us.

March 21st, enemy has made several charges on Bragg this morning. Evening, serious demonstrations being made on our rear, Gen. Johnston sends three brigades of our reserves at double-quick to report to Hardee, near Bentonsville. Before their arrival Cumming's Brigade, commanded by Col. Henderson, of Forty-second Georgia, charged the enemy in front. Eighth Texas Cavalry strike the two divisions of Seventeenth Army Corps in flank and route them. As a precautionary step, Walthall's Corps was sent there, and remained until 2 o'clock P.M., when the army retired six miles this side of Bentonsville, near Hannak Creek.

March 22nd, retired to Turner's Bridge, near Smithfield, and Sherman, it is supposed, has gone to Goldsboro.

March 23d, it is a treat that we are permitted to-day to wash up and put on clean clothes. Reports of casualties of the last five or six days: killed, 102; wounded, 820; missing, 305; total, 1,227. This loss is from the Army of Tennessee only. Have not heard from Bragg nor Hardee.

March 24th, ordered to go to-day two miles beyond Smithfield depot, on Lewisburg road. Soldiering in these piny woods is more disagreeable than any I have yet experienced. The smoke tans your skin, soils your clothes, and one presents a spectacle like that of an engineer who has worked sometime on his engine without change.

March 25th has been one of unusual quiet. Gen. Johnston busying himself with the doings of detailed men. General S. depressed. Gen. Bate made the soldiers a little speech to-night, preparing their minds for the consolidation of companies, battalions, etc. An episode connected with Bentonsville: The Eighteenth and Forty-fifth Tennessee Regiments, Col. Searcy commanding, about nightfall charged through the yankee lines and we gave them up as captured. Several days afterward we were surprised to find them report back, having wandered for miles in getting back. In Bate's speech to his troops I remember, as a boy, this little piece of humor. Says he: "Fellow soldiers, when I was at Nashville, Govan's Brigade chanced to pass my brigade. Govan's men hallooed out: 'Lie down, Mr. Bate, Mr. Govan is gwine to pop a cap.' The other day at Bentonville my brigade chanced to pass Govan. I made my men halloo out: 'Lie down, Mr. Govan, Mr. Bate is now gwine to pop a cap!'"

W. P. Gresham, of Simpsonville, S. C., is representative for the VETERAN in his section.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AT THE FRONT.

J. W. McKINNEY, Greenwood, S. C.: After leaving the camp of instructions we were ordered to Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. Our regiment had no number, but was called the Orr Rifles, as it was organized by James L. Orr, our first colonel. He was elected to the Confederate Congress, and Foster Marshall was promoted to his place. Our regiment numbered 1,400 as fine looking men as could be found in any country. We remained on the island nine months, and some of us were so anxious to get to the front that we got up a petition asking the colonel to resign and let us get a colonel who would carry us to the front. I was one of the committee appointed to present the petition. "Old Forty," as we called him, looked at it, and told us if we did not get back to our quarters he would have us bucked and gagged, so we all sneaked back.

The long-looked-for orders came at last, about the last of April, 1862. The colonel had the orders read at dress parade, and made a speech in which he said he had been trying to get to the front ever since he had been colonel, but he was a subordinate and had to obey his superior officers, and all he asked of his regiment now (when they got to the front) was to follow Foster Marshall. We gave him three cheers, and moving commenced. We had been quartered in good houses and had everything usually kept in a well-regulated family, and as we tried to take all with us, it took four big wagon loads to move our company to the boat, and the other companies had about the same. When we landed in Richmond and moved up on Main street the citizens would ask what brigade it was, and judging from the amount of baggage you would have thought it was a division. We had not been there long before a little officer, dressed in artillery uniform, with patent leather boots, came around. He reminded me of one of those little bantam roosters more than anything I can think of just now. He curtailed our baggage to one oven and gave one wall tent to ten men. My hat box, paper collars, teapot, looking glass, blacking brush, and all the rest of my things were sent to the rear. We came very near rebelling, but "Old Forty" said we must be quiet, we were at the front now.

We were put on the train to run down to Guiney Station, four miles above Fredericksburg, and camped in an old field, with not a stick of wood and no fire. It was getting warm on the Island at that season of the year, but that night the mercury in the thermometer went away down. Tom Puckett and I concluded that we would not sleep in the tent with the rest, as we were gentlemen and did not want to be crowded, so we got a pole and tied one end to a pine sapling and put a fork under the other, stretched a blanket over it and made down our bed. It was cloudy and the wind was blowing from the north, and it soon began to sleet. It was awful cold. I had to take the position of a person with a first class case of cramp colic, and by that means I could get my feet under the blanket. Tom was very tall and was not so fortunate. Do his best, there was about two feet of his legs outside. We had not made a ditch around our tent, and the water commenced running under, and our teeth began to rattle. I got up and went to the wall tent and asked the boys to let me in. They said, "No, you have seceded from us, and set up on your own hook." I went back and sat up a while. Everything was still. I could not hear anything but the sleet and Tom's teeth rattling. After ruminating a while, I yelled out: "Oh Sullivan's Island, how I long for thee!" "Old Forty" was quartered just behind me, and I heard him ask who was that. Lieutenant Colonel Ledbetter told him it was "that big-mouthed McKinney." Then he laughed and said, "I reckon he will sign another petition to go to the front."

My blood had been hot to get to the front, but that sleet had cooled it down, and right there and then I would have signed a contract to keep Cothran's old mill on Hard Labor Creek for the rest of my life.

THE TWO ARMIES.

BY HENRY TIMROD, IN 1862.

In kindly sending a written copy of the following poem Miss Claudine Rhett, of Charleston, states:

As the "Daughters of the Confederacy" are being organized all over the South, I think that it would be appropriate if the VETERAN would republish the enclosed poem. Henry Timrod was Charleston's best poetical writer during the war. His pieces have a grace and polish, added to poetic sentiment, which rank him very high among the sweet singers of the Confederacy.

Two armies stand enrolled beneath
The banner with the starry wreath;
One, facing battle, blight and blast,
Through twice a hundred fields had passed;
Its deeds against a ruthless foe,
Stream, valley, hill, and mountain know,
Till every wind that sweeps the land
Goes, glory laden from the strand.

The other with a narrower scope,
Yet led by not less grand a hope,
Hath won, perhaps, as proud a place,
And wears its fame with meeker grace.
Wives march beneath its glittering sign,
Fond mothers swell the lovely line,
And many a sweetheart hides her blush
In the young patriot's generous flush.

No breeze of battle ever fanned
The colors of that tender band;
Its office is beside the bed,
Where throbs some sick or wounded head.
It does not court the soldier's tomb,
But plies the needle and the loom;
And, by a thousand peaceful deeds.
Supplies a struggling nation's needs.

Nor is that army's gentle might
Unfelt amid the deadly fight;
It nerves the son's, the husband's hand,
It points the lover's fearless band;
It thrills the languid, warms the cold,
Gives e'en new courage to the bold;
And sometimes lifts the veriest clod
To its own lofty trust it God.

When Heaven shall blow the trump of peace,
And bid this weary warfare cease,
Their several missions nobly done,
The triumph grasped, and freedom won,
Both armies, from their toils at rest,
Alike may claim the victor's crest,
But each shall see its dearest prize
Gleam softly from the other's eyes.

A UNION VETERAN'S CHALLENGE.

Mr. J. L. Smith, 189 Superior street, Cleveland, O., wrote the VETERAN, in October:

At the last three or four meetings of the G. A. R. "Old Army," games have been indulged in, and at Pittsburg we had a mile race for the championship of the G. A. R. The prize was an elegant silver trophy presented by the Pittsburg Dispatch newspaper.

I won the prize and am therefore the champion of our organization, and, like Alexander of old, I sigh for other worlds to conquer. I therefore challenge any man in your organization to meet me in a race of any distance from one to five miles for a trophy which shall represent the championship of both organizations.

You write me that you will probably refer to this in a humorous way. Suit yourself in regard to the way you put it, but the man who meets me in a race for the honor of the two organizations will need something besides humor to carry him to victory. He will need a little of the stuff used at Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Chickamauga, Franklin, and a hundred other great battlefields of the war.

Mr. Smith is Quarter Master Sergeant of Memorial Post, No. 141, of Cleveland.

The idea of a *Veteran* from either army boasting as a pedestrian suggested of humor, and reply was so made, to which he responds:

AN INTERESTING RECORD FIRST PUBLISHED.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
MANASSAS, July 22, 1861,

General Orders, No. 147.

I. The President deems it important that Gen'l Holmes shall return with his command to his former position at an early moment, he will accordingly prepare to march in the morning.

II. The President regrets to be obliged at this juncture, to request this movement of General Holmes—after his remarkable march to the support of this Army, at a critical juncture, a march for which the General Commanding has to express his sincere thanks, as also for the critical service rendered on the field of battle yesterday, by that portion of the brigade which was called to the immediate scene of action. By command of Gen. Beauregard.

True Copy, THOMAS JORDAN,
W. W. WALKER, A. A. G. A. A. G.

A clever correspondent who has done other valued service for the VETERAN sends us an unpublished order of President Davis through Gen'l Beauregard the day after the battle of Manassas, which appropriately should have appeared in connection with the sketch of Gen'l W. B. Bate in the November issue.

The brigade of Gen. Holmes included the 2nd Tennessee Regiment (Col. W. B. Bate), 1st Arkansas (Col. Fagan), and Capt. Walker's battery of artillery —in all about 1,440 men, and "the critical juncture," alluded to in General Order, No. 147, was the march from near Fredericksburg, Va., from the afternoon of the 18th to 20th of July, and assignment to the extreme right of the battlefield.

Early on the 21st, the brigade was in line and ready for orders, anxiously expected. While watching the smoke arising from the well-contested battle, and listening to the roar of musketry and artillery, about 10 o'clock, a.m., the brigade was massed in companies, and some one began singing, "Annie Laurie," which readily united about 800 voices, with here a basso, and there a tenor, and everywhere a strong soprano, in a wonderful rendition, and followed by immense cheering throughout the brigade.

At 2 p. m. the third courier reached us—(the first having been disabled by a falling horse and a broken leg, and the second missed his way)—and the column moved rapidly to the extreme left in double-quick for some six or seven miles, under fire from the Federal left wing, and forming in the rear of the Lewis House, was ordered forward, and from the high grounds watched the withdrawal of the Federal forces—too far for musketry, while our artillery closed the last firing of the day, and added impetus and consternation to the enemy. The scene was beautiful and historic, because of the presence of President Davis, and Gen. Beauregard, Johnston and others. For the effectiveness of Capt. Walker's firing, the celebrated gun "Long Tom," was presented to the brigade, for better service and execution on the Potomac.

Like to the movements on the chess-board, the concentration of forces at the stubbornly contested point contributed to demoralization, and the panic that ensued, (see War Records, Vol. 2), assured victory to the Army of the Potomac, and hence "the critical service" rendered by the 2nd Tennessee, 1st Arkansas, and Walker's Artillery at Manassas.

MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.—Mrs. A. Trueheart Buck, Washington, D. C., after congratulations upon their good work of the VETERAN, writes:

I want to endorse the sentiments of our friend, Mrs. Halsey, in advocating a university for a memorial or monument to Southern woman. I think most Southern women would prefer something that, as Mrs. Davis says, "would be a constantly recurring benefit to mankind," to a marble shaft. The accomplishment, however, of this, would require years. An enterprise like that cannot be completed in a short time, even if sufficient money was in hand. In the meantime, the steps of our veterans grow slower and feebler. Some of them are near the grave. Some have already reached the other shore of the dark river, leaving behind helpless and destitute families. The immediate relief and care of these weigh upon every true Southerner's heart. This is a glorious work, and there is plenty of it to do. "The Daughters of the Confederacy" are in the field. A Confederate Veteran or member of his family in the poorhouse! Alas, this has been, let it never occur again.

Let us feed, clothe and honor these now, and when they have all gone where there are neither wants nor tears, let the chivalry of the South proclaim the fact, that it is not dead, as some would have it. There would be no better way of proving that "there is life in the old land yet" than by building a grand Southern university for the education of women.

"DESERTER" PARDONED BY GENERAL LEE.

This pathetic story is from Youth's Companion:

In the winter of 1862-3 Colonel A. C. Battle, of the Confederate army, presided over a court martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. Case after case was disposed of, and then the case of Edward Cooper was called—a young artilleryman charged with desertion. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the judge-advocate was beginning for the prosecution, when the court interposed to ask the accused who his counsel was. "I have no counsel," was the reply. The specifications against him were all sustained by the evidence, and he was told to introduce his witnesses. "I have no witnesses," he answered. The president of the court, astonished at the prisoner's calmness, said:

"Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades, and deserted your colors without any reason?"

"There was a reason," said the young man, "but it will not avail me before a military court."

"You may be mistaken."

The prisoner trembled, and for the first time tears filled his eyes. He stepped up to Colonel Battle and handed him a letter. "There, Colonel, is what did it."

The president read the letter, and in a moment his eyes, too, were moist. The paper was passed from hand to hand, and soon the whole court was in tears. This was the letter, as Colonel Battle read it in the prisoner's defense:

"My Dear Edward.—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate Army I have been prouder of you than ever. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was roused by little Eddie crying. I called and said, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'O mamma, I am so hungry!' And Lucy, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner every day, and I repeat, unless you come home, we must all die.

Your Mary."

"What did you do when you received this letter?" asked Colonel Battle.

"I applied for a furlough," was the prisoner's answer. "The application was rejected. Again and again I made application, and it was rejected. Then, one night, as I wandered back and forth in the camp, with Lucy's eyes on me and her mother's words burning into my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier; I was the father of Lucy, and the husband of Mary. And I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me.

"I went home. Mary ran out to meet me. Her arms were round me as she whispered:

"'O Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!'

"She must have felt me shudder. She turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word,

"'O Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave, but save the honor of your name!'

"And here I am, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to Mary's command, to abide the sentence of your court."

Moved as the officers of the court martial were, they did their duty as they understood it, and each in turn pronounced the same sentenced: "Guilty."

Fortunately the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general. He endorsed the record thus:

"Headquarters Army Northern Virginia.—The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.

R. E. Lee, *General.*"

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Eighty members of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Charleston makes a good beginning.

This association is similar to the Survivors' Associations and its objects are the same. Chapters are being formed all over the Southern States. There is no initiation fee, but each member pays one dollar annually. The qualifications of the Charleston Association are as follows:

"All women shall be eligible to membership in this Association who may be either widow, wife, mother, daughter, sister or lineial descendant of such men as served in the Confederate army, navy, civil service, or of those persons who, residing in the South during the war, gave aid to the Cause."

KEEP WAR RELICS IN THE SOUTH.

A Daughter of the Confederacy writes from Savannah: I have noticed recently that almost every paper and magazine circulated in the South has an advertisement calling for Confederate war relics.

What are our people thinking of? Are they selling these relics that should be held as sacred treasures in every Southern household to enterprising relic hunters, who in turn place them in museums North, and charge the seller a big price to visit and see what they considered worthless?

Will you not kindly use the columns of the Veteran in kindling the beacon of warning in every Southern town it visits, urging our people who have these priceless relics in their possession, that if they are determined to part with them, to confide them to the care of the Daughters of the Confederacy of their respective States, who are endeavoring to collect the same and establish museums of Confederate war records in every State?

This new organization is rapidly spreading all over the South, and it is the desire and determination of these noble women to collect and preserve these sacred relics among our people.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are already organized in Tennessee, Georgia, Texas, South Carolina, and Missouri. North Carolina and Florida will soon answer to the roll call.

When the general call is given November next, it is sincerely desired that the "solid South" will respond.

Gen. S. G. French, Winter Park, Fla.: "I see that Gen. W. B. Bate has put on record his experience at Chickamauga. If other officers were to follow his example it would give the world a better idea of the desperate struggle that was waged for our civil rights."

HOW JACK JONES BECAME ENSIGN.

D. T. Beall, Booneville, Miss.: The twenty-sixth Mississippi Regiment was organized at Iuka, Miss., in 1861, and enlisted as volunteers for the war. We made the first fight at Fort Donelson, February, 1862, where we were captured and imprisoned at Alton, Johnson's Island and Boston Harbor. We were thus held for six months, but were delivered at Vicksburg, Miss., in September upon exchange. We again took to the war-path by falling in with Generals Price and Van Dorn at Holly Springs, Miss., just after their defeat at Corinth in October, 1862. We were pursued South by the enemy to Coffeeville, Miss., but at this point we turned and beat the yankees back, which quieted them till in May, '63, when we began the Baker's Creek tussle. Before this we were engaged in a series of light battles along Big Black Valley and around Jackson. All the army save our division (Loring's) was penned in at Vicksburg, when we slipped out by stealing through lines or heads of columns as they slept, feeling secure of their game. We soon turned up at Jackson, where we were placed under Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, but as we were too weak for the next job, "Old Joe" played hide and seek one night and dodged the yankees so slick by a retreat to Meridian, that I have always supposed they put us down as phantoms, for ten hours after we left they were digging away to fortify for a big fight next day. At any rate, we saw no more yanks till we were ordered to Virginia, where we met them at the Wilderness in May, 1864, as thick as the stars, and we gave them what Paddy gave the drum.

Here I will introduce Jack Jones, the noble and brave Color Sergeant, who had hugged to his manly heart the colors from Fort Donelson to the Wilderness, when the reward was only thirteen dollars per month—and bullets. Now an order was given through the army to promote the color bearer to the rank of ensign, the appointment to be made by the colonel commanding the regiment and approved by the Brigadier General. As soon as this general order was read out, each company commander rushed to the Colonel suggesting the very man to fill this important position—all except myself. At last I concluded to call on the Colonel and remind him, that as Jack's captain I would simply lay his claim fully before the Colonel, and did so with all the military courtesy I could command. The Colonel turned upon me short and ill, saying that he wished to have no further suggestions on the subject. This at once set me cross, as I supposed he had anothes more favored in view, and that the brave Jack war after all to be left out. So I turned loose my battery right and left, adding that the man who would thus rob Jack was a "white livered coward," and I hoped he would get killed at the first battle. The Colonel ordered me off, threatening to arrest me if I persisted in saying more. Thus the subject was dropped and we parted, both as hot as blood generally got in those days. We were always before the best of friends. The result was that no one was appointed, and Jack was still the color bearer. Some weeks later the great battle of the Wilderness came on. We made a reckless charge along the Jerusalem plank road. We engaged in this without orders, and wildly rushed into a perfect death trap of a heavy masked line of infantry and artillery. The Colonel saw the situation, and under the most terrific fire I ever witnessed, ordered a retreat, but the din of musketry was so great that but few heard the order. I called Jack to wave the colors back so the order could be known. The position of my company was directly across the Jerusalem plank road, the only outlet for the enemy's artillery to play upon us. Jack stood as calm as a statue in the middle of the road, where the shrapnel shot was seemingly tearing up every inch of the ground, waving his colors till the line fell back. Our Colonel at once noticed it, and gave Jack full praise and credit for the act. When we got near enough for the usual congratulations, and as we clasped hands, the Colonel remarked that, "God Almighty never made a cooler and braver man than Jack Jones, and he shall be the Ensign of the regiment." We were both too full and choky to say more, and quietly fell back to mourn the loss of so many noble souls that had just fallen in that reckless charge.

Jack was in every battle that regiment engaged in for four years. He was never seriously wounded, and at the close of the war returned to his home in Mississippi, and had the pleasure of clasping to his noble heart his old widowed mother.

THE PREACHER STOLE THE SKILLET.

Thomas H., an old soldier, told me this good story: He was on the staff of Gen. H. during war, and in the spring of 1865 he was sent on some duty to North Carolina. He left his horse at a point in South Carolina, and took a train for the old North State, with the command of Gen. Manigault. The train stopped at a little station for water, and a flat car was opposite the platform of the depot.

The depot platform was occupied by a motley collection of negroes, household goods, cooking untensils, bedding, etc., belonging to the negroes, who were being taken out of danger of the Federal troops. Friend H. said he saw a beautiful skillet near by, and he longed to get it, but the negro owner was at hand. An Episcopal clergyman who had charge of the church in the village came on the platform and asked what troops were on the train, when some one said, "The Thousand and Thirtieth Florida," and another said, "The Nine Hundred and Sixty-seventh South Carolina." Not getting the information he wanted from the men, the clergyman saw Capt. H. sitting on the flat car, his feet hanging over the side, and he came up and asked him. About this time the train started off, and H. said, "Good-bye, parson;" and just as the cars got well under way, H. called out, "O parson, I left my skillet; there it is!" The preacher grabbed it and, running up, handed it to him. Just then the old negro saw it, and called: "Mister, mister, you have given the soldier man my skillet!" It was too late, and as the cars rolled away H. held his skillet up and sang out, "Thank you, parson," leaving the preacher to settle for it.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, Baltimore, wishes prosperity to the VETERAN, which is simply invaluable.

SUMMERING 2200 FEET ABOVE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

An Ideal Home on the Summit of Cumberland Mountains.

Speak to the Southerners of to-day about summering away from home and thousands instinctively turn to Monteagle in thought and desire. And it is no wonder that this beautiful mountain realm, surrounded by myriads of wonders and glories of crag, canyon, cave, dell, enchanting landscape spreading into skies of marvelous blue, and with its cozy homes nestling amid the forests with their refreshing shades, should have become the Mecca whither thousands of weary, worn pilgrims annually wander to have strength and life renewed. The fountains of youth are to be found in the cold springs that trickle from the rocks in "the land of the sky," if they are to be found anywhere.

The visitor soon discovers that here everything is for man's truest good and happiness. The enchanting walks and drives wandering amid summer shades and flowers, ending in some mountain view, or wonder offer some new discovery every day, so the mind is turned from its wonted ruts into nature's invigorating paths.

Then you can enjoy the beautiful Tennis Courts, the finest in Tennessee; the finely appointed and managed Bowling Alley, where the festive pins get no rest; or the large, completely equipped Gymnasium, where trained instructors direct exercises to renew and upbuild every part of the body—and from which you leap into the delicious waters of the great Pool, one of the finest in America, for an hour's delicious swim.

Then an hour of music with the orchestra in the Amphitheater, or a lounge amid the books and magazines on the cool verandas of the reading room; a wholesome dinner, a refreshing nap, ramble to Warren's Point, view of sunset, walk home amid moonlit shadows, a half-hour spent in song and devotion in Twilight Prayers, an evening's entertainment in the Amphitheater, all followed by the most delicious of sleep, and your body, your mind, your soul, your life are renewed, you get young and vigorous again, feel like leaping for joy, as in the morning of life.

Such blessings annually come to thousands on the invigorating summits, amid the delights that Monteagle offers with lavish hands.

"All good people should be interested in Monteagle."—*Isaac Erritt.*



VIEW FROM WARREN'S POINT—CHARMING WALK FROM AMPHITHEATER.

BISHOP FITZGERALD LIKES MONTEAGLE.

Best Society he has Ever Found. Cheap but not Common.

THE FOLK.

I like Monteagle. I like the name—it suggests highness and patriotism. I like the air. I like the trees. I like the cool, sparkling water. I like the people. If there is any better society on earth than one meets at Monteagle, I have not found it in my travels. The Monteagle folk are sunny, social, sensible. They are refined and religious. Nine out of ten of the persons you meet there you like at sight, and the tenth person sometimes improves on acquaintance. The several Protestant denominations are represented about in proportion to their relative numerical strength. The women outnumber the men for

obvious reasons at this season of the year. Almost all parts of the South have representatives on the ground, and some delightful persons from "over the line" have given and received instruction and entertainment here.

SLEEP.

One of the advantages of Monteagle is its sleep-inducing effect. The nights are almost always cool. Those who have sweltered and perspired and tossed in the lower regions sleep all night and part of the morning at Monteagle. Monteagle air is the best remedy for insomnia known to me. It is better than all the drugs in the *Materia Medica*.

SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY.

The preachers, teachers, and lecturers give something new every day, and mostly something good. They usually lean to mercy in the length of their productions. Science, art, oratory, philosophy, literature, music—everything to interest all sorts of good people—is on the programme. The summer schools are conducted by persons who are capable, pleasant, and enthusiastic in their several departments. Some of these have national reputations. The Monteagle pulpit is learned and liberal, yet truly evangelical. The Monteagle platform is instructive and entertaining.

COZY COTTAGES.

The family life in these cozy cottages is beautiful. Here and there you will find a cottage whose rustic elegance will charm you, and whose interiors are tastefnl and elegant.

CHEAP, BUT NOT COMMON.

Monteagle is cheap, but not common. It is simple, yet cultured. But I must not enlarge too much, but sum it up by saying that its air, water, scenery, and society make it delightful to its denizens and visitors. Next year to its attractions will be added a gymnasium and swimming pool, (both completed). It is delightful in itself, but take the people who go to Monteagle every season, and bring them together anywhere and the place would be attractive.

REASON FOR BELIEF.

The reader will see that I believe in Monteagle. The reason is that I have been there. I may never go thither again, but I give it my best wishes. It is a duty and privilege of patriotism to build up such an enterprise as this in our midst. Every precious interest of humanity is promoted by such an assemblage of our best public teachers and best families.

CON AMORE AND ON PRINCIPLE.

I have written this hasty article *con amore*. I do not own an inch of Monteagle soil, nor a dollar's worth of Monteagle property. I never received a dollar from Monteagle in anyway, and never expect to do so. I am for Monteagle on principle, and from a sentiment of genuine affection for the place and the people I have met there.—*Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, in Christian Advocate.*

BEFORE DECIDING WHERE YOU WILL SPEND THE COMING SUMMER LET US URGE YOU TO CONSIDER CAREFULLY EVERY LINE OF THE ABOVE.

MONTEAGLE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Open: July 5th, 1895.

Chancellor W. H. Payne, University of Nashville, Peabody Normal College, *Superintendent.*

The schools are organized in various departments, and offer instruction especially helpful to teachers, to beginners, and to those wishing training in special lines.

I. *Monteagle Summer Art School.*

PROF. JOHN B. LONGMAN, *Pupil of Gerome.*

Classes in sketching from nature, (landscape), in oils and water colors. Drawing from casts and from life. Painting from still-life portraiture, that is, painting from life.

MRS. FANNIE MAY LONGMAN, *China Painting.*

Raised Gold, Dresden, Royal Worcester, Dolton, Jewel Enamel, Cameo Work, etc.

PUPILS OF 1894—ART SCHOOL.

Misses Elizabeth Breard, Lottie Breard, Belle Batey, Sarah Cowan, Mary Cleary, A. M. Dawson, Attaway Dyer, Sarie Durrett, Anna Irwin, Maggie Gunn, Emma Kirkpatrick, Evylin Henderson, Annie Love, Etta B. Spragins, Orphia Taylor, Ola Ware, Mary Cullough White, Mattie Watkins, Maude Yandell, Elsie Yandell. Mesdames L. E. Gastrell, C. E. Sinclair, William Payne, H. C. Williamson.

Artist's Co-operative Home enables Students to live comfortably and at very small expense.

There is no more attractive spot in the entire South for a Summer Art School than Monteagle. Here one can pass the summer in studying the beauties of nature, and at the same time recuperate his strength, returning home not only with work accomplished, but with health renewed for the winter's work.

II. *Languages.*
French, German, Latin, Greek, English Language for Literature, for beginners and advanced students, by eminent specialists.

III. *Music.*
Piano, Voice, Violin, Flute.

IV. *Oratory.*
Expression, Physical Culture, Recitals.

V. *History and Political Economy.*

VI. *Science.*
Botany, Geology, Chemistry.

VII. *Mathematics.*
Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.

VIII. *Industrial Drawing and Penmanship.*

IX. *Stenography and Typewriting.*

X. *Cooking and Domestic Economy.*

XI. *Physical Culture.*
Dr. J. T. Gwathmey, Director of School. Gymnasium fully equipped. Large corps of instructors.

Peabody Normal Institute,
Opens July 5th, 1895.

Model instruction in
Pedagogy, Mathematics, History and Geography, Primary Methods, English Language, Geology, Primary Science.

MONTEAGLE.

A Pleasant Season in the Mountains—The Aims of the Assembly—How to Crowd Satan Out.

MONTEAGLE, TENN., Aug. 18.—The Monteagle Assembly will soon close, and I am glad to say that this session has been in many respects the most satisfactory and successful one that has been held. Nature has done all that could be expected. Pleasant weather, frequent rains, cool nights, and lovely days have combined to make it one of the most delightful of seasons. The attendance has grown from the first, and the people are lingering to the last, loath to go away.

The *leading objects* of the Monteagle Assembly are as follows:

1. To supply a *summer home*, where those who must seek cooler regions during the heated term, can find rest, health, quiet entertainment, and instruction, and, at the same time be free from the temptations and vices incident to the usual watering place. Here are combined all the Christianizing, cultivating, ennobling and refining influences of home, school, church, and good society. It is a place *sui generis*, and nothing exactly like it is found elsewhere.

2. *To educate the people* in the highest sense of the term: To this end is furnished the school, the gymnasium. the lecture, the sermon, the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, the picture, the song. What more could we ask? Furthermore, we are here on the top of the mountain and in the bosom of the primeval forest, where one can study nature in its original loveliness. Cliff and crag, gorge and valley, tree and fern, grass and flower, all unite to lead one away from the toils, cares, and worries of life, into a better temper towards the world and fellow man.

3. To give people *special training* to fit them for their work at home, especially in lines of Sunday-school and church work, to say nothing of the normal feature of the summer schools. To carry out this object, regular courses of instruction are given in Bible study, Sunday-school normal work, and primary teaching.

4. *To convert a summer resort into a Christian assembly:* It is a well known fact that the watering place is Satan's favorite field of operations. This is naturally so, because Satan enters the place which he finds empty. He always finds some mischief for idle hands, and his strongest ally is man's sensual nature, and his lust for worldly pleasure. At Monteagle, we propose to exclude him by filling both mind and heart so full of that which is good, and noble, and true, that he can find no entrance there.

Now Monteagle has gradually assumed a character in exact accord with these various objects. There are several features which combine to make it one of the most delightful of summer resorts.

1. *It is social.* There are no clans, no castes. All are equal. Introductions are not necessary. The cordial hand shake, and genial "glad to see you," and the kindly "can I serve you?" are met with on every hand. In this respect, Monteagle has no equal.

2. *It is homelike.* People do not come to Monteagle to make a fashionable call. They come with bag and baggage, children and servants to spend the summer. They come to get rest, content, and freedom from care. This they find to their satisfaction, and this feature alone is sufficient to insure the success of Monteagle.

3. *It wears an air of culture and refinement.* It is not the very rich, nor the very poor, not the pleasure-seeker, nor the schemer, that come here. It is the cultured, the refined, the noble of the land, who come both to get and to diffuse light. Nothing rude, crude, impolite, selfish, or discourteous is seen. One feels almost as if he had done human nature an injustice, for here it puts on a peculiar and unaccustomed loveliness.

4. *It is a religious place.* A spirit of piety and religious fervor pervades everything. The "twilight prayers" is the best and most regularly attended of all the meetings, the people that daily gather there finding delight and refreshment.

Monteagle has a glorious future before it, and, with the blessings of Heaven, will do a grand work for God and humanity.—*J. D. H.*

Monteagle Gives More for the Amount Expended Than Any Other Place in the Country.

From the beginning in 1873, the one aim has been to make a summer retreat where the heated term can be spent in healthful recreation and enjoyable rest, and where religious culture and Christian development will be fostered. To carry out this purpose fully, the Charter provides that no revenues shall be divided among the members, but that all shall be expended for the common good, and for advancing the interests of the Assembly. All assets and income must needs be used for beneficent purposes. There are no great salaries, no extravagant expenditures. Hence you often hear the remark: "Monteagle gives more for the amount expended than any other place in the country." The income is spent in providing comforts and pleasures to be enjoyed by every guest.

Where is Monteagle?

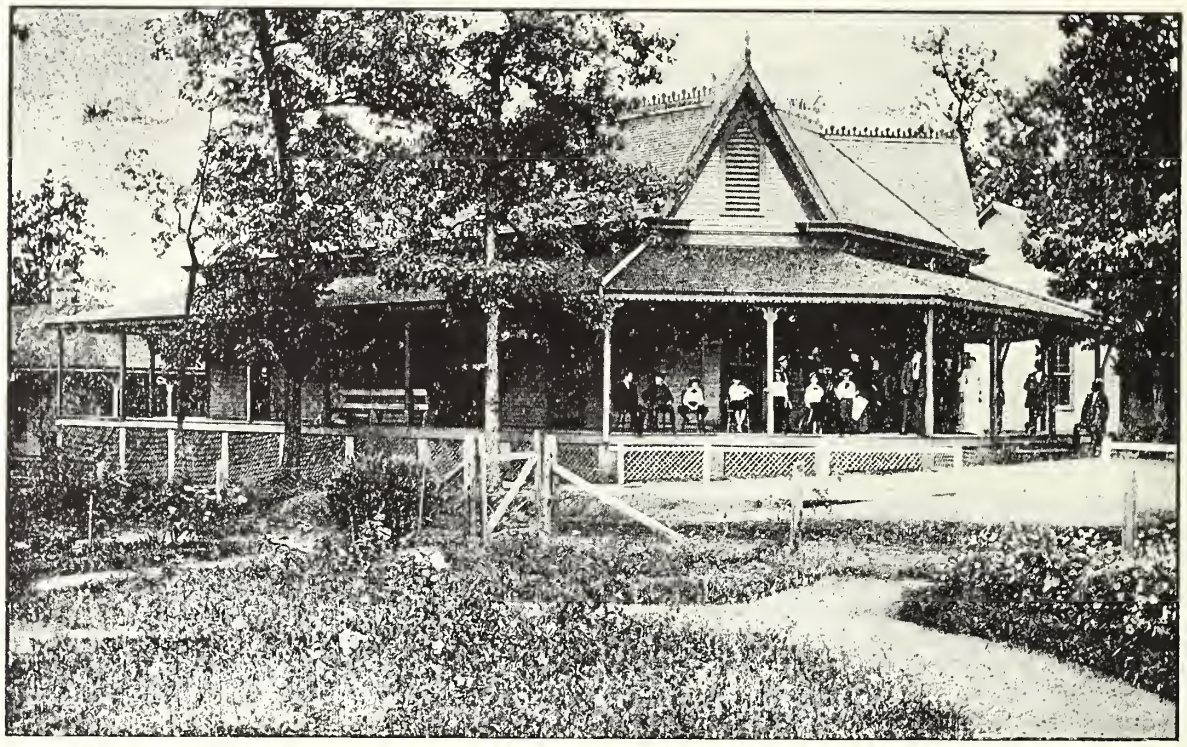
On the summit of Cumberland Mountain, on a line of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Ry. hundred miles from Nashville; eighty from Chattanooga. Six passenger trains every day, except Sunday, then, *no trains.* Telegraph, postoffice, etc. Service complete.

Points of Interest Around the Grounds.

Warren's Point; Forrest Point; Bragg's Point: beautiful views. Fairmount Falls; Bragg's Road; Sweet Fern Cave: rugged and sublime.

Bridal Veil Falls; "Coliseum;" Monteagle Falls; Alpine View; Winston's Cascade; Cooley's Rift; Ladd's Cave; Salt-Petre Cave; "Big Spring," and hundreds of other Mountain wonders ever charm with their varying attractions of the beautiful and the sublime.

These feed our finer natures.



LIBRARY, READING AND RECEPTION ROOM.

A Monteagle Sabbath.

No trains; no mails; no wagons; no carriages; no selling; no buying; no pleasure parties; no bustle; no "toggery." But—quietude; peace; bracing breeze; blue sky; clear air; billowy clouds; sacred song; Sabbath school; grand services; crowds of worshipers made thoughtful by the serene, the peaceful, the worshipful around; everywhere, rest, and praise, in the hearts, and in the faces of the goodly company. Such are the recollections of the Monteagle Sabbath; what divine strength they gave; Heaven on earth they seem in my memory.

And, Monteagle is bringing Heaven to our earth through the host of beneficent influences she is gathering for purifying and uplifting body and soul.

Religious Life.

Each day is closed with Twilight Prayers, a beautiful service, into which old and young throng in a manner delightful to see.

"The moral and religious atmosphere of Monteagle is all that the Christian can desire. God, his Christ, his Word, and his religion are honored in everything, in the purposes and conduct of Monteagle Assembly," says President Loos, of the Kentucky University.

"The result is, the ennui of most summer resorts is here happily forestalled by the literary and religious privileges enjoyed during a large portion of the summer, of which each visitor may avail himself at his own pleasure," observes Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans.

The Reception Room and Library.

The common center of the social life is the Reading and Reception Room which attracts crowds of guests with its cool rooms and broad verandas, that look out over the great garden of flowers. The public receptions of each week, with their music and recitals, are free, and highly enjoyable. Under the direction of a committee of ladies, a Library is entering upon a prosperous career; books, daily papers, magazines, for the summer provided for every guest—all free to all.

"The atmosphere up here is a great thing, the water is fine, the homes are good, and the mountain is a big thing, but the best thing of all is the hearty handshakes of the big-hearted Monteagleans. Everybody does something to make things pleasant.—*Prof. Chas. Lane.*

Free from Vice.

There are no saloons in all the region round about. All forms of vice are rigidly forbidden on the grounds. The people, old and young, give themselves up wholly to the enjoyment of the healthful exercises and entertainment provided for all.

Consequence.

"Everybody is happy. It is the pleasantest resort, according to my estimate, to be found anywhere in the country. I would not take anything for my part of Monteagle, though I do not own a dollar's worth on the mountain."—*Chancellor Green.*

Prophecy.

"Monteagle, where weary toilers come to rest, is destined to be the annual meeting place of a select, but ever-increasing, company of Christian men and women as long as the healthful breezes stir the forests on the Cumberland hills."— *Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.*

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Dr. G. W. DRAKE, Chattanooga, Tenn. }
Dr. E. S. CHISHOLM, St. Louis, Mo.....Resident Dentist
Dr. H. F. FISHER, Nashville, Tenn.....Resident Oculist
STEPHEN METCALFE, Monteagle, Tenn.....Keeper of Grounds

The Platform.

J. I. D. Hinds, Superintendent.

Each summer the program of lectures, concerts, recitals, conferences, receptions, Round Tables, vespers, Sunday-school exercises, Twilight Prayers and Sabbath Services demonstrate that audiences can be entertained, delighted, and at the same time refined and elevated. To the guests these furnish daily opportunities for rare and profitable enjoyment thus combining with the other attractions of the place to make Monteagle a summer home of the highest worth. During July and August, 1894, the following entertainments and exercises were actually given:

Lectures and Entertainments	120.
Concerts and Recitals	36.
Club Meetings	12.
Prayer Services	50.
Sunday-school Meetings	7.
Sermons	13
Round Tables	4.
Vesper Services	2.
Christian Endeavor meetings	7.
Miscellaneous Meetings	Numerous.
Total	248.

Season ticket, $5; cost of each entertainment about 2 cents.

Monteagle Tennis Club.

Most Beautiful and Most Perfect Courts in the State. Bracing Mountain Air Makes Play Ever Fascinating and Invigorating.

ANNOUNCEMENT, GREAT TOURNAMENT.

A Tennis Tournament will be held at Monteagle beginning August 5, 1895, and will be continued one week. The championship of the State of Tennessee will be contested for, including both double and single championship. All players are to be approved by the Committee of Arrangements. All entries must be sent in on or before July 15. For particulars address Frank Taylor, 314 Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Monteagle Ladies' Association.

OFFICERS:

Mrs. James Jackson, Atlanta, Ga., President.
Mrs. W. H. Payne, Nashville, Tenn., Vice-President.
Mrs. W. F. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn., Treasurer.
Miss Blanche Stubblefield, Stevenson, Ala., Secretary.

COMMITTEES:

I. Library:
Mrs. J. B. Cobb, Macon, Ga., Chairman.
Mrs. S. M. Ward, Jefferson, Texas.
Mrs. D. M. Russell, Jonestown, Miss.
Mrs. Carrington Mason, Memphis, Tenn.
Miss Lou McCaa, Dayton, Ala.

II. Reception:
Mrs. K. C. Kretschmar, Oxford, Miss., Chairman.
Mrs. Hamilton Parks, Nashville, Tenn., Associate Chairman.

III. Amphitheater:
Mrs. A. W. Newsom, Memphis, Tenn., Chairman.
Miss. Cordelia Stubblefield, Stevenson, Ala., Associate Chairman.

IV. Reception Room:
Mrs. Z. D. Davis, Brookhaven, Miss., Chairman.

V. Children's Temple:
Mrs. Margie Patterson, Columbus, Miss., Chairman.

Monteagle Society of Christian Endeavor, Young People.

1894.

Prof. Charles E. Little, Tennessee, President.
Miss Lizzie Drouillard, Vice-President.
Miss Ethel Anderson, Florida, Cor. Secretary.
Miss Louise Westcott, Alabama, Recording Secretary.
Miss Anna Mahler, Tennessee, Treasurer.

LEADERS DURING SUMMER OF 1894:

Dr. H. F. Fisher, Tennessee; Rev. Mr. Hawkins, Florida; Dr. J. T. Gwathmey, Vanderbilt University; Mr. E. W. Murphy, Alabama; Rev. I. D. Steele, Tennessee; Rev. C. B. Ames, Florida; Mr. A. D. Gunning, Mississippi; Capt. M. B. Pilcher, Tennessee; Rev. Mr. Carré, Louisiana.

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The aim is to develop spiritual life among the young people. The meetings have been well attended, many distinguished visitors giving "God-speed." Plans for the coming season look to greatly increased attractiveness and efficiency of the work.

Monteagle Bible Institute.

John R. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn., President.
Rev. George A. Lofton, Nashville, Tenn., Vice-Pres.
Rev. J. R. Lyle, Nashville, Tenn., Secretary.
J. I. D. Hinds, Lebanon, Tenn., Ex-officio Member of Executive Committee.

Special headquarters and place of meeting will be provided for the summer of 1895.

(Outline next page.)

The work will embrace three distinct features:

I. Thorough Normal Study of the Bible according to the best methods.
II. Bible Study by Themes.
III. Sunday-school, Missionary, Young People's, and other Correlated Church Work.

There will also be special days of great meetings and conferences, as follows:

I. Superintendents' Day.
II. Teachers' Day.
III. Missionary Day.
IV. Young People's Day.

Great workers will come from all parts of our country.

Let every superintendent, every teacher, every preacher, every Christian worker either come up to the grand rally on the mountain or send some one to carry back the inspiration from the great gathering.

Temperature.

The mean temperature at Monteagle for July and August is about 70 degrees. At night the temperature frequently falls below 60 degrees; and, at midday, is seldom above 85 degrees. It is always pleasant in the shade, and the cool nights induce refreshing sleep and invigorating rest. It is particularly helpful to those whose nervous system is debilitated by disease, by the press of business cares, or by mental overwork. Dr. Atchison, who was for several years the resident physician of the Assembly, says: "I observed with surprise the rapid upbuilding of wasted strength and shattered constitutions. Sound sleep takes the place of insomnia, appetite waits on digestion, and cheerfulness rapidly chases away the shadows of care. *You will find in the pure, cool mountain breezes a tonic far more invigorating than physic.*"

THE MONTEAGLE OPENING OF 1894.

SIX HUNDRED WERE PRESENT. THEY CAME FROM Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, New York, Vermont, Nebraska; fifteen States.

LET US HAVE A THOUSAND AT THE opening July 4th, 1895. Four thousand passed the gates in '94; make the number six thousand in '95.

Remember the old war-cry: "*Hurrah for Monteagle*" —and get all your neighbors to join you and the great throng on the mountain next summer. A season of joy and strength to soul and body it will be.

The Grounds.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN WOODLAND ENCLOSED. Trees and flowers are preserved. Forest avenues lead in all directions to exquisite landscapes, grand canyons, caves and other mountain wonders.

WHERE TO LIVE ON THE GROUNDS.

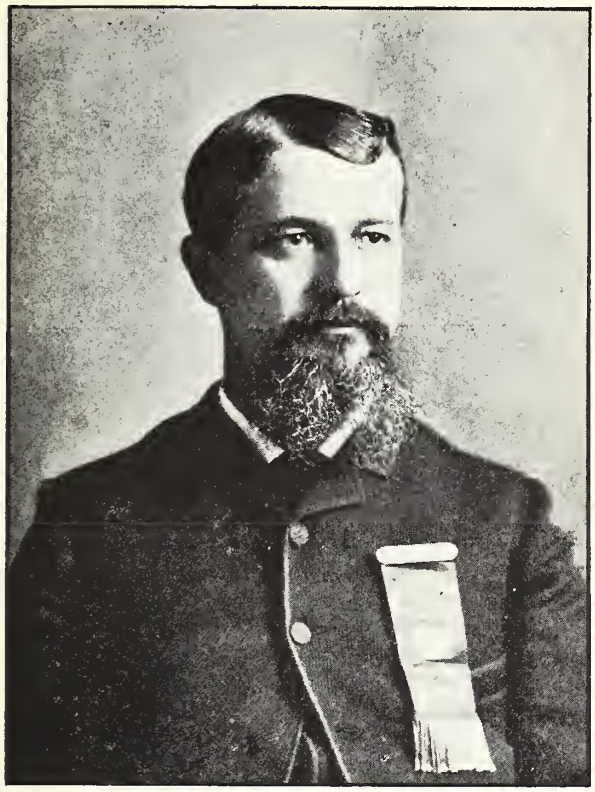
I. *New Assembly Hotel*, (see picture), opposite Amphitheater. Jesse French, Pres.; A. W. Newsom, Vice-Pres.; W. R. Payne, Treas. Completely appointed. All Modern Conveniences. Necessary to reserve room at once. Address, W. R. Payne, Nashville, Tenn.
II. Herrick Home. Address, for rates, Mrs. F. C. Herrick, 1711 W. Broad Street, Nashville, Tenn.
III. Alabama Home. Rooms open to persons from any state. Rates for room and meals, $6 to $10 per week. Address Miss Anna Pybas, Monteagle, Tenn.
IV. Memphis Home. Rooms open to persons from any state. Rates for room only $1.50, $2.00 and 3.00 per week; capacity for two persons each. Address Miss Emma B. Brown, 142 Polk street, Memphis, Tenn.
V. Mississippi Home. Rooms open to persons from any state. Rates for rooms $1.00 to $3.00 per week. Address Mr. D. D. Wilkins, Duck Hill, Miss.
VI. Nashville Home. Rooms open to persons from any state. Rates for rooms $2.25 per week; capacity for two persons each. Address Miss Teresa McKeon, 412 N. Summer street, Nashville, Tenn.
VII. Furnished cottages. Cost about $15.00 per room for the entire season, or $2.00 to $3.00 per week. Meals can be had at neighboring restaurants—$5.00 per week. Two persons occupying single room can get rooms and meals at prices ranging from $24.00 to $26.00 per month. Address A. P. Bourland, Nashville, Tenn.
VIII. Queen Anne House. Rooms and Meals. Address Mrs. A. L. Short, Columbus, Miss.
IX. Francis Restaurant. First class meals served in good style. Address Robert Francis, Monteagle, Tenn.
X. Cottages furnished for housekeeping. Expenses just what you will. Address A. P. Bourland, Nashville, Tenn.

Monteagle is a remarkably inexpensive place. *No fashion—everything homelike and easy.*

Two persons occupying one room will reduce cost of room one-half for each person. Room costing $2.25 per week will thus make expense $4.50 for each person, four weeks. Meals cost $20.00. *Thus total expense of board and meals is $24.50 for four weeks.*

NOTES AS TO THE WAYS OF LIVING.

Housekeeping.—Cottages furnished for housekeeping of sizes varying from one to six rooms can be rented at reasonable rates. Dealers send for orders as often as desired and deliver them promptly. Gardeners and dairy farmers bring fresh fruits, vegetatables, eggs, milk and butter in great abundance every day except Sunday. Living may be reduced to a very small cost, because of the abundance and cheapness of fresh supplies for the table. That housekeeping at Monteagle is not irksome is proved by the large number of families that live in this way during the entire season. The safeguards of the Assem-



MR. R. B. REPPARD, Savannah, Ga., First President Monteagle Assembly.

bly make Monteagle the ideal home for wife and children. They can be left amid the most healthful surroundings in perfect safety.

Cottages.—Those wishing the delights of a home on the mountain without the cares of housekeeping, can take a cottage and secure meals at a neighboring restaurant. To live in the midst of a woodland scene, resting, reading, napping in your hammock, *recreating*, makes of the Summer an enchanting experience.

Ladies Come Alone.—Ladies will find in the Homes and Hotels the utmost care and attention; they need not hesitate to come to Monteagle entirely alone; every needful arrangement is made for their welfare. In each home there gathers a circle of congenial spirits; wit, music and culture blend in a happy and wholesome life.

Co-operative Clubs.—BOARD AT $15 PER MONTH.—These organizations rent furnished cottages, employ a cook, take turns week about supervising housekeeping, enjoy it, and live royally they say, *for $15.00 a month, and sometimes for less.* Why not form a Monteagle club among your friends and have a glorious summer on the mountain heights amid scenes of marvelous beauty, and with access to the Schools, Assembly Programs, Concerts, and hundreds of other delightful features?

The summer will be one of the rare events of your life. You will dwell on the heights, indeed, in one of the choicest companies this world will ever see! What can be rarer than the Monteagle folk?

* * * * * * * * * * *

Monteagle Bible Institute, under the presidency of Mr. John R. Pepper, during August, will henceforth be one of the great features of Monteagle.

SECOND SUMMER AT MONTEAGLE.

Last Summer's Enrollment was Eighty Pupils. The Largest Number of any School on the Mountain.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL FOR HIGHER PHYSICAL CULTURE, REMOVED TO MONTEAGLE, TENN.

A full corps of instructors in both the Theoretical and Practical Work. The only institution of its kind in the South, and the only school in the United States where the "*most advanced and difficult exercises on all Gymnastic Apparatus is thoroughly and systematically taught*," besides giving a variety of Dumb-Bell, Indian Club, and Wand Drills, and numbers of the simpler movements.

Next Session July 4 to August 20, 1895.

For all further information, address,

JAS. T. GWATHMEY, M.D., Principal,
Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

"The Summer School of Physical Culture at Monteagle this summer, has been one of the pleasantest features of the summer's work. The instructors have cause to be proud of their classes, and Monteagle is to be congratulated upon bringing this school to the mountains."—*Nashville Banner, August 20, 1894.*

Furnished Cottages for Rent.

Persons wishing to rent furnished cottages containing two rooms will please address either of the following:

Mr. J. B. Patton, Rome, Ga.; Miss Grace Henley, Demopolis, Ala.; Chancellor A. H. Garland, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. J. L. Camp, Rome, Ga.; Mr. B. B. Crew, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. R. B. Reppard, Savannah, Ga.; Mr. W. T. Adams, Corinth, Miss.; Miss Amanda Anderson, Lebanon, Tenn.: Mrs. E. C. Stephenson, Memphis, Tenn.; Dr. A. B. Weddington, Troy, Tenn.; Miss Hattie White, Memphis, Tenn.

For furnished cottages with three rooms, address:

Mrs. T. B. King, Brownsville, Tenn.; Mrs. Lucy R. Warren, Searcy, Ark.; Rev. E. E. Folk, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. John D. Anderson, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. S. F. Hare, Collierville, Tenn.; Miss Margie Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Tommie Buchanan, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Mr. W. H. Morrow, Nashville, Tenn.

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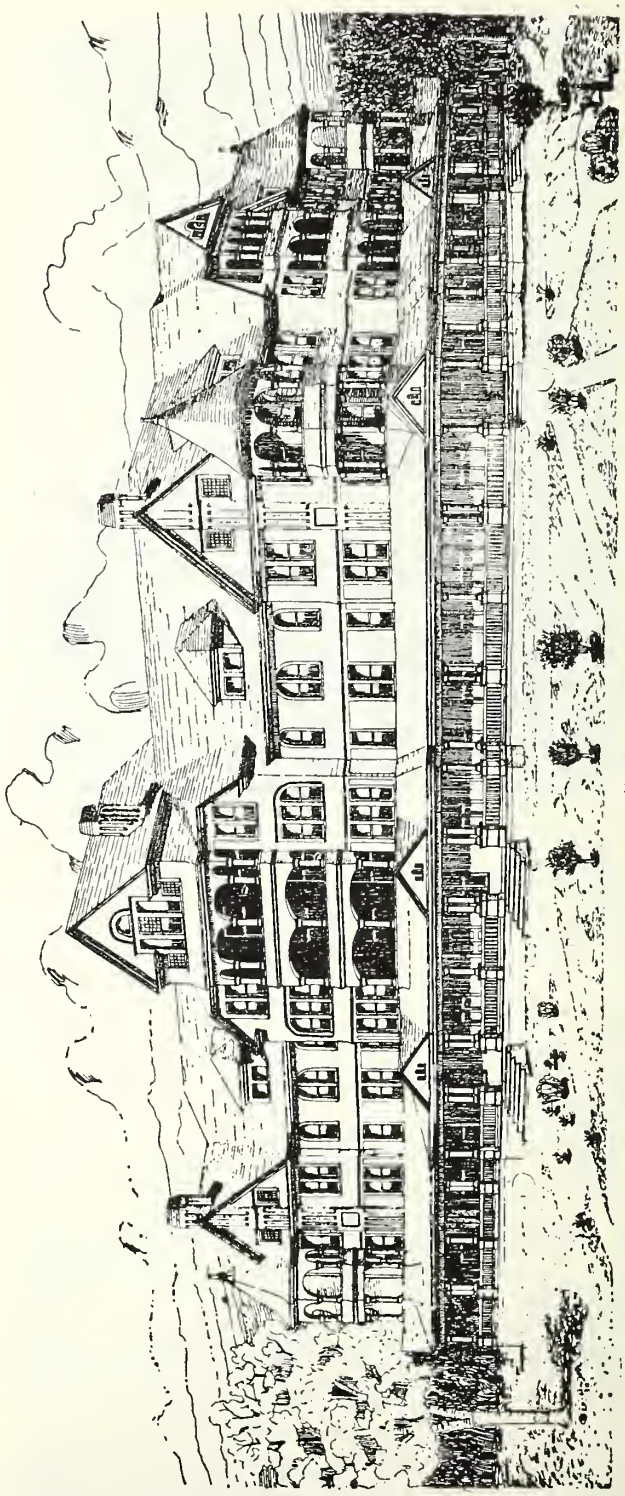
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National Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. 2, page 130:

"R. W. Jennings, the founder and manager of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, was born in Edgefield, S. C., March 19, 1838, where his father and grandfather had been raised. At the age of sixteen he commenced clerking in a retail store, and in 1855-56 he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Co., at Trion, Ga. In January, 1857, he came to Nashville and secured a position as bookkeeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., where he remained until 1861, when he entered the Planters' Bank as bookkeeper. In 1864 he filled an important position with the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co, New York, where he was directed to overhaul and examine into the books of that firm, running back for a period of nineteen years. In 1865 he was teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., resigning this in December of that year to accept a partnership in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville, the latter being the largest wholesale house which has ever been established in Nashville. Withdrawing from these firms in 1872, he was until 1884 the senior partner in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co. Thus Mr. Jennings brings to his work as a business educator the ripe experience of thirty years in actual business."

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The *Tennessee Methodist* of last week gives the names of 125 of the graduates of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, who are now filling highly responsible positions with merchants and bankers of Nashville and other cities—some of them receiving salaries as high as $2,000 per annum; and this is a mere fraction of the whole number who have secured good places.

Bishop McTyeire, while President of Vanderbilt University, and who always thought well before he spoke, said to a mother, whose son wanted a position: "Send him to Jennings' Business College; a certificate from R. W. Jennings to your son, recommending him for a position, will be of more benefit to him than any other influence he could have."

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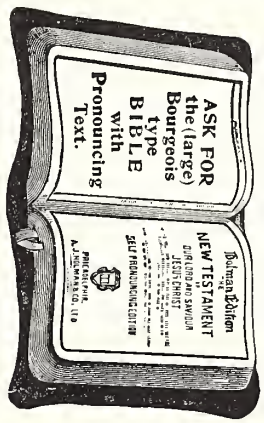
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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craif, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets go $49,929.76, with total liabilities of $11,045.90, leaving a surplus of $38,883.86, and an actual safety fund of $35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating 18,806.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of $1,300. Policies in force December 31, 900, aggregating $2,100,000. In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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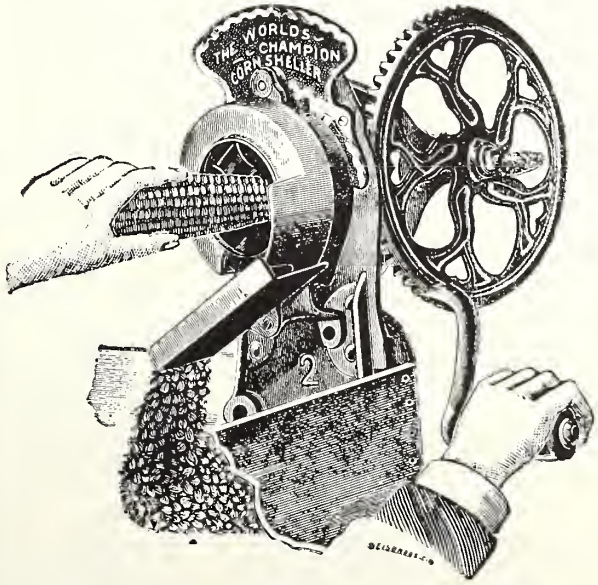
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The great Sunset Route, Southern Pacific, is now the favorite one to those familiar with the different lines of Western travel; and its management, gratefully recognizing the ready appreciation which the traveling public has shown their efforts in the past, have determined to outdo the most splendid railway achievements, and to provide their patrons with a combination of luxury and comfort hitherto unequaled. To this end the magnificent train, "Sunset Limited," taking its name from the solar luminary whose path across valley and plain, and over hill and mountain it follows with the speed of the wind, has been put on between New Orleans, Los Angeles, and San Francisco Leaving both terminals every Thursday, on and after Nov. 1, passing through the balmiest regions in all America, delightful even in January, this "fleeing city" covers gulf to coast in a trifle over two days. Every comfort of home is found in the luxurious vestibuled coaches, dining, sleeping, and composite, which comprise "Sunset Limited," and the scenery along this line is unsurpassed. It would pay you to go West or East, if it were only for the pleasure and delight of a whirl along this greatest of steel highways

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SAVANNAH, TENN., Dec. 15, 1894.—The Shiloh Battle-field Association desires the name and address of all the survivors of that battle. The Secretary has over 12,000 names of the men who fought on that battlefield. When all arein, a complete roster will be printed.

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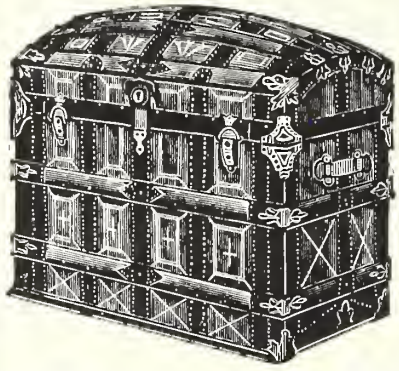
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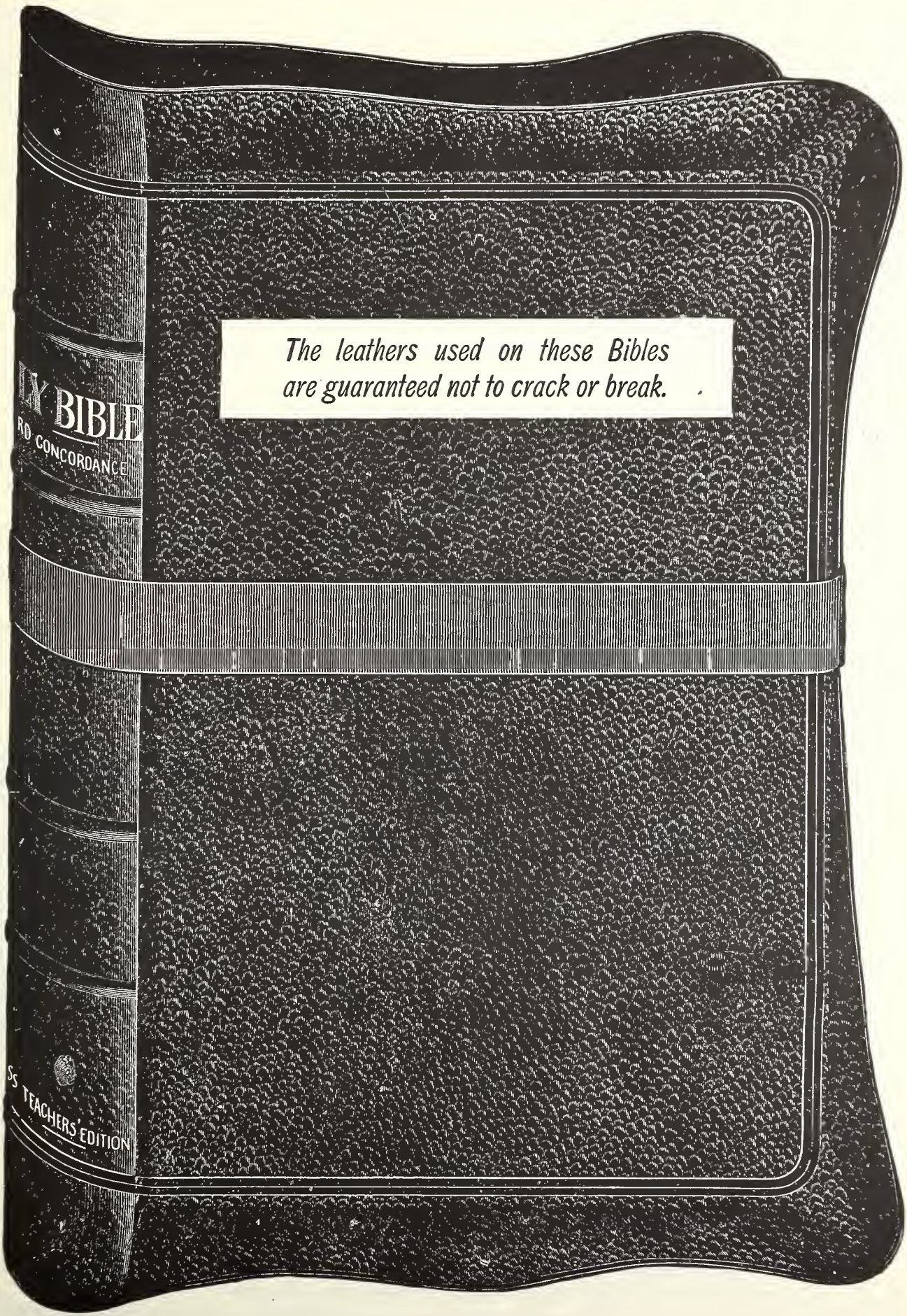
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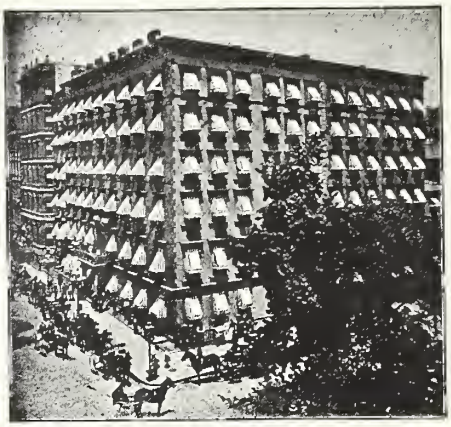
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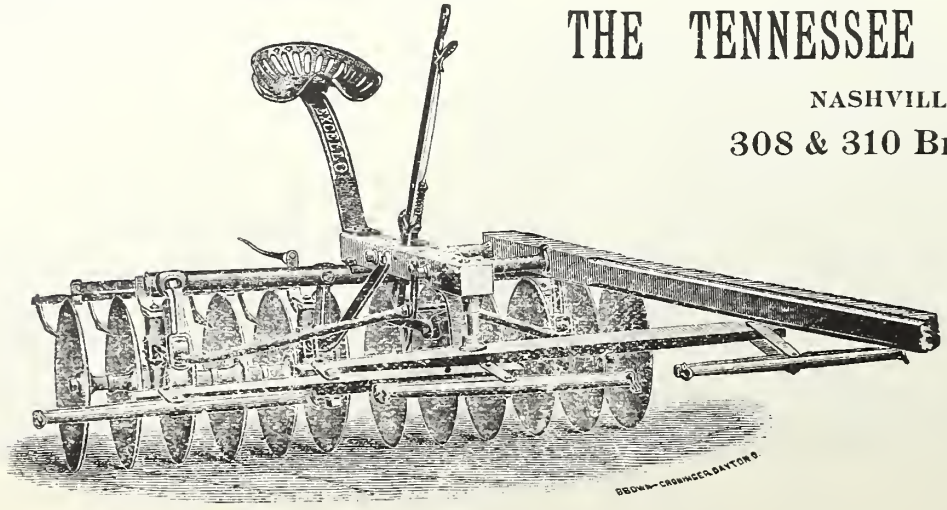
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BINDERS FOR THE VETERAN.

There has recently been such increased interest in binders for the VETERAN, that to supply them has been decided upon. Let all who have not done so and desire them, send in their orders during the month of March, and in April all orders will be supplied. Friends who have kept files with an occasional loss of one, two or three numbers will be supplied with missing numbers since July and others that may be on hand, free of charge, if they wish to bind them. Remember the cost of binding: $1.30 for flexible cloth, or $1.60 with leather with renewal of subscription, or independently of subscription, the cloth and the leather at 40 cents and 80 cents respectively.

Mr. James Williams, Assistant Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, again requests that comrades who participated in that battle will be diligent to send in their names, as he wants to complete the Roster as early as possible.

Thanks for the active good will of comrades and friends for the multitude of good things sent recently to the VETERAN. The promise for March number is most gratifying. The January VETERAN had its usual space of thirty-two pages, and, in addition, eight pages in advertising Monteagle, Tenn. This number contains unusually valuable historic matter for the South not specifically connected with the great Confederate war. George Washington, George Peabody, and the University of the South have liberal attention, as will be seen in illustrated articles.

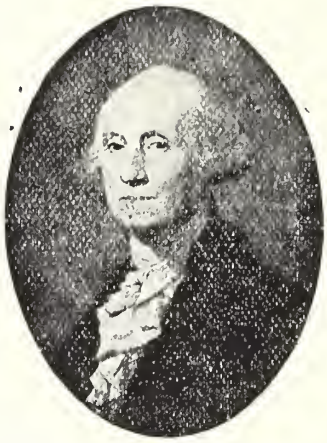
Fred C. Low, of Gloucester, Mass., gives an interesting account of a visit to the battlefields in Virginia, with which he was familiar thirty years ago. He mentions the purchase by his comrade, Horace H. Shaw, of the First Maine heavy Artillery, of the field near Petersburg, upon which a severe battle was fought by that battery, where they have erected a monument, and of the voluntary offer by A. P. Hill Camp Confederate Veterans to look after it as they would if their own. Permission is given the A. P. Hill Camp to erect Confederate monuments anywhere they may choose upon that ground made sacred by "heroic blood of both North and South."

Comrades generally familiar with the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, will be gratified at its determination to become more useful than ever, upon the inspiration given by its new Commander, Col. A. G. Dickinson, who was its chief officer when first organized. The Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore, sends out a series of resolutions adopted by the Camp, which are, in substance, to build up a society from which they may expect sympathy and succor in the hour of bereavement and adversity, to enjoy the companionship of one another, to recall the scenes of ambition and adventurous youth passed in the stirring period of desperate war, to talk over the march, the bivouac and the battle, and to review the humor which was often a relief amid scenes of darkness, and again sing the songs of Dixie; "to renew our regard for the soldier of the North, who has ever extended us courteous and chivalrous consideration and neither asks nor expects apologies from us."

It is the wish of the Camp that a burying-ground be set apart, where our comrades may have at last a resting place, and to erect an appropriate monument.

It is resolved that in the future the charity funds of the Camp shall be devoted to the relief of its members, and that the Commander be authorized and requested to appoint Committees to attend the sick or dying members of the Camp as he may in his judgment deem fit. Also, that the Executive Committee adopt such measures as are necessary to accomplish these ends. Major Edward Owen, of that Camp, has ever been helpful to the VETERAN.

THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.



The excellence and eminence of the first great character in our National history lost its prominence, in a measure, by the second great American Revolution. Even the South, with never ceasing pride that George Washington was a Virginian and prominent in founding Southern institutions, became so intensely concerned for success of Jefferson Davis, General Lee, and other representatives in maintaining their independence as States that she ceased to celebrate, as in former times, the natal day of the "father of his country," who was indeed "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." On the other side, the northern people substituted Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Grant, and their subordinates, as characters of greatest concern.

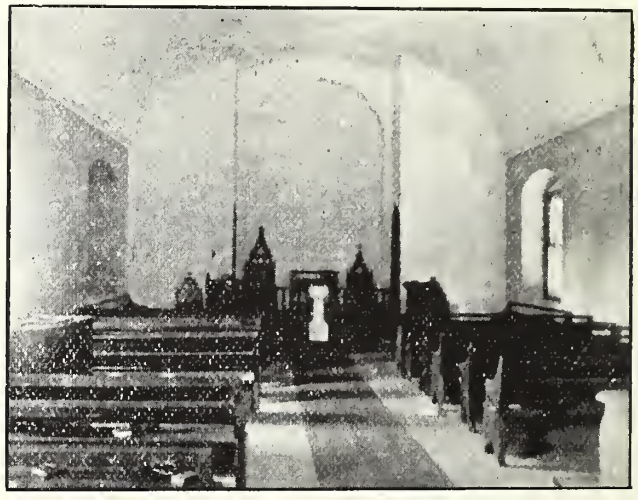
Passing for a time the thrilling and awful experiences of the past third of a century, it seems fitting that we all should recur to our Washington and take mutual pride in the fame that he established as an American citizen.

The distinguished son of Augustine and Mary Ball Washington was born February 22, 1732, near Bridge's Creek, in Westmoreland County, Va. When baby George was three years old, his father moved his family to a place on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, then a village. When George was eleven years old his father died, leaving a family of young children and a fine estate to the care of his widow, Mary, whose exemplary career has been the pride of Americans for a century and a half. Subsequently, Mrs. Washington moved into Fredericksburg. Visitors to the historic place are ever delighted to find the house in which she lived in excellent preservation. They may also see a monument, erected within a past year or so, upon a beautiful spot in a suburb of the town, which was a favorite resort by her. The mother of Washington reared two step-sons, four of her own, George being the eldest, and a daughter.

Mt. Vernon, when George Washington was in his teens, belonged to his half-brother, Lawrence, who took much pride in and advanced him in every possible way. He wanted to make George a midshipman in the British navy, but Joseph Ball, Esq., his uncle, who had studied law in London, opposed it; and so, instead, the young gentleman became a civil engineer. When but sixteen years of age, he was given important appointments by Lord Fairfax to survey extensive landed estates, and afterwards, through the Fairfax influence, he was made the Public Surveyor.

George Washington was in his twenty-first year when his brother Lawrence died, leaving him in charge of an infant daughter, and his sole heir if the child should die. He had a year or so before his death procured the position for George of Adjutant-General for the Northern District of Virginia.

Fortune favored Washington in every way. He possessed wealth and fine military prominence at an early age. He was fond of, and, of course, popular



Interior St. Peter's Church, Virginia, where Washington married Martha Curtis, January 6, 1759.

with the first ladies of his time. It is said that he was in love with Miss Mary Bland, who afterwards became the wife of "Light Horse Harry" and the mother of Robert E. Lee. Now and then critics have insinuated against Washington's morality, but his life of heroic sacrifice marks him an upright.

When the Revolution began, Washington was, of course, a Rebel and concurred with Mr. Gadsden of South Carolina upon the determination to stand upon the broad ground of "Natural Rights." Resistance to Great Britain, it may be recalled, was strongest from North Carolina. Massachusetts, however, led in the declaration that "a king who violates the chartered rights of his people forfeits their allegiance."

The story of the Revolution with Washington as the military leader is well known. The "Rebel" flag was the "stars and stripes." In this connection, it is consistent to revive a bit of history that should have universal acceptance. In promulgating the patriotic Declaration of Independence, we should not fail to



MT. VERNON FRONT.—THE HOME

give the highest praise to North Carolina for having done the same thing at Mecklenberg, May 29, 1775. more than a year before July 4, 1776. On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee offered a resolution to the Congress that "the United Colonies ought, of right, to be free and independent States." Washington was very persistent in his plea for declaration of independence "to secure foreign alliance."



Frances Tavern, corner Broad and Pearl street, N. Y., in second floor, corner room, Washington parts with his officers, Dec. 4, 1783.

It is well to re-read the story of the Revolutionary war occasionally. The final success of American arms under Washington, must have been providential. When we consider how disobedience of orders by subordinates caused disasters, the incompetency and treachery of others whom he had trusted, at times of sorest depression, and then the inefficiency of the Continental Congress, the results seem indeed miraculous. No other event, perhaps, in the war was so shocking to Washington as the action of Benedict Arnold, who possessed not only his confidence but his affectionate regard. It depressed him sorely.

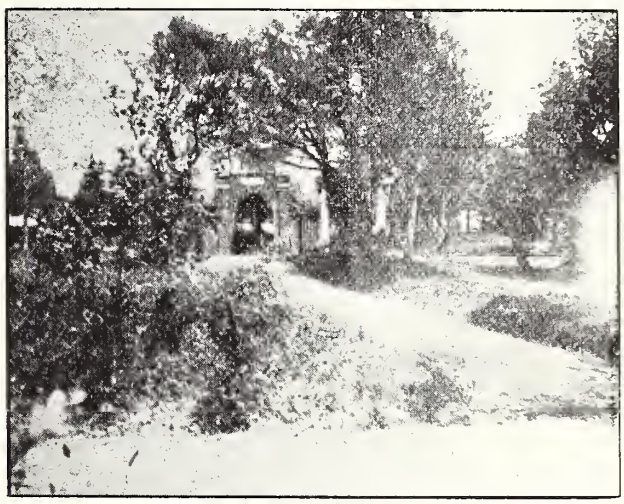
Washington had to be much more self-reliant than did Lee or Grant at any period of our later and greater war. The capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown was an achievement very similar to those of "Stonewall Jackson's way," when he dashed so often upon the Union forces unexpectedly and with such disastrous results to them.

When the great war was over, and the hero was present before Congress to make a final report, he gave expression of the patriotism, and the unselfishness that had marked his career from the beginning. He recommended in particular those who had *continued* with him in the service as "worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress," and he considered it an indispensable duty to close the last act of his official life by "commending the interest of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to his holy keeping." It is well to review the career of Washington, and the men of the South, yes, and the men of the New England too, for they did noble service. New England then was made up of a people much more similar to the South than it is now.

Washington was the father of the country not only because he commanded successfully the defensive army, but his patriotism induced sacrifices involving his entire personal estate, straining his credit to the utmost, and, when the war ended he was reimbursed for the amount paid out by him nearly fifteen thousand pounds, but he neither charged nor received any pay for his services.

Our President Davis, and our General Lee had a model in Washington. When Mr. Davis is being criticised for not making terms sooner, let it be remembered that our prospects for success were hardly as hopeless as were those of Washington's army. Gen. Lee followed quite often the methods of his noble, self-denying example. Hear Washington when resigning his commission to the Congress: "I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God. Washington's career as President is not reviewed here.

The writer will be pardoned for expressing much sentiment upon this theme. His father was given the honored name Washington, and in his death left on boyhood's memory a very similar face. His first article for the press was written about a trip to Mt. Vernon, a little more than twenty-five years ago.



MT. VERNON VAULT—FOR GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON.

But for the inspiration of that visit there would doubtless never have been founded a CONFEDERATE VETERAN, anyhow by the writer. He had the honor of being Commissioner for Tennessee to the centennial celebration of King's Mountain, (October 7, 1880), and has ever been gratified with John W. Daniel's great oration on that occasion. He was at the centennial celebration of Yorktown, heard the oration by Mr. Winthrop, and heard Mr. Blaine read the order of the President, that the British flag be saluted, and there witnessed such an exhibition of firing from war ships as he had not witnessed in our four years of war. He witnessed the centennial celebration of Washington's first inauguration as President on the Sub-treasury steps in New York, marked then by a superb statue of Washington. He was gratified to witness the homage paid that Virginian, that great Statesman and patriot, by hundreds of thousands. He has admired many statues of Wash-

ington, and that magnificent monument in Richmond. Let us all learn lessons from the life of Washington, who without example or guide established principles upon which so much of liberty and happiness have been enjoyed.

All honor to Washington! Let the Capitol be gilded and beautified while liberty lasts, and let that marble mark on the sky, the highest monument ever erected, stand as grateful tribute for sixty millions, and their children's children to the end of time.

LAST BATTLES OF THE WAR.—Continued.

B. L. Ridley's notes from his journal, dated at Smithfield, N. C., March 26, 1865.—General Bragg has been relieved from duty, it is said, at his own request, and his command, composed of a few North Carolina reserves and Hoke's division, have been turned over to Hardee. This gives Hardee now a good command. Gen. Bragg still commands Department of North Carolina, and left yesterday for Raleigh. No moving. Orders anxiously awaiting the development of Sherman's movements. Dr. Lowe White tells me that he has just heard of the death of his father, mother, and little brother, caused by some disguised assassin, near Big Springs, Wilson county, Tenn.—Oh, the lingering agonies of the war!

March 27th. Generals Cheatham, Clayton, and Walthall visited us this morning, and had their minds quieted about the transportation which has created so much anxiety for fear of excessive reduction. Sent out this morning to learn the topography of this vicinity. This afternoon went with General Stewart to depot, where we found Col. Allison, a Tennessee Cavalryman, on his way westward with the body of his son, who was killed a day or two ago near Goldsboro, trying to rescue some nice ladies from the clutches of the enemy. We saw a squad of forty yanks, their prisoners. From their brazen looks, they consider us virtually whipped, and that our complete overthrow is only a question of time. Numbers may subdue, but cannot conquer. Capt. Charles F. Vanderford, ordinance officer is relieved from duty with us, and now an assistant to army ordinance officer. We had a telegram from Gen. R. E. Lee this morning. He says that Gordon took two lines of the enemies' breastworks, but was compelled to give them up before night, and also the eight pieces of artillery they had captured. It was yesterday stated officially that Maj. Gen. Howell Cobb was in command of Department of Tennessee and North Georgia, lately commanded by Gen. Hood.

March 28th.—Visited Raleigh to get an overcoat. No one but a North Carolinian allowed to call upon the State Quartermaster, but soldier-like I called upon Gov. Vance—claimed kinship to North Carolina on account of its being my father's birthplace. Old Governor Vance was so taken with my cheek that I got the order to his Quartermaster for the smuggled goods.

March 29th.—Spent last night at Yarborough House—miserably kept, and board $55.00 per day. The Capitol is made of imported granite, and excels any in the South, Tennessee Capitol excepted. The population of Raleigh nears five thousand. Maj. Hooper, Quartermaster, was exceedingly kind, and permitted me to buy an overcoat and a suit of gray clothes. Returned to camp, only to be scolded by Cols. Sevier and Gale, because I neglected them.

March 30th.—Lieut. Terry Cahal returned this evening from a long leave of absence, and brings us the intelligence that our wagons, which were left at Tupelo in February, will be here next week. He speaks of the kind treatment of the South Carolinians towards him. Visited pickets to-day, by order of the General; found them attentive.

To digress. Our troops took trains at Tupelo, Miss., after retreating from Nashville, and went via Mobile, Montgomery, and Augusta; footed it through Edgefield, Newbery, and Chester districts, S. C.; thence boarded cars via Saulsbury, Greensboro, Raleigh to Smithfield to intercept Sherman, leaving our transportation behind. It was a quick movement to divert Sherman's course, hence we only got to Bentonville with fragments of commands, and made Smithfield the connecting point for the new organization.

March 31st.—Gen. Hood's report of operations from the time of his taking command at Atlanta until his succession by Johnston has just been received. He abuses a great many for tardiness and dereliction of duty, and, I think, some unjustly. Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee arrived this evening with some of his troops. The balance fast coming—about six thousand. This will swell our ranks greatly, and besides there are about 2,000 at Augusta, that have collected since he left.

April 1st.—Senator Wigfall, of Texas, arrived at Johnston's quarters to-day. Maj. Gens John C. Brown, of Tennessee, and Patton Anderson, of Florida, reached us with a portion of their commands. Both had been absent on account of wounds; Brown's last wound was received at Franklin, on the 30th of November, 1864; Anderson's at Marietta.

April 2d.—Stoneman, it is said, is attempting to reach the railroad, near Salisbury. Young's brigade of cavalry are sent to meet him, and the soldiers that Lee brought from Augusta are halted there. A cordial reception awaits him. Heard to-day that Johnston had preferred charges against Hood for misrepresentations in his report.

April 3d.—To-day one or two other brigades of cavalry have gone after Stoneman. Hardee reviewed his corps of army this morning—Gen. Johnston witnessed it. The postoffice of the army arrived yesterday, glad news. Peace rumors rife again, but laughed at here. Fighting supposed to be going on both at Mobile and Richmond. We have been living for some days on shad, caught near Smithfield, excellent to one unaccustomed to them.

April 4th.—I witnessed to-day the saddest spectacle of my life, the review of the skeleton Army of Tennessee, that but one year ago was replete with men, and now filed by with tattered garments, worn out shoes, barefooted, and ranks so depleted that each color was supported by only thirty or forty men. Desertion, sickness, deaths, hardships, perils and vicissitudes demonstrated themselves too plainly upon that old army not to recur back to its history. Oh, what a contrast between the Dalton review and this one! The march of the remnant was so slow—colors tattered and torn with bullets—it looked like a

funeral procession. The countenance of every spectator who saw both reviews was depressed and dejected, and the solemn, stern look of the soldiery was so impressive—Oh! it is beginning to look dark in the east, gloomy in the west, and like almost a lost hope when we reflect upon that review of to-day!

April 5th.—The shades of sorrow are gathering upon us—horrible rumors! We to-day have heard of the distressing news that the fall of Richmond took place the first day of this month—understand that all the archives of the State were destroyed, and that in the engagement Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill was killed or captured. Heavens, at the gloom and how terrible our feelings! A city that has been protected for four years now to succumb to the world's minions—Lee has to give up and leave the bones of our braves behind. About the three days' fight we have not yet heard. It must be a great relief to Grant to break up Lee's lines about Richmond, "*but it is death to the frog.*" Wigfall's comment upon Hood's report was very severe.

Captain George B. Guild, present Mayor of Nashville, disagrees with Captain Ridley in his Diary, as published in the January VETERAN.

He refers to the closing scenes of the battle of Bentonsville, N. C., on the evening of the 21st of March, 1865, where the diary reports " * * * the enemy in large numbers appearing on our left flank was about to capture the bridge across the large creek in our rear, which was the only means of escape of our army, at which critical moment Capt. Ridley says: "Cummings' Brigade, commanded by Colonel Henderson, of the 42d Georgia, charged the enemy, driving them back." etc.

Now, Mr. Editor, if there is any thing on earth that an old soldier is jealous of, it is the reputation his command made during the war, and he will not sit quietly by and see the honors that it won given to others. I would not detract one particle from the gallantry of Cummings' Brigade, but if they were present at this particular crisis I did not see them; and there are a score or more of old soldiers in this city who were on the ground and participated in the movement, and will verify my version of the affair.

About 3 o'clock on the evening in question, Gen. Mowers' division of the Federal Army had advanced so far and unexpectedly on our left-rear as to threaten the bridge. Everything was in great confusion. Gen. Hardee came rushing down the road, and the first troops he came across was a portion of the Texas brigade (the 8th Texas and the 4th Tennessee cavalry regiments) commanded by Col. Baxter Smith. He at once ordered Col. Smith to charge the enemy, which he did in gallant style, with these two regiments, throwing Mowers' division into confusion and driving them back some distance. Then before they could recover from the suddenness of the attack or could realize that it was but a small troop of cavalry, some of our infantry came upon the scene and held them in check until the army could recross the bridge, which it did hastily that evening and night. Gen. Hardee accompanied us a portion of the way in the charge, and his son was killed at the head of our command.

We have read from other sources than Capt. Ridley, his version of the affair, but the important part taken by the 8th Texas and the 4th Tennessee, as we have detailed it, is correct.

A YOUTH'S COMPOSITION UPON ROBT. E. LEE.

Master John Wilcox, Jr., age twelve, in "Seventh Class" Nisbet School, Macon, Ga., January 18, 1895:

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Robert Edward Lee was born in Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va., January 19, 1807.

His father's name was Richard Henry Lee, better known as "Light Horse Harry." When Robert was a boy he was kind, thoughtful and truthful. His teacher said that it was a pleasure to teach him because he behaved so well.

Every day after school he would come home, hitch the horses to the buggy, arrange the cushions, put his mother tenderly in and take her to ride. His father died when he was only eleven years old, and his sister was off at school. He gave out the meals, attended to the farm, and saw that the horses were taken care of. His mother said that he was both son and daughter to her.

He received his education at the West Point Military School. He graduated in the year 1829 without receiving a single reprimand and standing second in a class of forty-six, when he was put on the engineer corps and sent to Florida to build forts.

At the beginning of the Mexican War he was assigned to duty as chief engineer of the army under Gen. Wool, as captain. His abilities as an engineer and his conduct as a soldier won the special recognition of Gen. Scott, who attributed the fall of Vera Cruz to his skill.

When the civil war broke out he was asked to command the United States Army, but he said that he owed his first duty to his State. He wrote to the governor of Virginia and told him that he was at his service. He was then placed in command of the Army of Virginia, and was afterwards made commander in chief of the Confederate Army. He fought bravely for four years, but at last was forced to surrender his army of eight thousand men to one hundred and fifty thousand. He surrendered at Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865.

He died at Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870, after a useful life and a brave career, leaving a legacy of the grandest figure in modern history.

LETTER WITH THIRTY-FOUR DOLLARS.

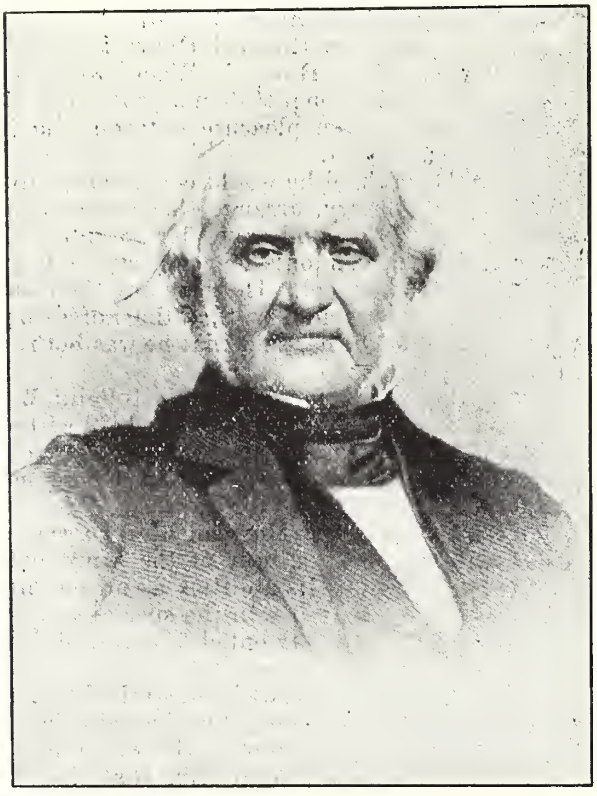
Gen. H. B. Stoddard, Bryan, Tex., February 11:

The inclosed list and money order is the result of the united work of Maj. J. W. Tabor, Drum Sergt. J. W. Johnson, and Adjt. S. M. Derden. I am instructed by these comrades to say that this list will be added to from time to time, and we hope to make the number at least seventy-five. As heretofore, no commission is charged, but if you desire, you might send a copy to Col. B. G. Baldwin, at this place, who at one time was Chief of Ordnance on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, and to whom fortune has *not* been kind since the days he wore the gray. A more gallant officer never led a charge or faced a foe.

GEORGE PEABODY TO THE SOUTH.

HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

Few Americans pay respect to the memory of a man a quarter century after his death. The birthday of George Washington is four days later in the month than that of George Peabody, (63 years before) but this February VETERAN honors both.



GEORGE PEABODY.

Mr. Peabody was born Feb. 18, 1795. While Washington was of the South, and Peabody of New England, the latter who had lived among our fathers was broad enough in his patriotism and philantrophy to give more to the South, because of her misfortunes by the war, than any man of any section.

On the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Peabody's death, Nov. 4, 1889, Dr. William H. Payne, Chancellor and President of the Peabody Normal College, with which important position the College is still benefited by his ability and zeal, delivered a memorial address, extracts from which are here given:

Twenty years ago to-day there died in the city of London, at the age of seventy-four, a man whose fame as a philanthropist has filled two continents, and in whose history we have a peculiar and personal interest. On that day a midnight message was flashed across ocean and continent, and struck sadness into the hearts of tens of thousands in Europe and America, where manifold deeds of mercy and charity had made this man loved.

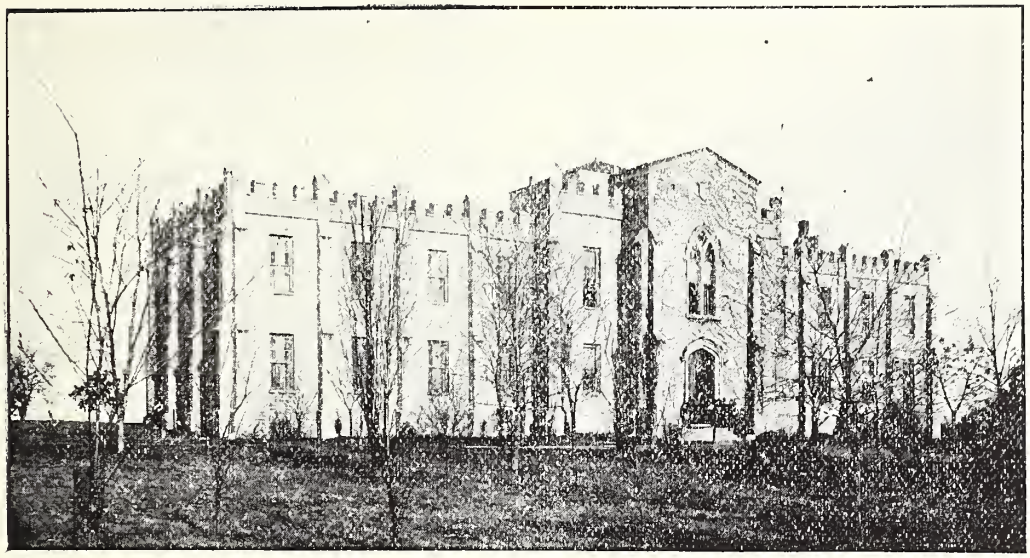
A day or two later there was opened in the world's proudest burial place, Westminster Abbey, a temporary resting place for the mortal remains of this merchant prince. At the funeral services the Queen of England was represented by General Gray, and among the mourners were the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs and undersheriffs of London; and among the carriages that had followed the remains from Eaton Square were those of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. What other American, what other merchant, had ever received such a burial? To be mourned by the ruler, the princes, and the statesmen of a foreign nation, and to receive burial beside the kings, queens, statesmen, and men of letters of a long procession of centuries, in the noblest sanctuary yet reared by the hand of man—this surely was a tribute of respect and homage rarely paid to a plain citizen, and we may well feel a conscious pride in the fact that the man whose memory was thus honored was an American.

And a little later there was another scene in this funeral drama whose solemn grandeur has never been surpassed. The remains of this "philanthropist of two worlds" were to be conveyed to the land of his birth, and the vessel set apart for this service was the "Monarch," the noblest vessel in the Queen's navy; "and he who began life as a grocer's boy was to be borne to his transatlantic grave on as proud a bier as any dead king could have." To give added grandeur and dignity to this funeral cortege across the sea, the "Monarch" had for consorts an American and a French vessel that had been detailed for this service. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was from the first the President of the Peabody Board of Trust until his death, said in the funeral oration:

Who, certainly, can contemplate the immediate close of this extraordinary life without rejoicing not only that it was so painless, so peaceful, so happy in itself; not only that it was so providentially postponed until he had been enabled once more to revisit his native land to complete his great American benefactions, to hold personal intercourse with those friends at the South, for whose welfare the largest and most cherished of these benefactions were designed, and to take solemn leave of those to whom he was bound by so many ties of affection or of blood; but that it occurred at a time and under circumstances so peculiarly fortunate for attracting the largest attention and for giving the widest impression and influence to his great and inspiring example?

Mr. Peabody's parentage was humble, though he came of sturdy, English stock, "with honesty ingrained in every fiber." While yet a mere boy he became a grocer's clerk in Danvers. Thence at the age of eleven he went to Newburyport and engaged in business with his older brother; but in consequence of a fire in 1811 he went to Georgetown, D. C., and spent some time. He was a volunteer in the war of 1812, and for a brief period served his country as a common soldier. He became a partner with his uncle Riggs in the wholesale drapery business. In 1815 they removed to Baltimore, where there was a rapid increase in the volume of business. In 1837 he became a merchant and banker in London, and a few years later he was counted one of the world's merchant princes.

Further, in Dr. Payne's memorial address, he said: If George Peabody were now living, I feel sure that



PEABODY NORMAL COLLEGE—CHAPEL.

there is nothing on this earth that would cheer his heart so much as this representative body of Southern youth, gathered here for the ultimate purpose of rendering to his beloved country the highest service that can honor a citizen—of working for the intellectual and moral welfare of the generation that is rising to manhood and womanhood. I speak with all soberness and candor when I say that, as it seems to me, there is now no other educational institution in the South that is so full of promise as this, no other that has so evidently in its keeping the educational future of the South, no other that at this moment is more prosperous, or whose future is more full of hope.

I have had a fear that all of us—students, teachers, and president—are unconscious actors in the scene that is passing. Do we sometimes stop to think that this school is destined to be old, venerable—old and venerable as Oxford and Cambridge, as Eton, Harrow, and Winchester are? To me the most impressive thought is that we are now working at the very foundation of a mighty structure, and that very likely—nay, almost inevitably—both the form and the spirit of the institution that is to be are now in process of determination by us.

No other American biography teaches so clearly and correctly the right use of wealth. In his talent for honest accumulation George Peabody was a genius; but he held all his wealth in trust for country and humanity.

For one moment contrast a millionaire who builds palaces for himself and his children, and elegant abodes for his dogs and horses, with George Peabody, who never had a home of his own, but who left his millions for the education of his countrymen!

And now as we look into the kindly face of our benefactor, and reflect on that patriotic gift of his that has made it possible for us to be here, let us form anew the resolution to work for Christ, for country, and for humanity.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN THE PEABODY NORMAL COLLEGE.

A Peabody scholarship is worth $100 a year, and the student's railroad fare from his home to Nashville and return is good for two years.

The whole number of scholarships at present is 205 and they are distributed as follows:

Alabama, 16; Arkansas, 17; Florida, 8; Georgia, 22; Louisiana, 12; Mississippi, 13; North Carolina, 20; South Carolina, 14; Tennessee, 33; Texas, 20; Virginia, 18; West Virginia, 12.

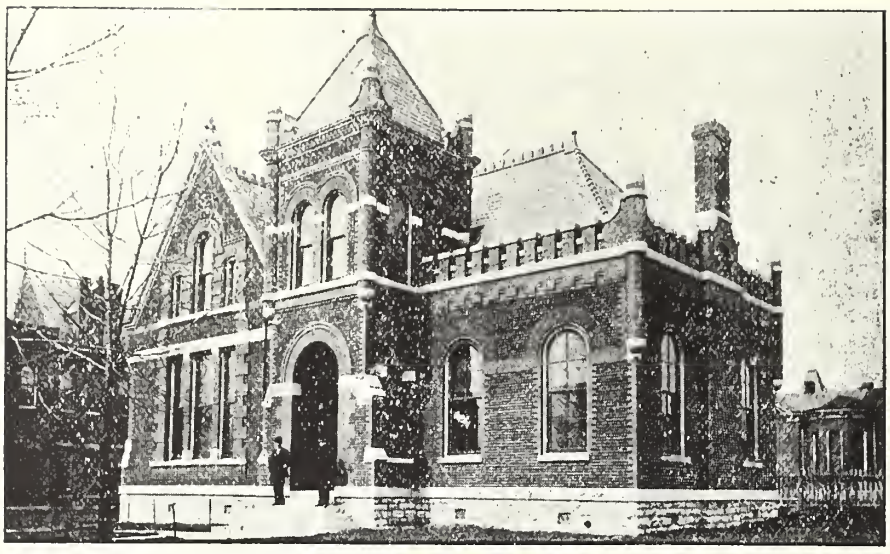
In the award of scholarships precedence is given to students who have been in the College for one or more years at their own expense. All students in the College at their own expense during the past year, and who came from Southern States other than Tennessee, have received scholarship appointments with one or two exceptions.

The attendance by States is as follows:

Alabama, 32; Arkansas, 23; Georgia, 36; Ken-



LINDSLEY HALL.



OFFICE BUILDING.

tucky, 3; Louisiana, 13; Mississippi, 13; New York, 1; North Carolina, 27; Ohio, 1; South Carolina, 20; Tennessee, 311; Texas, 32; Virginia, 22; West Virginia, 16. Total, 560.

Comrades who may not be posted upon the benefactions of Mr. Peabody may be surprised that so much attention is here given a man not born in the South, and who never knew but little of the Southern people in general. Let all such read his letter, in which he at one time gave one million dollars for education in the South.

In a letter written at Washington City, Feb. 7, 1867, Mr. Peabody referred "to the educational needs of those portions of our beloved and common country which have suffered from the destructive ravages and not the less disastrous consequences of civil war. With my advancing years my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. Looking forward, I see our country united and prosperous, emerging from the clouds which still surround her," etc. This one million dollars "to be used in behalf of the young in the more destitute portions of the Southern and the Southwestern States of our Union."

In addition, Mr. Peabody gave to the Board of Trust eleven hundred thousand dollars' worth of the two million dollars of bonds issued by the State of Mississippi, upon which interest was not being paid. The fund was given upon such conditions that the Board of Trust may dispose of its income as they see proper, and they may, also, after thirty years, distribute the fund for educational or literary purposes.

Two years and a half later, Mr. Peabody was so much gratified with the results of his first great bequest for education in the South, the appreciation of its beneficiaries, as well as the good accomplished by it considered, that before leaving for London he made other bequests, aggregating additional $1,384,000. He did all this "with the sincere trust that God would so bless it as to make a lasting boon not only to the Southern States but to the whole of our dear country."

Mr. Peabody sailed for London, September 29, 1869, and he died there November 4th, following. He gave three millions to the poor of London.

Robt. Michie, Poetry, Tex.: I have in vain watched the pages of the VETERAN to catch something from some member of our old Company "E" of the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Our company was first commanded by Capt. D. M. Wisdom, of Purdy, Tenn. Capt. John Michie succeeded Wisdom, and he was mortally wounded at Harrisburg, Miss., July 13, '64. Lieut. "Mich" Horton then commanded us until he fell at Franklin, Tenn.

I had one horse killed at the Fort Pillow massacre, another shot under me near Purdy, Tenn. At Harrisburg, Miss., July 14, in '64, I lost the use of my left arm. Excuse this allusion to myself, for all of us must be allowed to "tell our tales." Let me boast just enough to say that I was in all the engagements participated in by my Company from the time of enlistment until disabled. I would be pleased to hear from any member of our old Company or Regiment.



CHANCELLOR'S RESIDENCE, PEABODY COLLEGE.

FORREST'S OLD REGIMENT.

Capt. J. C. Blanton, Commander of Company C: I have long since thought of writing a short history of Forrest's old regiment for you. I had the honor of being a member of it from the formation at Memphis, Tenn., to its surrender at Greensborough, Ala. Forrest did not enter the service at the head of a Tennessee Regiment of calvary, as is frequently published. Half of his command was from other States. We had Overton's and Logan's companies from Kentucky; Kelley's and Becoats' companies from Alabama; and Gould's from Texas; besides, May's company, though organized at Memphis, was largely of Mississippians, Arkansians, and Texans. Then, too, McDonold's company made up at Memphis, contained some Arkansians.

With seven companies we started from Memphis to the seat of war in Kentucky. N. B. Forrest was Lieut. Colonel, and Rev. D. C. Kelley was Major. Hambrick succeeded Kelley to the captaincy of his company. Our first halt was at Fort Donelson, where we did some scouting down the Cumberland River. We were next ordered to Hopkinsville, Ky., where we established permanent camps, and from this point we made frequent scouts, west to the Ohio, and north to Green rivers.

Our first battle of any note was Sacramento, a Kentucky village. Cavalry did the fighting on both sides. This fight lasted but a very short time. The forces were about equal, but the enemy had the advantage of being on the defensive. The head of our column came within range of his guns before we had formed, compelling our men to form under a distressing fire. But form we did, and drove the blue coats pell mell through the village, and into a boggy lane where a great many of them were killed and captured. This battle had a splendid effect in our regiment, causing men and officers to confide in and respect each other. We were convinced that evening that Forrest and Kelley were wise selections for our leaders. And in all the battles that followed in which these two men were actors, they well sustained the reputation made on the field of Sacramento.

Kelley's motto was thus: "In the path of duty there is no danger;" and thus "The duty of a soldier is to obey orders." Forrest made that path of duty plain, Kelley walked in it amid the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, even mid the groans of the dying as calmly as he had formerly walked to his pulpit on Sabbath morning. D. C. Kelley was one of the bravest men I ever saw. I never saw him manifest the least sign of fear or excitement on any field of battle, and I was with him on many. I give here one incident. It happened at the siege of Fort Donelson. It was when the enemy tried to pass the Fort with his fleet. Our regiment being cavalry could not be used in defense of the fort. So we were placed back to wait for orders. During this bombardment and when it looked like the furies of hell were turned loose on us, I looked down the line, and saw Kelley sitting on a camp stool leaning against a tent pole reading his Bible. My curiosity was at once excited, and wondering if it were possible for a man to be interested even in reading God's word under such circumstances, I walked to where he was, stood close to him until I was satisfied that he was deeply interested in the Book.

I went back and called some comrades' attention to it, and after going close to him they returned in perfect amazement, that any man could be so composed amid such roaring of cannon shots, and screaming shells. Why, the very earth was quivering under us.

But I started to write the history of the regiment, not of one man. We were badly broken up at Donelson, only a part of us getting away. A number of the brave boys fell on that bloody field, and among the number my captain, Charles May. Oh, how sad we were when he fell with six holes through and near his heart; either of which would have been fatal! He indeed fell in the thickest of the fight, with sixteen of his company dead and wounded around him.

May's charge at Donelson deserves to go down to history among the most daring deeds ever performed on any field of carnage. True, it was reckless and unwise; but they were obeying orders. It is a wonder that the order was ever given; but a greater wonder is that any of us who went with Charlie May into that horrid hollow that cold, icy evening ever rode away again. No braver boys than those who fell around May in that charge—braver men never died on field of battle.

Forrest left Fort Donelson next morning with a part of his regiment. Gould and Logan remaining with their companies, and also some men from other companies. Capt. Overton stayed, but his Lieut. Crutcher came out with most of his men.

We went thence to Nashville, and next to Huntsville, Ala., at which place a great many of us were furloughed for recruiting purposes.

Our next camp was at Burnsville, Miss., where we secured several new companies, and a number of recruits for the old companies. At this place the regiment was reorganized. Forrest was made Colonel, Kelley, Lieutenant Colonel, and Balch, Major. From Burnsville we went to Shiloh, and were actors on that bloody field. When the army fell back to Corinth we remained between the lines nearly all the time that Bragg occupied Corinth. We followed the army to Tupelo. At this point Forrest left us and went to Tennessee as a Brigadier. After this Kelley left us, as did the two Alabama companies. Balch was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and E. B. Trezevant to Major.

Under General Frank Armstrong we made campaigns into North Alabama and West Tennessee, fighting almost continually, taking active part in the battles around Iuka, and also at Corinth. Balch left us and Trezevant succeeded him. We were next ordered to Forrest at Columbia, Tenn. All but the Tennessee companies were then taken from us, and two of these, mere fragments, were put into May's old company with the writer in command, leaving just two of the old companies, McDonald and Blanton.

Col. Trezevant was also ordered to take command of the 10th, its Colonel being absent at the time. This was a new regiment, and had seen but little service.

Soon after this the battle of Thompson Station was fought. Col. Trezevant was ordered to make a flank movement to prevent the enemy from getting back to Franklin in case of his defeat. The regiment

was dismounted, and suddenly we came in close proximity to the enemy. The firing commenced almost simultaneously, and oh, what a rapid fire it was! The Tenth was armed with double barreled shot guns, except my company, which had carbines, and in easy range did terrible execution. While the battle was at white heat I turned to speak to Trezevant of how gallantly the men were bearing themselves, and I noticed that he looked pale. I stepped closer and said, "Colonel, are you hit?" The reply was, "Yes, Captain, I am killed. Take charge of the regiment." Putting my arm around him to assist him to the ground, I was ordered by general Forrest immediately to move the regiment forward. Leaving my friend and the hero, I obeyed, and never saw the form of that gallant man any more. I learned that he lingered until the evening, and then gave up his noble life. No braver man or truer friend ever buckled on sabre in defense of Southern soil and Southern honor than Col. E. B. Trezevant.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

"My world seems to be slipping from under my feet," is the significant language used by Mrs. Jefferson Davis on receiving the news in one day of the death of four friends, to one of whom she refers as copied in this VETERAN. It reminds the writer so vividly of a wonderful escape just before going to press with the January number, that brief mention is made. He had gone to the fourth floor of a building, had completed a conference with the foreman of a printing office and had entered the elevator to descend when suddenly as can be conceived the elevator darted for the bottom. He was alone. In the few seconds his meditations were: first that somebody might be crushed at the entrance on ground floor, then that there might be some catastrophe from above. The next thought was of himself and what he should do in the crisis. He decided that his only hope was to overcome what was possible of the concussion by a spring so as to be off the floor when it struck. Deciding that, after an approximate of the velocity, he then thought of the probability that he might be dead in a minute. The time for the leap arrived and it was made so heroically that he knocked the top out of the elevator, the crossed strips of iron cutting holes, as if by bullets, in his derby hat and some slight marks upon the head which bled but slightly. When the frightful accident was over he stepped out of the rapid carriage assured that no serious injury was sustained. A score or more of occupants on the various floors of the building were amazed at his escape.

An accurate reference to Mrs. Maggie Davis Hayes:

Born in Washington during the latter part of her father's service as Secretary of War, she is the eldest daughter, and remembers much of the trials of her father during the Confederate struggle. While Mr. Davis was in prison, Maggie was with her grandmother, Mrs. Howell, near Montreal, Canada, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at school. After Mr. Davis' release from prison she was with the family in London, and at school in England until she finished her Collegiate course.

GENERAL M. C. BUTLER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

J. W. Ward, Adjt. Camp Sumter, Charleston, S. C., January 22d, 1895:



I send you a photograph of Gen. M. C. Butler, which has been in my possession for over thirty years. He was Genl. Wade Hampton's "Right Bower." At the first call of his Country, he went to the front in Virginia; At Brandywine Station he lost a leg.

It is related of Col. Butler, that while at home recuperating from his wound, he received a telegram from the war department asking, "Can you ride a horse?" After mounting one of his favorites and leaping a fence or two, he went into the house and sent back the laconic reply, "Yes." The next mail brought him his commission as Brigadier General. He again went to the front and fought to the end.

Gen. Butler was beloved by his officers and men, and no more gallant soldier ever drew sword in defense of those principles we all knew to be right.

I served under him in the Army of Northern Virginia, during the Campaign of 1864, when the famous brigade rendered gallant and effective service as Mounted Infantry fighting with Enfield Rifles.

After the Campaign of 1864, Gen. Hampton was ordered to join Johnston's Army, then in South Carolina, and Gen. Butler with his gallant brigade was also transferred to that army. From the fall of Columbia to the surrender of Johnston at Durham, N. C., Butler was ever at the front, harassing and impeding Sherman's advance. Often did I see him after the fatiguing events of the day lying upon the ground with no shelter but the vaulted sky above, sharing the hardships with his men, ever hopeful, ever ready to lead his sadly diminished ranks where an effective blow could be struck.

Gen. Butler served his country with ability in the United States Senate for fourteen years, until, alas, a new phase has seized our beloved South Carolina, and this gallant son of the grand Old South has been retired to private life, laden, however, with honors, deeply enshrined in the hearts of his comrades. As his head whitens and his form becomes more bent, so much more will we of the Confederacy love, honor, and cherish the memory of those days, when we fought and suffered for the Cause we loved so well.

BURIAL RITUAL FOR VETERANS.

Comrades generally in Tennessee are so well pleased with the Ritual in use by them that it is submitted in the faith that Veterans in other States may be pleased to adopt it in whole or in part. Changes were proposed at the last meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, because of the discomfort in using it at the grave in bitter winter weather. The change suggested that the principal part of this service by comrades be performed at the residence or in the church where the regular funeral is attended.

At the hour and place appointed, the Bivouac (or Camp) of which the deceased was a member will meet. The President will appoint pall-bearers, marshal and assistant, if necessary. All members to be supplied with a badge of crape and sprig of evergreen, to be worn with badge of the Association. The Bivouac (or Camp) will pass in procession from the place of meeting to the place whence the deceased is to be taken for interment. The order of procession to be as follows:

1st. The Marshal with black scarf and a baton with black crape and ribbon on each end, ——inches wide, of color (blue, red or yellow) representing that branch of service to which the comrade belonged.

2nd. The Sergeant-at-Arms, with sword draped as baton of marshal.

3rd. Members in double rank.

4th. Recording and Corresponding Secretaries.

5th. Financial Secretary and Treasurer.

6th. Chaplain and Surgeon.

7th. Second and Third Vice Presidents.

8th. President and First Vice President.

On arriving at the house the President will place the badge of deceased on coffin.

The procession, in above named order, will precede the corpse to the place of burial. On arriving there, the members will open ranks, stand uncovered, with hat in left hand, and with right hand raised as if making a military salute, while the cortege will pass between the two lines, after which the members will reform in reverse order. The President and Vice President, leading, passing through to the front, others following to the grave, open ranks and passing round both right and left. After the performance of such religious services as desired by friends of deceased, and before final closing of grave, the members will silently approach as near the grave as convenient, the President at the head, the Chaplain at the foot, all uncovered, hat in left hand, when the President will read the following address:

COMRADES: We are here to-day to pay the last tribute of friendship in the presence of the honored dead.

Response by Comrades: Our honored dead.

We are to commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life—aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability—was drawn very close to our lives by a bond of love which was formed amidst common perils and hardships, and welded in the fires of battle.

Response: The fires of battle.

Not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not with musket shot and roll of drum, do we bury our comrade. The roar of the cannon and the din of the conflict are hushed, and in this time of solemn peace we lay the citizen-soldier in his last resting place—an honorable grave.

Response: An honorable grave.

He was a veteran Confederate soldier, true and tried. Freely and cheerfully he risked his life in defense of his home and his people; bravely and grandly he bore himself amidst all the dangers and privations of an unequal contest. He answered to the last roll call that summoned him to duty as a soldier, and when he yielded to the arbitrament of war, it was not as a conquered slave, but as a hero—one of the gallant spirits who have immortalized the Southern Arms. He fought a good fight, and has left a record of which we, his surviving comrades, are proud, and which is a heritage of glory to his family and their descendants for all time to come.

Response: A glorious heritage!

With equal courage and fortitude and patience our comrade accepted the fortune of peace, made arduous by losses and reproaches, and as a citizen of a reunited country, true to his innate manhood, he evinced a loyalty which, making no apology for the past, was true in every quality of patriotism and which none can question without aspersion.

Response: He was tried and true.

Rest, soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate thy motives and write thy deeds illustrious. Comrade and friend, we give thy body to the dust and commend thy spirit to God.

Response: Rest, soldier, rest!

CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

(Chaplain shall pray some short prayer suited to the occasion). Each Comrade deposits a twig in the grave.



FORT SUMTER IN 1861.

THE BLUE, RANK AND FILE, AT APPOMATTOX.

Extracts from a paper read before the California Commandery of the Loyal Legion, by Major Henry T. Lee, Fourth New York Heavy Artillery. Copied from the Pacific American:

Major Lee states that the sketch was written in the hospital immediately after Lee's surrender, while the impressions of "that glorious campaign" were still fresh and strong, and for the sole purpose of preserving them, so far as possible:

I offer no philosophic history of the grand event, no military criticism of the strategy and tactics of the campaign, but simply a running story of those glorious days from a mud-crusher's point of view. The times of which I wrote were days of fierce enthusiasm and fiery excitement; they were red hot days.

In March, 1865, there was very little of enthusiasm in the Army of the Potomac. Even the war correspondents had failed to discover among the troops and report to their papers that wholesale "longing for the gory battlefield," in which they had dealt so largely on the eve of other campaigns. As for the rank and file, we had sized up our duty in about this way: We went where we were told, if we could conveniently get there, and we stayed where we were put till it evidently was time to leave.

Since Gettysburg, when the grit of the Army of the Potomac won that glorious victory, whose unfading laurels so many generals' heads ache to wear, up to the commencement of the last campaign there had been no enthusiastic impulse in the long-suffering Army of the Potomac.

To be sure the accession of General Grant to the command, and the constant arrival of new troops, with their innocent eagerness to "know how a battle feels," had at the outset of the Wilderness campaign somewhat quickened the general pulse. But Virginia pines make tough breastworks, and men fighting under the shadows of their ancestral homes are sturdy opponents, and Gen. Lee was the greatest defensive general the war developed.

So whatever enthusiasm the army might have had was pretty well battered out of it by the time Gen. Grant's tremendous left had finally forced Lee back upon his stronghold in Richmond, and we sat down before it to wonder how much better off the Union cause really was than it had been when our army under McClelland occupied nearly the same position just three years before. * * * But all this time Sheridan, the left-hand man of Grant, the Left handed, was at work, and at the Five Forks struck the enemy a blow that made him reel from Dinwiddie to Richmond. And then along the whole line we all went in, and on the 2d of April fairly unearthed the fox.

From that time on there was enthusiasm enough in the Army of the Potomac. On the morning of the 2nd we were slowly feeling our way back from the Five Forks, whither we had gone the night before to support Sheridan, when, like a military Gilpin, came tearing along a gallant German of our division staff, shrieking at the top of his voice, "By ze right flank—vile righeet—queek—queek—tubbel queek—ze enemee have left ze vorroucks!"

So up and ho! for the South Side road, whose engines have so often mocked us with their taunting whistle as they carried new life to the heart of the Rebellion. It has run its last train for the Rebels, boys; we'll run it now for the Union! So over the breastworks, once so dreaded; through the log villages, where the grey-backs hived; down into the hollow, thick with grapevines; through the brook over the swamp, up the hill, and into the very arms of the Rebel rear guard, who, from their ambush on the verge of the South Side road, in true traditional style, "welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves," full threescore of the Irish Brigade. Ah! the bitterness of it! to know that "some one had blundered."

We fall back across the brook, lie still and rest a while; two miles on the "queek, queek, tubbel queek," with that tough fight on the top of it, entitles us to rest, and soon the artillery comes thundering up, connection is formed to right and left, and this time over we go in fine style, and the stars and stripes flash at a hundred points along the South Side road. "The South Side" ours, Petersburg taken, Richmond gone up, fifteen thousand of Lee's Army already out of the fight, the rest scouring off as fast as their legs will carry them, and the Army of the Potomac with Sheridan and Ord close upon their heels. Lee's Army in full retreat, with their backs toward Richmond. Three cheers for us, boys!

Don't we feel sorry for the Rebs? Yes, of course we do; just precisely as they would for us, for in these four years of hand-to-hand fight we have learned to know each other well. Don't we glory in their pure American grit, as they fight us so grandly in this their very last ditch?

So stick to it, boys, if the work is hard, and then, for home and laurels! So on we go, by Jetlersville, Amelia Court House, High Bridge, Sailor's Creek and Farmvilie, Grant's inevitable and irresistible Left still reaching out and stopping them when they would have made for Danville, till finally on the ever memorable Sunday, the 9th of April, it went clean 'round them at Appomattox Court House, shut the road to Lynchburg, and Gen. Lee most sensibly concluded that it was time to throw up the sponge on behalf of the Southern Confederacy.

I suppose it is seldom given to men to feel that very ecstacy and delirium of joy which rushed over the Army of the Potomac when Lee surrendered. We had been expecting it; the most inveterate grumbler had given in, and all we thought and talked about was the surrender of its probable time and circumstance.

Since daybreak there had been a furious galloping to and fro of gilded aids, who seemed to carry the fate of armies on their shoulder-straps, and whose heads were evidently bursting with missions of infinite importance. In vain we strove to check their mad career; in vain were canteens and whisky flasks waved in their very faces as they dashed madly by. And then we knew that the end was near.

Then Gen. Meade himself, preceded by a score of buglers vociferously sounding, and followed by general and staff officers innumerable, rode rapidly to the front. Still, there was slight contingency of doubt. Of course the power of the rebel army as an army was forever broken, but might not the Johnnies get off in squads and bands, and thereby force us to

hunt them for an indefinite length of time through those mysterious mountains, for whose fastnesses Gen. Lee had so earnestly longed.

All these, and many other considerations of equal weight, were we anxiously discussing that Sunday morning as we lay massed, with arms stacked, not a half mile from Appomattox Court House.

But hark! To our attentive ears a swelling tumult comes from the direction of the Court House. Soon we distinguish the joyful clang of bugles, the beating of armed hoofs and the fainter cheer of human voices.

What makes our cheeks so pale, our eyes so bright, our hearts so still? So we stand, an army turned to stone, and with compressed lips and solemn, eager faces, look earnestly and steadfastly toward the west. The noise of voices swells and deepens, the bugle's victorious din splits the very air, the clang of sabres swells the tumult, and a thousand thundering hoofs shake the ground.

Out of the dark pine woods, down the rock-strewn road, like a regiment of whirlwinds they come; Meade, bareheaded leading them, his grave, scholarly face flushed with radiance, both arms in the air and shouting with all his voice: "It's all over, boys! Lee's surrendered! It's all over, now!" Close behind tears along his own proper staff, striving with all their might to distance the confused crowd of general and staff officers, who, in defiance of all order, ride in point of precedence as their horses and horsemanship decide, all yelling and cheering and waving their hats and swords. Behind them two squadrons of cavalry bring up the rear, and behave, as do all, like devils possessed.

They sweep around and into the open space where the bulk of the Second Corps lies. In an instant they are engulfed in the living sea. The men listen for a moment to the words of their leaders, and then up to the heavens goes such a shout as none of them will ever hear again. And see! The air is black with hats and boots, coats, knapsacks, shirts and cartridge-boxes, blankets and shelter tents, canteens and haversacks. They fall on each other's necks and laugh and cry by turns. Huge, lumbering, bearded men embrace and kiss like schoolgirls, and then dance and sing and shout, stand on their heads and play at leapfrog with each other.

The standard-bearers bring their war-worn colors to the center of the mass and unfurl their tattered beauties amid the redoubled shouts of the maddened crowd. The band and drum corps seek the same center, and not a stone's throw apart, each for itself, a dozen bands and a hundred drums make discordant concert such as before the continent never heard.

All the time from the hills around the deep-mouthed cannon give their harmless thunders, and at each hollow boom the vast concourse rings out its joy anew that murderous shot and shell no longer follow close the accustomed sound.

But soon from the edges of the surging mass, here and there, with bowed heads and downcast eyes men walk slowly to the neighboring woods. Some sit down among the spreading roots and, with their heads buried in their hands, drink in the full cup of joy till the whole being feels the subtle influence of the sweet intoxication, and others in due and ancient form, on bended knees, breathe forth their gratitude and praise, while others still lie stretched among the little pines, and cry and sob and moan because their natures cannot contain the crowding joy.

And still from the vast multitude, seething and swaying on yonder gently sloping hillside, the deafening din of voices, drums and trumpets still goes on. For a brief moment now and then, the clamor rounds itself into the grand swelling strains of "Old Hundred," "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "Marching Along." And the waving banners keep time to the solemn movement; but the ecstacy is still too intense for method, and each voice and trumpet, drum and banner, rejoices for itself again.

Surely never was such rejoicing as this. The quick leaping blood expands its vessels. Our hearts swell and lighten infinitely, and lift us clear away from earth and sense, and we dwell for a moment in the elysium of perfect joy.

After years of desperate struggle and frequent defeat, the fierce, tumultuous joy of victory floods our souls with its volcanic flame, tempered and steadied and purified by the glowing fires of patriotism.

Who ever paid greater tribute to the valor of the Confederate soldier than is given out in the foregoing? It is fitting that permanent and general record be made of the profound sensation the surrender of Robert E. Lee had upon the most powerful army then marshalled on the earth. Pity the people so forgetful and so narrow as not to pay homage to the heroism that was loyal and steadfast under such trials! Confederate heroes will appreciate the courteous references to our side throughout the foregoing.



FORT SUMTER 1865, AFTER 580 DAYS AND NIGHTS BOMBARDMENT

J. L. Mattison, Jacksonville, Ala:—Replying to inquiry about Capt. J. C. Francis, of Gen. Bragg's Headquarters, would say he died January 4th, 1886. His brother, Joe H. Francis, is now in business in New York City, where he has lived since 1869.

GEN. LEE'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW YORK.

The fifth annual dinner of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York was given at Scottish Rite Hall, January 19th, in honor of the memory of Gen. R. E. Lee. About one hundred and seventy-five were seated at the five tables. In response to "The Day We Celebrate," and "The Star Spangled Banner," two of our Northern friends responded. The most interesting feature of the evening was the presence of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who occupied, with Mrs. Gebbart, of Cumberland, Md., and Mrs. Gillen, of Mississippi, a box in the gallery of the hall. She was greeted with cheers, again and again, as (leaning heavily on a cane) she walked slowly to her seat, while the orchestra played Dixie.

During the evening many of those present paid their respects to the widow of the Confederacy's President. Many other Southern ladies were present



COL. A. G. DICKINSON.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, commander of the Camp, presided, and seated with him at the principal table were Col. Albert Stickney, Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Congressman elect H. C. Mineo, Isidor Strauss, District Attorney Fellows, H. W. Knight, Post Commander of U. S. Grant Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and Rev. G. S. Baker. Among others were Charles A. Deshon, President Southern Society, H. R. Gardeer, Judge R. A. Van Wyck, Gen. H. M. Nelson, Col. W. W. Tayleure, and Dr. C. C. Fite.

Col. Dickinson made an address, welcoming the guests and giving a history of the Camp, etc. A toast, in honor of the memory of Gen. R. E. Lee, was drunk in silence, which was responded to, in the absence of Col. Mosby, by W. S. Kelly. Other speeches were responded to by District Attorney Fellows, Col. Albert Stickney and Walter S. Logan. During the dinner Southern airs were played by the orchestra. "Dixie" and "Old Kentucky Home" were sung by the company. In the address Col. Dickinson said: This camp of old soldiers has existed for the last four years with one object in view beyond all others, viz.: To be kind and charitable the one to the other, to provide assistance to those who are unfortunate, and aged, to close their eyes in death, and then to provide for them a suitable burial place and mark the spot with a little marble slab, to tell who they were, and what they had been. This assemblage of scarred veterans comprises to their view, as true patriots as have ever written their names in a country's history. They have not formed this camp with any thought of wrong, or with any intention to injure any man. They do not assemble to brood over their disappointments, or to criticise our Government, either State or National. In their meetings they neither discuss politics nor religion, but they meet because they wish to perpetuate memories that are dear to them. They have united for purposes of benevolence and kindness; they wish to make the Society strong enough to lean upon when they are aged and weak, and need protection and care, and they all feel that their lives as soldiers, when they were young, adventurous, and ambitious, was the most important period of their existence. They love to recall happy memories of the bivouac, of the tented field, and to tell of the prowess of their commanders and their comrades, and to relate stories of adventure, particularly those that were humorous in their character, and worthy of being treasured as "good stories." They like to be amused with their old war songs, and to recall the peculiarities of both the whites and the blacks, as they were before the war. In a social point of view, this is particularly interesting to our old soldiers, and where is the Southern man "with soul so dead" that he could fail to appreciate such an object? The gallant soldier of the North looks upon our Confederate Veteran Camp with chivalrous admiration, and would laugh to scorn the soldier of the Confederate Army who feared that he might be censured at the North, in his business connections or otherwise, for preserving recollections and incidents of which he should be proud.

And now, comrades, it has been your pleasure to honor me again by recalling me to the command of your Camp. I was your first commander, and I have by experience learned what is pleasant about this position and what is serious and trying. But our troubles are our secrets, our pleasures belong to our friends. It is with our pleasures that we have to deal this evening, and the one that is most prominent in my mind and heart is to announce in behalf of the Camp our sincere welcome to the noble matrons, and their daughters, of the Southern States who are present here to-night, and who participated in our joys and our griefs, as well as the perils and misfortunes of those eventful days that tried our souls. When I look upon their dear faces or come into their presence the very air seems purer that I breathe, and the most chivalrous and romantic feelings are rearoused as I bow at the shrine of a true divinity. Self-sacrificing and devoted woman of the South, your name as emblazoned upon the pages of history is without parallel, and all high-toned, noble Americans must render to you the meed of praise, which belongs to your modesty, your heroism, your virtues, and your accomplishments.

But I must depart from this delightful theme or I will encroach upon the toast "To Woman," whereas my only object is to bid a hearty welcome to all our guests, who have done us the honor to meet us upon this great occasion. I say great, not on account of the d nner, not by reason of the fact that noble, honorable, and brave men, of all sections, have met us at this banquet, but because of the day we celebrate. It is the natal day of the immortal Lee, that self-sacrificing and devoted hero and patriot, who gave tone and character to every action of his life. As gentle and as sweet as a child in his domestic life, the friend of all humanity, he enshrined himself in the hearts of all his countrymen, and won through the gifts that had been conferred upon him by nature's God all the admiration that could be bestowed upon a mortal. This is not a solemn occasion—on the contrary it is one of rejoicing. Our whole country is united by indissoluble bonds of peace, contentment, and happiness.

Our guests, who are assembled here to-night, represent collectively the highest order of intellect, of morality and truthfulness. A quarter of a century has done its work well; the atmosphere has been purified, and the faithful servants of this great republic have been recognized and rewarded. Our representatives have been called to important and to high places. It is the principle of our people, whose inalienable rights no man will ever be bold enough to gainsay, to place in commanding positions our best men, whether born in the North, South, East or West. "In union there is strength," and I rejoice that to-night we see in this assemblage a collection of men and women actuated by patriotic love of our common country.

We are now under the same government, the same flag; we have the same laws, we read the same Bible, and worship the same God. And we are the same people, with the same hopes, the same aspirations, and the same destiny.

The attractive card of the Livura Manufacturing Company gives notice of a "toilet luxury fragrant with the attar of roses" which the VETERAN commends. They have moved from Nashville, Tenn., to 111 Duane Street, New York, but the address has not been changed in this number.

Comrades recently inaugurated a movement at Amelia Court House to perfect the rolls of the various companies that went from the county. Major C. R. Irving, the Senior surviving officer of his rank, was called to the chair, and John A. Gills was made secretary. Committees were appointed, and plans were formulated. A monument association may possibly grow out of the movement.

To THE VETERAN: Annapolis, M. D., January 22d, 1895.—The ex-Confederates living in this vicinity met to-day and organized a Camp, naming it "The George H. Stewart Camp of Confederate Veterans," with Louis Green, Commander; Eugene Worthington, Lt. Commander, and James W. Owens, Adjutant.

A resolution was adopted recognizing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., as the official organ of this Camp.

FOIBLES OF FANCY AND RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

Dr. Orion T. Dozier, of Birmingham, Ala., sent the VETERAN a neat and beautiful book with the above title. A hasty glance at the titles of the poems was at once given and the volume laid aside. It reappears, and a more careful perusal is much to the credit of the author. He does not expect to become "famous" by the book, but to continue his vocation "at the same old stand." The author's education was abridged by the war, which began when he was fourteen. Four years then in the Confederate Army put him under the necessity of paying court to Mammon and that prevented fond "worship at the shrine of Minerva and the Muses." While the Doctor has never had opportunity for literary pursuits, he has occasionally written verses for his own amusement, or to please friends. This volume comprises such of these as he rescued from a fire that burned his office two years ago and what he has written since. Dr. Dozier dedicated the volume "To the ex-Soldiers of the Southern Confederacy."

The book has a clear frontispiece in the author's picture. Its departments are "Campaign and Patriotic, Song and Sentiment, Humor and Dialect." The first piece is on the Stars and Bars, facing in colors the first Confederate flag. He concludes the volume with verses in a dialect on "Kickers."

"An' I dont care one fiddlestick
For what dese kickers say,
I've paid de printers for de job
So let 'em kick and bray."

Copies of the book will be supplied by the VETERAN at the owner's price. Cloth $1, paper 50 cents.

THE HERO IN GRAY, BY R. B. STRATTON.

"The Hero in Gray" is the title of a book written by a blind Confederate soldier who has adopted this means to try and make a support for himself and family. The book is richly worth fifty cents to any one who takes an interest in Confederate matters. The author and book are endorsed by Garland Rhodes Camp of Confederate Veterans.

THE AMERICAN LIFE ANNUITY COMPANY.

On back-cover page of this VETERAN there will be seen the extraordinary notice that $10,000 insurance was paid "forthwith" to the widow of the late Col. W. L Clarke. See facsimile of her receipt. The VETERAN has mentioned heretofore the high financial standing of President Mr. Edgar Jones, of the Annuity Company. No financier in the State ranks above him. The Secretary of the company, Mr. J. Claude Martin, has been engaged in the active management of a life insurance corporation the past twelve years, and he has made the science of insurance a specialty, so that patrons may rest assured of faithfulness and accuracy in their transactions. Apply to Mr. Martin or to any other representative of the company.

W. R. Dougherty, Coldwater, Miss: Please correct in the VETERAN from January statement that Major A. S. Vandergriff instead of Major Smith commanded the Fifth Alabama Battallion at Seven Pines.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Office: 208 North College Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

Appeals for help are made through the Veteran, and responses are just such as might be expected from a noble people. So quick and cordial is attention given that it will not fail under any circumstances, if possible, to warn against imposition.

Such appeals are having grave consideration, and pathetic as are the circumstances, the Veteran considers that much harm may come of sending petitions to the entire South for individual benefits. The precedent is bad, and request is now made of comrades who expect to attend the reunion at Houston to formulate some plan, whereby aid may be rendered quickly, in isolated and extreme cases of need, through a committee appointed by the U. C. V. For instance, if a comrade is in distress, and located away from a camp or friends who might help, this committee could supply his needs temporarily from a fund that could be created from all sections, and then let all contributions be sent through committees who would keep accurate account. The Veteran has not only given the time, but has incurred expense in helping where there was much merit beyond all doubt, but it has exercised its influence in securing donations to be sent direct. It now asks for co-operation by comrades, so that after the Houston meeting, public appeals will never be made, except to supply funds in such way that donors may know the extent of charity to applicants.

Each State can certainly supply its afflicted, and as a rule State Relief Committees are suggested, while it might be well to have a small fund to be used by the general U. C. V. Committee suggested.

The death roll of those who take deepest interest in the Veteran lengthens rapidly. A mere mention of their names would occupy much of its space each month. Now and then the record includes those whose services were expected to continue far beyond what can be realized.

The Veteran has already told of the unstinted zeal of Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer, in behalf of the cause of causes to the Southern people.

Mrs. Brewer was reared in Tennessee, but in early life she was bereft of patrimony, bereft of health, and was a widow. By going to Cuba as a governess, her occupation, about that time, suddenly ended, and, in desperate straits, she secured advance payments from boarders, which enabled her to get a start in the world. She prospered with a Havana hotel. At the close of our great war she was rich, and gave homes to Confederates who went to Havana. Of the number were Jefferson Davis and family. In a personal letter, Mrs. Davis, who was notified of her death, which occurred at Nashville, February 9th, states: "* * * Just up from quite a severe attack of illness, my dear friend's death has depressed me more than I can readily express. * * *

I have never seen a woman of more sterling, noble qualities than she had. As Mr. Davis affectionately said of her once: 'Had Mrs. Brewer been a man she would have made a great and honorable name in the world.' As a woman, she labored for the good of those who needed her care, dispensed a wide charity, not for ostentation or the praises of mankind, but for the love of humanity. No one could know her without feeling respect for her integrity of mind. * * * It would have given me mournful pleasure to follow her dear remains to their last resting place."

Judge Nathaniel Baxter, a father of Veterans, deserves extended notice here. Recently he retired in usual health, and on Sunday morning messages were sent to his sons in different parts of the city that he had fallen asleep. The writer was favored with apartment in private car by Judge Baxter to the Birmingham reunion, on which occasion the Judge was especially agreeable. He told many stories of interest. One is here given about Jas. K. Polk when going to Washington as President of the United States. Mr. Baxter was a young lawyer at the time, and he rode near the head of a long procession to Nashville, and he happened to have change for the President's toll at the turnpike gates, as the keeper could not change Mr. Polk's bill. Long afterward, Mr. Polk called at his office, saying he wanted to pay what he owed him. Mr. Baxter was embarrassed, not having expected reference to be made of the trifling amount, and so was Mr. Polk, but he added: "It will relieve me very much if you will accept, for I don't owe another cent in the world."

When the reunion at Birmingham was over, the venerable gentleman tarried to visit the locality near Elyton, where fifty-seven years before he had enjoyed a rest, while a volunteer for the war in Florida. Those who know the upright, kind-hearted man, are ever anxious to give expressions in his honor. He was of North Carolina stock, but born in Tennessee, in 1812. The life of fourscore and two years went out as peacefully as the setting sun.

A Grand Encampment of the Texas Volunteer Guard, will be had at Houston, May 20 to 24. There will be given six prizes in Infantry aggregating $850, two in Artillery, $150, two in Cavalry, $150. Prizes are to be given to bands $100, Drum and Fife Corps, $50, and in Zouaves, $50, for one company, and if there be two entries, $100 for the first prize. Railroads convey the Military free.

BENEFIT FUND FOR VETERANS.

Gen. Moorman, having been requested by Gen. Gordon to formulate some plan of Benefit Insurance to Comrades, sends out a circular upon the subject. He quotes article first of the Constitution, and states:

Rescuing the deeds of the heroic dead from oblivion, the care and preservation of their graves, the steps taken to prevent erroneous statements from being disseminated, and to gather correct data for a true and impartial history of the great war between the States, assisting sick and destitute comrades, and burying our dead by the Camps, are consummations which cannot fail to commend our association to the impartial judgment of mankind as most noble and worthy. But although we can report this splendid progress, there is yet a feature of vital importance which if it can be accomplished, and I believe it can, will result in immense benefit to the families of Veterans, and of deep gratification to their survivors.

"To care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widows and the orphans" is one of the most affecting and appealing clauses in Article I of our Constitution which General J. B. Gordon, the General Commanding, in his memorable address upon assuming command, has intensified and commended, saying: "It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and justice will preside; of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate."

Suppose we form inside of our organization a U. C. V. Benevolent Aid Association; the members of which must necessarily be members of U. C. V. Camps, but leaving it to the option of the members as to whether they will join the B. A. Association?

He suggests that the B. A. Camps be entirely distinct from the U. C. V. Camps, electing their own officers, and always having different officers to govern the Camps of each association, also that each member of the B. A. Association pay a membership fee of $1 00, to whom a Benefit Policy be issued, and to pay annual dues of twenty cents semi-annually.

Each policy so issued to be paid by the Association upon the death of the member, the fund for which is to be raised by an assessment upon each member of five or ten cents as is considered proper, upon notification to the B. A. Camp from its General Headquarters.

He illustrates by a proposed membership of 20,000:

20,000 members,	$1.00 member fee.....	$20,000 00
20,000 "	20 cents annual dues.....	4,000 00
20,000 "	5 cents assessment.....	1,000 00

Ten cents assessments would produce $2,000 if the $1,000 additional be insufficient.

If the membership reach 30,000, 40,000 or 50,000 or more, which is likely, the benefit at death and expense receipts would necessarily increase in proportion. A society of this high order of charity would commend itself to every living Veteran, and be a great stimulus for others still to join the U. C. V.

The B. A. Association to be managed by a Director from each State, to be chosen by the State Camps. The collections of the assessments upon members to be made by each B. A. Camp, and remitted by Camps.

The members of each Camp could deposit ten or twenty assessments, so that remittances might be made promptly upon the death of members. There are very few old veterans who would be unwilling to deny themselves some luxury in order to contribute the very small assessment to the families of deceased comrades, and to secure a little benefit in the end.

Benefit Policies might be transferable, so that each Soldiers' Home could form a B. A. Camp, of which the Home could pay the fees and dues, and the policies be made payable to the Homes, the proceeds to be used in building and providing comforts for the remaining inmates. Where members of Camps are too poor to pay assessments they could be paid from the Camp Treasury, and a part or all of the benefit as the assignment provides, might be the capital of the Camp, to be used in assisting the sick and needy, in burying the dead, and in paying future dues, fees and assessments of its members without any further assessment upon them. Sons and daughters and widows of Veterans might upon some basis be made members of the B. A. Association.

I have placed the membership fee and assessments very low, because it must be remembered that large numbers of the Veterans are very poor, and at their advanced age, the death rate, even with the small assessment named, would make it very onerous upon some. As it is contemplated that no medical examination is to be made, and no disability to be considered, I well understand that this plan, nor a similar one, can be justified by the ordinary or established rules governing mortuary statistics in the payment of benefits. Many of the Veterans are old and infirm, and naturally they must pass away very fast, and therefore, many assessments will necessarily follow in quick succession. For this reason the amount of the assessment is made very small; but it can be justified by that higher law of necessity and abounding Christian charity, and in that higher philanthropy and patriotism which disregards all tables and figures of mortuary statisticians, and which places every Veteran who wore the Gray upon equal footing as to the benefits without regard to infirmities or age, leaving to the younger and healthier members the heaven-born satisfaction which proceeds from "duty well performed," and the knowledge that their unstinted charity has been turned into noble and merited channels, and has showered golden rays of hope and sunshine into the homes of their less favored comrades.

The knowledge that this Benefit Fund would be paid to the widows and orphans would smooth the pathway of the heroic old soldiers to the grave, for what greater earthly consolation could be vouchsafed than that their comrades would supply a fund for the relief of their loved ones?

This is sent out with the hope that it will cause some one to formulate a plan which will meet the objects desired.

In the foregoing effort has been made to give the substance of Gen. Moorman's plan in the most concise way.

It will be recalled that Comrades proposed plans in the VETERAN over a year ago. It will seek to help a wise consummation of some such policy.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

J. T. Cartwright, Denton, Texas: Can any of the VETERAN's readers furnish me information concerning the old Tenth Tennessee Regiment? It was composed almost entirely of Irishmen. Its first Colonel was a German named Hieman. I was with them at Forts Henry and Donelson. I was at that time a member of the Fourth Mississippi Regiment. The Tenth had a company called the "Peckerwoods." A finer band of soldiers never shouldered muskets. If there is one on this side the Great River I would like to communicate with him.

The Tenth was one of the best known Regiments in the Confederate army. In all the wars of history there was, perhaps, no braver command. Col. Hieman was succeeded by Randall McGavock, of Nashville, who was killed in the very unequal battle of Raymond, Miss. The next officer in rank, Col. Sam Thompson, is living, and his postoffice is Pride Station, Ala. Lieut. P. M. Griffin, living in Nashville, surrendered by the body of Col. McGavock, in order to secure a suitable burial. He is doubtless as familiar with the whereabouts of the little remnant left—nearly all were killed—as any surviving member of the "Bloody Tinth."—[ED.

W. F. Allison: About the 4th of January, 1863, the evening that Gen. Breckenridge made the terrible assault upon the enemy, where it was said he lost 1,800 to 2,000 men in thirty minutes, the brigade that I belonged to was formed in line of battle, about sundown, just behind the gallant Kentuckians. While lying there at low twilight I saw a white flag, as large as a common bedquilt, coming towards us, and just a short distance behind it I saw another similar one. They were not brought quite to our line but turned to their right and went up on the top of a hill among some large timber, and about the time they could have reached this hill I could hear a noise like some one making a speech, and there was loud cheering. What this all meant I have never known. We were told that it was two Kentucky Federal Regiments which had quit the Union army and had come over and joined the Confederates; but I have never known whether that was the case or not.

J. M. Wright, Captain, Joseph E. Johnston Camp, Gainesville, Texas: I gave Hon. John R. Shortridge, our mayor, a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. He was very much pleased with it, and wished to be numbered among your many subscribers. Mayor Shortridge was a soldier in the Thirtieth Illinois Infantry. He is in accord with our people, and enjoys being associated with Confederate Veterans. He has been a citizen of Texas for twenty-three years, married Miss Sallie, daughter of W. A. Jones, a Tennessee Confederate. Mr. Shortridge is a brother of the Hon. Charles M. Shortridge, who recently bought the "San Francisco Call," paying therefor three hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

N. B. Nesbitt, Huntington, Tenn., Jan. 26: The grand old VETERAN has come freighted as usual with many interesting reminiscences of that awful struggle thirty years ago, when the best blood of the South flowed like water in defense of what we believed to be right, and now know was right. Might don't change right. I was a member of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee Regiment, Quarles' Brigade, Army of Tennessee. By the way, why has none of Quarles' old Brigade never written the VETERAN concerning his death? I believe that a more gallant man than Gen. Quarles never drew a blade in defense of the South. It is true the brigade all loved old Sam Maxey and hated to give him up; but soon they found Gen. Quarles all that could be desired in a commander. He was brave to a fault. In our memorable charge at Franklin, when we were rushing into the very jaws of death, a grander sight I never witnessed than Gen. Quarles, on his coal-black horse, from twenty to thirty yards in front of his brigade, waving his cap and encouraging his boys until receiving a wound which disabled him.

Our correspondent at Salisbury, N. C., corrects an error from his article in the December VETERAN: To my surprise you commenced the crises at Sharpsburg by saying, "The timely use of the deserted brass piece by four officers of Gen. Longstreet's staff saved Gen. Lee's army," etc. It was four officers of the Fourteenth North Carolina troops, namely: Col. R. T. Burnet, Capt. T. B. Beall, Capt. Harney, and Sergt. P. D. Weaver, who found the deserted gun, manned and fired it from the left of Gen. D. H. Hill's position, this being the gun which Gen. Longstreet mentions in his report as having stopped the advance of the enemy. I quoted Gen. Longstreet's report to show what part he and his staff were taking in the fight on another part of the field. I am the more particular about this incident because just after the battle the papers at Richmond gave Gen. Longstreet and his staff all the credit, and a friend of those four officers of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment wrote Gen. D. H. Hill, and requested him to make correction, but from some reason he never did it, and the officers were too modest to do it themselves. Col. Burnet fought through the war, has been Judge and Congressman since, Capt. Harney fought bravely till killed at Gettysburg, leading his sharp-shooters up the heights, Capt. Beall, fought through to Appomattox, Sergt. Weaver was brave to the end, and is now dead.—REBEL.

W. H. May, of the Third Alabama Infantry, writes from Bentonville, Ala., concerning Capt. Buck's account of the battle at Fisher's Hill. He was there, and corroborates the account of Capt. Buck in behalf of the Sons of Alabama: But not to detract from the Sons of grand old Virginia—Virginia! Yes, and her people, a people on whom both armies feasted so long as they had anything, and to the last, her good women, would by some means, always manage to feed the hungry soldier. I never know when to cease, in speaking of Virginia.

But to Fisher's Hill—Sept. 22d, by some unaccountable means, our regiment, Third Alabama Infantry, was left on that line of works spoken of by Capt. Buck. Our Colonel ascertaining this fact, filed out by the left flank. Having no orders what-

ever, and not knowing where to go, determined to make a stand. He ordered me to pick two men and reconnoiter. I selected W. W. Hicks, of my company, and W. C. Harris, of Company B, and started on my mission. We had not gone very far before we were fired upon by yankee skirmishers. Hicks and I got back to where we left the regiment, which was gone, having fired a volley, and losing some men. Hicks and I then made for the turnpike. He was soon shot down.

Here at this pike I overtook Lieut. Dan Wheeler, of the Mobile Cadets, than whom no gamer man lived, and together we crossed the pike, and were making our way to the rear, when the firing commenced spoken of by Capt. Buck. Col. Pendleton, with a mounted officer met us. By this time a few more had come up, and the Colonel appealed to us to face about and fire one volley, which was done. I was standing right at Col. Pendleton when he was shot; picked up his gauntlet, which had written on it,"Lieut.Col. A. S. Pendleton, Army of the Valley District," also a white handkerchief, and brought them to Alabama with me. I kept the gauntlet for years. The remark was made there at the time, that we had served the army.

I have never seen W. W. Hicks since that evening he was captured. Harris lost a leg at the time. I have seen him once or twice since the war.

An old friend of mine (an old soldier) takes the VETERAN too, and says when he begins to read it he begins to cry, and then his daughter takes it and reads everything in it to him."

B. F. Sugg, Greenville, N. C.: Two days after the battle of Bentonville, Tom Corn, Jim Collier, of Texas, and myself of North Carolina, were taken sick with smallpox, and were put under quarantine in a pesthouse between the Confederate and Federal lines. Edmond DeHority, of Texas, and Jim Reeves, of Nashville, Tennessee, were sent out to nurse us for several days. We were under strict orders to remain until the Confederate Army moved. We did remain until forced out by the yankees. They were in 150 yards of us when we fled, Jim Reeves and DeHority had to carry me, as I was too sick to walk much. These faithful friends carried me for several miles, until we had gotten beyond the reach of yankee gun shots; where we kept our course towards the rear of our army, kept on until we reached Greensboro, where I went to my command, and these true and noble comrades left me and went to their commands. I owe my life to Jim Reeves, for during the first days that I was out of the pesthouse I swam News River, and secured a boat to carry me over, and while a squad of yankees on the rear shore were pouring a perfect rain of shot at us only about 200 yards away.

I would like to know if either of these boys are living. Reeves was a commission merchant before the war I think, and that he owned a farm near the city. We all went through the battle of Bentonville. I was near J. F. Chambers, my color bearer, when he fell; mortally wounded.

We would be glad to see any one who was there, at the unvailing of the Monument, March 20, 1895. Wade Hampton will deliver the address on that occasion.

B. R. Brown, of Company A, Sixth North Carolina Cavalry, writes from Shoun's Cross Roads, Tenn., January 16th, '95: With an account in brief of the fight with Woolford at Philadelphia, Tenn., as there is conflicting statements. Our brigade crossed the Hiawassee, below Charleston, and got in rear of the enemy by way of Pond Creek valley. It consisted of the First and Sixth Georgia, Sixth North Carolina, Ruckers Legion, consisting of the Twelfth and Sixteenth Tennessee Battalions. A detachment of our regiment under Lieut. Garrett, of Madison county, N. C., was sent on the main road to Philadelphia, where he met a good force of the enemy, and by which he was charged and captured with nearly all his men, some twenty five or thirty. They followed the others, and formed on each side of the road between Philadelphia and Loudon.

The remnant of our regiment was sent towards Loudon, and we went to within a mile perhaps of that place, when seeing a force of the enemy coming around east of us, we started to move back toward Philadelphia and met a small party of Federals with some provisions they had picked up. We ran them back to a branch just over the hill from Philadelphia when they ran around to the left and behind the command that had followed us up the Pond Creek valley. We were in turn charged by the enemy, and considerably demoralized, but made a stand when we reached the woods toward Philadelphia, and with the assistance of Col. Hart drove them back.

I don't think Genl. Forrest was along, but that Genl. Dibbrell was in command of his own brigade, and Col. Morrison or Col. Hart, in command of ours acted in concert. I would like to hear from Col. Hart on the subject.

THE CAVALRY AT FISHER'S HILL.

In the November VETERAN there is an article by Capt. S. D. Buck, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, on the "Battle of Fisher's Hill." As a member of the Cavalry, serving under the greatest Cavalry leader of his day, I wish to notice this article in a friendly way. I am not going to cross swords with my old friend and comrade, Capt. Sam Buck, a brave and gallant survivor of old "Jack's Foot Cavalry," for as a survivor of "Job Stuart's (Horse) Cavalry," I admire and respect my old comrades too much to disturb the brotherly feeling that existed among the members of those two best corps of Lee's army, who so often fought side by side from the beginning to the end.

On the 21st of September I was with my command, Wickham's Brigade, at Milford, in Luray Valley, Virginia, and that evening was sent by Wickham to report to Gen. L. L. Lomax, who I expected to find in the Shenandoah Valley. near Strasburg. I reached Lomax a few minutes before the *real* fighting began, on the 22d, and delivering my report was instructed by Lomax to remain as he might wish to communicate with Wickham after the fight. Lomax's position was on Early's left, on a hill near the railroad cut, north of the turnpike, commanding a full view of all of the Cavalry troops, the extreme right of which extended up the south side of the Little North Mountain half way to its top. The greater part of this line was nothing more than a very thin skirmish

and picket of dismounted men belonging to the Maryland line and McCausland's command, under Cols. McCausland and Gus Dorsey; the small remnant of Lomax's command were to the left of Ramseur's, and joined his command, continuing his line into the breastworks. Lomax mustered September 1st about 1,700 men fit for duty, of which about one fourth were engaged in this fight. With this small contingent he was confronted by the whole of Crook's and Averal's Corps. Crook, by a flank movement in the woods, forced Dorsey and McCausland back out into the opening, causing a stampede, which Ramseur, with his Brigade of Infantry, tried to check, but without effect. At the same time the enemy advanced his whole line, and the mischief was done.

The Cavalry made several attempts to stem the tide, the last one of which was at the railroad cut, officers and men alike vieing with each other to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but without success. My horse was killed under me here, and I was forced along with the rest, gaining the pike, and joining my command the next morning, having walked the whole distance to Luray Court House during the night.

I do not wish to reproach Gen. Early, "peace to his ashes," but I do think he should have protected his left more and not depended upon a mere handful of dismounted Cavalry. This, too, when he had every reason to believe that the enemy would follow the same tactics as at Winchester, namely, a flank movement. Indeed this was their only chance, as Early's right and center were naturally protected by a range of hills or bluffs extending to the Massametta Mountains. Neither do I wish to defend the cowardly trooper who spread the news of the flank movement, but I am sure that the Cavalry did their whole duty that day, and if they had been properly supported the result would have been different, for night would have put an end to the conflict and we could have withdrawn in a more orderly manner without suffering the loss we did.

A FEDERAL SURGEON'S KINDNESS REMEMBERED.

W. B. Gordon, Esq., Columbia, Tenn: I was much interested in the reminiscences of Dr. F. G. Hickman, a Federal Surgeon, in the December VETERAN, as I am the Cavalryman alluded to, and am glad of the opportunity to testify to the considerate and Christian treatment shown by Dr. Hickman to the wounded Confederates in the prison hospital at Nashville. I was there from June 9th to August 22d, 1863. Dr. Hickman did all in his power to alleviate the suffering and for the comfort of the sick and wounded under his care. He never permitted the nurses to mistreat prisoners if he knew it.

I could give you several illustrations of his kindness, but one will suffice. When my friends went to the hospital for me to be paroled, Dr. Hickman said he would go to the Capitol, too. I was carried down stairs by my old Dutch nurse and put in a spring wagon. We asked the Doctor to ride with us, but he declined, saying he would walk. When we arrived at the Capitol the Doctor was there. Col. Spaulding, the Provost Marshal, had gone to dinner, and we had to wait nearly or quite an hour for his return. During that time Dr. Hickman stood on the ground and held his umbrella to protect me from the sun. What other Surgeon, Federal or Confederate, would have done that for a private prisoner of war? In his reminiscences, Dr. Hickman forgets some of the noble women, whose acts of charity and pure beneficence made many a "Rebel's" lot in prison easier to be borne. He makes one mistake. It was not Miss McEwen who went often to see me, but her sister, Mrs. D. F. Wilkin and her parents. She was one of the best of the good women who did so. Some other ladies, not mentioned by Dr. Hickman, were Mrs. Dortch, a widow, and her daughter, perhaps the wife of Nat F. Dortch, and two young ladies, whose names as I now remember was Tavel. These good women, true daughters of the South, have ever been remembered by me with the kindliest affection.

HOW HE PROCURED HIS TRANSFER.

Comrade M. B. Toney, having been requested to furnish an account of the battle of the Wilderness, tells in this VETERAN how he procured a transfer from the Tennessee to the Virginia army. There was much more of such transfers than the commanding Generals ever knew about:

I was with Gen. Lee's army while my old regiment was endeavoring to block Gen. Sherman's march through Georgia. After the battle of Missionary Ridge, my regiment, the First Tennessee, retired to Dalton, Georgia, and went into winter quarters, Gen. Grant, in the meantime, occupying Chattanooga. A young lady cousin, residing about sixty four miles above Richmond, was to be married. She had woven a nice piece of jeans for me, and I was anxious to have it made and wear it to her wedding.

My application for a furlough was approved by all the officers up to Gen. J. E. Johnston. He *dis*approved. R. C. Handley, of my company, Rock City Guards (Nashville), now of Winchester, Tenn., while on a foraging expedition, aided me in erasing the "dis" and in changing the first letter afterward from "a" to "A." Lieut. T. H. Maney, now of Nashville, was in command of the company, and when I went to pack my knapsack I said, "Tom, I'm going to old Virginia," and he was surprised, but I told him I should not do anything to implicate him, but I added, "I'm going, anyhow."

I had been in Virginia about forty days when I received a letter from Lieut. Maney saying I had better hasten back to my command, as Gen. Johnston was shooting men for being absent without leave, and that sixteen had been shot already. Well, I had no idea of being shot, especially by our own men, so I took the usual steps toward transfer to my native Virginia. I had the blanks printed in form and signed Lieut. T. H. Maney's name to one. As I wanted to join the Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment, I called upon Hon. Thos. S. Bocock, of the Confederate Congress from my old district, and on presenting my furlough and telling him that I wanted to be transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, he slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Young man, we would like to have twenty thousand like you. Go down with me to the War Department. I will introduce you to Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, who is acting Secretary; I will give you my endorsement." That

was the way I got in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania battles.

The wedding supper for my cousin, of which I partook, consisted of cakes in variety, but all had the same ingredients, viz.: sorghum. The coffee was made of parched rye and sweet potatoe peelings, and sweetened with sorghum. I was struck with the absence of young men; they were all in the front. The aged and decrepid men, the women and children and slaves were at home.

I reached Gen. Lee's headquarters at Orange Court House, Va., March 15, 1864, and next morning trudged eight miles down the Rapidan, where the army was in winter quarters. General Grant had been called to the command of the United States armies, and especially to capture Richmond. He was at Culpepper Court House with part of his army. Another part was at Fairfax Court House, some thirty miles from Orange, and his pickets were on the east side of the Rapidan, while ours occupied the west. Pickets were at peace and we frequently exchanged tobacco for coffee with them. Our ears were saluted many a morning with "Hello! Johnny Reb, how is sassafras tea this morning?" The Northern press urged "On to Richmond," and Gen. Grant responded, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He had the largest and best equipped army ever marshaled in the United States. There were 117,000, and there was held in Washington 25,000 as reserves.

Gen. Lee's army consisted of 65,000, poorly clad and fed, but nearly all veterans in the service. On April 30 Gen. Lee issued orders to send all baggage to the rear and cook three days' rations. Our rations consisted of three pones of cornbread, without any sifting and without salt; salt was nearly as scarce as sugar, and we never saw any sugar. We had not received any rations of meal since a few weeks previous to the breaking up of winter quarters; many of the soldiers were barefooted, but the April and May weather was warm. Gen. Grant's army reached the Rapidan May 2d, crossing that stream at Germania and Ely's Ford. Our pickets had been withdrawn and offered no resistance to his crossing, hence the General was under the impression Gen. Lee was on the retreat toward Richmond. The Wilderness was only sixteen miles from where we broke up winter quarters, and on the line of march I noted the usual sight after leaving winter quarters, viz.: bits of torn paste boards (playing cards), and letters, which were from home, many of them love letters. A soldier did not risk being killed with a deck of cards in his pocket, but I never saw a soldier destroy on such occasion the little pocket Testament his mother gave him, with her prayers, as he went forth to fight for his country.

J. Mont Wilson, Springfield, Mo.: "Will Gen. Dabney H. Maury, or some reader of the VETERAN, give the number and volume of the Century Magazine which contained his account of the battle of Corinth? I know it would be interesting to all of his old Division."

The Camp, at Byhalia, Miss., bears the name of "Sam Benton," No. 437. O. F. Eddins is Commander, and H. H. Stevens, Adjutant.

HOME SWEET HOME TO TWO ARMIES.

The following story in rhyme is called "Rappahannock," and is said to have been written by Captain G. H. Chamberlain of the Union Army:

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering might;
From one side rose the Stafford slopes, and on the other shore
The Spottsylvanian meadows lay—with oak groves scattered o'er.
Hushed were the sounds of busy day—the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.
O'er mead and gently sloping hills on either side the stream
The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing gleam,
Upon the Stafford hills "The Blue"—on Spottsylvania "Gray";
Between them, like an unsheathed sword, the glistening river lay.

Hark! Suddenly far down the stream a Union band sends forth
The strains of "Hail Columbia"—the poem of the north.
The tents are parted—silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn.
So clear and quiet was the night that to the farthest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound,
And when the last note died away, from distant post to post,
A shout like thunder of the tide rolled through the Federal host;
Then straightway from the other shore there came an answering strain,
The "Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the hills and o'er the plain;
And then the boys in gray sent back our cheer across the tide,
A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide.
"Star-Spangled Banner" we replied—they answered "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk and faintly died away.

Deep had grown the shadows 'neath the star-bespangled dome,
When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."
The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song,
Now loud and clear, now faintly heard, now tremulous, now strong;
And mellow horn and deep-toned bass in harmony unite
To bear along the melody in waves of pure delight.
Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell
Upon the valley and the hills, on blue and gray as well.
We thought of homes we'd left behind—of loved ones far away
And all the dear familiar scenes of childhood's happy day;
The low-roofed farmhouse 'neath the elm—the dear wife at the door,
The dusty sunlight as it played upon the old barn floor.

So tender are the memories the simple chords awake,
Our lion-hearted colonel sobbed as though his heart would break,
While all about him brave men stand with faces to the stars,
And tears are shed and prayers are said upon that field of Mars.
The Southern band caught up the strain—we brushed away a tear
And sent across that flowing stream a soul-inspiring cheer.
Then in a mighty chorus every one who could sing sang;
Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across that river rang!
The blue and gray together sang and kept it up until
The last faint bugle note had passed the distant hill;
Then to our cots of straw we stole and dreamed the livelong night
Of home, sweet home, so far away, peace-walled and still and white.

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE—THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

The founders of the University of the South, Bishops of the Episcopal Church mainly, were so identified with the great cause of the South that brief sketches will be interesting to readers of the VETERAN. These sketches were prepared for this publication without knowledge by the writer of how they were to be used.



PROPOSED GROUP OF BUIDINGS FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

BISHOP OTEY.

The Right Reverend James Hervey Otey, LL.D., the first Bishop of Tennessee, was born in Liberty, Bedford Co., Va., on the 27th of January, 1800. He graduated at the University of North Carolina, A.D., 1820, and became a tutor in his Alma Mater in the following year. He was consecrated Bishop of Tennessee, by Rt. Rev. William White, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, the 14th day of January, 1834, assisted by the Bishop of New Jersey and the Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania.

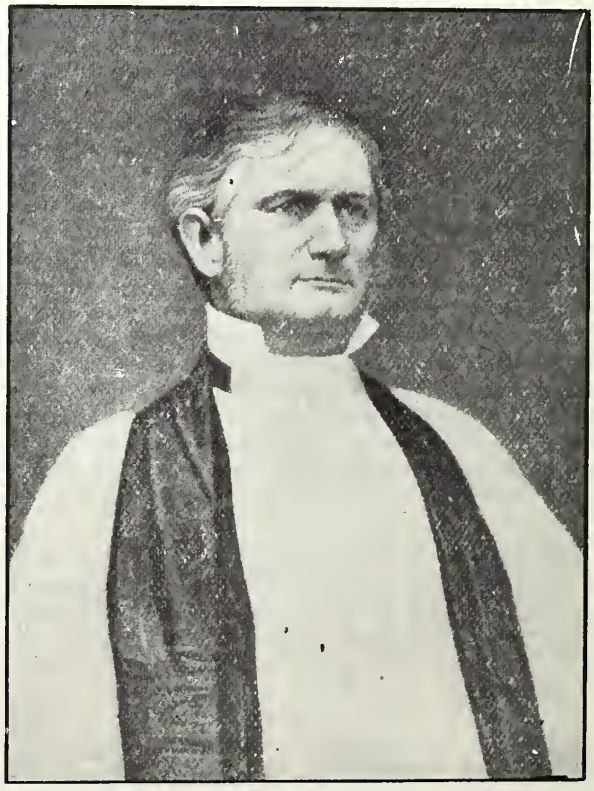
For several years he acted as provisional Bishop of Mississippi and Florida, and Missionary Bishop of Arkansas, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory. The first year of his episcopate he presented to his convention the germ idea of a University of the South, to wit: the uniting of sundry Dioceses in the organization of a great literary institution. He founded a school for girls at Columbia, Tenn., and he was one of the original projectors, with Bishop Polk, of the University of the South at Sewanee. The conception of the present organization of the University is undoubtedly due to Bishop Polk.

Bishop Otey was the first Chancellor of the University of the South. He died on the 23d day of April, A.D. 1863.

BISHOP POLK.

The Right Reverend Leonidas Polk, first Bishop of Louisiana, was born in Raleigh, N. C., 20th day of April, 1806. He graduated at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, A.D., 1827. While at West Point he was baptized by the Rev. C. T. McIlvaine, then Chaplain of the Academy, and subsequently Bishop of Ohio. He was consecrated a Bishop with provisional charge of Alabama, Mississippi, and the Republic of Texas, on the 9th day of December, 1838, by the Right Reverend William Meade, D.D., Bishop of Virginia, assisted by the Bishops of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. In 1841 he was elected Bishop of Louisiana, which he accepted and resigned his missionary jurisdiction. During the civil war he was appointed general in the Confederate forces, and while on duty near Marietta, Ga., he was killed by a shot from a cannon, on the 14th day of June, 1864.

Had it not been for the war, Bishop Polk would unquestionably have realized all his hopes for the University of the South! As it was he had succeeded



GENERAL AND BISHOP LEONIDAS POLK.



ST. LUKE'S THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT HALL.

in raising an endowment of $200,000, and secured a valuable domain of about 10,000 acres.

These were the active instruments in establishing the University of the South. Its foundation is undoubtedly due to the Right Reverend Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana.

BISHOP ELLIOTT.

Stephen Elliott, Jr., S.T.D., the first Bishop of Georgia, was born in Beaufort, S. C., on the 31st day of August, 1806. He spent two years at Harvard University, and the remainder of his collegiate course at South Carolina College, where he graduated in 1825. He was admitted to the bar in 1827. After eight years' practice in his profession he began the study of Theology, and was ordained by the Bishop of South Carolina. He was elected Professor of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity in South Carolina College, where he remained until his elevation to the episcopate. He was consecrated Bishop of Georgia, in Christ Church, Savannah, February 28, 1841, by Bishop Meade, of Virginia, assisted by the Bishops of North and South Carolina. He established a seminary for girls at Montpelier, Ga., and spent his entire fortune in building up the work. He died in Savannah, December 21st, 1866, and was buried in the old cemetery at Savannah. Bishop Elliott's family, after the war, were much at Sewanee.

Bishop Gregg, of Texas, with his family, spent the summers regularly at Sewanee, until his death a few years ago.

It was the home of the Senior and beloved Bishop Green for many years prior to his death, and is still the home of his family. Sewanee, in fact, has been the summer home of Bishops and leading church men since the University was established.

BISHOP QUINTARD.

The Right Reverend Charles Todd Quintard, S.T.D., LL.D., was born December 22nd, 1824. In 1846 he graduated at the University of New York as doctor of medicine. After spending a year in Bellevue Hospital, he was appointed physician to the New York City Dispensary. In 1851 he was elected Professor of Physiology and Pathological Anatomy in the Memphis Medical College. After devoting four years to his professorship, he began the study of Theology under Bishop Otey. He was ordered Deacon in Calvary Church, Memphis, January 1st, 1854, and was ordained Priest in the same Church on January, 6th, 1856. He served as Chaplain of the First Tennessee Regiment from the beginning of the Civil War until its close, and was consecrated Bishop of Tennessee in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, October 11th, 1865, by the Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, assisted by eight other Bishops, among whom was the Right Reverend Francis Fulford, Metropolitan of Canada. He received the degree of D.D. from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1866, and that of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge, England, in 1867.

The day he entered the House of Bishops he began the enterprise for refounding the University of the South, and in 1866, assisted by two other clergy, he planted a cross at Sewanee, which was the beginning of the post bellum history of the University of the South. He formerly opened the University as its first Vice-Chancellor in September, 1868.

In August, 1893, the Board of Trustees unanimously adopted a preamble and resolutions in which they formally recognized their appreciation of the services of Bishop Quintard in the refounding of the University of the South. Had it not been for the action of the Bishop the greater portion of the landed estate of the University would have been lost. A very valuable gold cross was presented to the Bishop, in 1893, by the Alumni of the University in which this fact was recognized in the inscription.

GENERAL EDMUND KIRBY-SMITH.

General Edmund Kirby-Smith was born in St. Augustine, Florida, May 16th, 1824. He was graduated at the U. S. Military Academy in 1845, and appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. In the war with Mexico he was twice brevetted for gallantry, at Cerro Gordo and at Contreras. He was assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point from



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP QUINTARD AND THE VICE CHANCELLOR.

1849 to 1852. Captain of 2d Cavalry in '55, served on the frontier, and was wounded May 13th, 1859, in an engagement with the Comanche Indians near old Ft. Atchison, Texas. In 1861 he was thanked by the Texas Legislature for his services against the Indians. He was promoted Major in January, 1861, but resigned on April 6th, on the secession of Florida, and was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate army. He became Brigadier General June 17th, 1861, Major General October 11th, 1861, Lieutenan, General October 9tht 1862, and General February 19th, 1864. His war record is too important for such review as can be given here.

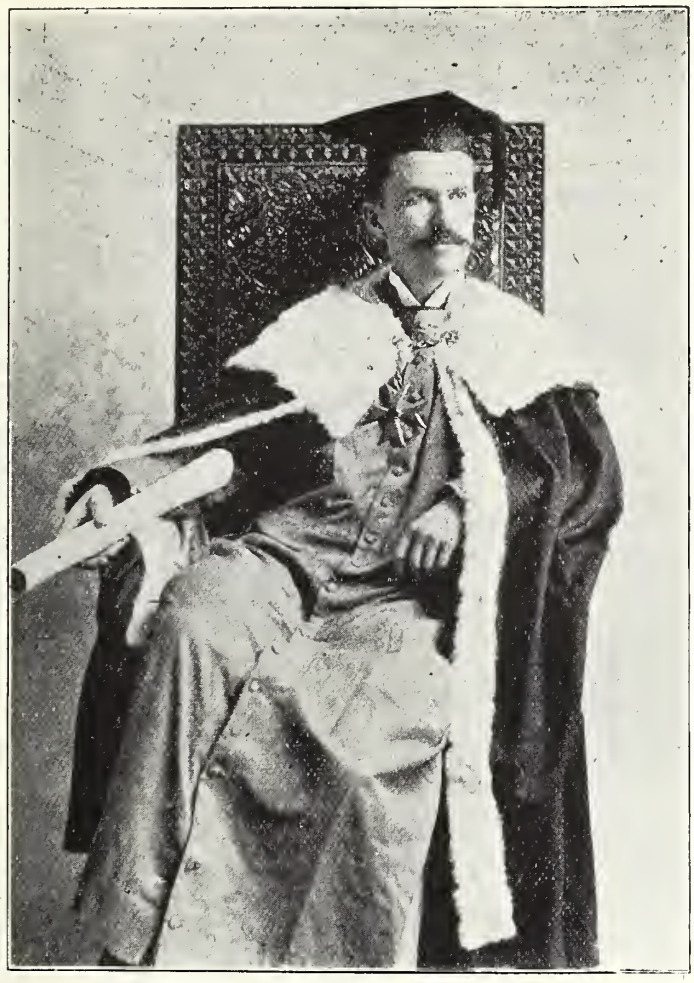
General Kirby-Smith was President of the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Co. in 1866-68, Chancellor of the University of Nashville from 1870-75, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, from 1875 to the date of his death, March 18th, 1893.

VICE-CHANCELLOR WIGGINS

Was born thirty-three years ago in Charleston, S. C. He graduated from the Porter Academy with first honor when 16, entered the University of the South, and from that time on his career has been a succession of the quiet triumphs of a scholar. He received his B.A. degree in 1880, and M.A. degree in 1882. He studied in the Greek Seminary in the Johns Hopkins University under the distinguished Greek scholar, Dr. Gildersleeve, and was made a Fellow by courtesy. Afterwards he visited the leading universities of Europe. At 18 Mr. Wiggins was made Professor of Ancient Languages, and when he was 32 he received the signal honor of being elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South. More than half of his life has been passed at Sewanee, and



UNIVERSITY AVENUE—BRESLIN TOWER IN DISTANCE.



VICE-CHANCELLOR WIGGINS.

to it he gives, without stint, his youth and enthusiasm and distinguished abilities.

Review in brief: The University was founded in 1857 by Bishop Leonidas Polk, with an endowment fund of $500,000. Such offices and buildings as had been erected, however, were all swept away by the great Civil War. Nothing remained except the University domain of 10,000 acres. After the war Bishop Charles Todd Quintard, of Tennessee, became, in reality, the second founder of the University. He succeeded in raising money in England for buildings and other purposes, and in 1868 the University was formally opened.

The University has granted, in cases of necessity, free tuition to the sons of every Confederate soldier, who has made application for same. The growth of the University has been extraordinary. The following departments are quite well equipped: Theological, Medical, Law, Engineering, Arts and Sciences, and the Grammar School.

Chas. Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.:—Will you kindly insert in the VETERAN request for names of all Confederate Generals who have died since April 26th, 1894. A part of my duties as Historian of the Confederate Survivors' Association, of this city, is to preserve a record of prominent Confederates dying during the year. Our Association at its last meeting made the VETERAN its Official Organ.

THE KIRBY-SMITH MONUMENT.

Readers of the VETERAN who revere the memory of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith may see the plan designed for it in the December number.

The first subscription to it was from Mrs. E.S.Lynn,Buffalo,Ill. Observe whence it came.

The next was from J. T. Tunnell, Tax Collector of Comanche County, Texas, while sending his dollar, writes: "I was with him on his campaig' through Kentuckv, in the summer of 1862. My regiment, 14th Texas Cavalry, dismounted, was in McCray's brigade, Churchill's division. August 27th, somewhere in the hills of Southeast Kentucky, M. D. Ector was elected Colonel of the 14th Texas and commanded it through that campaign and back to Loudon, Tenn. On arriving at London, Col. Ector found a commission as Brigadier-General old·r than his election to the Colonelcy of our regiment.

Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, on that campaign, fought the battle of Richmond, Ky., completely demolishing Gen. Bull Nelson's army, capturing all his army stores and about 5 000 prisoners. On our return from Covington we went to Frankfort and participated in the ceremonies of the inauguration of a Confederate Governor. His glory, however, was very ephemeral. Smith joined Bragg at Harrodsburg, a forced march for Cumberland Gap immediately ensued, and Kentucky was given up to the Federals. Kirby-Smith's soldiers loved him and honored him in life; they cherish his memory and will be glad to contribute to the erection of the monument."

CONFEDERATE HOME FOR WEST VIRGINIA.

A meeting of the ex-Confederate soldiers and others interested in establishing and maintaining a soldiers' home somewhere within the bounds of the State for the poor and destitute ex-Confederate soldiers of West Virginia, was held in Martinsburg. Dec. 15th, and steps were taken to raise funds to assist in the movement: There was a fair attendance, including a number of ladies, and a hearty indorsement. The co-operation of all those interested in the cause was signified. Capt. W. B. Colston called the meeting to order, and explained its object. A. Oden was elected Chairman, and Capt. W. B. Colston, Secretary. A general Committee of ladies and gentlemen was appointed as follows: Messrs. John E. Boyd, Robert C. Buckhart, C. O. Lambert, Thomas Bishop, and W. B. Colston, and Mrs S. R. Harrison, Mrs. Nannie B. Henshaw, Mrs. J. H. Mattingly, Mrs. Mary W. Leigh, and Miss Mamie Cunningham.

Before adjournment, another meeting of the ex-Confederates was called, and the J. Q. A. Nadenbousch Camp at Martinsburg, has been reorganized, and measures taken for a general reunion of the ex-Confederates in the State, to be held at Charleston, during the next session of the Legislature, at which it is proposed to select a site for the home.

BISCOE HINDMAN,

Son of Major General Thomas C. Hindman, C. S. A.
President Thomas C. Hindman Bivouac, Sons Confederate Veterans, Nashville.
President State Association, Sons Confederate Soldiers, Tennessee Division.
President Life Insurance Association of Tennessee.
Graduated at Kentucky Military Institute with degrees of B.M., C.E., and M.A.
Professor Mathematics and Civil Engineering, at Kentucky Military Institute, and afterwards Head Department Mathematics at University of Louisville.
Resigned College work to enter service of Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York.

RECORD, BRIEFLY WITH MUTUAL LIFE.

Solicitor of Insurance, July to October, 1889.
Superintendent Agents in Kentucky Under E. L. Bresee, General Agent, October, 1889 to January, 1890.
General Agent West Virginia, January, 1890 to January, 1891.
General Agent Tennessee (promoted) January, 1891 to January, 1895.
Business increased in Tennessee from $4,000,000 to $10.000,000, in force in four years—being nearly 13% more than the next four largest companies (his principal competitors) *all combined*.
General Agent Kentucky and Tennessee, promoted on January 1, 1895.
Headquarters for Kentucky and Tennessee now in *Courier-Journal* building, Louisville, Ky.



CAMP MOULTRIE SONS OF VETERANS.

A special meeting for final organization of Camp Moultrie Sons of Confederate Veterans, Charleston, South Carolina, was held on December 22d. '94.

The camp was really organized November 15th, but in order to obtain the war records of the ancestors of those who presented themselves at its first meeting for membership, and thus be certain of their eligibility, it was decided to defer the final organization until the majority of applications were filled out and returned.

Only eighty-five of the members presented their applications in complete form at this second meeting, and they were therefore enrolled as charter members. There are some twenty-five or thirty who are now arrang ng to get their ancestors' record, which, owing to many circumstances, cannot be readily obtained.

The next regular meeting of the Camp will be held on February 13th, 1895, and it is confidently expected that the membership will be increased by that date, to at least one hundred and fifty members.

The offices not filled at the first meeting were at the second meeting on December 22d, and the officials of the Camp are as follows:

Robert A. Smith, Commandant; Stephen R. Bell, Adjutant; C. Irvine Walker, Jr., Treasurer; St. John P. Kinloch, First Lieutenant Commander; John B. Adger, Jr., Second Lieutenant Commander; Dr. Edward F. Parker, Surgeon; Henry M. Tucker, Jr., Quartermaster.

The Committee appointed to bring in a nomination for the position of Sponsor for the Camp, reported the unanimous selection of Miss Jane Hayward Johnson, daughter of Rev. Major John Johnson, D.D., one of the most gallant Confederate soldiers of our State, for the position, and she was unanimously selected to serve for the year.

The Committee on Seal made a report, and their suggestion was adopted. It is as follows: In the center of the seal are the Confederate and South Carolina flags crossed, surrounded by two rings. In the first ring are the words "Camp Moultrie, Sons of Confederate Veterans," and in the second ring, "Organized November, 1894."

The Commandant then appointed the standing committees for 1895, consisting of the Committee on Records, Committee on Applications, and Committee on Membership. This last mentioned Committee consists of fifteen members, and a general chairman, to be subdivided into five Committees of three, with a sub chairman, to extend to every eligible man an invitation to join the Camp.

Upon motion, a vote of thanks was extended to S. A. Cunningham, for kindness in publishing the account of the first meeting, and the Confederate Veteran was unanimously adopted as the official organ of Camp Moultrie. The Camp also subscribed to this magazine as a Camp, the volumes at the end of each year to be bound, and kept in its archives.

Col. Asbury Coward then addressed the meeting, and was most eloquent in commending the objects for which the Camp was established.

The following visitors entertained the Camp with stories of the war; Rev. J. Wm. Flinn, D.D, Chaplain of the South Carolina University, and an old Louisiana "Confed"; Captain James G. Holmes, and Captain James S. Hanahan.

An Exchange: Kind hearts erected the simple shaft. In Shenandoah county, somewhere between New Market and Strasburg, on the western side of the far famed "Valley pike," stands a locust obelisk, six feet, perhaps, in height. Upon it may be seen these words: "Captain George W. Summers and Sergeant N. Koontz, of Company D, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, were here executed, on June 27, 1865, by order of Lieutenant-Colonel Huzzy, 102d O. V. M. I., without the privilege of any kind of trial; they having been arrested at their homes, in Page county, brought here, and shot."

NORTHERN TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERNERS.

Some controversy has been aroused among members of the Presbyterian Church, North, over certain phrases used to endorse the bold actions of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who has been very conspicuous in legislative reform for New York City. Friends of the scheme to reunite the two branches of the church have watched fearfully the result. Rev. John H. Edwards, in a letter to the New York Evangelist, has this to say:

"I have lived and traveled in the South, and know the chivalrous devotion to high moral principle, and the ardent admiration for a courageous leader in a grand cause, which mark its true sons. I know the contempt that high-minded Southerners and woman—those to the manor born and not imported representatives—feel for politicians in Church or State, who are blind to the moral qualities that are always present in the heroic character.

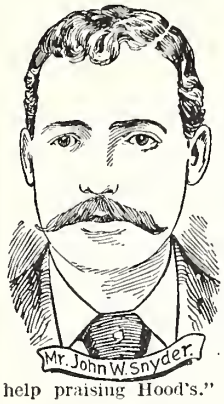
"Knowing the enthusiastic admiration with which the true Southerner regards a noble deed nobly done, I cannot believe that the nonpolitical resolutions of the Presbytery, expressing its gratitude to Almighty God for what has been done by a brave pastor in the city of New York, will hinder in the least the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church."

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SAVANNAH, TENN., Dec. 15, 1894.—The Shiloh Battle-field Association desires the name and address of all the survivors of that battle. The Secretary has over 12,000 names of the men who fought on that battlefield. When all are in, a complete roster will be printed.

The Shiloh Bill which has just passed Congress provides for making the Battlefield a great National Memorial Park. The Association is composed of the Gray and the Blue, and will hold a grand reunion on the Battlefield April 6th to 12th, 1895; and will mark the various positions held by them during the battle. Send all names to James Williams, Assistant Secretary, Savannah, Tenn.

SOUTHERN LIFE ASSOCIATION.

General Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., has been appointed General Manager of Agencies for the State of Georgia, by the Southern Life Association, of Union City, Tenn. He will appoint and have supervision over the Life Insurance Agents of this Southern Association—for every county and town in the State. The Southern Life Association is officered and controlled by Confederate Veterans, who believe that the hundreds of millions of dollars paid for life insurance by our Southern people should be kept in the South and invested there, instead of draining the "sunny South" and concentrating our circulating medium all in the East. This company was organized under the laws of Tennessee twelve years ago, and is rapidly forging to the front as the best and safest institution of the kind in the South; and the interest of Southern people is to sustain and build it up by their united patronage.

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The National Convention of Manufacturers, held in Cincinnati, O., January 23, 24, passed resolutions heartily endorsing the Tennessee Centennial. It also recommended that Congress pass the bill now before that body appropriating $200,000 for the government exhibit.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHS AND RELICS.

Anyone desiring photographs from negatives made during the War, of Battlefields, Hospitals, Prisons, etc., or Confederate Money, Stamps and other relics, should send their address on postal to LOCK BOX 704, Jt. Macon, Ga.



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DR. KOLLOCK IN NASHVILLE.

The attention of the reader is especially called to the card of DR. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK, which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as a standard authority by the "Encyclopœdia Britannica." Vol. X., page 135, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of *gelseminum*, a specific for neuralgia of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

Mr. Henry H. Ragan, whose picture is here given, has placed the VETERAN under special obligations, in the complimentary use of the fine engraving of Washington on the title page. Mr. Ragan is a native New Yorker, and resides in Syracuse. He was eminent in his class at College as an orator, and adopted the lecture field years ago.



MR. HENRY H. RAGAN.

Mr. Ragan utilizes superb illustrations in his lecture course, and has the cordial commendation of the leading newspapers in sections where he has given entertainments. The New York World reports his "superb entertainments."

Bishop Vincent, whose eminent career in connection with Chatauqua, especially, is well known in the South, testifies to the excellence of his lectures:

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One of the best lectures in Mr. Ragan's series is Washington, and if he should ever come South he is commended to give that one in particular.

H. McInnis, Lakeland, Fla.: "Allow me to say something about that grand snowball battle we had at Dalton, Ga. In the morning early there was light skirmishing between our Brigade (Findley's) and Tyler's Brigade across the road. We soon saw that Tyler's men were going to charge us, so we went to work and soon had breastworks built out of snow, and in a short while the warning was given: 'Look out, boys, they are coming!' Then that blood-chilling, on one side, and soul-cheering rebel yell was raised, and such a scene was hardly ever witnessed before. Tyler's men had the best of it, and took possession of our quarters. Then we concentrated both brigades and charged and captured Gen. Walker's Brigade over on another hill, and so on all day. Long live the Veteran!"

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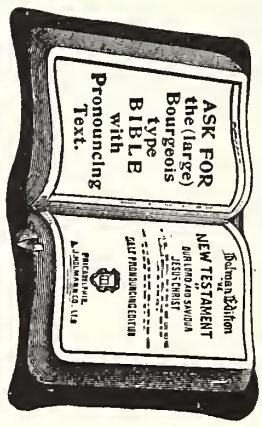
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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craif, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets go $49,929.76, with total liabilities of $11,045.90, leaving a surplus of $38,883.86, and an actual safety fund of $35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating 18,806.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of $1,300. Policies in force December 31, 900, aggregating $2,100,000. In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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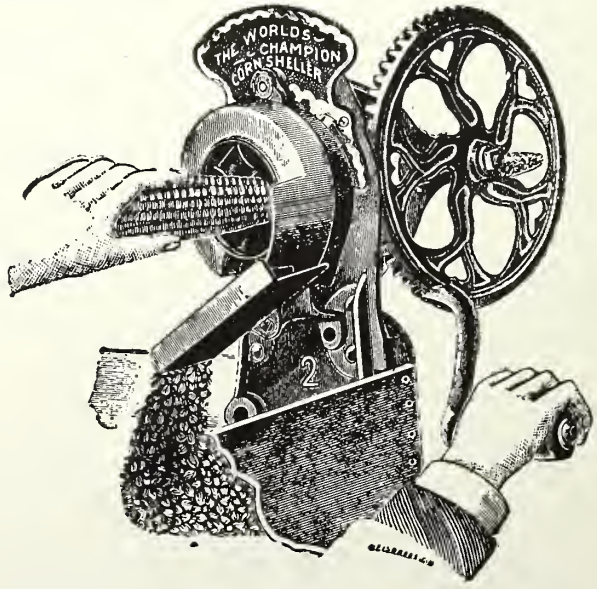
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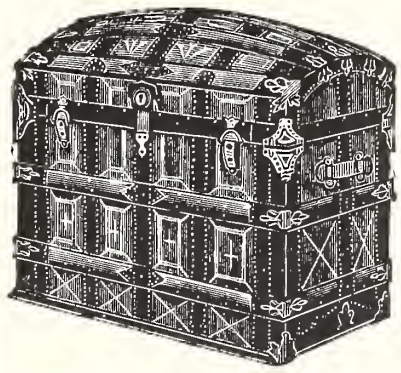
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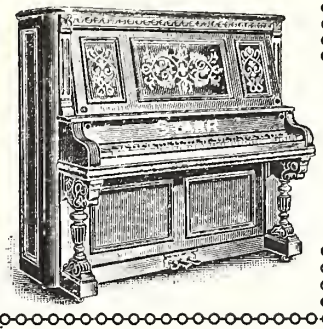
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J. M. WATSON.

Enon College, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1894.

Rented four months for $10. Send for book of particulars; mailed free to any address.

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A POSTOFFICE IN ALABAMA.—MRS. W. F. PERKINS WRITES A LETTER.

My husband bought a pocket Electropoise from you the 8th of February, 1894, and I wish you to know how beneficial it has been to both my husband and I. We would not be without it for ten times its value. I will testify to its wonderful curative powers in many diseases, especially female weakness, from which I have suffered all my life. It has cured me entirely, and I will always recommend the Electropoise very highly. Yours truly,

MRS. W. F. PERKINS.

McKinley, Ala., September 26, 1894.

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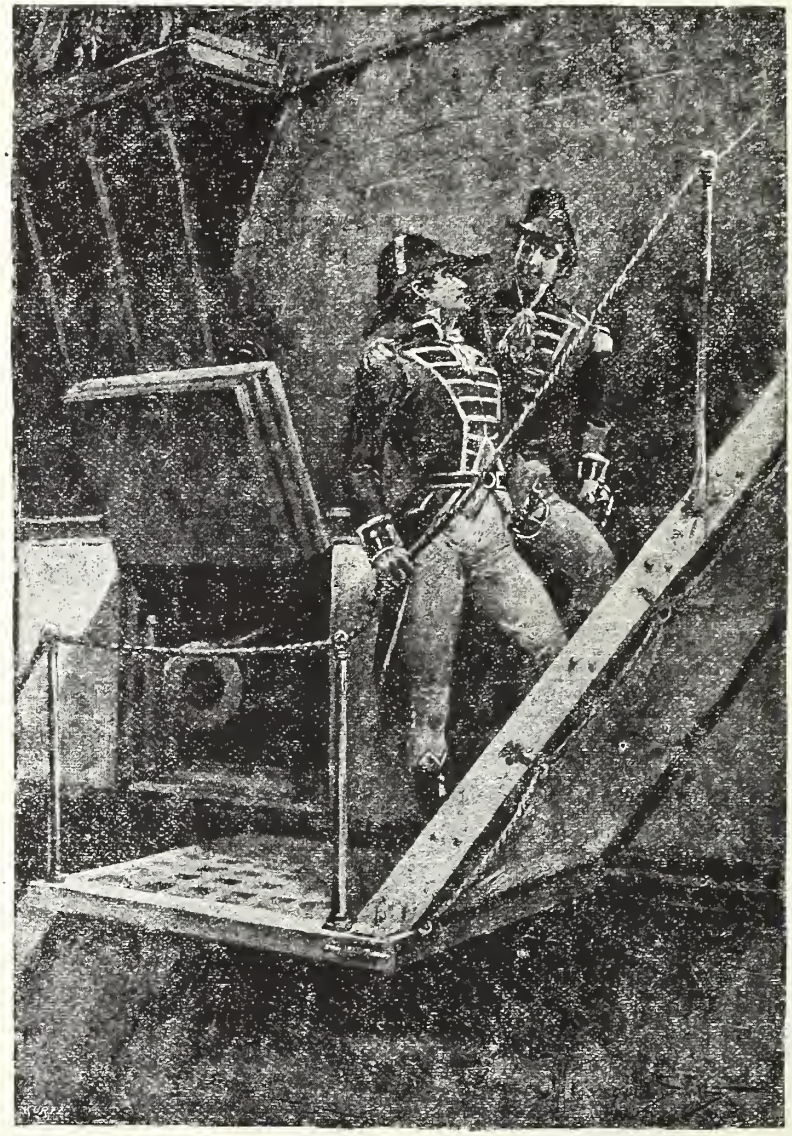
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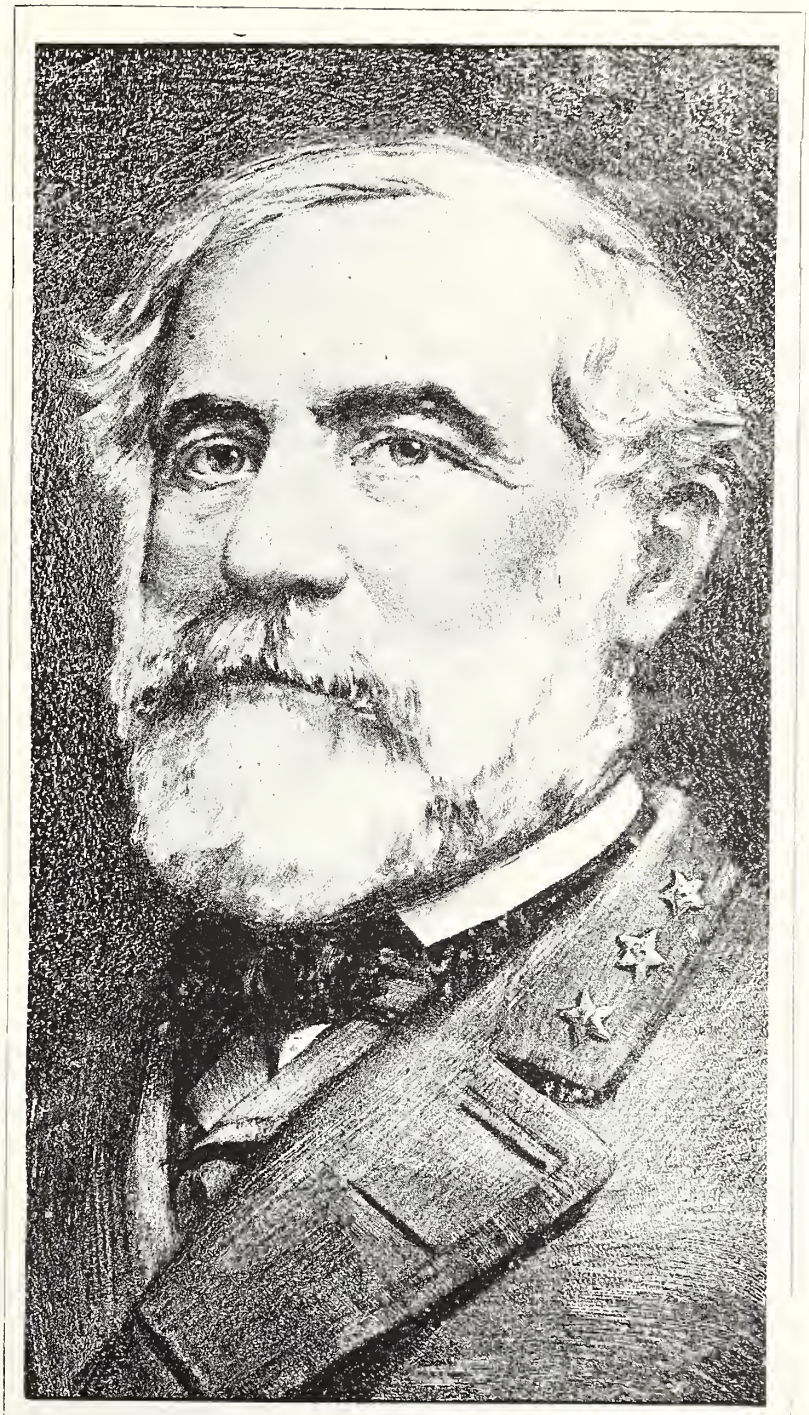
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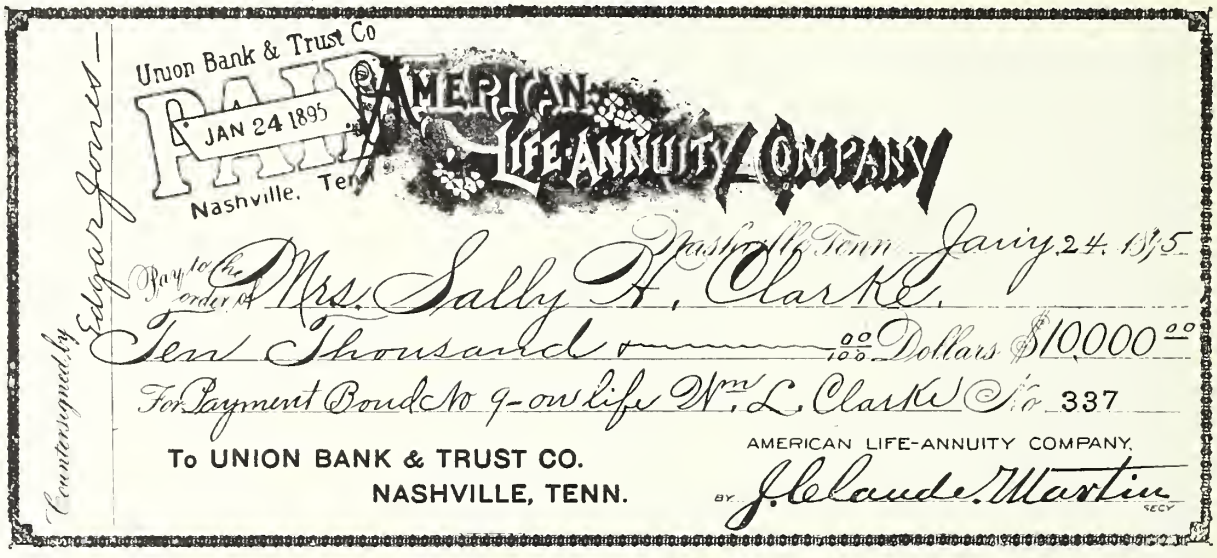
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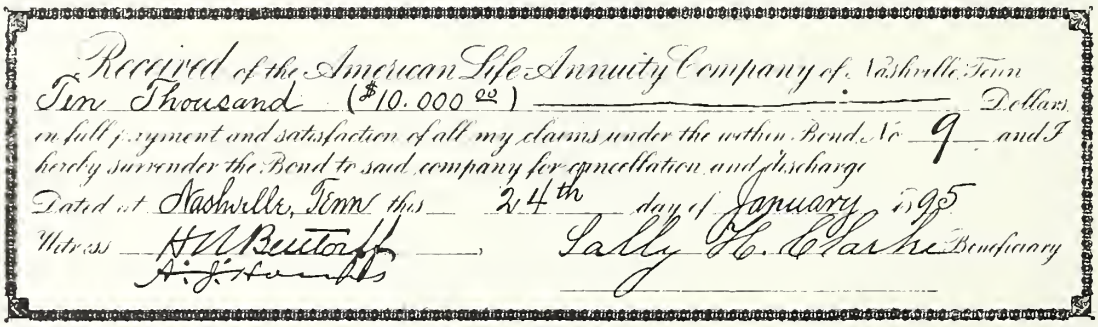
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Col. Clarke was Secretary and Treasurer of the Phillips-Buttorff Manufacturing Company, Director of the Chamber of Commerce and First Vice President Cheatham Bivouac.

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MARCH, 1895 PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE. PRICE, 10 CENTS.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. { VOL. III NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1895. NO. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR.

The following lines were written by John B. S. Dimitry, a native of New Orleans who served in the great battle of Shiloh. They were written in pencil and pinned to the board that rested on the temporary tomb. A lady, whose name is not transmitted, copied them and had them published.

Beyond this stone is laid, for a season,
ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,
A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April, A.D.,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a Holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime.

No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here.
The cause for which he perished is lost—
The people for whom he fought are crushed—
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him,
Three commonwealths proudly claim him
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame,
Have been, in all conjectures, true to themselves, their country, and their God.



COLOSSAL EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

Erected by the Army of Tennessee Confederate Veterans in New Orleans. (Cost $35,000.) The figure in front represents a Sergeant calling the roll.



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Star Soda is recommended to all readers. It is all they claim it to be. It should have your hearty support. Families of Confederate Veterans should try it.

Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1895. | No. 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Nichol & Holliday, Eastern Advertising managers, Atlanta, Ga.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

There are Camps of comrades not represented in the VETERAN subscription list. Copies of this number are sent to them. Will the commander or adjutant induce some member or friend to subscribe for the benefit of the Camp at least? Let them also write this office and send the names of friends who may be able to subscribe.

Occasionally comrades and friends write that they want the VETERAN, and will later on renew. If they could realize how very important constancy is they would make extra effort to keep it up and induce others to subscribe. There is promise of much good being accomplished through the VETERAN, and the watchword should ever be "Stand firm and constantly." It is much better to ask extension of time than to have the name cut off to be renewed in a few weeks or months.

Confederates who were in the battle of Chickamauga murmur at the report of the Park Commissioners in giving the number of commands without any reference to the depleted organizations of the Southern Army. The Federal regiments and battalions aggregate 182, while the Confederates are 212 in the report. Tennessee had 56, the largest number of organizations there. Ohio is second, 55. The third State in the list is Indiana, with 37 organizations, and then Alabama, with 26.

In an editorial about the VETERAN, the Arkansas Sentinel, published at Fayetteville, says:

"It cannot fail to attract Southern readers when attention is once directed to its columns, and they should give it a most cordial support. Much valuable information is found in its pages, and the bound copies will supply a unique history of the war which will be well worthy of preservation.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Houston reunion is becoming a topic of general interest and the prospect is good for an attendance of many thousands. The address of Gen. Cabell, of Dallas, Texas, commanding the Trans Mississippi Department, was of the pages that fell into pie, too late to reset for this issue, but assurance is here given that commanders and comrades are making every arrangement conceiveable for success. Both the April and May issues will be out in time for reunion purposes.

Commanders for States will please be diligent now to supply all necessary information for the VETERAN. Gen. F. S. Ferguson has already sent in the picture of the young lady to represent that noble State. If it is a sample of what the group will be, trancendent success is assured. Will the ladies selected all send their pictures as soon as procurable? Will Commanders of all the States kindly send in report after the manner of Alabama on page 79?

Comrades should not forget the suggestions of Gen. George Moornan about a plan for insurance to be submitted at the reunion. Thinkers are not always good talkers, and suggestions through the VETERAN might be productive of good.

The VETERAN would not be partial in behalf of prominence to any Confederate organization over others, but it is constrained to note another death of a worthy comrade at Nashville, whose devotion to it was unceasing. The Memorial Committee says:

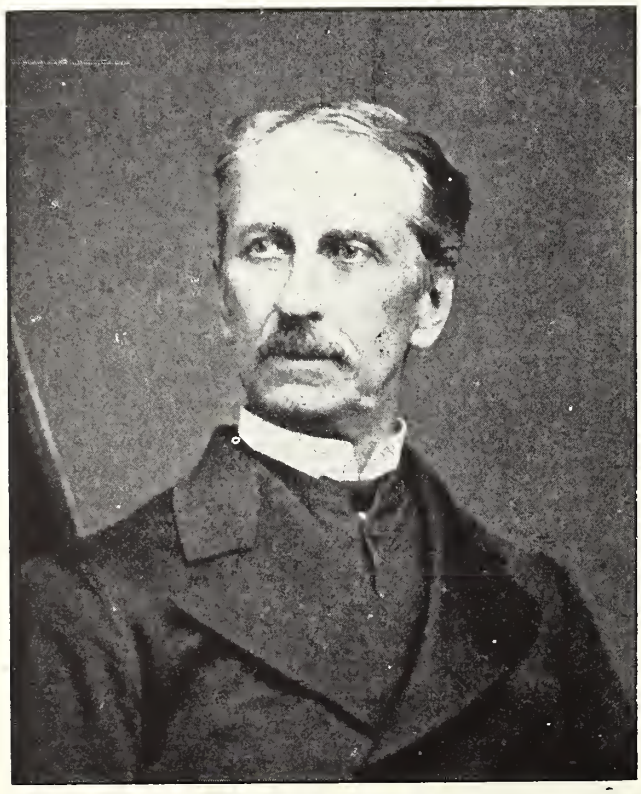
Samuel Walker Edwards was a good soldier, a good citizen, a good man, and a Christian. He was our comrade in arms. * * *

We are now assembled to go in a body to his funeral and to officiate at his burial. In addition, we contribute flowers designed after the emblem which he and we followed through the flash and smoke of many hard-fought battles, typical of his gentle, heroic nature.

No honor in this world did he esteem above having been a true Confederate soldier. He boasted not of rank, but of duty faithfully performed. He spilled his blood from a severe wound at Shiloh, and again at Perryville, and though in delicate health all of his life, he served his native Southland nobly to the end for the rights of the States.

REV. MOSES D. HOGE, PASTOR, CHAPLAIN.

The VETERAN honors the preacher and pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, as he rounds up fifty years of uninterrupted ministry. The record has hardly a parallel in history, while the tribute is the more appropriate because the eminent gentleman has done more continuous service as a Confederate chaplain, perhaps, than any man living or dead. Dr. Hoge's father was Doctor Moses Hoge, president of Hampden-Sidney College, and he was born in Prince Edward County, Va., Sept. 17, 1818. John Randolph, "of Roanoke," is quoted as saying of the father that he was the "most eloquent speaker in or out of the pulpit" that he ever heard. Doctor Hoge's maternal grandfather, Rev. Drury Lacy, D. D., was also president of the Hampden-Sidney College, and he was importuned to become president of the famous college for educating preachers. He has had calls from time to time to larger congregations in metropolitan cities, but has never wavered in steadfastness to that congregation. No minister has ever been called, perhaps, to more important services in general assemblies and ministerial relations of his own and kindred churches. However, it is not because of these things that this tribute is given.



REV. MOSES D. HOGE.

At the beginning of the war Dr. Hoge enlisted with intense devotion in the cause of Virginia and the South. He volunteered as chaplain at Camp Lee, in the suburb of Richmond, and he preached to the soldiers in camp several times every week. He would often preach to the soldiers when it was momentarily expected that he would be interrupted by the actual clash of arms. Survivors of D. H. Hill's division will recall a sermon by him on the eve of going into battle.

Nor did his interest in Confederates end with the surrender, but he has always been a strong friend of Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, and is regarded as the chaplain of that institution. He preached the first sermon in the Home chapel, buried the first veteran who died at the Home, and has officiated at nearly every funeral that has taken place there since. The comrades are devoted to him. He is an honorary member of Lee Camp, and was publicly presented by it with a badge of the organization, exquisitely wrought in gold and enamel.

By invitation of the General Assembly of Virginia, he delivered an oration at the unveiling of the Jackson Statue on the Capitol Square, presented by English gentlemen, in October, 1875. Judge F. R. Farrar, in a tribute through the Dispatch, states that the occasion was grand and imposing, that a great assembly of brave men and fair women gathered around the pedestal. In the full blaze of the midday sun the orator faced the multitude and, with the touch of a master hand, he outlined the wonderful achievements of the great commander that had filled the world with admiration. Portraying the characteristics of the unique life of the Christian hero, the Judge added: "I thought I could see the dying soldier as he looked beyond the dark, chill flood to his home and rest in the peaceful land,

'Over the river, now a heavenly guest,
Under the shade of the trees forever to rest."

Dr. Hoge offefed the prayer at the reinterment in Hollywood of the remains of President Davis. That petition has passed into the literature of the world as one of the noblest and most pathetic ever uttered. The editor of the VETERAN stood near the venerable preacher, in the presence of thousands, and heard every word. It was published complete on page 177, of June number, 1893. The concluding paragraph: "May mutual regard for each others' interests, happiness and rights, become the noble law of national life. May freedom, founded on justice and guarded by constitutional law, with religion pure and undefiled, secure to our whole people a perpetual heritage of unity, prosperity and peace, and to God most high we will give all honor and glory evermore."

The celebration of his fifty years as pastor in Richmond was honored by all the people. The daily papers gave pages to the report. The Times says: The first impressive demonstration was the appearance of the Confederate Veterans of Lee Camp Soldiers' Home. They were in their smartest uniforms of Confederate gray, As they filed past, Dr. Hoge gave each one a hearty handshake. They presented him with a handsome bouquet and a white silk handkerchief, exquisitely embroidered, with the Virginia and Confederate flags.

Another most interesting feature was the presentation of a handsome berry bowl by the Ladies' Hollywood Association. It is of silver, with gold lining, and is inscribed: "Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., from the ladies of Hollywood Memorial As-

sociation, in loving remembrance of his devotion to the Confederate cause, and in grateful appreciation of his valuable assistance to them, perpetuating the memory of the Confederate dead. Feb. 26, 1895."

Mr. Joseph Bryan made the presentation remarks, and with glowing words, inspired by the occasion, he brought tears to the eyes of the ladies of the association, who stood in a circle around him during the ceremony.

Dr. Hoge's reply was feeling and very eloquent. He said none of Mr. Bryan's glowing words had exaggerated his love for the Confederate soldier; as the veterans passed him a while before he put out his hand to shake their hands, and frequently did not take the hand he expected, because the sleeve was empty. The empty sleeve makes the heart full, he added, and "when I meet a Confederate soldier on the street, whether I ever saw him or not, if he carries an empty sleeve or shows his credentials through wounds, I feel like taking off my hat to him."

In his public address on the occasion, every detail of which is intensely interesting to those who are proud of Southern history, he said:

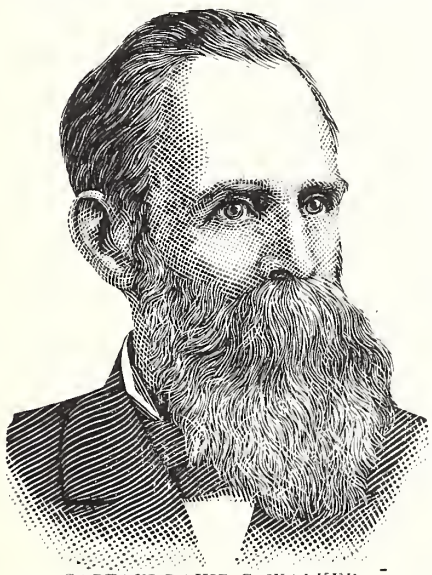
* * * Another memorable event, never to be forgotten, was the evacuation of the city near the close of the war. It is not my purpose to reproduce the lurid picture which that night of terror presents, the thunder of military wagons over the stony streets, the flames of burning bridges and warehouses, the deafening detonations of exploding shells, the canopy of dense smoke, hanging like a pall over the city—ah, no, let me drop the curtain on that scene of desolation and woe, and turn to the consideration of what more especially relates to this present hour.

When the Confederate struggle commenced I became a volunteer chaplain in the camp of instruction, without resigning my pastoral charge of this church. Camp Lee, as it was called, was the camp of instruction, where newly enlisted regiments were drilled and equipped for the field, some of them remaining there for a few weeks, others for several months, as the exigencies of the case might demand. A hundred thousand men passed through that camp during my connection with it. A hundred thousand men is a large number to become acquainted with. The acquaintance was largely on their part, it is true; they all knew me as their chaplain; my regret is that I could not know every one of them by name. I learned what a fearful destitution of Bibles there was among our soldiers. I sent to Nashville and to Charleston for as many as could be spared from those cities, and made an appeal to the Virginia people for the gift of as many Bibles as could be spared from their own families. The supply was not sufficient for the ever-increasing demand. On one occasion, when I had received a box from the West, after my sermon was ended I stood on a caisson, and, with the Bibles and Testaments before me, announced that I was ready to distribute them. There was an immediate rush of men with extended hands for the precious volumes. Many on the outer verge of the crowd, fearing the supply would be exhausted before they could reach me, cried out, calling by different titles, "Parson," "Doctor," "Chaplain," "Save one for me." Alas, for the number who were disappointed!

In 1864 Dr. Hoge ran the blockade from Charleston and went to England to obtain Bibles and religious books for the Confederate army. Lord Shaftesbury, the president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, gave him a hearty welcome, and invited him to make an address to the society in explanation of the object of his mission. The result was a free grant of 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments, and 250,000 portions of the Scriptures (single Gospels, Epistles, etc., in black, glazed covers, with red edges and rounded corners), just what was most convenient to put in the soldiers' pockets. He remained during the winter in London superintending their shipment by the blockade-runners to the Confederacy. He also obtained a large supply of miscellaneous religious books adapted to camp life, which were sent over in the same manner.

THE LATE CAPTAIN WALKER.

Dr. L. J. Jones, Franklin, Ky., who was surgeon in the Confederate army, writes of him as follows:



CAPTAIN DAVID C. WALKER.

Capt. David C. Walker, a Confederate soldier, attorney at law, and a prominent and beloved citizen, died at his home in this city January 10, 1895. After a severe ague some two weeks previous, he began to show signs of some organic or trophic lesion of the nerve centers, which terminated his useful life.

Capt. Walker was raised in Allen County, Ky. He was among the first to enter the Confederate Army in '61. He enlisted as a private in Company I, Sixteenth Kentucky Regiment, and was in the battles of Shiloh, Baton Rouge, Jackson (Miss.), Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Resaca (Ga.). For gallantry and qualities for a commander, he was soon promoted to the command of his company. In the battle of Murfreesboro he was wounded in the right leg, and again in the shoulder joint at Resaca. His arm was amputated on the field. After the war he practiced law at Scottsville and Franklin, Ky. He was twice elected prosecuting attorney of this judicial district, and afterwards as a member of the Kentucky Legislature. He became prominent in politics, and was often solicited to announce himself for Congress.

ALABAMIANS IN THE CRATER BATTLE.

HON. GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEXAS.

I have read with much interest and pleasure the article in your January number by Col. Geo. T. Rogers, entitled "The Crater Battle, 30th July, 1864," and as I was a participant in said battle, I deem it due to history that some inaccuracies which have crept unintentionally into Col. Rogers' account should be corrected. I do this with the feeling of an old comrade for the Colonel, whom I knew and highly respected in those historic days. Doubtless the long time which has intervened since the occurrences he relates, added to the fact that a regimental line officer could not know particulars relating to the movements of other commands than his own, must account for the injustice he does "Wilcox's old Brigade," from Alabama, then commanded by the brave young Saunders.

I was a Captain in the Eleventh Alabama Regiment, and at the date of this battle was serving temporarily on the staff of Brig.-Gen. Saunders, as assistant adjutant general. I was also flag of truce officer after the battle, and with Col. Jas. F. Doran, Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry (dismounted), who was the Federal truce officer, had charge of the burial of the dead on the morning of August 1st, 1864. My opportunities for knowing the movements of the brigade were therefore excellent, and the nature of the work before us on that day so strongly impressed itself upon me that I retain until this day a most vivid recollection of all incidents which came under my observation.

The regular position of the brigade at that time was a short distance west of the right angle in our defensive works, near the plank road. On the morning of the explosion, about three o'clock, the Brigadier-General was aroused by an order from Division Headquarters to get his men up and man the works. This was immediately done. As our regular battalion of sharpshooters (under command of Major James M. Crow, of Florence, Ala.) had been relieved from skirmish duty on the night before, Gen. Saunders became anxious as to his skirmish line, and directed me to see that Maj. Crow went to the front with his battalion relieving our pickets. This was done. The General and staff were sitting on the gallery of a little house which constituted our headquarters when the explosion occurred. Immediately a tremendous bombardment opened from the enemy along the whole front. We galloped to the works, and took position in the rear of the center of the brigade, near a company of Washington Artillery. The bombardment was kept up an hour or two, perhaps longer, when Gen. Lee came to where we were and held a short talk with our brigade commander. About an hour, or perhaps two hours, after this, and after the bombardment had slackened, we were ordered to quietly leave the works, retire to a ravine in the rear, and form. This was done, and nothing but the artillery was left in the line we abandoned. From Col. Rogers' description of the route pursued by his brigade to the scene of the explosion, we must have traveled the same route. On our way there, the general and staff having abandoned their horses, we met Col. Weisiger, of the Twelfth Virginia, wounded in the side, and supported by a soldier. The Colonel who was then in command of Mahone's Brigade, told us of the charge of the Virginians, which had already occurred. When we reached the scene, we were met by Gen. Mahone, accompanied by Gen. Bushrod Johnson, and Gen. Mahone gave directions as to how he wished the brigade formed. It was then about eleven a.m. The rifle pits to the left of the crater (enemy's right) were then held by the Virginia brigade, their right resting at the crater. I was sent by Gen. Saunders to look over the ground, and went forward to the rim of the crater. I there met and talked with Lieut. Col. W. H. Stewart, and other acquaintances in the Virginia brigade, including Col. Rogers, if my memory is correct, both of whom I knew well, having served with them upon General Court Martial the preceding winter. I found that while the Virginians had done their part of the job thoroughly, and were holding their positions heroically, Wright's Georgia brigade had failed to carry the trenches on the right of the crater (enemy's left), and the crater itself was still in possession of the enemy, filled not only with negro troops, but also with a much larger per cent of white troops, as was demonstrated after the capture. I returned and reported the situation to Gen. Saunders. At this time our brigade was resting on their arms just east of a little branch or marsh under the hill. I was instructed by Gen. Saunders to pass along the line, count the men, and inform them, as well as company commanders, that our attack would begin at two o'clock, upon the firing of two signal guns from the batteries in our rear—that every man must be ready to rise and go forward at the signal, slowly at first, and then at a double-quick as soon as we rose the hill—that our object was to recapture the rifle pits on our right as well as the crater, and for this purpose the brigade would be compelled to right oblique after starting so as to cover the points of attack—no man was to fire a shot until we reached the works, and arms must be carried at a right-shoulder shift. I was also instructed by Gen. Saunders to inform the men that Gen. Lee had notified him that there were no other troops at hand to recapture the works, and if this brigade did not succeed in the first attempt, they would be formed again and renew the assault, and that if it was necessary, he (Gen. Lee) would lead them. As a matter of fact, a large portion of the army was on that day east of the James river. These directions of Gen. Saunders were communicated at once to every officer and man, and by actual count made by me the brigade had in line 632 muskets.

At the boom of the signal guns the Alabama brigade rose at a "right-shoulder shift," and moved forward in perfect aleignment—slowly at first, until we came in sight of the enemy and received his first fire, and then with a dash to the works. For a moment or two the enemy overshot us and did no damage, but as we reached the works many were struck down and the gaps were apparent, but the alignment remained perfect. It was as handsome a charge as was ever made on any field, and could

not have been excelled by the "Guard" at Waterloo, under Ney.

On reaching the works the real fight began. Our men poured over into the crater and the ring of steel and bayonet in hand-to-hand fight began. Men were brained by butts of guns, and run through with bayonets. The brave Saunders (who sleeps in Hollywood) had a regular duel with a big buck negro, and both proved bad marksmen. Adjutant Fonville, of the Fourteenth Alabama (the bravest soldier ever under fire), was killed by a negro soldier. So was Lieut. John W. Cole, of the Eleventh Alabama, and many other brave officers and men. This melee kept up for at least fifteen minutes, the enemy fighting with desperation because they were impressed with the idea that no quarter would be given. The credit of capturing the crater and all its contents belongs to Morgan Smith Cleveland, then Adjutant of the Eighth Alabama Regiment, who now fills a patriot's grave at Selma, Alabama. I am told that his grave is unmarked, if not unknown, and that he was buried by charity; and I hang my head in humiliation if this information is true. Morgan Cleveland was as humane and tender as he was brave. Standing in the crater, in the midst of the horrid carnage, with almost bursting heart he said to a Federal colonel who was near him, "Why in the h— don't you fellows surrender?" and he put the accent on the cussword. The yankee replied quickly, "Why in the h— don't you let us?" A wink being as good as a nod, either to a blind horse or a brave soldier, the effect was instantaneous. The enemy threw down their arms, marched out as prisoners, some being killed or wounded by their own cannon as they filed past where I stood, and the day was saved as a glorious heritage for the Southern soldier and those who come after him. I remember helping Gen. Bartlett, of Boston (I think Bartlett was his name), who was trying to get out on two muskets inverted and used as crutches. I could see no evidence of physical pain in his face, and remarked to him that he must have nerves of steel, as his leg was shot away. He smiled and replied that he had lost his real leg at Williamsburg two years before, and the leg he had just had shattered was a cork leg.

This is a brief account of the Alabama Brigade on that day—too brief and imperfect to do even partial justice to my old comrades, most of whom have already "passed over the river." It was a gallant band, and many of them sleep their last sleep in the soil of old Virginia, having given their lives in defense of its firesides. I am sure the gallant Col. Rogers, himself a brave Virginian, would not intentionally do them the slightest injustice if he knew it. And yet his article, without so intending perhaps, minimizes its services in these particulars:

1. Mahone's Brigade did not take charge of the line between the Appomattox and the James a little after the battle of the crater, but the whole of Mahone's division, including Forney's Alabama Brigade (Wilcox's old Brigade), Harris' Mississippi Brigade, Finnigan's Florida Brigade, Sorrell's (Wright's) Georgia Brigade, and Mahone's Virginia Brigade, took charge of that line in February, 1865; the Alabama Brigade occupying the extreme left of the line, its left resting at the Howlett Batteries on James river. We withdrew from this position on the night Richmond was evacuated.

2. The Alabama Brigade came up at the "Mine" and did the work of capturing the crater, which was the purpose of the movement, but it was not a "walk-over," as the Colonel terms it. It was one of the hardest fought fields of the war, and brilliant success was wrenched by valor from serious danger.

Doubtless our friends, the Virginians and the Georgians peppered away at the enemy during the charge, but their fire did not "keep down all heads," as our lists of killed and wounded attest, nor did they go down into the crater like the Alabamians did. With a handful of men more than treble its numbers were captured, the lines re-established, and what promised at early dawn the closing victory of the war for the enemy, was turned into disastrous defeat by a few ragged Alabamians. I once asked a prominent officer on Gen. Grant's staff, what the General thought ought to have been done with Burnside for this failure at the Mine. He replied without hesitating, "He ought to have been shot."

Sketch by the late Judge S. A. Wilson, of Texas:

Judge Clark was born at Eutaw, Ala., July 18, 1841. His Father, James B. Clark, was a distinguished lawyer of that State for fifty years, and served for many years as one of its chancellors. His mother was Mary Erwin, of Mount Sterling, Ky., where his parents married in 1825.



JUDGE GEORGE CLARK.

George was the seventh son in a direct line. He was within three months of his graduation at the University of Alabama, when at the bombardment

of Fort Sumter he joined the Eleventh Alabama Regiment (Col. Sydenham Moore) as a lieutenant in Company B. He went with his regiment to Virginia, which joined Gen. Johnston at Winchester in the early part of July, 1861. Went across the mountains on July 18th to the relief of Beauregard, but reached the battlefield too late to participate in the engagement of July 21st. Served with his regiment in continuous service until the close of the war at Appomattox, taking part in the defense of Yorktown, and the battles of Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., Hanover Junction and Cold Harbor, the siege of Petersburg, and numerous engagements. He was wounded at Gaines' Mill, at Gettysburg, and again at Reaves' Station, and escaped from Appomattox in company with Gen. Gary, of South Carolina. They broke through Sheridan's lines on the morning of the surrender.

After the war he studied law under his father, was admitted to the bar in 1866, removed to Texas in 1867, located at Waco in 1868, where he has since resided. Was a member of the Democratic State Executive Committee in 1872, Secretary of State and Attorney General 1874-6, Commissioner to codify the laws of Texas 1876-8, Judge of Court of Appeals 1879-80, since which time he has practiced law at Waco. Judge Clark was married to Miss Mary Paul Johns, of Austin, and they have two lovely children, a boy and girl.

LAST BATTLES OF THE WAR.

B. L. Ridley's Journal—Continued. Smithfield, N. C., April 6, 1865.—It never rains but it pours, and still the bad news comes—Selma, Ala., we hear officially, has been given up to a raiding party. 'Tis said, too, that a column of nine thousand yanks have entered it. We heard to-day from Richmond that Lee lost all of his artillery but two battalions, supposed to have been about 500 pieces. Of his loss in men we have not yet heard. Gen. S. takes the death of his little boy at Auburn, Ala., very hard. Notwithstanding his stern military character he is a tender hearted man.

April 7.—I neglected to state that Gov. Vance and many ladies from Raleigh came down to the review of Hardee's corps. Everything went off well (aside from our decimated ranks). The ladies cheered Gen. Hoke's division of North Carolinians. We hear the report of the yankees being at Selma contradicted, but the telegrams in yesterday's papers and reports heretofore are too true. President Davis issues an address to the people of the Confederacy imploring them to stand by him in reverses, and to be not disheartened, for he'll steer us safely through.

April 8.—Captain R. C. Stewart, A. D. C., arrived to-day; reports the wagon train in ten miles. He has been on leave of absence and, in fact, all of the staff but Cols. Gale, Sevier and myself. Maj. Lauderdale, Qr. Mr., and Assistant A. & I. Gen. Minnick Williams also came to-day. Prisoners taken state that Sherman will commence his movement upon us Monday. Lee has had another fight at Amelia C. H., since the evacuation of Richmond, in which he was successful. Nothing from the West except the confirmation of the fall of Selma, Ala.

April 9.—Captain R. C. Stewart and I went near Pikeville to-day to purchase horses. I obtained one. Saw Gen. Dibrell, Dr. McCord, and my brother, Dr. J. L. Ridley, with whom we spent the night.

April 10.—This morning, before day, Dibrell's scouts came in with two or three officers prisoners, who stated that they had just received orders to march, and had gone to a house to bid some ladies good-bye when our scouts captured them. Returned to camp and found the consolidation had taken place and the different corps moving toward Raleigh. The army was divided into three corps, under Stewart, Hardee, and Stephen D. Lee. Stewart's corps now is composed of Loring's division, made up of his old division, Patton Anderson's and Walthall's. Walthall is now commanding McLaw's and Anderson's, what was known as Taliaferro's Division. Enemy advancing on us rapidly. Camp to-night west of Beaver Mill Bridge.

April 11.—Started about seven o'clock this morning and pitched tents three miles west of Raleigh on Hillsboro road. Have heard nothing of enemy's progress. As we passed the female Seminary in Raleigh the beautiful schoolgirls greeted us warmly. Each one had a pitcher of water and goblet. We drank, took their addresses, and had a big time. It was a terrible task to get Terry Cahal, Caruthers, Stewart, and the other members of the staff away from them. On this march my faithful boy, Hannibal, gladdened us with a rich box of edibles from my old grandmother at Oxford.

April 12.—Started this morning at sunrise and landed this evening one mile east of Durham Depot, eighteen miles from Hillsboro. Gen. Johnston left Raleigh on the cars to meet President Davis at Greensboro, and placed Gen. Stewart in command of two corps, Lee's and his own, until his return. Rumors of Lee's capture in Virginia are rife, but not believed.

April 13.—Camped this evening two miles east of Hillsboro. Gen. Johnston returned from Greensboro. More rumors of Lee's capitulating, and some are led to believe.

April 14.—To-day we passed through Hillsboro. Saw a good many nice looking young ladies. Crossed Eno River this side two miles and Haw's River 16 miles. Camped near Squire Hoke's in a beautiful grove. Saw a Dr. Brown directly from the artillery in Lee's army. He says "that after thirty hours travel from Farmville about forty pieces of artillery halted at Appomattox Station to cook and feed. The yanks overtook them but were repulsed with grape and canister; that during the night Gen. Lawton received a dispatch from Lee stating that he could be of no more use to him if he could not join him by Sunday morning, and to cut down Caissons, bury the guns, divide the men into squads of four or five, and let them make their way out."

April 15.—Our march to-day is only twelve miles in consequence of heavy roads, caused from rains.

Have passed old Chapel Hill University, sacred to me as my father's alma mater, and now Graham, and camp to-night at Smith's Store. The farther we go the worse the news we get from Lee's army. Gen. S. succeeds in having a barrel of peach brandy and a half box of tobacco given him by a Mr. Vaughn. Yum! yum! ha! ha!—we are taking it along for medical purposes. Dr. Smepton invited the General and staff to his house this morning to partake of a mint-julep. To our surprise, we found he had sugar, coffee and ice, things scarce in these times. Every time we get into a drive of this kind Gen. S. destroys Cahal's, Caruthers' (his sons) and my prospects by telling these fellows that, and "sometimes the older members of my staff partake of a julep, but the younger members never touch it." We just had to look at that julep and "sigh" for a smile." Dibrell's Cavalry has been suddenly transferred to rear. They say he has gone to Greensboro to repel a raid. It turned out that they were to escort Jefferson Davis farther south.

April 16—March eight miles and camp in four miles of Greensboro. Have just heard Lee's farewell address, he and his army were captured. He says that greatly outnumbered as he was, contending against such wonderful force, he was bound to yield without further loss of blood. What next?

Judge G. K. Miller, who was captain of Company A, Eighth Confederate Cavalry: Talladega, Ala., March 7, 1895.—Having read the account of the repulse of the Federals on our left at Bentonville on the afternoon of March 21st, 1865, as given by Capt. Ridley in the January number of the VETERAN, and that of Capt. Guild in the February number, as an observer of the whole movement that probably saved our army from disastrous defeat, permit me to say that both are partly correct in the accounts given. Each tells a portion of the story, but not all. Johnston's lines at Bentonville described a semicircle, with each wing resting on a small but deep and nonfordable stream, spanned by but one bridge located some three or four hundred yards from our extreme left. Temporary entrenchments had been thrown up by our infantry, covering all of the left wing with the exception of about one quarter mile nearest the river. This space was open woods, and on the afternoon in question was occupied by a mere skirmish line of dismounted Cavalry. About 2 p. m., Anderson's Brigade of Allen's Cavalry division, composed of the 3rd, 8th, and 10th Confederate, and 5th Georgia regiments, came on the field and were dismounted and placed in position behind the entrenchments from which infantry had been withdrawn and moved to the right. That part of the line thus occupied by Anderson's Brigade was immediately to the right of the skirmish line mentioned, and, being on more elevated ground, afforded the writer a good opportunity to observe the movement to turn our left and capture the bridge.

About 3 p. m., in the midst of a pelting rain, a heavy column from the 17th Federal corps was hurled against our left, covering the front occupied by Anderson's Brigade and that of the unprotected skirmish line. The enemy in Anderson's front was repulsed after a hot contest, but a glance to our left disclosed the fact that the serried ranks of blue had swept away the skirmish line and were approaching the bridge with rapid steps. It was at this critical juncture that Gen. Hardee dashed down the road in the direction of the bridge, followed by the 8th Texas and 4th Tennessee cavalry. These two regiments continned at a gallop in columns of four to very near the bridge, then faced to the right in line and with a yell bore down upon the advancing Federals in as brilliant a charge as the war furnished. They were too few in number to cover the entire front of the advancing Federals, but just as they gave an initial to the repulse, Cummings' Infantry Brigade, numbering about 800 muskets, coming on the field at a dead run, struck that part of the Federal column not covered by Baxter Smith's troopers, and with a timely enfilade from the 10th Confederate, occupying Anderson's extreme left, sent the attacking column back in beautiful confusion. A good number of prisoners were brought in by the different commands engaged. The writer had an interesting conversation with several of the prisoners, but being short on Dutch, while they were utter strangers to English, history will lose the result of the interview.

After the repulse our infantry occupied the exposed position and our army was withdrawn across the bridge about nighfall. At Bentonville, the last battle of the army of Tennessee, its halfclad, ragged, footsore, hungry veterans displayed all of the high soldierly qualities that had distinguished them from Belmont to Averysboro, and no part of it with more signal gallantry than the 8th Texas and 4th Tennessee Cavalry and the heroic remnant of Cummings' Brigade.

M. S. Kahle, Adjutant Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88, Cleburne, Texas, sends resolutions concerning the life and character of the late M. A. Otis of that camp: He was one of the true to honor, to truth and to the cause he loved so well, and his life was freely offered for its success. His hand was always ready to assist the fall; he was the friend of the poor, and he was beloved by all men who knew him. We loved him living, we love him dead. But he is not dead:

"He sleeps, but in that sleep beneath the sod,
No dreams shall come, those dreams that
banish sleep;
No watchers there, naught save the eyes of God,
To watch this slumber long and still and deep.
Then mourn him not as dead; he cannot die,
And mourn him not as sleeping in that day,
He wakes, he lives, not far in yonder sky,
But near us, though unseen, he walks to-day."

Resolved, That Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88, of Confederate Veterans, extend to the bereaved loved ones our heartfelt sympathy in their loss of the devoted husband, the kind and affectionate father.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of deceased comrade, also that a copy be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and to our city papers. M. S. KAHLE, J. L. MORGAN.

WHAT A KENTUCKY WOMAN HAS DONE.

The VETERAN presents the picture and sketch of Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, "Our Lady" of the Clark County Kentucky Confederate Veteran Association. She was born in Lexington fifty-six years ago, and soon after moved to Winchester, where she has ever since resided. Her father, John Catherwood, was for many years clerk of the Clark County Court, and was one of its best citizens—a true Southerner in every sense of the word; he reared his children, boys and girls, in the pure Jacksonian school.



MRS. JENNIE CATHERWOOD BEAN.

The war was no dream, but a true reality to her. She ardently believed in the sacred principles her father and friends fought for. She is a worshiper of the memories of our cause, of the valor of our brave soldiers and heroic leaders. To her loyalty to the living, we owe the organization of Clark County Veteran Association.

In 1871, grieved to see the graves of the seven brave comrades in the silent city so neglected, with that loving devotion that ever characterizes her, she prepared the garlands, and with a few school children as her companions, in the softened glow of a May evening, knelt at each grave, and lovingly and tenderly covered them with beautiful flowers. Every year since, through sunshine and rain, she goes on "Memorial Day" with evergreen garlands and beautiful flowers to decorate every grave. And now her loving hands twine cypress, cedar, and flowers for thirty-two instead of seven. For years, with untiring zeal and devotion, she called upon the Confederates of the county to organize for such purposes, and she worked and toiled alone. Her efforts have been crowned with success in having the Clark County Confederate Veteran Association fully organized. She has also organized an association of their sons and daughters. She has a complete list of the Confederate dead buried in the Winchester Cemetery, and is perhaps the only person who knows where every brave fellow rests. She knew personally nearly every one, always attends the burial of a comrade, and marks the grave with a card and the colors.

She once said the only epitaph she desired was, "She never forgot the Confederate soldier on tented field, behind prison bars, nor under the sod."

INSIDE THE LINES AT FRANKLIN.

"Frances," a school girl of 1864, writes to the VETERAN of that awful battle at Franklin, which was fought late into the night:

I was a pupil in the old Franklin Female Institute—the alma mater of so many brilliant women, the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation. Nashville owes a debt of gratitude to at least two of its graduates, Misses Fannie and Martha O'Bryan.

At the time of these reminiscences, Miss Walker (now Mrs. J. P. Hanner), was the principal. The pupils numbered about 175, and as wide awake set of Southern girls as could be found.

While we were trying to concentrate our minds on our books one ear was always open to the varied sounds of the fife and the rattle of drums, the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the electrifying notes of the bugle. We were allowed always to run to the front gate to see soldiers pass. If they were "our boys," we waved our bonnets and handkerchiefs—if they were yankees, and we watched Buell's army of thousands pass, we looked and felt dismayed.

On an ever memorable day, the 30th of November, we assembled at school as usual. Our teachers' faces looked unusually serious that morning. The Federal couriers were dashing hither and thither. The officers were gathering in squads, and the cavalry, with swords and sabres clanking, were driving their spurs into their horses' flanks and galloping out to first one picket post and then another on the roads leading south and southwest of town. The bell called us in the chapel. We were told to take our books and go home, as there was every indication that we would be in the midst of a battle that day.

At four o'clock that afternoon I stood in our front door and heard musketry in the neighborhood of Col. Carter's on the Columbia pike. To this day I can recall the feeling of sickening dread that came over me. As the evening wore on, the firing became more frequent, and nearer and louder; then the cannon began to roar from the fort.

My father realizing that we were in range of the guns from both armies told us to run down into the cellar. We hastily threw a change of clothing into a bundle and obeyed at once. My mother, who never knew what fear meant in her life, was a little reluctant to go and leave the upper part of the

house to the tender mercies (?) of soldiers, but she finally joined us in the basement. A few minutes later there was a crash! and down came a deluge of dust and gravel. The usually placid face of our old black mammy, now thoroughly frightened, appeared on the scene. She said a cannon ball had torn a hole in the side of the meat house and broken her wash kettle to pieces. She left the supper on the stove and fled precipitately into the cellar.

After that, the only way we could get anything to eat was by sending a guard, who was in the yard, to the kitchen after it. The patter of the bullets on the blinds was anything but soothing. The incessant booming of cannon and the rattle of the guns continued until midnight, then the firing gradually ceased; we, of course, were in ignorance of who was in possession of the place, but all the while hoping and praying that it might be our boys.

About one o'clock we thought the town was being reduced to ashes, but it turned out to be the burning of the Odd Fellows Hall on the square. About four o'clock we heard the tramping of feet and the sound of voices. Our hearts jumped into our mouths, and what joy when we learned that our own soldiers were in possession of the town! We first learned it from the men who carried Col. Sam Shannon, who had been wounded, to his sister's house, our next door neighbor. Our men were in possession of the town! We didn't "stand on ceremonies" getting out of the cellar. Our doors were thrown wide open, and in a few minutes a big fire was burning in the parlor. The first man to enter was Gen. Wm. Bate, all bespattered with mud and blackened with powder, but a grand and glorious soldier under it all. I will not attempt to picture the meeting between him and my father, who had been a life-long friend. Next came Gen. Tom Benton Smith, with the impersonation of a chivalric, gallant soldier, wearing under the mud and dirt his recent hard-earned honors. Poor fellow, how short lived were his joys! A cruel sabre cut at Nashville forever dethroned his reason, and he is now in a Tennessee Asylum for the insane.

Space fails me to mention the long list of friends who came that day and received our warmest welcome. I shall mention what a reproof my sisters received from some of their soldier sweethearts. An uncle of ours, who made his home in New York city, during the previous summer had my sisters to visit him, and, of course, they replenished their wardrobes while there. On the morning after the battle they wanted to compliment their soldier friends by "looking their best," so they put on their prettiest dresses. The soldiers were so unaccustomed to seeing stylish new dresses, that they actually doubted their loyalty, thought they should have on homespum dresses instead of "store clothes."

In the afternoon, December 1st, some of us went to the battlefield, to give water and wine to the wounded. All of us carried cups from which to refresh the thirsty. Horrors! what sights that met our girlish eyes! The dead and wounded lined the Columbia pike for the distance of a mile. In Mrs. Sykes' yard, Gen. Hood sat talking with some of his staff officers. I didn't look upon him as a hero, because nothing had been accomplished that could benefit us.

As we approached Col. Carter's house, we could scarcely walk without stepping on dead or dying men. We could hear the cries of the wounded, of which Col. Carter's house was full to overflowing. As I entered the front door, I heard a poor fellow giving his sympathetic comrades a dying message for his loved ones at home. We went through the hall, and were shown into a little room where a soft light revealed all that was mortal of the gifted young genius, Theo Carter, who under the pseudonym of "Mint Julep," wrote such delightful letters to the Chattanooga Rebel. Bending over him, begging for just one word of recognition, was his faithful and heartbroken sister. The night before the battle he had taken supper at Mr. Green Neely's (the father of our postmaster), and was in a perfect ecstacy of joy at the thought of seeing his family on the morrow, from whom he had been separated so long. But alas! when the morrow came, that active, brilliant brain had been pierced by one of the enemy's bullets; he was carried home and ministered to by those faithful sisters, and died, I think, without ever having spoken a word.

From this sad scene, we passed on to a locust thicket, and men in every conceivable position could be seen, some with their fingers on the triggers, and death struck them so suddenly they didn't move. Past the thicket we saw trenches dug to receive as many as ten bodies. On the left of the pike, around the old gin house, men and horses were lying so thick that we could not walk. Gen. Adam's horse was lying stark and stiff upon the breastworks. Ambulances were being filled with the wounded as fast as possible, and the whole town was turned into a hospital.

Instead of saying lessons at school the day after the battle, I watched the wounded men being carried in.

Our house was full as could be; from morning until night we made bandages and scraped linen lint with which to dress the wounds, besides making jellies and soups with which to nourish them.

The times were not without their romances. Only a short time afterward a handsome young Missouri surgeon, in charge of one of the hospitals, married one of our most prominent young ladies. Another Missourian, who was wounded here, and was so popular with the girls, married also. A young soldier who was an artist, met on the field one of our young ladies, who was also of an artistic turn of mind, and the year following they were married.

THE FLAG OF THE FLORIDA BATTERY.

Col. W. T. Stockton, of the Florida Brigade, wrote a poem about this flag. It was used by the Marion Light Artillery in the battle of Richmond, Kentucky.

The material of which the flag was made, as the writer has happily shown us in his poem, was a magnificent crimson shawl presented by Mrs. J. J. Dickison. The rings by which it was attached to the lance were manufactured from jewelry contributed by the ladies of Orange Lake, Marion Co., Fla.; the ferrule being forged from a superb silver comb contributed by Mrs. Dickison, and worn by the fair donor on her bridal night.

GENERAL LEE AND TRAVELLER.

REV. ROBT. TUTTLE, CISCO, TEXAS.

The occasion of the following lines was a memorable picture at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May the 12th, 1864. At one time during the engagement, Gen. Lee stood by the head of "Traveler," his favorite horse. The position was one of danger, being right on the crest of a hill, not far from a one-story building, and near the outer edge of a small grove of trees. The writer was an eye witness, and was deeply impressed with the General's splendid attitude.

Behold that horse! A dappled gray!
I saw him in the month of May,
When wild flowers bloomed about his feet,
And sunshine was his mantle meet.

The shapely head he held up high,
And fire seemed flashing from his eye;
Arched grandly, too, his neck and mane,
And on them fell the slackened rein.

Down from the withers to the tail
The curve was perfect in detail,
While depth of chest, and haunch, and side,
Showed where his strength did most reside.

With limb, and hoof, and pastern small,
The body round and plump withal,
No pattern could be perfecter
Than was the form of "Traveler."

Rare model for an artist's skill!—
For brush, or chisel, or for quill!
For there, with muscles strained and tense,
His mould was sheer magnificence.

Bucephalus was not more gay
In ancient battle's stern array,
Than was that grand Virginia gray,
That mutely champed his bits that day.

A day of battle, truly, then!
A day of death to many men!
For war a gory drama played,
But "Traveler" was undismayed.

Dismounted, and quite near his head,
The right hand to the halter wed,
His rider stood—bold leader he!—
The great, the gallant—Robert Lee.

Broad shouldered, tall, stout, and straight,
The left hand down, his look sedate,
He wore a cap and suit of gray,
And gazed, but nothing had to say.

What courtliness in him was seen!
Aye, what nobility of mien!
As there, Horatius-like, he stood,
The honored, wise, and great, and good.

Great Chieftains had preceded him
With cups of glory to the brim,
But he among them all was Prince,
Unrivalled in the past, or since.

The battle raged around him near;
The clash of arms he saw, could hear,
But, dauntless, he stood out to view,
Though deadly missiles round him flew.

Brave Chief and Charger! Such were they,
In Dixie's hue of martial gray,
And such they will in memory be,
While time and sense remain to me.

Immortal Spottsylvania!!
'Twas on that sacred hill of thine,
'Mid shouts of victory and huzzah,
We saw this picture from the line.

Ye artists! paint the signal scene,
Or fashion it in bronze, or stone,
That generations, yet unseen,
In all our Southland's sunny zone,—
May look upon Lee's noble form,
As there he stood amid the storm,
And did our Dixie Boys command,
Who fought for rights, and home, and land.

No need have we for Northern foe,
Living, or dead, above, below;
We honor those who wore the gray,
And weave for them our last bouquet.

We War's arbitrament accept,
And foemen leave in peace to rest,
But, when their graves are decked and wept,
The North must do it, and Northwest.

Away with sickly sentiment!
True Southrons never will repent;
For "Chartered Rights," they fought the fight,
And still they know their cause was right.

Had I but one, or even grant
That I'd ten thousand flowers to plant,
I'd put them all on Dixie's graves,—
My Comrades, and our Southern braves.

MY SOUTHERN HOME.

To my far away home where the laurel tree blooms,
My heart ever turns with a sigh,
'Tis the land of my birth where my ancestors' tombs
Point up to the clear Southern sky.
'Tis the land of the rose, of the myrtle and vine,
Its carpet the moss covered sod;
'Tis the land which with pride I may ever call mine,
A land richly blessed by our God.

'Tis the land of the sun, where the feathery hosts
Sing sweet in their Creator's praise,
'Tis the land from whose glens rise the tangible ghosts,
The memories left of past days.
'Tis the home of the pure and the land of the brave,
The faithful, the true and the just,
'Tis the land on whose breast I would make me my grave,
To rest my inanimate dust.

'Tis the land of the hero, the theme of the bard,
Tho' true that her flag has been furled,
Yet the deeds of her sons and her face battle scarred
Have challenged the praise of the world.
'Tis the land which hath reared in the temple of fame,
The loftiest pile that we see,
And her sons ever thrill at the sound of that name—
Immortal, invincible Lee!

There a father doth rest where the soft breezes play,
The willows droop over his tomb,
There a mother still grieves for the son far away,
'Mid winter and withering gloom.
Take me back, let me fly to the land of my birth,
To rest—never more will I roam,
Let me hold evermore to the dearest on earth,
My mother, my country, my home!

A. S. Morton.

St. Paul, Minn., January 20th, 1895.

Henry Clay Fairman, the gifted editor of the Sunny South, has written a patriotic address in verse, "Have you been true Americans?" It appeared in "Home and Country," illustrated. The editorial in that publication, which is edited by Corporal James Tanner, who, whatever may be his faults, has ever been great-hearted to Confederates, says: "It deserves the attention of every American citizen, whether he be a student or an adept in the political economies which exist—and must ever continue—in governments of, by, and for the people."

Comrade Fairman was thoughtful enough in the Sunny South to suggest the re-election of the Confederate Veteran as official organ of the brotherhood at Houston, and says "We vote 'yea' in advance."

SECOND REUNION AT SHILOH.

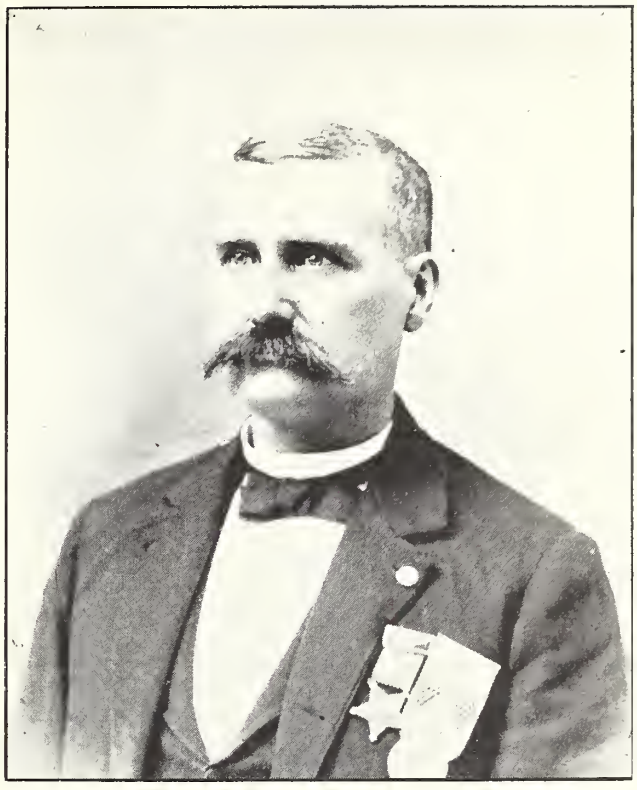
Headquarters Shiloh Battlefield Association, Office of the Secretary, Monticello, Ill., 1895.—The second annual reunion of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, and the survivors of that battle, will be held on the battlefield near Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 5th and 6th, 1895. This includes both armies, Confederate under Generals A. S. Johnston and G. T. Beauregard and Federal under Generals U. S. Grant and D. C. Buell.

The survivors meet this year on the 33rd anniversary of the battle under very gratifying circumstances. Congress has passed the bill to purchase the battlefield for a National Memorial Park, like Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and it is very desirous that each regiment, battery and organization that took part in the battle be well represented to assist in marking the various positions their commands held during the battle of April 6th and 7th, 1862. This would greatly assist the Shiloh Commission in locating the monuments and tablets to be erected on the battlefield Park. Many leading officers, who are survivors, are expected to be present and greet their old comrades, April 5th to 6th. The entire Chickamauga Commission has engaged to be present. Col. Lee reports that the Governors of the 21 states that had troops in the battle have been invited, and many of them will be present with leading generals who survive, from both the North and the South, with thousands of the rank and file. Capt. John Clemm, the famous drummer boy, is to be present.

Let the members of each organization prepare a marker, 12 by 20 inches, of some good hard material and have the same painted white and the number of his regiment painted in black letters giving this information: "The —— Regiment Infantry —— Battery, held this position from —— till —— April 6th, 1862." Col. Lee reports many prominent men who are to be present. Among them are Gen. D. C. Buell, Gen. John A. McClernard, Gen. Lew Wallace, Gen. B. M. Prentiss, Gen. R. J. Oglesby, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Gen. E. C. Walthal, Gen. William B. Bate, Senator Isham G. Harris, Gen. J. R. Chalmers, Col. William Preston Johnston, Maj. Cable Breckinridge, Col. A. C. Waterhouse, Col. I. P. Rumsey, Col. Cornelius Cadle, the Chickamauga Commission, composed of Gen. J. S. Fullerton, Gen. A. P. Stewart, Gen. H. V. Boynton, Maj. Frank G. Smith, members of Crocker's Iowa Brigade, and the Nebraska Shiloh Association.

The indications are that this will be a very large reunion. It is stated that 114,338 men participated in the battle. There were 258 different organizations, representing 21 States of the Union. The Governors of all these States have been invited to be present and participate in this reunion. The reunion exercises will be held at the Old Shiloh Church. Addresses will be delivered by the leading men present.

Elsewhere in this VETERAN is given something of the great battle of Shiloh, and of the career of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston,



COL. E. T. LEE.

Col. E. T. Lee, of Monticello, Ill., Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, was the originator of the movement to make the Shiloh battlefield a National Memorial Park. He is a veteran of the Union army, having entered it in July, 1861, and served over four years in the First Illinois Infantry. He was in the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, both days' battle, Corinth, Hatchie River, Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. He was on the march to the sea, and then through the Carolinas. He entered the service in his 16th year, and was wounded in the right hand and shoulder in that "terrible charge" at the second battle of Jackson, Miss., July 12th, '63, when Pugh's Brigade was almost annihilated. He has made a study of the battle of Shiloh for many years and is familiar with all its details. During the last two years Col. Lee has devoted almost his entire time to the organization of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, and the work of securing from Congress the passage of the bill to purchase it for a National Memorial Park, which has now been accomplished. Col. Lee is a press correspondent and represents a syndicate of newspapers. He is well acquainted with leading men and generals both North and South, and is highly recommended for the position of secretary of the Shiloh Commission. He has procured over 12,000 names of comrades on the rolls of the Association.

James Williams, Assistant Secretary Shiloh Battlefield Association, lives at Savannah, Tenn. He enlisted as a private in Robertson's Cavalry, Nov.,



MR. JAMES WILLIAMS, of Savannah.

1861, which company served in Col. R. H. Brewer's Battalion at Shiloh through the two days' battles. It was re-organized at Spring Creek, Tenn., and commanded by Col. Thomas Claiburne and other officers. It was known as the first Confederate Cavalry. Young Williams was appointed Ordinance Sergeant at Murfreesboro, in 1863, and was afterwards commissioned as such by President Davis at Dalton, Ga., 1864. He served with the gallant Gen. Joseph Wheeler, in rear of the Federal lines, and was in the battles from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and with Gen. Hood in his march to Tennessee. Transferred to Gen. Forrest, January, 1865, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

Comrade Williams spent his last Confederate dollar, that would go, for a small fishhook.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED—HUMOROUS.—W. F. Ball, of McAlester, I. T., to Capt. J. L. Smith, Cleveland, Ohio:

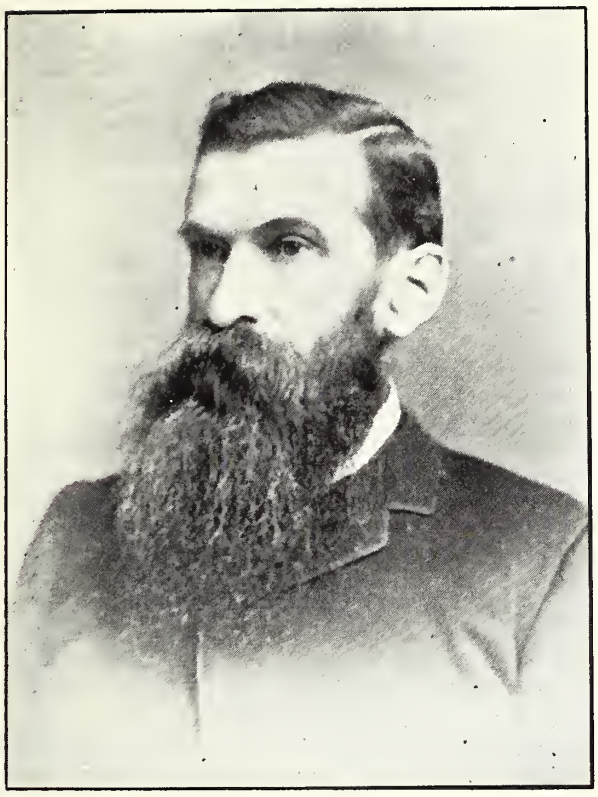
"I accept your challenge in the Confederate VETERAN of January, to beat any Johnny Reb for a silver trophy. My weight is 243 pounds. You will please meet me at Houston, Texas, on May 22d, and we will run for the trophy. Don't wait until May 25th, as there will be a sham battle on that date and I know you will outrun me then."

Of course Mr. Ball is good-humored in this. Col. R. B. Coleman sends the challenge for him, and states that Ball was a private in Company A, Forty-Third Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. He says, tell Smith that if he does not draw a pension he will run him ten miles for the trophy, but if he (Smith) draws a pension, Ball will not run with him, as he will not run against a disabled soldier. Comrade Ball thinks Smith is the "yankee" he tried to catch at Bull Run, and Smith beat him about a bayonet length. Ball at that time weighed only 208 pounds.

Captain James W. Irwin, of McMinnville, Tenn., appointed by the Secretary of War, Mr. Lamont, United States Agent for the purchase of the battle-



CAPTAIN J. W. IRWIN AND PARTY READY TO SURVEY SHILOH PARK, MARCH 5, 1895.



CAPTAIN JAMES W. IRWIN.

field of Shiloh for a National Military Park is a native of Hardin county, and was reared in the vicinity of this historic place. He enlisted in the army in '61, and served in the First Confederate Cavalry Regiment to the close of the war. He is a member of Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville. Captain Irwin was in the battle of Shiloh. His regiment served under Gen. Joe Wheeler after his transfer to cavalry, and afterward was with that gallant command which "participated in nearly one hundred battles and skirmishes." After the battle of Nashville the First Confederate was transferred to Gen. Forrest, and served under him to the end of the war. At the surrender it was in the Division of Gen. William H. Jackson—"Old Red"—at Gainesville, Ala., May 11th, 1865.

Capt. Irwin is of Revolutionary patriots on both sides. His father came at an early day from Pennsylvania to Tennessee. His mother was Nancy Sevier, born and reared in Green County, East Tenn., a member of that illustrious family.

Capt. Irwin is a practical business man, and this selection is wise and safe for the government.

Press Agent reports a reception in Florida, by Confederate and Union Veterans Feb. 16, '95, stating:

This was Mrs. Grant's 69th birthday, and the reception was made the occasion of celebrating that event. Speaking of the South Mrs. Grant said: "I love the South, for I was raised in a Southern State —Missouri—and I hardly knew which side to go with. But the General went with the North, and I went with him."

FORREST'S OLD REGIMENT—Continued.

By Capt., now Rev. J. C. Blanton, Nettleton, Miss., who was Acting Major at close of the war:

During our retreat to Chattanooga, the old battalion was reformed, Captain McDonald being the senior officer. The battalion was composed of four companies—A, B, C, and D. A was a Memphis company, transferred from infantry called the Bluff City Grays, and commanded by Captain Philip T. Allen. These men were veterans when they came to us, and we found them as brave as the bravest. Company B, McDonald's old company, commanded by Capt. J. G. Barbor; Company C, May's old company, commanded by Capt. J. C. Blanton; and Company D, commanded by Capt. Bill Forrest. This company was a detail from the old regiment as an escort for General Forrest.

We now took the name of McDonald's Battalion. We did a great deal of scout duty and much hard fighting around Chattanooga. We participated in the great battles of Chickamauga, fought the yankee cavalry at and above Charleston in East Tennessee, and went with Gen. Joe Wheeler around the yankee army north of the Tennessee river. On this campaign we lost our beloved commander, Major McDonald, who was killed, as was Captain May, in a foolish charge at Farmington, Tenn. McDonald was a Scotchman, and as brave a man as ever bore that honored name. He was a fine officer, having excellent military ability, and was fast gaining the confidence and admiration of his superiors. But alas, alas, at one of those places where superiors failed to have proper information, McDonald, with his battalion, was ordered to make the charge, which was gallantly done, into the very jaws of death, without the remotest chance of success. Col. Jas. T. Wheeler, of Tennessee, who commanded the brigade at the time, told me afterwards that when he transmitted the order to McDonald he turned away weeping, and refused to witness the terrible charge made by McDonald and his brave men.

Philip T. Allen was our next commander. After the Wheeler campaign Forrest was ordered to the Mississippi Department, Bragg giving him the old battalion, Morton's battery and his escort, commanded then by Captain Jackson. This little command was placed under Lieut.-Col. Crews, and ordered from Rome, Ga., to Okolona, Miss., at which place we met Forrest, and marched directly to Jackson, Tenn., entering the enemy's lines at Saulsbury, Tenn. Our object was to get recruits and rations, which we did, and more, too. The enemy made sure they would bag Forrest. They swarmed thick and fast around us, and fighting was almost incessant. The old battalion and escort had to protect the long wagon train and unarmed men that we had gathered. Of course Morton's Battery assisted us ably when they could get there, but our movements were so rapid, and sometimes through byways, that it was impossible to have Morton every time we were attacked.

Allen fell seriously wounded at Lagrange, in a hand-to-hand fight with a full regiment, outnumbering us more than two to one; but, instead of their getting our wagons, we got theirs. By the

way, I note a little incident that happened at this fight. After the yankees had retired from the field, Forrest ordered me to pursue them with the battalion, which I did at a gallop. Coming to a short bend in the road on a hill, I saw the enemy formed in line of battle, evidently preparing to charge us. I caught Forrest by the shoulder, saying: "General, they have got us; they are going to charge!"

He checked his horse and asked: "How many men have you?"

My reply was, Not more than thirty; that the most of the men had stopped to pillage the yankee wagons.

His orders were: "Bring them into line at a gallop," which was instantly done.

By the time the lines were formed, he asked, in a loud voice, for a white handkerchief. A man answered from the ranks that he had one. Forrest then, in a loud voice, said to the man: "Put it on a stick and go down there and tell them yankees that if they do not surrender I will kill the last one of them."

The man started, and so did the yankees, on a perfect stampede. We actually caught some of them. Certainly no man but Forrest would ever have thought of playing such a trick on the enemy. We were at that time in their clutches, if they had but known it. A bold charge at the time by that yankee command would have captured Forrest. We could not possibly have escaped. But the charge was not made, and we rode away to fight them again at Moscow, where we forced our way through them and saved our recruits and supplies, taking all into Mississippi.

The old battalion was then consolidated with Jeff Forrest's Regiment. However, this did not last long. Shortly after this, near Como, Miss., the officers of the battalion were all placed under arrest, charged with mutiny. General Forrest was absent at Mobile at the time. Still, his act was the cause of the trouble. Just before his departure for Mobile he sent a supernumerary officer to take command of us (Allen, our senior captain, being at the time absent and wounded). We felt it our duty to contend for the rights of our wounded brother officer; hence the arrest for mutiny. But when Forrest returned he gave us what we asked for, Philip T. Allen, Major, commanding, and were ready for battle again.

Soon after this Col. D. C. Kelley came back to us, and new companies were added, and it was a full regiment again. We then went with McCulloch's Brigade to Montevallo, Ala., but were ordered back immediately to take part in the Cross Roads fight. Col. Kelley, with part of the regiment, was in the battle. We reached Mississippi, in time for the fight at Harrisburg. In this battle your scribe got a wound that laid him on the shelf for several months. After this, and before I had rejoined them, the old boys turned up in Memphis one morning. When I found them again they were on the Tennessee river, near Paris Landing.

A few days after I got there we had a fight with some gunboats. I must here tell the part that we took in that novel affair. While the regiment was under the bank fighting the gunboat, there was a steamboat run within range of our guns, having on her some yankees, and she was forced to surrender. I was ordered by Colonel Kelley to take charge of the boat and run her to a landing. On reaching the landing Colonel Kelley came aboard and told me Forrest's orders were that we run the steamboat across the river and bring him that gunboat, and he asked me what I thought of it. I told him I thought it "mighty ticklish" business, that the old regiment could fight on land, but we were inexperienced in naval matters, though if the "old Tycoon" said so we would have to turn mariners and try it. So Company C, with D. C. Kelley as admiral (I reckon) left our moorings and started out on our first naval expedition, and I really thought it would be our last. Col. Kelley stood in the pilot house with a cocked pistol to direct the yankee pilot. Lieut. Jim Sutherland, with pistol in hand, stood by the engineer. I was ordered to keep the men on the alert. I knew that one broadside from the gunboat would have sent the admiral and Company C to the bottom of the river, but the thing turned out differently than any sane man would have expected. The yanks ran the bow of their boat into the bank and deserted her without shutting off steam or taking anything with them, not even their dead and wounded. They also left us a splendid dinner, cooked and on the table.

We attacked the gunboat by a hawser to the transport and turned it across the river. We now had a fleet of two transports and a gunboat. They were placed in charge of an old steamboat captain and ordered to accompany the expedition to Johnsonville, but when unprotected by our guns en route, an attack was made by an overwhelming Federal fleet, and we lost our capture. I learn that Col. Kelley still has in his possession the side arms of the officer commanding on the captured boat. That officer, as he delivered the arms, said, "I surrender to the commander of the sharpshooters who made it impossible for me to handle my boat. I could otherwise have run the gauntlet of the artillery.

The next day, I think it was, the fleet was lost. From this place we went to Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river, and assisted in the destruction of a great many of the enemy's boats and large quantities of army stores. We then joined Hood at Florence, Ala., went on that campaign to Nashville and back to Mississippi, taking an active part in the battles fought on the trip from Mississippi to Alabama to look after General Wilson, but Forrest's ranks had become too thin to check such numbers as Wilson had. So the end came, but there were but few of the old regiment to surrender.

The large majority of those who started with Forrest from Memphis in the beginning were in their graves—yes, dead on the field of honor. The remnant left stacked their arms with sad hearts and wended their way to desolated homes. Since then the majority of that remnant has passed away, and it won't be long until all will "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Thank God, I have never met one of the regiment who had apology to make for the part he took in that war.

The next VETERAN will contain a sketch of Gen. Forrests gallantry towards non-combatants.

THE OLD WAR SONGS AND BALLADS.

Lucy McRae Walton, Vicksburg, Miss.:

Lillian Rozell Messenger begins her "Green Fields and Gray" with the quoted question: "Why are the songs and ballads once constantly sung by our Southern troops so seldom heard nowadays?" In the last early autumn I visited a little village of eight or ten families. My friend lived upon a hill at whose feet lay a lovely valley. In our Southern clime our evenings were spent on the broad verandas constructed for every passing breeze to refresh us, and thus this family gathered after tea for chat, and for song.

On a particular evening a banjo and two guitars were brought out, while a sweet mellow alto, two sopranos, and a round full baso formed our band. We sang the new songs and many of the old, when some one in the party said, "Do you all remember the old war song 'Maryland?'" My answer came with the chords of a sweet guitar, and out into the stillness of the quiet night our voices went forth in the song. Then sprang out of our childhood's memory the grand old song of "Dixie," after which followed the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and the "Homespun Dress," the music and words of which were as fresh as when my childish voice rose in song so many years ago. When we had finished we were all enthused with memories of the war, and those who were younger in our circle wanted to know this and that of the songs and the war.

The next morning those of the older villagers told us the ballads wafted across the valley were clearly and distinctly heard and, opening their windows, they listened with sadness and tears to the songs sung over the grave of our dear dead Confederacy. It would not do for us to sing those songs now as we did then; hearts would be too sadly reminded of dear ones gone, and of a past so sacred to every Southerner. We should, however, never forget to teach these songs to our children. Let them understand, even in song, our cause. To me the Southern songs of our great war are the sweetest I ever heard. I learned to love them as a child and I will love them until I die. In answer to the opening question I reply: It is for the South's good, in many respects, that we do not sing the songs that were sung by our boys in gray. They are sacred.

J. Mont Wilson, Springfield, Mo., January, 1895:

We are just starting the "ball in motion," in connection with the Daughters of the Confederacy, to try to build a $5,000 monument to the Confederate dead in our Springfield cemetery. It being the only one in the State, we hope to succeed by the close of the year. There are some six or eight hundred dead, gathered from all over southwest Missouri, and including comrades from other Missouri sections, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, and Indian Territory. * * *

We are going to have a short sketch of the services of every member of our Camp placed on file. We think this will be interesting to each living comrade, and valuable, possibly, to our children after we answer to "the last roll call."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

FRED S. FERGUSON, Maj. Gen., Birmingham.

HARVEY E. JONES, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Montgomery.

JAMES M. WILLIAMS, Brig. Gen. First Brig. Mobile.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Brig. Gen. Second Brig. Huntsville.

The Division has 88 Camps and a membership approximating 10,000 men.

The First Brigade is composed of Camps located in the following counties: Choctaw, Marengo, Perry, Chilton, Coosa, Tallapoosa, Chambers, Lee, Elmore, Autauga, Dallas, Wilcox, Clarke, Washington, Monroe, Conecuh, Lowndes, Butler, Montgomery, Macon, Russell, Bullock, Barbour, Pike, Crenshaw, Henry, Dale, Geneva, Coffee, Covington, Escambia, Baldwin and Mobile.

The Second Brigade is composed of Camps located in the remaining counties of the State, so the two brigades cover about an equal area of the territory and have about an equal number of Camps.

REV. JAMES O. ANDREW, the Chaplain of the Division, has been appointed Historian. His address is Greensborough, Ala., and it is earnestly hoped that all comrades will give him the greatest aid possible in the prosecution of his work.

Arrangements are being made to transport the Division, as a body, to Houston, and it is believed that at least 500 men will go.

The VETERAN is the official organ of the Division and every Camp composing it.

AN OLD MAN IN NEED AT CINCINNATI.

An appeal has been received in behalf of Samuel P. Thomas, of Cincinnati, Ohio, living at 42 Elder street. It is stated that Mr. Thomas gave over $100,000 to the cause of the South during the war.

His bountiful hand was extended to them in the way of giving food, shelter and clothing. Besides, he gave them money to defray expenses, took them across the lines and sent them on their way rejoicing. He presented to Gen. John Morgan the beautiful suit of clothes that he wore on that memorable night when he made his escape from the Ohio penitentiary. He was arrested and indicted for assisting Gen. Morgan to escape, and it cost him $2,700 to have the indictment nolle prossed. This fact is shown by the record in the United States Courts of Cincinnati. Mr. Thomas is to-day without food or proper clothing to keep him warm."

The foregoing statements were sent to the postmaster at Cincinnati, and he replied February 9, '95:

"Mr. Thomas is in needy circumstances, and it is my belief that his statements (as indicated in your letter) are true. There is no doubt of Mr. Thomas' merit to consideration."

J. A. Wheeler, Salado, Texas: I should like to know the names of the ladies of Nashville, Tenn., who presented the large, beautiful silk flag to the Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment at Camp Trousdale in the fall of 1861.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Office: 208 North College Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

CONTINUE ZEALOUS FOR THE VETERAN.

For two years the founder of the Veteran worked with perpetual zeal, but in almost death agony at times, lest comrades and friends place not the rocks under his feet, as he could not afford to step amiss. Happily, a new arrangement relieved him of that dread, but the responsibility, incurred by the pronounced indorsement of nearly all the Confederate Veterans living, inspires him afresh to greatest endeavor. The Veteran has had beautiful growth. In two and a quarter years, beginning with nothing, the demand for 12,000 copies is gratifying; but why halt with that number? There ought to be one hundred thousand instead, and there might be during this year.—It is not that 100,000 Confederates will ever be gathered together on the earth, but their children and broad-minded patriots of the other side would easily make it that if they knew its merits.

In peace of conscience that comes through success already attained, gratitude is keenest to the poor man who fought the war through in the ranks, and now makes much sacrifice to secure the dollar each year to sustain it, and who, though he may not write a line of proper English, sends his reminiscences as the only press contribution of his life in the confidence that facts will be creditably presented, but with the deference to say, "Put in the waste-basket if you think best." Such communications are never destroyed. There is no other misfortune about the Veteran so great as that valuable contributions have to be held over so long. The best possible is being done to distribute space fairly between individuals and sections.

The Veteran is sent to many people with the wish that they investigate its merits and act as they think right in patronizing and commending it. Friends who are zealous for it and who are unable to pay the subscription can almost invariably induce others to take it, and thereby secure its continuance to themselves. All that is possible will be done to continue the Veteran to the homes of the faithful who are depressed by misfortune.

Enthusiastic patrons often fail to commend it to their nearest neighbors, across the street or on the next farm; but, do the clever thing to, put it up carefully and send to other States and countries. Don't fail to consider the neighbors, and if they want to borrow, write this office and specimen copies will be sent to them. Do improve the auspicious opportunity to establish on firmer and firmer basis the official organ of nearly every Confederate Camp and Bivouac in existence.

The Veteran has had faults and made mistakes all the while, but its motives and loyalty to the highest principles of life have never varied. It has been courageous and heroic in vindication of truth, softened and strengthened by memories of the hundreds of thousands who went down to death with approving consciences. By these sacred memories, which are as hopes for the future, let us all press onward and still onward, until even our enemies will be convinced that our motives were, and are, exactly such as make the Christian tread through fire, in the faith that across the river we all may indeed "rest under the shade of the trees."

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* Just as the foregoing article is completed, elegantly prepared resolutions from the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New York, are received in which it is stated that this "worthy exponent and mouthpiece, representing the events, both great and small, in which we staked our lives and fortunes, be subscribed for and kept on file, and, if agreeable to the owner, be hereafter considered the official journal of this Camp." Commander Col. A. G. Dickinson called attention to the publication, the resolutions were offered by Past Commander Col. Robt. Alex. Chisholm, and the report signed by Maj. Edward Owen, secretary.

This new outfit of type, bought especially for the Veteran, will appear all the better next month when printed on the fine new press now en route from the foundry.

Maj. J. A. Cheatham, living near Memphis, brother of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, whose memory is recalled by his soldiers in the great war with unfailing admiration and affection, wishes to procure, if possible, a report of the General's talk or address to his command at High Point, just before the surrender. It was an occasion when the men were very unhappy, and they had appealed to him for such knowledge as he could give them of the situation. After the war, when General Cheatham was a candidate to represent his State (Tennessee), at large in Congress, some account of this address was published, but an imperfect one. It was one of the most pathetic events in the career of "Mars Frank" as a Confederate Commander. Who can supply the substance, if not the exact words of that address?

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

The coming reunion at Shiloh, April 5th and 6th, in which Veterans of both armies are to meet together is made the occasion for the review of the career of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. His death occurred so early in the war, and the tragic event was followed so closely by thrilling and awful events, that attention was diverted largely from that homage which a grateful people would have paid to him. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, and a score of grand heroic commanders recur when Confederate generals are recalled, and that of Albert Sidney Johnston is grouped with them, but his eminence is scarcely imagined by the average reader.

Such an association would be an honor to any man, but it will be helpful to us to review his career. It is not practicable to review his life carefully now, but some of his characteristics are given.



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.
(From the only photograph in possession of his son, Col. Wm. Preston.)

He was born in Mason county, Kentucky, Feb. 2, 1803, and was youngest son of Dr. John Johnston, with honored antecedents for generations preceding. His entire life was occupied in faithfulness to duty, and he never would accept promotion that was not earned. Gen. Winfield Scott offered him when a very young man an important position on his staff, which he declined. On going to the Republic of Texas, he carried letters and a reputation that would have given him leadership at once, but he entered the army as a private soldier in the ranks, and rose rapidly to the head of the army.

When the great commotion between the North and South occurred he sent in his resignation to the President, but before it was received and acted upon he was superceded, as if the Department at Washington suspected treachery. This caused the most aggravating experience of his life. He was incapable of dishonor in any sense.

To that time he had not decided upon his course. Soon afterward he started on the perilous journey across the desert under a July sun. Writing to his wife soon after starting to join the Confederates, he stated: "Can I better testify my love for you and my children than by this journey? Love and hope cheer me on to discharge a great duty."

In crossing the desert, one of the men in charge of a pack horse was left behind in a famishing condition, and when Maj. Ridley, in charge of the party, was urging one of the others to return to him with some water, there arose a spirited controversy through his protest, and when Gen. Johnston learned of the circumstances, he pleaded for the young man so adverse to going, and offered to do so himself. "This aroused the pride of a dozen, and a messenger was soon galloping away with water."

A general burst of relief and joy throughout the South greeted Gen. Johnston's safe arrival.

When he arrived at Richmond, President Davis was sick in bed and did not know of his arrival, but on hearing his approach, said, "That is Sidney Johnston's step. Bring him in." At another time, afterwards, he said, "I hoped and expected that I had others who would prove good generals, but I knew I had *one* in Sidney Johnston."

The relations between Gen. Johnston and President Davis were ever most intimate. When the latter was Secretary of War, the Second Cavalry was organized, with Albert Sidney Johnston as Colonel; Robert E. Lee, Lieut. Colonel; Wm. J. Hardee, and Geo. H. Thomas were made Majors. That regiment furnished the following Generals to the Confederate Army: Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby-Smith, N. G. Evans, John B. Hood, Chas. W. Field, J. R. Chambliss, and C. W. Phifer, while Thomas, Palmer, Stoneman, R. W. Johnson, R. Garrard, and other members of it became Federal Generals.

In the Confederate Army Albert Sidney Johnston was made General of first rank in the field. The Adjutant General, S. Cooper only ranking him. Lee, J. E. Johnston, and Beauregard were the other three full Generals in the beginning. It is mentioned that Joseph E. Johnston contended for first place in order of rank in contrast with the fact that Albert Sidney never did, in many conversations with the President, refer to the subject of his rank.

On the 14th of September, '61, Gen. Johnston was in Nashville, Tenn., when an immense multitude gathered about the precincts of the Capitol and he was compelled to show himself to the excited concourse, and to make a brief response to their words of welcome. That was the last time his son, Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, "who was regarded as a member of the President's family," ever saw him. He had not seen him before for several years.

Gen. Johnston wrote of Bishop Polk as a soldier, that "as a priest he ever remembered he was a gentleman and a soldier of Christ," and that "as a soldier, he was first of all a Christian." On a visit to Europe, on one occasion, the Bishop procured a beautiful onyx cameo—the head of Washington, and in giving it to Gen. Johnston, stated that he had never known one whose character represented so closely in all respects that of Washington.



CHURCH OF SHILOH DURING THE BATTLE.

(This is the original Shiloh Church, and doubtless the only picture of it in existence. Col. W. W. Ferguson, an engineer for Johnston's army, happened to prepare it for his sketch book and kept it all the succeeding years and gave it to the VETERAN. At General Johnston's headquarters in Bowling Green in January, 1862, he was studying a map made by his engineer, who had returned from a survey of the Tennessee River as far up as Florence, Ala., when he put his finger on the spot marked "Shiloh Church" and quietly but impressively said, "*Here the great battle of the Southwest will be fought.*" This circumstance was published by Col. Frank Schaller of the Twenty-Second Mississippi Regiment, soon afterward, and verified in a letter from Richmond, Va.)

Mr. Davis, mentioned him as, "that truly great and good man," and while on his sick bed, and in the last dictation he ever gave for history, he said: "I have not told what I wished to of my classmates Sidney Johnston and Polk. I have much to say of them." Their intimacy was close from boyhood through their honored and eventful lives.

President Davis was extremely gratified in having Gen. Johnston take charge of the Western Department, and he sought to help him all that was possible. Circumstances concerning the neutrality enactments of Kentucky worried Gen. Johnston deeply. In a letter to President Davis, September 16, 1861, commenting on the demand by the Governor that Confederate forces be withdrawn from that State, he wrote: "The troops will not be withdrawn." A few days later, however, Gen. Johnston issued a proclamation in which he expressed high consideration for the rights of the State of Kentucky, and agreed to remove all of his troops from Kentucky if the United States would do likewise. Gen. Johnston was disappointed in the public sentiment which he found among that people, and said to Col. Munford, who reports it in an historic address, "They are not up to a revolutionary point," and when the suspicion of his doubt about our success was intimated, he said, after meditation: "If the South wishes to be free, she can be free." His faith in our ability to succeed seemed to be as firm as was that of the President, but he expected a "seven years' war."

Gen. Johnston did all that was possible to secure men and arms in his great emergency. January 5, 1862, he sent Col. Liddell from Bowling Green, Ky., to Richmond with an appeal, in which he stated that he did not ask as large a force as the enemy had marshaled, but that it be raised, if possible, from 23,000 to 50,000, while, from reliable data, the enemy had 80,000 men.

In the midst of excitement, when Kentucky "neutrality" was being disregarded, many prominent citizens got notice in time to escape arrest. Of the number, Hon. John C. Breckinridge, after getting to Bowling Green, published an address which he concluded in the following:

"To defend your birthright and mine, which is more precious than domestic ease, or property, or life, I exchanged with proud satisfaction a term of six years in the United States Senate for the musket of a soldier."

Gen. Breckinridge went, after this, to Richmond "to get his musket," Gen. Johnston set a high value upon his talents and prestige.

Gen. Johnston was disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm by the people of his native State upon



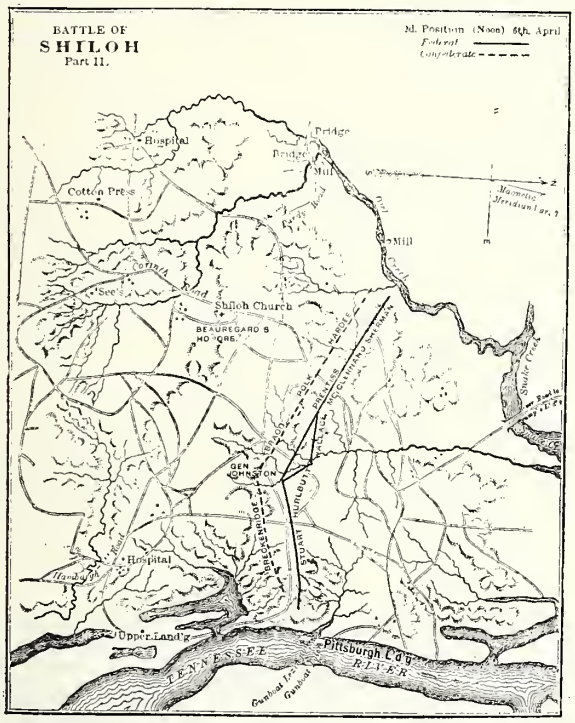
SHILOH SPRING NEAR THE CHURCH.

Confederate occupation of their territory. In a letter to Gen. Cooper, Secretary of War, Oct. 22, '61, he says, "I shall, however, still hope that the love

and spirit of liberty are not yet extinct in Kentucky."

Gen. Sherman in his memoirs concerning the campaign in Kentucky, said, "* * * all the time expecting Sidney Johnston, who was a real General, and who had as correct information as I had, to unite his forces with Zollicoffer," etc.

Although not at the head of the Confederate Government, Gen. Johnston, having charge of the great West, and aware of the tremendous concentration of an army to invade the territory, with all of its demoralizing and otherwise disastrous effects, implored the Governors to raise men and secure all the private arms possible and send to him. The agony of spirit that he suffered must have been without parallel. It was very similar to that which prevailed with President Davis at the close. In the history of the human race there is hardly a life more intensely absorbed in issues involving not only billions of treasure, but the heart yearnings of millions of people. The tribute paid him on the title page of this VETERAN is richly merited. The complete story of his life, save that last tragedy, is overwhelming, and it excites profoundest gratitude that the South in its struggle for separation possessed such a character among its leaders. And while it will be impossible to give a story at all adequate in one number, the VETERAN will, from time to time, give inspiration by sketches from his remarkable career. It has been remiss heretofore in this duty.



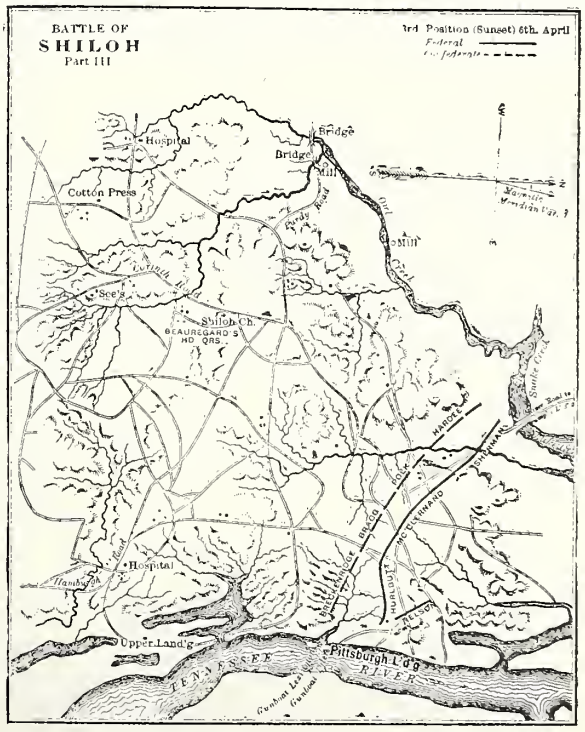
POSITION OF THE ARMIES AT NOON APRIL 6th.

He had able conceptions from the beginning. At El Paso, Texas, Gen. Johnston, Maj. Armistead, and others were discussing the situation, and some one remarked, "The yankee won't stand still," when this prophetic assertion was made by the General: "* * * If we are to be successful, what we have to do must be done quickly. The longer we have them to fight, the more difficult they will be to defeat."

A Tennessee politician called on Gen. Johnston, urging that he make a contract with a Nashville concern to manufacture spears and bill-hooks or sickle-heads, and pressed him for an opinion of the "plan." The General answered, "What do you think the Federal horsemen would be doing with their revolvers while our spear-men would be trying to cut their bridle reins?"

In many thrilling stories by those who fought for the Union, this is from Gen. Joseph Hooker, "Fighting Joe," of the Federal Army, in a letter of June 3, 1875. In connection with the battle of Monterey, Mexico, he had much to say, concluding the letter as follows: It was through this agency, mainly, that our division was saved from a cruel slaughter. * * * His coolness and magnificent presence displayed on this field, brief as it was, left an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten. They prepared me for the stirring accounts related to me by his companions on the Utah campaign, and for his almost God-like deeds on the field on which he fell at Shiloh.

When the crisis came at Shiloh, Gen. Johnston planned well, but failure to execute his orders on Friday and Saturday seemed disastrous before the battle, and it tended to increased opposition by Gen. Beauregard to the undertaking, but Johnston, seeking in every way to secure co-operation in spirit, declared that he "would fight them if there were a million." Opportunities could never be better. Notwithstanding delays the enemy was surprised and so routed that there was hardly a doubt but that Johnston would have captured the entire army of Grant before Buell's forces arrived, if he had lived.



POSITION AT SUNSET APRIL 6th OF THE TWO ARMIES.

Dr. J. W. McMurray, of Nashville, who served in the Twentieth Tennessee, has given some interesting reminiscenses and official statistics of the battle.

Gen. Johnston's army was at Corinth April 3, 1862. It lay along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, mainly at Corinth, Burnsville, and Iuka.



PITTSBURG LANDING FROM NATIONAL CEMETERY.

On that day the effective force of this army was 40,335. Gen. Grant's command (Army of the Tennessee) lay along the west bank of the Tennessee river. It also occupied three points on the river. At East Port, about eight miles from Iuka—nearest point to the Memphis and Charleston Railroad—there was a small force. Farther down the river (which runs north here), about ten miles, is Pittsburg Landing, where Gen. Grant had the largest part of his army, while five miles still farther down, at Crump's Landing, he had about 8,000 men under Gen. Lew Wallace. Pittsburg Landing is about eighteen miles from Burnsville and twenty-two miles from Corinth. On April 5th, the day before the battle, Grant had 44,895 soldiers for duty. The bulk of these were camped at Pittsburg Landing between Snake and Owl Creeks on the north and Lick Creek on the south.

The Army of the Ohio, 25,000 strong, was under Maj. Gen. Buell, making forced marches to join Gen. Grant. Gen. A. S. Johnston decided to give battle before they could unite, so his army was drawn up in line on April 3d, and the following battle order was read to each command:

"Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi: I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and discipline and valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory, over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate you and to despoil you of your liberties, your property, and your honor. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children, on the result; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, and the happy homes that would be desolated by your defeat.

"The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you; you are expected to show yourselves worthy of your lineage, worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded at any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your generals will lead you confidently to combat assured of success."

Here Gen. Johnston formed his army into four corps in the following order: First Corps commanded by Gen. Leonidas Polk, 9,136 strong; Second, by Gen. Braxton Bragg, 13,589; Third, Gen. W. J. Hardee, 6,789; and the Fourth, which was the reserve corps, was commanded by that grand statesman and soldier, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, 6,439 strong.

The Third Corps under Hardee marched out from Corinth first, on the ridge road as far as the Bark road, and bivouacked near the Michey House at the intersection of the road from Monterey to Savannah. The First of Polk's Corps moved out the ridge road half an hour after the rear of Hardee's Corps passed through Corinth, and bivouacked at night in the rear of that Corps, near the Michey House. The Third Corps under Bragg, its right wing resting on Monterey, moved along the road that leads from Monterey to Savannah, and was ordered to be in the vicinity of the Michey House by sunset. The left wing was to move at the same time along the road that leads from Monterey to Purdy, and bivouacked that night near the intersection of that road



WHERE GEN. PRENTISS SURRENDERED TO GEN. WHEELER

with the Bark road. The Fourth or reserve Corps concentrated by way of Farmington, by the shortest and best route, on Monterey as soon as the rear of the Second Corps moved out of that place. They were on the edge of the battlefield on Saturday night, April 5th, and during the night the battle order was formed in this manner:

Hardee's Corps was the front line; Bragg, with his heavy Corps of over 13,000, formed the second line; and Polk, with his Corps, formed the third line; and Breckinridge, with the Fourth Corps, formed the right wing of the third line, reaching around toward Lick Creek. Maps two and three show the succeeding positions of both armies.

"Gen. Johnston rode out in front, and slowly down the line. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup, the memorial of an incident which had occurred earlier in the day. As they were passing through a captured camp, an officer had brought from a tent a number of valuable articles, calling Gen. Johnston's attention to them. He answered, with some sternness: 'None of that, sir; we are not here for plunder!' and then, as if regretting the sharpness of the rebuke, for the anger of the just cuts deep, he added, taking this little tin cup, 'Let this be my share of the spoils to-day.' It was this plaything, which, holding it between two fingers, he employed more effectively in his natural and simple gesticulation than most men could have used a sword. His presence was full of inspiration. Many men of rank have told the writer that they never saw Gen. Johnston's equal in battle in this respect. He sat his beautiful thoroughbred bay, 'Fire-eater' with easy command—like a statue of victory. His voice was persuasive, encouraging, and compelling. It was inviting men to death, but they obeyed it. But, most of all, it was the light in his gray eye, and his splendid presence, full of the joy of combat, that wrought upon them. His words were few.

To Gen. Randal L. Gibson, Gen. Johnston said: "I hope you will get through safely to-day, but we must win a victory." To Col. John S. Marmaduke, he said: "My son, we must this day conquer or perish." To an Arkansas Regiment, he said: "To-day you will wield a nobler weapon than the Bowie knife—the bayonet. Employ it well. Men! they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet.' When he reached the center of the line he turned. 'I will lead you!' he cried, and moved toward the enemy. The line was already thrilling and trembling with that tremendous and irresistible ardor which in battle decides the the day. Those nearest to him, as if drawn to him by some overmastering magnetic force, rushed forward around him with a mighty shout. The rest of the line took it up and echoed it with a wild yell of defiance and desperate purpose and moved forward at a charge with rapid and resistless step.



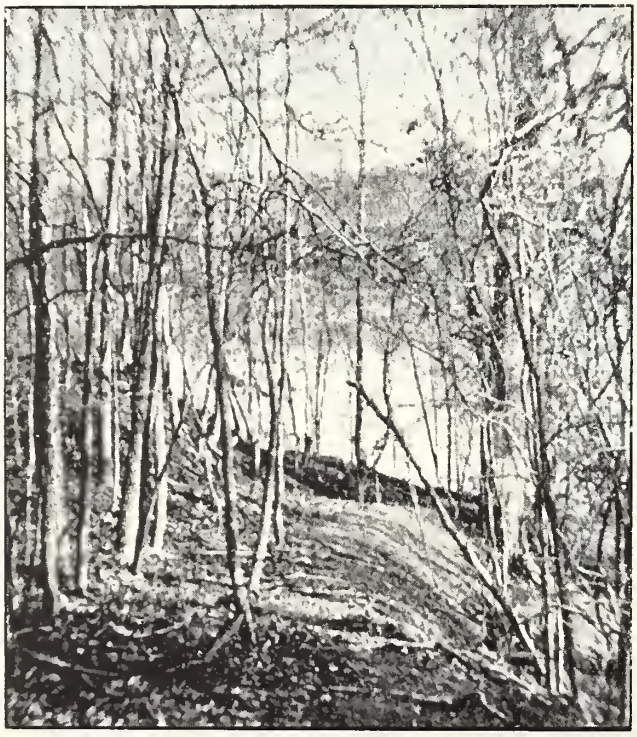
These pictures represent the place, as near as is known, where Gen. Johnston was wounded—where the man stands, Mrs. Perry Cantrell, who planted the evergreen tree at the place where he died, and its surroundings. It is not the identical tree planted by Mrs. Cantrell, but that one having died, another was substituted at the suggestion and request of her husband, who had sold the realty. Mrs. Cantrell was Miss Nancy Cunningham, and her family were ever true to the cause espoused by him.



WHERE GEN. JOHNSTON WAS WOUNDED AND DIED.—THE LADY WHO PERPETUATES HIS HONORED MEMORY.

In the fury of the great battle, Gen. Breckinridge galloped up to General Johnston to say that a Tennessee regiment failed of its duty. Gov. Harris, who heard the remark, said energetically, "Show me that regiment," and Johnston suggested that he go to it. Gen. Breckinridge said, "after some effort," that he feared the brigade would not make the charge, when Gen. Johnston said cheerfully, "Oh, yes! General; I think they will." Breckinridge, with an emotion unusual to his controlled and equable temper, told him he had tried and failed. "Then, I will help you," said Gen. Johnston, "we can get them to make the charge." Turning to Gov. Harris, who had come back to report that the Tennessee regiment was in line, he requested him to return to, and encourage this regiment, then some distance to his right, but under his eye, and to aid in getting them to charge. Harris galloped to the right, and, breaking in among the soldiers with a sharp harangue, dismounted and led them on foot, pistol in hand, up to their alignment, and in the charge when it was made.

[This last paragraph reads strangely about Tennessee Confederate Soldiers, but it is from honored record. They must have known they were in greatest peril, for braver men never honored any State more than did the Tennesseans.—Ed.]



ROAD FOR BUELL'S ARMY ABOVE PITTSBURG LANDING.
[This road cut for Gen. Buell's army is given specially to show the growth of trees. The larger ones on the left have grown up in the road way.]

A sheet of flame burst from the Federal stronghold, and blazed along the crest of the ridge. There was a roar of cannon and musketry; a storm of leaden and iron hail. The Confederate line withered, and the dead and dying strewed the dark valley. But there was not an instant's pause. Right up the steep they went. The crest was gained. The enemy were in flight, a few scattering shots replying to the ringing cheers of the victorious Confederates.

"Gen. Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His noble horse was shot in four places, his clothes were pierced by missiles, his boot sole was cut and torn by a minie; but if he himself had received any severe wound he did not know it. At this moment Governor Harris rode up from the right, elated with his own success and with the vindication of his Tennesseans. After a few words, Gen. Johnston sent him with an order to Col. Statham, Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, which, having delivered, he speedily returned. In the meantime, knots and groups of Federal soldiers kept up an angry discharge of firearms as they retreated upon their supports, and their last line, now yielding, delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. By the chance of war, a minie-ball from one of these did its fatal work. As Gen. Johnston, on horseback, sat there, knowing that he had crushed the arch which had so long resisted the pressure of his forces, and waiting until they should collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came in the moment of victory and triumph from a flying foe. It smote him at the very instant when he felt the full assurance that the day was won; that his own conduct and wisdom were justified by results, and that he held in his hand the fortunes of war and the success of the Confederate cause. If this was not to be, he fell as he would have wished to fall, and with a happier fate than those who lived to witness the overthrow and ruin of their great cause. He had often expressed to the writer (his son) a preference for this death of a soldier. It came sudden and painless. But he had so lived as to neither fear nor shun it. It came to him like an incident of an immortal life—its necessary part, but not its close."

When Gov. Harris returned to Gen. Johnston he was horrified to see the great man dying in his saddle. He got hold of and eased him to the ground. These last moments may be referred to again.

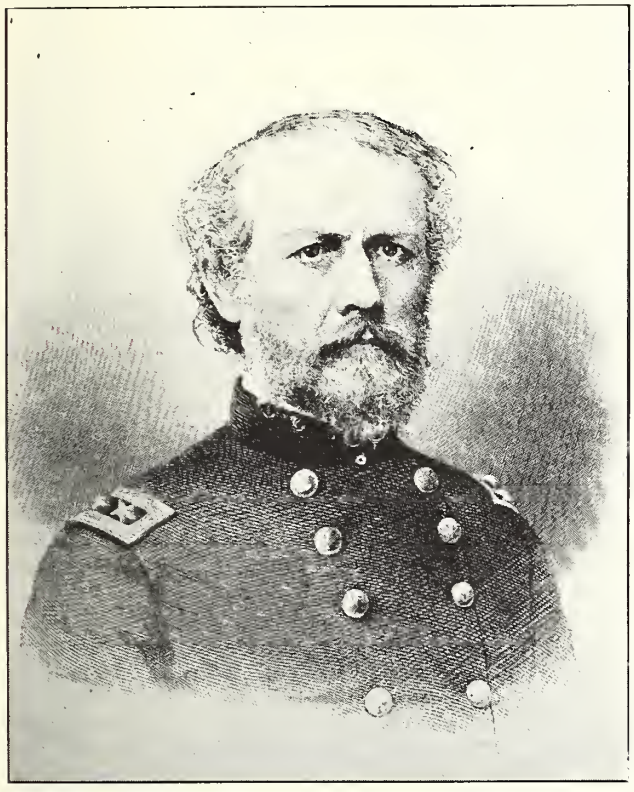
Prentiss' Brigade, which was captured at Shiloh, comprised the twenty-first and twenty-fifth Missouri, sixteenth Wisconsin, and twelfth Michigan.

The Federal army hardly fought better in the great war than at Shiloh. It was composed mainly of volunteers. On the Southern side, Tennessee had the largest number, twenty-five infantry regiments, six battalions, and three cavalry regiments. Gen. Grant's army had twenty-seven regiments from Illinois. The ground was contested bitterly at every point. Gen. Grant's surprise, in so far as it was such, came of not realizing the desperate resolve of Gen. Johnston.

A letter was sent recently to Gen. Buell for information in regard to the cut road in picture, as is herewith published, and to request his picture for the Veteran. He replied as follows: "My first division to arrive at Shiloh, Wilson's, ascended the bluff a little above Pittsburg Landing. The other division arrived when I was not at the river, and I do not remember any particulars of their landing.

I have not had a picture of myself taken in more than thirty years. But I send you an engraving made from the latest photograph many years ago by

some Philadelphia Publishing House. I do not write reminiscences, and I should have little to tell you about myself. I shall probably be at the Shiloh Reunion, and shall be happy to meet you there."



MAJ.-GEN. DON CARLOS BUELL.

Gen. Buell was kind enough to add the following: "I have a pleasant recollection of our trip together from West Point to New York fifteen years ago." The remainder of his letter is in a comment upon the address of Hon. Jos. B. Cummings from December VETERAN. See it in the following article:

COMMENT ON MR. CUMMINGS' ADDRESS.

Mr. George R. Wendling, of Washington, D. C., the eminent orator and lecturer, writes of the response to New England Society of Charleston, S. C., by Hon. Jos. B. Cummings, of Augusta, Ga., in the December VETERAN:

Mr. Cummings' speech is a noteworthy utterance. I have nowhere seen so captivating a presentation of those distinctive qualities which made the "Old South" what it was. I do not know him, but from this single specimen I should pronounce the author of that speech one of our strongest men. It is an exceedingly subtle, but broad and comprehensive, piece of work. The undertone of sadness and exquisite pathos which runs through it, like the minor chords in a requiem, is so natural that one must sympathize with it. And yet I wonder that it does not occur to the gifted Cummings, and to many another southern orator, that while the war destroyed the "Old South" it destroyed old "New England" too. The Puritan has gone down into the same vortex with the Cavalier. The idols of both are broken, both are vanished quantities. In their stead stand America and Americans, and the keynote of such commanding utterances of the men like Cummings should be "Forward." Terrible problems confront us, but we can solve them. Let us only keep our eyes set to the horizon line and the stars above it, and repeat in clear and clearer tones, Forward! forward!

Mr. Wendling's tribute to the extraordinary address of Maj. Cummings is appreciated, and his motto is a good one, but we Confederate Veterans, even the youngest, are not in the spirit to rush in the "forward" movement. We may be expected in the procession, however, as earnest patriots as ever.

In a personal letter of recent date from his Kentucky home, Gen. Dr. C. Buell refers to this address of Mr. Cummings in December VETERAN, saying: It is admirable. It is ingenius and pathetic, but it is clearsighted and true.

ASSOCIATION ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

The Louisiana division of the above named Association, Camp No. 2, U. C. V., New Orleans, sends out the following names of officers and standing committees for the year 1895:

President, Wm. E. Huger; Vice Presidents, F. A. Monroe, Geo. S. Pettit, and Chas. Vanney; Recording Secretary, Nicholas Cuny; Financial Secretary, Jno. R. Juden; Corresponding Secretary, Matt D. Gardner; Treasurer, Chas. Santana; Physician, Dr. Y. R. Lemonnier; Chaplain, Rev. B. M. Palmer.

Executive Committee—Frank A. Monroe, Chairman; Jas. B. Rosser, Jr. (Son of C. V.), Secretary; Geo. S. Pettit, Jno. R. Juden, Chas. Vanney, Matt D. Gardner, Nicholas Cuny, Chas. Santana.

Tomb Fund Committee.—Geo. S. Pettit, Chairman; Geo. H. Lord, Joseph Vigo, Fendel Horn, C. L. de Fuentes.

Relief Committee.—Chas. Vanney, Chairman; Thos. G. Smith, First District; Bernard Tremoulet, Second District; Peter Elizardi, Third District; M. A. Alleyn, Fourth District; Louis A. Hymel, Fifth District; I. S. Richards, Sixth District.

Historical Committee.—Matt D. Gardner, Chairman; Gen'l Jno. Glynn, Jr., J. Ad. Chalaron, Douglas West, Jno. K. Renaud.

Finance Committee.—Jno. W. Noyes, Chairman; Scott McGehee, Joinville Bercegeay.

Investigating Committee.—Chas. A. Beck, Chairman; C. C. Zehler, Peter C. Gaffney, Ernest DeVerges, Jos. E. Manuel, Paul Haller, Wm. Walsh.

Regular monthly meetings are held the second Tuesday in each month, at Memorial Hall.

The National Daughters of the Confederacy are to have a called meeting March 30, 1895, in Frank Cheatham Bivouac Quarters, Nashville, Tenn., to amend constitution concerning eligibility of members, and to amend the section in constitution concerning the issuance of charters by local federations.

INTERESTING DATA FROM NEBRASKA.

Gen. Alex P. Stewart thoughtfully copies extracts from a letter to himself by G. H. Blakeslee, who was a member of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry. It was a private letter, but the General feels sure the writer would be willing to its publication. It is dated Lomax, Nebraska, Feb. 5th, 1895:

* * * And let me remark here, it seems the province of all our late opponents to place us of the "Blue" under friendly obligations; at least this has been my experience since 1865, in the kindly considerations received from one and all.

And thus far I have endeavored, as a very insignificant Federal soldier, in the after years, with pen and on the rostrum, to give my little talent towards healing the wounds of those long ago days. Although in '64 we went "marching through Georgia," to-day Georgia comes marching through us; for to-day there came a whole car of goods to our railroad station, Eddyville, right direct from Georgia, for the destitute and suffering here in this drouth-stricken country. * * * * *

And speaking of Gen. Polk, brings up vividly that affair at Pine Mountain.

My regiment was lying in close connection in support of Capt. Simonson's Fifth Indiana Battery. We were some 600 or 800 yards from the Confederate line. We had for some moments been watching a group of men, supposed to be officers evidently viewing our lines, when Gen. Sherman came along, and, noticing this group, ordered the battery to fire three shots and make them keep under cover. This was done, and after the second shot they kept out of sight. We shortly learned that Gen. Polk was killed.

A great many stories have been told of this, even that Sherman fired the shot and knew that it was Polk and his staff. This is not the fact. Sherman did not stop to even see the results of the firing, and no one knew that the group of Confederates was composed of officers of any grade.

* * * * *

Perhaps you have never realized, as we who met his command, that John B. Hood was the most desperate (leader) fighter in the Confederate Army, not even excepting the gallant Pat Cleburne, who drove his way through our serried lines and died a hero near the breastworks at Franklin. We realized what Hood was June 22d, when he came out and met us on the open at the Culp house; and on July 20th, along the ridges of Peach Tree creek. And if his opponents had been aught else than Americans, those lightning blows would have driven our command into the Chattahoochee."

J. E. Boyett, Chico, Texas, asks about two ladies who nursed him while wounded at Franklin during the war. (See January Veteran, page 15.) They were Misses Sallie Reams and Mollie Brown, mere girls attending school in Franklin. After the war they both married, lived a few years, and both of them died more than twenty years ago.

COL. TRAVIS' BAND AT THE ALAMO.

John S. Ford writes from San Antonio, February 7th, a denial of the statement as confined in the January Veteran, that Col. Travis proposed to surrender to Santa Anna, and states:

According to the opinion of the Texans from 1836 to the present time, and in fact, Col. Travis never made a proposition to surrender. His motto was, "victory or death." You will find in the little book sent you by Gen. Bee manifest evidence of the determination of Travis, and all of his men save Rose, to defend the fort of the Alamo to the last, or to die for liberty, and for Texas. Their heroism has never been excelled by soldiers of any age or any country. The Englishman, Mr. Nagle, who originated the monument of the Alamo, inscribed on the east front, "Thermopylæ had Her Messenger of Defeat, But the Alamo had None."

Col. Travis anticipated reinforcements, but owing to the trouble then existing between Gov. Smith and the members of the consultation deputed to assist him in the discharge of his duties, no help came. However, despite the unfavorable appearances, Col. Travis and all his men, save Rose, had formed the unchangeable resolution to offer up their lives for the cause of freedom and of Texas.

Gen. H. P. Bee writes on the same subject:

We old Texans are very much grieved that the Veteran should say: "Travis proposed to surrender to Santa Anna."

Neither Cos nor Castrillon knew Travis or Crockett, nor can anyone say how they died.

Gen. Bee is Secretary of the Alamo Monument Association. He is brother of Gen. Barnard E. Bee, who saw Jackson "standing like a Stonewall."

TRIBUTE TO COL. AND DR. HENRY SNOW.

The father of Dr. Henry Snow went from Roan County, Tenn., in 1833 to the Creek Nation. It included Calhoun County (Oxford), Ala., when Henry was but two years old. In his young manhood he studied medicine under J. Y. Nesbitt, and completed his course at Charleston, S. C. He entered the practice of physics in Texas. Dr. Snow was one of the very first to respond to the call of the South in '61, and he formed the first Texas Regiment of infantry—it was a part of J. B. Hood's Brigade. Dr. Snow was an active participant in the seven days' battles around Richmond, as First Lieutenant of his company. He received two wounds which disabled him for further field service. He returned to his childhood home near Oxford, Ala., respected by all for his devotion to principle. He died suddenly April 10th, '94. Unfortunately a tribute to Col. and Dr. Snow from Oxford, Ala., has long been delayed. These are extracts: At a public meeting, it was

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Snow we have lost a worthy comrade; one faithful in all the relations of a soldier, brave, loyal, generous and kind.

That a copy of these sketches and resolutions be sent to the Confederate Veteran.

Thomas J. Slaughter, D.D., E. Genatus Robertson, J. Timothy Pearce, Committee.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WILDERNESS.

MARCUS B. TONEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Wilderness is a peculiar country. It is slightly undulating, but nothing that side of the Rapidan attains the dignity of a hill. There was very little cleared land in 1864. Some sections were so thickly studded with pines that a man could not ride through them, and the scrub oaks were as thick. When I was there recently I found that in the thirty years the largest of the oaks had been cut into railroad crossties. Two roads lead from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg; one the plank road, the other of dirt. Their divergence extends about three miles. The Germania Ford road, leading from Culpeper C. H. to Fredericksburg, intersects the dirt road at Wilderness Farm, two and a half miles east of the Wilderness battle-ground. This is the road on which Gen. Grant's army reached the Wilderness, and I saw the little valley on the road, near which still stand the two oak trees under which Gen. Grant pitched his tent and had his headquarters during the battle. The hospital tent where Gen. Stonewall Jackson had his arm amputated, was about two hundred yards in the rear of that spot. About six hundred yards to the rear is the plank road near Parker's store, which was the right of Gen. Lee's army, and near by is Tapp's Old Field, where Gens. Longstreet and Warren were so hotly engaged on May 5th. A Virginia quartz stone, near the plank road, marks the spot where a Texas Ranger, of Gen. Longstreet's corps, caught Gen. Lee's horse by the bridle and bade him go to the rear.

In following the line of Gen. Grant's breastworks on the Brock road, I came to the old furnace road from Chancellorsville, which intersects it, and was the route Stonewall Jackson took to get in rear of the army at Chancellorsville. We left the Twenty-Third Georgia Regiment here to protect his flank, and they were captured. "Old Jack" had his men pile their knapsacks in the road, as he found they would impede them in the march and charge. This is about two and a half miles east of where Gen. Grant's headquarters were on May 5, '64. There is a monument at the spot where Gen. Jackson was mortally wounded in Chancellorsville fight. I stood with uncovered head at this sacred spot.

During the battle, just as our pickets were being driven in, Gen. Sedgewick charged us in three columns with the 146th N. Y. Zouaves, commanded by Maj. Gilbert, who was killed and his regiment nearly annihilated. A battery of our artillery had been placed on our right, near the edge of the field, and was charged with grape and cannister, and as fast as the front column was mowed down, another would take its place, but our scattered line could not stop the onslaught, and on they came to our line and soon we would all have been captured, but for the arrival of Gen. Gordon. When recruited, we charged the enemy across the field to the Wilderness on the other side. Near by Gen. Grant had his artillery on the old dirt road, and two pieces were on the left of the road in the excavation of an old gold mine.

In this engagement, my cousin, W. T. Norvell, was killed by my side, and my friend Robert Early, was also killed. Hon. John W. Daniel was severely wounded. I had been a schoolmate of Daniel and Early in Lynchburg, and spoke to both of them during the engagement. Our loss was very heavy, but Gen. Grant's was much larger, for his men were in three columns and exposed to the open field. Next morning over 1,100 of his army were dead.

On May 6th there was fighting on the extreme right and left, but it was quiet in front except now and then sharpshooters would fire at us from the trees. We expected an attack constantly, and were diligent in digging and throwing up breastworks. This "digging" was done with the bayonet, and the dirt thrown up with tin plates. In this section of the Wilderness is found quartz in large quantities, and before the war quite a number of gold mines were operated and much gold found, hence these pits.

The morning of the seventh dawned upon us and yet no attack. The 1,100 dead were still on the field near our lines, and we had to bury them. While doing so, our scouts reported that Gen. Grant was moving by our left flank toward Spottsylvania, and we had to drop our spades and move by right flank in order to intercept him. The distance to Spottsylvania C. H. was some sixteen miles. On the march, May 8th and 9th, we had many skirmishes, and on the evening of the 10th, Gen. Gordon was quite heavily engaged. We passed in his rear while the fight was going on and reached what was afterward the bloody angle on that night, May 10th. The night was dark, the woods were dense, and the angle, which was much in the shape of a horseshoe, was formed by our engineering corps voicing to one another. We did not sleep any that night, but worked like beavers with our bayonets and tin plates. By noon of the 11th our trenches were five and a half feet deep, with pine logs resting in front and on top of the embankment, with sufficient space to shoot through. There was a cold, drizzling rain all day of the 11th and through the night, and we were in these muddy trenches. The rain rendered many of the guns useless.

About daylight of May 12, 1865, while it was still raining, Gen. Hancock attacked us in two columns, and while my division (Gen. Ed. Johnson's) of 1,100 men was resisting the attack in front, Gen. T. F. Meagher, commanding an Irish brigade, broke on our left and took us in the rear, capturing our entire division. We jumped over the breastworks and went through the lines we had just been fighting, and I think there were about three guards to each prisoner. The boys wished to get out of the fracas, but when we reached a point about a mile in rear of Gen. Grant's army, the line was reorganized and the guard reduced to about one for three prisoners. I advised Gen. Johnson and Col. Norvell Cobbs to take off their rank and go with me in the prison as private soldiers, but they did not heed the advice, and were afterwads sent to Charleston under our fire and given a quart of meal a day. They marched us seventeen miles that day through the drizzle and mud. We met 25,000 fresh troops en route from Washington City

to reinforce Gen. Grant. They guyed us all day. "Hello, Johnny Rebs, you naked and starved traitors; we are going to send you up to Uncle Sam, so you can be clothed and fed."

On the march we heard the most terrific firing from musketry and cannon. From the bloody angle floated the stars and stripes, and then were twice replaced with the stars and bars. At nightfall Gen. Lee was in possession of the bloody angle, but at a great sacrifice. The trenches were piled to overflowing with the killed of both armies, and the dead were strewn thick all around. Some idea of the severity of the conflict may be gained from the stump of a hickory tree now at the Smithsonian Institute. It is about eighteen inches in diameter, and was cut down by minie balls. It hung a while by the bark and outer lining, till a stiff breeze toppled it over. Close by is a monument erected to Gen. Sedgewick near the spot he fell. After nearly thirty-one years the trenches are grown up with oak and pine, thirty to forty feet high. What a fearful campaign from the 5th of May to the 12th, when over 4,000 men fell, and in the seven days with nothing to eat but cornbread, and very little sleep! How changed was Palmer's Field! Where I saw the 1,100 dead, is now grown up a wilderness of pines, so dense the sun cannot penetrate.

Comrades everywhere and friends will sympathize with Dr. B. G. Slaughter and family, of Winchester, Tenn., in the tragic death of his daughter, Miss Ada, a popular and excellent teacher of Latin and Greek at Ward's Seminary, Nashville.

Miss Slaughter and Miss Hopkins, another teacher, were giving two of the young lady students a long promised drive in the Seminary phæton, and were going down a slope on Shelby Avenue, East Nashville, when by the displacement of a shaft bolt the horse became frightened, and in pulling him suddenly to one side, the vehicle was overturned and Miss Slaughter was almost instantly killed. She was perhaps the most distinguished female teacher of the languages in the country, and, though young, occupied exalted station as a teacher and disciplinarian.

As previously stated, binders for the VETERAN will be made and the order will be placed early in April. Will not all who wish one, or two, give notice promptly? It will be very helpful to know as definitely as practicable how many are wanted during the first ten days of April. Remittance may be made later, but give notice so the desired number may be ordered at one time.

An error occurs in the name of the regiment of which Col. E. T. Lee was a member, as stated in a sketch of him. It should be Forty-First Illinois. He reports letter from Senator Harris stating that he will be at Shiloh and deliver the welcome address.

The Commissioners for the Shiloh Battlefield Park are Gen. D. C. Buell, Col. R. F. Looney, and Cornelius Cadle, Col. Looney for the Confederates.

MEMPHIS TO HAVE A MILITARY DRILL.

Leading business men of Memphis expect to hold an Interstate Drill and Encampment, commencing Wednesday, May the 8th, and to continue six days. Twenty Thousand Dollars in prizes will be given for the best drilled and best disciplined companies; First prize for best Infantry Company, Army Regulation Tactics, $2,500; Second prize, $1,500, Third prize, $1,000. First prize best Cavalry Company, $1,500; best Artillery, $1,000; best Company Ex-Federal Soldiers, drilling Casey's Tactics, $1.-000; best Company of Confederate Veterans, drilling Hardee's Tactics, $1,000; best Company drilling Upton's Tactics, $1,000; and first prize for company that has not won a prize, $1,000; also for Maiden Companies which never participated in a competitive drill, $1,000; best Brass Band, $1,000; best Zouave Company, prize, $1,000. There will be awarded a second prize in each case amounting to not less than $500.

The gentlemen having the matter in hand are among the leading business and Military men of Memphis, and it is claimed that there can be no possible failure. An agreement has been signed by fifty of the most substantial men in Memphis guaranteeing the payment of all prizes. Official announcement will be sent all the Military in the country in a few days. Col. R. B. Snowden, having been elected President of the Drill Association, and in command of the Camp, will fill the position ably and satisfactorily to all parties. He will be appreciated by the old soldiers of both armies because he was himself a gallant soldier—Confederate—and he will be fully as acceptable to the young military, because he is strong, capable and represents the highest type of a Southern gentleman. General Snowden, it is understood, was the first man sworn into the Confederate service from Tennessee, as adjutant of the First Tennessee Regiment, by General Bushrod Johnson. He was distinguished as a soldier, and as colonel of a regiment twice was he complimented for bravery by his commanding general in general orders, which can be found in the war department records, and he received the most extravagant praise for the fight he made at Harrison's Landing. Such is the character of the man at the head of the great drill. The reunion feature of the drill, it is hoped, will call together thousands of old Confederate and Federal soldiers, and when they fall into line for the great sham battle, yankee and rebel side by side, and move to the attack on the young militia, it will be a grand sight.

Memphis invites everybody, and promises to make the occasion an object-lesson for the future.

It is understood that some of the prizes have been enlarged, that the first prize for Infantry is $3,000.

The favor of Col. Wm. Preston Johnston's life of his father, published by D. Appleton & Co., is acknowledged. It will have further notice hereafter.

HOME OF THE SPINDLE SOUTH.

In a careful article the New York Herald states that "the great cotton mills must go South:"

The remarkable movement of cotton mills from New England to the South, which has recently attracted so much attention, continues, and is likely to continue, until the cotton industries of the country center, as they should do, in the sunny home of the cotton plant.

On the 23d ult. the Herald reported the decision of two of the strongest cotton mill companies of Massachusetts to build two large factories in the South, each costing $500,000 or more. Last week, it was reported, three of the largest manufacturing corporations of Lowell, Mass., asked the Massachusetts Legislature to so amend their charters that they may do business in the South. The superior facilities in the cotton States for manufacturing cotton cloths, sheetings, baggings, drillings and coarse ginghams have become so apparent of late that the Fall River and other Northern centers of cotton manufacture are quite exercised about the changed situation. A Fall River telegram, to the Herald says:

Fall River mill men, who have been forced unwillingly to recognize the fact that the South has already become a factor of no mean importance in the manufacture of cotton cloth, are not disposed to look lightly at the prospects of keener competition in the future. In half a dozen years enough spindles have been placed in Southern mills to represent one sixth of the entire number of the country. Previous to the time mentioned the South contained but one fifteenth of the spindles of the United States.

During the last four years the number of Southern mills has increased from 250 to 400, and the capital invested from $61,000,000 to $97,000,000. No better evidence could be afforded of the fact that the cotton manufacturing interests of the North are destined to seek ere long the more congenial, more convenient and more economical field for their development in the country south of the Potomac.

The advantages of this transfer are obvious. In the first place the chief raw material used is more cheaply obtained by the Southern mill, and the saving in the cost of its transportation must always be a serious consideratien with the manufacturer. The bright Southern climate is much more favorable to the health of operatives than the rigorous climate of New England, Labor in the South is also more steady and cheaper than in the North. But there is still another and important consideration in favor of the South as the chief seat of our cotton manufactures, which seems to have been overlooked. The statistics of the Treasury Department show that seventy-three per cent of all cotton cloths, colored and uncolored, exported from the United States, go to countries situated south of the fortieth degree of north latitude, or to countries whose chief seaports are nearer Norfolk and Charleston than Boston. The development of our export trade in cotton piece goods must for many years be looked for chiefly in the markets of Mexico, Central and South America, the West Indies, Africa and China. And these foreign markets can be more easily reached from the seaports of the South than from any seaport of New England If American cottons are to compete in foreign markets with those of Europe they must utilize all these advantages.

Old England, by means of her free trade policy, is now enabled to import annually 1,700,000,000 pounds of cotton (mostly from the United States) out of which she manufactures yarns and piece goods of the value of $500,000,000. Of this total production of cotton goods she exports and sells annually in foreign markets an amount valued at about $325,000,000.

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TO THE SHILOH REUNION.

J. K. Barlow, President of the Tennessee River Packet Company writes that the steamer Cherry will go up from Johnsonville, connecting with the west bound train from Nashville, Thursday, April 4th, and that it will make trips daily between Pittsburg Landing and Perryville, the eastern terminus of the Tennessee Midland Railroad. Round trip from Johnsonville including meals en route, $4.00. It cannot feed or sleep passengers at Pittsburg Landing.

John E. Massengale, Traffic Manager of the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, writes that they will have a boat leave St. Louis Tuesday evening, April 2d, one from Paducah Wednesday evening, April 3d, which will leave Johnsonville Thursday morning, April 4th, after arrival of Nashville train, arrive at Pittsburg Landing Friday morning, and remain there two days. The prices for the round trip will be from St. Louis, $15.00; Paducah, $9.00; and Johnsonville, $7.00. This will include meals and berths, and staterooms as far as practicable after the ladies are supplied. These boats are to be the best in the line. The engagement is conditional to there being enough applicants to justify the trip. Send applications to secure service.

The Evansville line may have but one boat on the trip, the Nisbet, and it is expected to be loaded at Evansville.

We are doing quite an extensive photograph business here, and will be glad to send photograph of any scene in the cemetery or other places on the battlefield to any address in the United States. Prices from 25 to 40c. Address

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Income

Received for Premiums -	$36,123,163 82
From all other sources - -	11,897,706 12
	$48,020,869 94

Disbursements

To Policy-holders:	
For Claims by Death -	$11,929,794 94
" Endowments, Dividends &c.	9,159,462 14
For all other accounts - -	9,789,634 18
	$30,878,891 26

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities - - - -	$83,970,690 67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage - - - - -	71,339,415 92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,366,100 00
Real Estate - - - - -	21,691,733 39
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - -	9,655,198 91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums &c. - - -	6,615,645 07
	$204,638,783 96
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Company's Standard, American 4 per cent.	182,109,456 14
Surplus - - - -	$22,529,327 82

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	$750,290,677 97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31 1894	855,207,778 42

Increase in Total Income -	$6,067,724 26
Increase in Premium Income	2,528,825 84
Increase in Assets - - -	17,931,103 82
Increase in Surplus - - -	4,576,718 91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force - -	51,923,039 96

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE	General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD	2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL	Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK LL.D. F.I.A.	Actuary

BISCOE HINDMAN, General Agent
For Kentucky and Tennessee,
Louisville, Kentucky.

W. L. ARTAUR.....MANAGER,
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

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Want shipments of Eggs, and orders for best brands of Egg Cases, Egg Case Fillers and Coops. Prompt service. Mention the VETERAN.



AGENTS LADIES OR GENTS **$75 A WEEK,** At home, using or selling **Gray Plater,** or collecting goods for us to plate. We do all kinds of plating at our works, manufacture the materials and outfits, and **teach the art.** We sell the only complete outfit, including lathe, wheels, tools and materials for polishing, preparing, plating and finishing everything. Circulars and prices free. **Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 4, Columbus, Ohio.**

●—THE—●

Georgia Home Insurance Co.

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

Strongest and Largest Fire Insurance Company in the South.

Cash Assets over One Million Dollars.

Agents throughout the South, and the South only.

Patronize the Home Company [1-95-1y

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Artist Materials.

WARREN BROS.,

Nashville, Tenn.

E. C. ROBERTSON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

SOUTHERN LANDS.

NEAVE BUILDING,
CINCINNATI, O.

Correspondence Solicited.

Dr. Mattew Heery Kollock,

(Regular graduate and registered physician.)

Formerly Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy, afterwards Post Surgeon U. S. Army, and later Surgeon British Marine Service, with two years' experience as Physician at Hot Springs, Ark., will welcome the sick and afflicted at his offices, where consultation with one of the Most Successful Doctors of the present age is cordially invited. All will receive kind and honorable treatment, and permanent cures are guaranteed in every case undertaken.

Dr. Matthew Henry Kollock

TREATS SUCCESSFULLY

All CHRONIC and LONG-STANDING Diseases.

CATARRH Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Asthma, treated by latest hospital methods.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES Sores, Pimples, Scrofula, Tumors, Eczema, Ulcers, SYPHILIS, and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood, promptly and completely eradicated forever from the system, restoring health and purity.

KIDNEY AND URINARY Weak back, frequent and burning urine, diseases of the bladder of both sexes, promptly and safely cured.

LADIES will receive special and careful treatment for all their many ailments.

WRITE your troubles if living away from the city. You can be cured at home by correspondence. Absolute secrecy in all professional dealings, and medicines sent secure from observation. Testimonials of patients are never published. Bank references as to my responsibility cheerfully given. Address

DR. KOLLOCK,

613 Church St. NASHVILLE, TENN.

REUNION AT HOUSTON, TEXAS.

MAY 22ND. 1895.

Veterans who attend the Reunion at Houston, from Tennessee and Mississippi, should take the Ill. Central R. R to New Orleans, thence via Southern Pacific. ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS AT NEW ORLEANS, allowing a day at New Orleans if desired, going or returning. THIS IS THE QUICKEST LINE.

Camp No. 28, U. C. V., of Memphis, has invited all Delegates from Tennessee to meet at Memphis and go in a body to Houston. You can go via the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R. R., through the great Delta and Sugar regions if desired. ONE NIGHT AND A DAY ONLY FROM MEMPHIS. Arrangements are being made for special trains from Memphis going South via the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R. R.; and North via the ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.; thus giving a view of the historic ground on both lines.

Write for full information to

JAMES. DINKINS, D. P. A.,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Or F. B. BOWES, A. G. P. A.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ONCE A WEEK.

Ill health, physical or mental depression and despondency disappear like malarious mists before the rising day when one enjoys the invigorating and tonic effects of a sixty hour spin along the Great Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Railway through forest-lined bayous and sweeping Savannas of Louisiana, out into the broad expanse of Western flower-decked prairies of Texas, on the rising hills and lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre, and down the farther slope to

"Where in the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grow,"

and the mighty monarch of the day buries himself in the briny deep of the Pacific. "Sunset Limited," synopsis of the sun, the source of light, heat and all delights of flower and fruit of earth, is the most magnificent product of this magnificent road; being a solid vestibuled flyer, composed of the finest coaches of all varieties, running between the Gulf and Western Ocean. It leaves New Orleans every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. on and after Nov. 1, and reaches the Pacific at Los Angeles in 2½ days—3¼ days is its time to San Francisco. Returning, leaves San Francisco every Thursday. Speed, safety, scenic beauty, luxurious comfort—these are what are secured by intrusting yourself to the choicest hospitalities of this modern Phœbus.

For full particulars address S. F. B. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Co., New Orleans, La.



Ladies and Gentlemen:

If you would live to a ripe old age, and be healthy all the time, remember this fact: that

Hodge's Sarsaparilla

makes *pure red blood*, a *clear skin*, and gives you *perfect health*.

Write for article on the blood, and testimonials of cures.

HODGE'S SARSAPARILLA,

GREAT SOUTHERN BLOOD PURIFIER.

$1 Per Bottle.

For sale by all druggists, or delivered upon receipt of price.

SPURLOCK-NEAL CO.,
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...BARBER SHOP AND BATHROOMS...

:: C. BREYER, ::

Russian and Turkish Baths

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

No. 318 Church St. Nashville, Tenn.



"One Country, . . . One Flag."

The..... BEST PLACE to Purchase.....

Flags, Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps,

and all kinds of MILITARY EQUIPMENT is at

J. A. JOEL & CO.,

88 Nassau Street, - - - NEW YORK.

"We would like to see the U. S. flag in every C. V. Camp room, and carried by them when on parade."—*A Battle-scarred Veteran.*

Send for price list. 6 94 1y

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This is the Standard Military Encyclopedia of the world and the only work of its kind in the English language. It has the endorsement of the War Department and the leading military commanders of America and Europe. It is issued in three large octavo volumes of about 1000 pages each, printed on fine paper, from new electrotype plates, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound. It is a complete library of military information both for military and non-military people. Every library should have it. Circulars sent on application. Good agents wanted.

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All the leading, up-to-date military and naval books. Price list furnished on application.

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3-1

THEN AND NOW.

Difference in the Condition of Mr. R. H. Coulter Before and After Using Electropoise.

It is pleasure to me to recommend the Electropoise to anyone. I had been suffering more or less with rheumatism for years previous to 1892. On June 2, 1892, I was stricken worse than ever before with sciatic rheumatism, so severe that I could walk only a few steps at a time, and could not sit at all. Any pressure upon the muscles caused me intense pain. I began the use of the remedies which had given relief in other attacks, but without any relief.

Our family physician was called and did all he could, but I grew worse instead of better, and was confined to my bed all the time. I lay and suffered thus from June 2 until July 21, when I procured my Electropoise, and immediately abandoned all other treatment and began the use of it in strict accordance with directions. During the first course of treatment I seemed to receive no benefit, but when I began the second reaction no mortal ever improved faster, unless cured by a miracle. By the time I had finished the third course I was entirely well, and able for any kind of farm work, and have been ever since. That was in the summer of 1892; this is in the winter of 1894. I am well and have been ever since the third course of treatment was finished. I was completely cured in seven weeks. I cured a neighbor's daughter of a very similar trouble last spring. Her father said to me when the work was complete, "You have saved my child from being a lifetime cripple." She used it just as I did, through three full courses, and was cured. Yours respectfully,

R. H. COULTER,
MAYFIELD, KY., Nov. 22, 1894.

Pocket Electropoise—Cash price $25, rental terms $10 cash for four months, with privilege to purchase by paying $17.50 additional at the expiration of four months.

Book of particulars free.

DuBOIS & WEBB,
Chamber of Commerce Building.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

B. G. WOOD.

The advertisement of B. G. Wood, the well-known boiler maker, will be found elsewhere. The career of Mr. Wood covers forty-two years, and all of that time his business has been conducted at the same stand on Front street, near the landing It is needless to say that no more experienced boiler maker is to be found in the South, and he is as reliable as he is ripe in experience. VETERAN readers will not go amiss if they confide orders to Mr. Wood.

James G. Holmes, of Charleston, furnishes an interesting chapter on the battle of Bentonsville, held over to next number. Comrade Holmes shows that while the infantry and cavalry did well, there was important services by the artillery that should have recognition.

The story "Inside the lines at Franklin" is by a daughter of Col. John B. McEwen, and the reader will be surprised and sorry it is "positively" her "first and last appearance before the literary world." The VETERAN is proud of such distinction, and all the more because the contribution came unsought.

The Rutherford County Fair Association, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., has set apart one day of our fall meeting, being Thursday, September 12th, to have a grand re-union of all the Bivouacs throughout the State on the grounds, and the president has appointed Capt. Wm. Ledbetter, Judge W. S. McLemore, Judge Richard Ransom, Bud Hoskins, Esq., and Capt. J. O. Oslin, a committee of Confederate Veterans to co-operate with the Fair Association in making it a glorious success.

The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. J. W. Johnson, who is so well known to the patrons of the Market House, has leased the southeast corner of that building in addition to his regular stalls, and will in the future keep a stock of fresh meats, hams, sausages, etc., unsurpassed by any. The Nashville Packing House supplies him, which fact tells that everything will be first-class. Free delivery, urbane salesmen, low prices and the best the market affords will be the motto of Mr. Johnson.

JOY & SON,
Nashville's Leading Florists,
610 CHURCH ST.

Growers of Rare Flowers. Make a Specialty of growing Design Flowers, and pride themselves upon their Pretty Design Work. Orders for Flowers and Designs from abroad solicited, as we are prepared for such work with unsurpassed facilities. Telephone, 1290.

C. R. BADOUX,
226 N. Summer Street, Nashville, Tenn.,

Deals in Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments, and Ladies' head dress articles of every description. First quality Hair Switches to match any sample color of hair sent $2.50. Shell and Black Hair Ornaments in endless variety. Readers of the VETERAN who wish anything in the line of head dress can ascertain price by writing and describing what is wanted. Goods sent by mail or express. I have anything you want for perfect head dress. C. R. BADOUX, Nashville, Tenn.

$12 TO $35 A WEEK can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can furnish a horse, and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men and women of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be used to good advantage.

B. F. JOHNSON & CO.,
11th and Main Sts. RICHMOND, VA.

OLD CONFEDERATE STAMPS WANTED.

I buy all kinds, but want especially those issued by postmasters with name of city printed in stamp, and will pay good prices for them. Leave on original envelope and send to P. H. Hill, 408 Union street, Nashville, Tenn. If offer is not accepted will return stamps

TENNESSEE STYLE AT HOUSTON.

Committees of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, the Camp at Memphis, and members of other Bivouacs have agreed to recommend to the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., a soft black hat with 3 to 3½ inch brim, the kind that many comrades usually wear, and to ornament it with a yellow cord for the occasion. This cord may be applied or detached at will. For a badge Memphis comrades will wear a red printed in gilt letters, the name of their camp, then "Tennessee Division." It will be about 1¾ inches wide and seven inches long, with a pendant of metal after diagram. The committees generally have put upon Capt. James Dinkins, of Memphis, the selection of yellow cord. Delegates through their Commander or Adjutants should let Capt. Dinkins know how many will be wanted at once. They are to cost about 25 cents each.



MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.
THE GREAT THROUGH CAR LINE FROM
ST. LOUIS TO
KANSAS CITY,
OMAHA,
PUEBLO,
DENVER,
INDIAN TERRITORY,

And all points in the West. Choice of two through car lines to Denver and only line with through car service to Salt Lake City and Ogden with only one change to California and Pacific Coast points.

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS ON ALL TRAINS.

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

The only direct line via Memphis to Little Rock, Hot Springs, Texarkana, Dallas, Ft. Worth, El Paso, the Panhandle of Texas and all points in the Southwest. Free Reclining Chair Cars on all trains.

During the winter months the "Iron Mountain Route" will run a daily through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line from St. Louis to San Francisco and all Pacific Coast points. Passengers going via Memphis can connect with the above places at Bald Knob.

Write for free books on Texas, Arkansas, and all Western States.

For maps, rates and further information address

R. T. C. MATTHEWS,
S. T. A., 304 W. Main St.,
Louisville, Ky.
H. C. TOWNSEND,
G. P. & T. A.,
St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent **FREE.**
B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.
Atlanta, Ga. Office 104½ Whitehall St.

MOST WONDERFUL

The Electropoise Works a Number of Almost Miraculous Cures.

My husband having purchased an Electropoise of you for my use about twenty months ago, I feel it a duty to testify to the efficacy of the little doctor. I had for about eight or ten years suffered with liver disease until my liver was greatly enlarged. My digestion was so impaired that I could scarcely eat anything at times. Had constipation in its worst form, and was so nervously affected could hardly stand alone. I was right out of one bilious attack into another. I tried home physicians, patent medicine, and was then treated by one of the most eminent physicians in the state, but grew worse all the time. When I noticed your advertisement I told my husband I was inclined to try the Electropoise, and that unless I obtained relief from some source could not possibly live through the summer.

After using it three months my weight was more than it had been in ten years, and I have been improving ever since, have had but one slight spell since commencing its use. It is instant relief for headache, and gives me such refreshing sleep that it is worth the price for that alone. I have been greatly benefited, and expect to continue its use until a perfect cure is made. I gladly recommend it to all the afflicted I meet. Several people have tried my Electropoise for a few applications and were convinced of its merit.

I have a sister who has used it to reducesurplus flesh, and after a few applications her weight was reduced ten pounds. My father, ex-Senator H. M. Ledbetter, would testify to the efficiency of the Electropoise for the removal of enlargements, such as tumors, if you wish him to do so. I am gratefully yours, MRS. JESSIE SPARKS.

NATHAN, TENN., December11, 1894.

Electropoise rented four months for $10, with privilege of buying for $17.50 additional at end of rental time. Book of particulars free.

DuBOIS & WEBB.
Chamber of Commerce Building,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Jennings **BUSINESS College.**

Nos. 150, 152, and 154 N. Cherry St. (Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing Block), Nashville, Tenn.

A practical school of established reputation. Business men recommend this College. Write for free Catalogue. Address R. W. JENNINGS, PRINCIPAL.

ALLOWAY BROS.,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Country Produce
128 S. MARKET ST. TELEPHONE, 350.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
When Shipping remember us and mention the VETERAN.

THE REUNION AT HOUSTON.

W. A. Childress, General Manager United Confederate Veterans Reunion Association, writes from Houston, Tex., March 23, 1895: The week beginning May 20, 1895, will be the most important in the history of Houston. In addition to the annual gathering of the United Confederate Veterans Reunion Association, there will be the largest encampment of United States and Texas troops ever held South. The magnificent grounds of the Houston Driving Park Association,comfortable,convenient and very desirable, will be used. The Southern Pacific railroad will run complete passenger trains every ten minutes from the two depots in the city to the park. Arrangements will be made to handle 50,000 passengers daily, at ten cents for the round trip. Our people of Houston are now building a permanent auditorium, capable of seating 10,000 persons. The initial meeting in this superb hall will be for the Confederate Veterans. The auditorium is on Main street, the principal thoroughfare of Houston. A centrally located bureau of information will be established. The work is already well in hand, and the financial problem has been solved sixty days in advance. Enough has been decided upon in the programme to insure a grand success. The old veterans will be given first consideration in all things, but all visitors will be taken care of. A feeling of enthusiasm pervades the entire population in regard to the reunion. The railroads of Texas will bring the Texas troops and Federal soldiers free of charge, and these young men will delight all with an excellent programme. There will be music by myriads of bands; there will be concerts by trained voices; there will be gala times, and good cheer will reign supreme. The boys who left the older States ten, twenty and thirty years ago, are now Texas men, and they will be here from every point in the Lone Star State to grasp the hands of relatives, neighbors, chums and friends. Write for special information. Let your ticket read to Houston.

THE GUARDIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF TENNESSEE.

(MAIN OFFICE, MEMPHIS.)

A home company for home people. By insuring only the best people, the losses are lessened. Advisory Board in each county aids agents in selecting best moral risks.

Are you tired of being put on "the general average?" **Policy holders** participate in the **Profits** with **Stockholders.** Profits you have helped to send East have largely made it rich.

Investigate, it will pay you. For information call at the company's office.

231 N. College. McLESTER & Co., Ag'ts
3-1y.

IT HEADS THEM ALL.

The Most Thorough and Progressive Institution of the Kind in the Union.

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE.

IT HAS ALMOST AS MANY IN FACULTY AS THERE ARE STUDENTS TAKING BOOK-KEEPING IN ANY OTHER BUSINESS COLLEGE IN NASHVILLE. IT WILL GUARANTEE THAT IT HAS TWENTY (20) TIMES MORE STUDENTS IN REGULAR ATTENDANCE THAN THERE ARE STUDENTS TAKING BOOK-KEEPING IN ANY OTHER BUSINESS COLLEGE IN NASHVILLE.

ANOTHER.

An Expert Book-keeper and Teacher Added to the Faculty Only a Few Days Ago.

Mr. C. Gregory, who has during the past twenty (20) years devoted the most of his time to expert work, with the exception of the two years he taught in another business college in Nashville, has accepted a position as one of the instructors in the book-keeping department of Draughon's Practical Business College, corner Church and Summer. It is useless for us to comment upon Mr. Gregory's ability as an accountant. It goes without saying that during his twenty (20) years' experience in expert work, he has had experience with books in every line of business known where skilled book-keeping is required. Mr. Gregory is considered one of the most successful lecturers on book-keeping, in college work, known. He will, in addition to giving private instructions, give daily blackboard lectures to the book-keeping students in the different departments. Mr. Gregory is one of the book-keepers of many years experience who can hold his reputation as a teacher as well as a book-keeper. This cannot always be said of those who have had long experience in actual work.

The attendance at Draughon's College has increased to such an extent that Prof. Draughon contracted yesterday for two additional halls. The college has now in regular attendance nearly 200 students. Prof. Draughon informed a representative of the Banner to-day that he expected to have in regular attendance by May 1, 250 students. Draughon's College is one of the most through, practical and progressive institutions of the kind in the Union.—*Banner*, March 16, 1895.

The above explains itself. We would advise all our readers who are interested in a business education to write Prof. J. F. Draughon, Nashville, Tenn., for his free 120 page catalogue.

Readers of the Veteran:

The Rock City Trunk Factory,

WALTER M. PARRISH, Pres.,

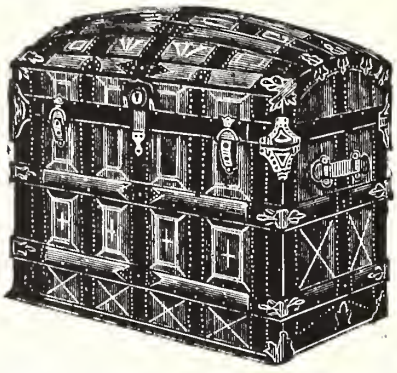
114-116 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.,

Will make to order, Trunks, Valises, Sample Cases, Theatrical or Traveling Trunks, and solicits orders from readers of the VETERAN. They manufacture everything handled and can undersell all competition. They also repair trunks. The VETERAN recommends this Factory.

HILL - TRUNK - COMPANY,

Manufacturers and

Wholesale Dealers in



Trunks, Valises, AND Traveling Bags,

200 Court Sq., Nashville, Tenn.

Factory in full operation, manufacturing goods in all the grades.

We make from the common packing to the finest Saratoga and dress trunks. Flat top traving and steamer trunks a specialty, all basswood, covered with either canvas or steel. Our fine veneer fiber-covered trunks are especially commended. Bags, from the common rubber valise to the finest grain and alligator leather, embracing all the styles, Ladies' Satchels, Cabinet, Club and Gladstone.

Our prices on all are made to suit the times.

Wholesale and retail.

Factory and Warerooms 200 Public Square.

4-94-1y.

Jo. Vogel,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORING.....

.... Moderate Prices.

238 N. SUMMER STREET.

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HAMILTON PARKS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

ROOMS 53 AND 54,

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

....*NASHVILLE, TENN.*

TELEPHONE 1424.

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Union Bank and Trust Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Geo. W. McAlpin Co., Cincinnati, O.
Col. H. E. Huntington, Gen. Manager N. N. & M. V. Co., Cincinnati, O. 9 94 1y

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USE THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE ON EARTH.

COHEN'S BRITISH COUGH BALSAM.

POSITIVELY THE BEST MADE.

Manufactured only by

HYAM COHEN, Pharmacist and Chemist,

WAXAHACHIE, TEX.

SAVANNAH, TENN., Dec. 15, 1894.—The Shiloh Battle-field Association desires the name and address of all the survivors of that battle. The Secretary has over 12,000 names of the men who fought on that battlefield. When all arein, a complete roster will be printed.

The Shiloh Bill which has just passed Congress provides for making the Battlefield a great National Memorial Park. The Association is composed of the Gray and the Blue, and will hold a grand reunion on the Battlefield April 6th to 12th, 1895; and will mark the various positions held by them during the battle. Send all names to James Williams, Assistant Secretary, Savannah, Tenn.

SOUTHERN LIFE ASSOCIATION.

General Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., has been appointed General Manager of Agencies for the State of Georgia, by the Southern Life Association, of Union City, Tenn. He will appoint and have supervision over the Life Insurance Agents of this Southern Association—for every county and town in the State. The Southern Life Association is officered and controlled by Confederate Veterans, who believe that the hundreds of millions of dollars paid for life insurance by our Southern people should be kept in the South and invested there, instead of draining the "sunny South" and concentrating our circulating medium all in the East. This company was organized under the laws of Tennessee twelve years ago, and is rapidly forging to the front as the best and safest institution of the kind in the South; and the interest of Southern people is to sustain and build it up by their united patronage.

DR. KOLLOCK IN NASHVILLE.

The attention of the reader is especially called to the card of DR. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK, which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as a standard authority by the "Encyclopœdia Britannica." Vol. X, page 135, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of *gelseminum*, a specific for neuralgia of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

"GIANT BEGGAR WEED," Improve your lands, sow in Giant Beggar Weed; better than guano, improvement is permanent and at comparatively no cost. For price of seed also for all varieties of Watermelon seed and "Wonderful peas," write to W. M. GIRARDEAU, Monticello. Fla

Old subscribers who contemplate purchasing any of the books heretofore advertised can still do so. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

The Confederate Mail Carrier.

....A ROMANCE OF THRILLING INTEREST....

Giving scenes and incidents of the Civil War; also a correct history of the war in Missouri; campaigns in Mississippi; siege of Vicksburg; battles of Corinth, Iuka, Baker's Creek, and Port Gibson: also of the Georgia campaign and Hoods march into Tennessee, and battles around Mobile.

This book contains over 300 pages, nicely bound in cloth.

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Address all orders to

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$100 ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Permanent Positions Positively Procured.

AT GOOD **SALARIES** FOR ALL who take our expert course. Smith Premier, Remington, Calligraph, Yost, or any machine desired will be presented to each one qualifying in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, and Commercial Arithmetic at

The Nashville Shorthand Institute and Tennessee Business College,

WILLCOX BUILDING, Cor. Church and High Streets,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

We Have Teachers of ability. Our faculty just as advertised. We educate you and place you in business. Call and see us. 98 per cent of the young ladies and gentlemen now occupying Stenographic positions in this city are our graduates. 250 young ladies and gentlemen here now, July 30, 1894, earning a good living through our influence. No failure if you follow advice and instructions. Best location, best conveniences, best facilities, best course.

Best Teachers and Best Positions.

LATE UNDISPUTABLE TESTIMONY ON FILE—CALL OR APPLY BY MAIL.

Alexander Fall, Pres.

Southern Teachers' Exchange.

VENDOME BUILDING,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE,

A reliable medium between Teachers and Schools. Locates Teachers in every State of the Union. Write, enclosing stamp, to

J. A. WILLAMETTE, M'g'r, Vendome B'ld'g, Nashville, Tenn. 3-6m

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MONTEAGLE, TENN.

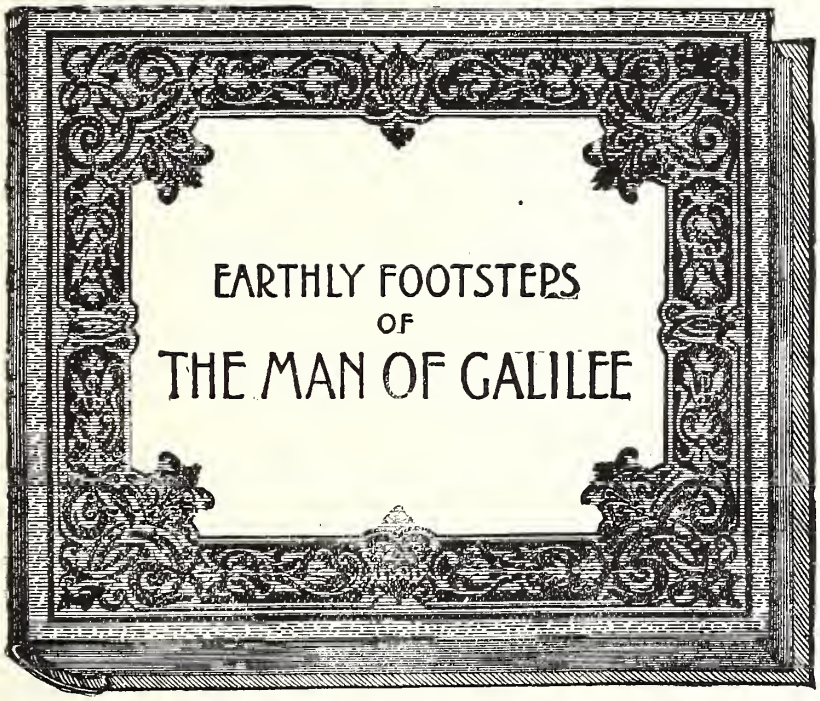
Blanton Hotel.

CONVENIENT TO DEPOT, POSTOFFICE, AND ASSEMBLY GROUNDS.

J. C. BLANTON & CO., PROP'S.

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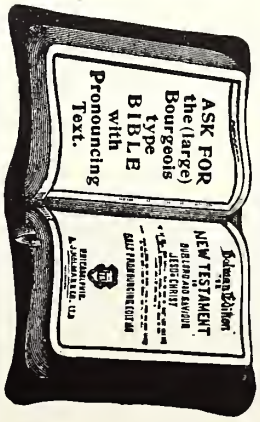
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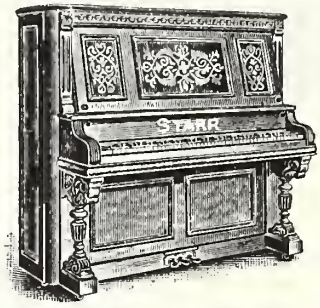
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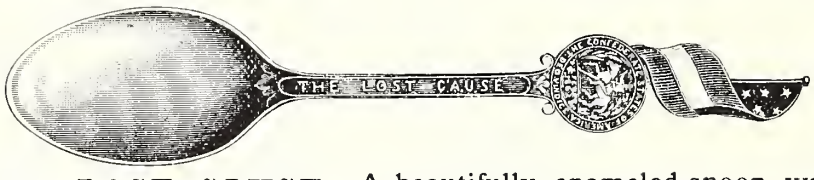
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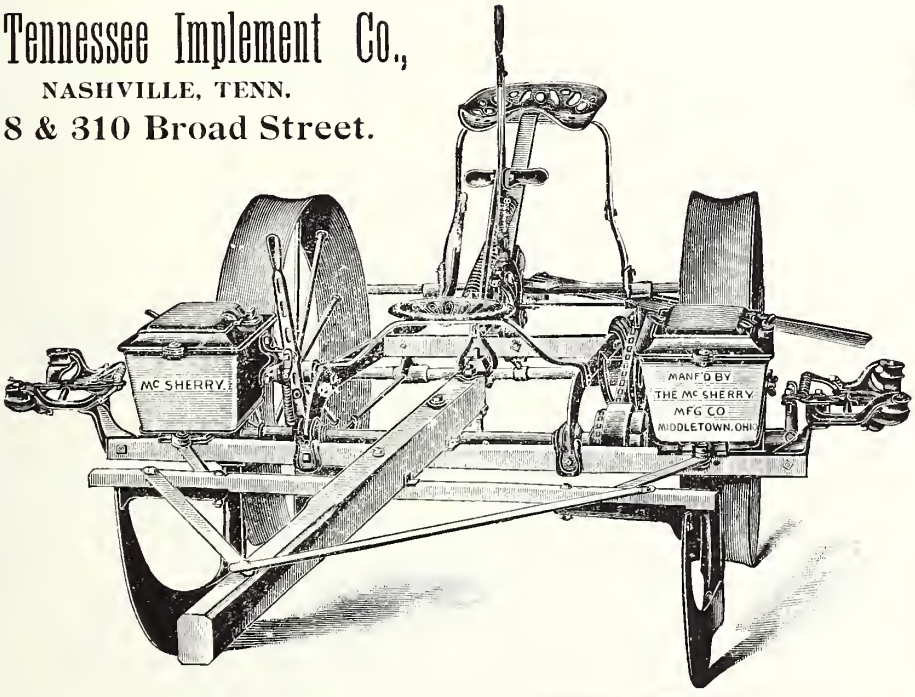
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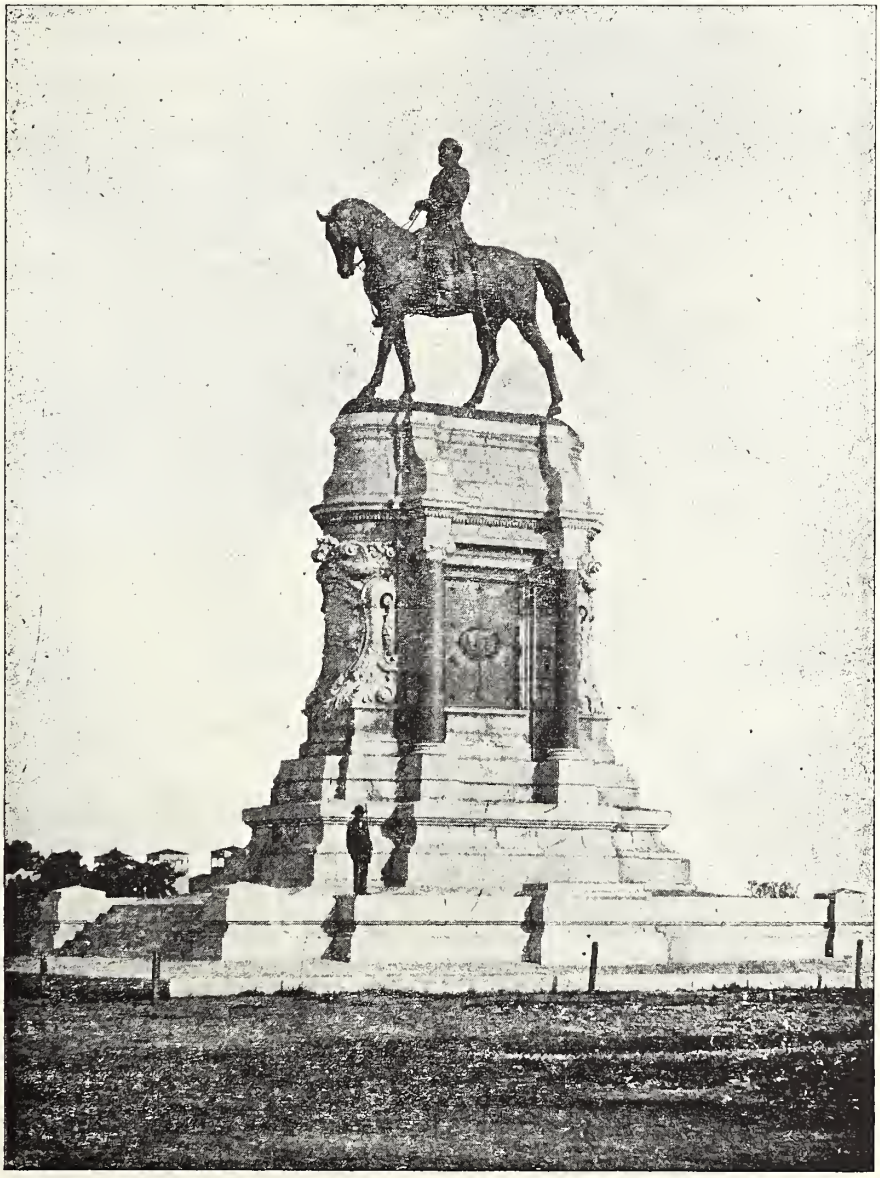
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Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

As the general Reunion, Memorial, and Decoration days approach, Confederate Veterans and their friends should ponder well upon their actions. The reunion is being looked to as a sort of gala period by the young, and with much pathetic interest by Veterans who realize that what they do for record to posterity must be done soon.

Let us not forget the solemn dignity of these occasions, and the responsibility to establish truths which shall ever redound to the glory of Southern achievements. There can be no political significance in our gatherings. The constitution of the United Confederate Veterans disallows such, and comrades are not inclined to lower the sacred purposes for which they have combined, but they will not lack for independence of expression.

The editor of this official organ has recently conferred with Federal Veterans who were the first to enlist from various States, and "bore the brunt" of battle to the end—gentlemen, for the most part, not in political affinity with the dominant party at the South, but who have genuine and most cordial regard for the Confederate soldier. They are patriots, too, who in any test would establish that esteem which manly men, who risk life for principle, ever bear to each other.

Confederates honor those of their own American ancestry, who, speaking the mother tongue, entered promptly the service to maintain the Union, by which enlistment they were sworn to continue in the service, but who never ceased to be gentlemen—men who can say now, as some have said recently, that during the entire war they were never mistreated in the South, and boast that they acted toward every woman they met during the war as if of their own family.



Correspondents must be patient. Within a month so much has been sent the VETERAN, opportune and important to its columns, that delay is deplored. But it cannot be avoided. Much that is in type could wait better than that which is being held over.

On the 23d of March, Camp James Moore, U. C. V., was organized at Arkadelphia, Ark., with thirty-one members. They hope to increase the membership to one hundred.

Camp Tom Moore, U. C. V., No. 556, was recently organized at Apalachicola, Fla., with forty-two members. Robert Knickmeyer was elected Commander, and A. J. Murat, Adjutant. The VETERAN was made the official organ of the Camp.

The Confederate Veterans of Putnam county, Ga., at their last meeting in Eatonton, organized a Camp to be known as the "R. T. Davis Camp." Judge W. F. Jenkins was elected Commander. They expect to join the United Confederate Veterans.

S. W. Chadwick, of Greensboro, Ala., in reporting two subscriptions, says: "Our Camp, Allen C. Jones, No. 226, met recently and adopted the VETERAN as our official organ. We also took steps to be represented at the great reunion at Houston."

J. E. Boyett, Cisco, Texas, asks about two ladies who nursed him while wounded at Franklin, during the war. (See January VETERAN, page 15.) They were Misses Sallie Reams and Mollie Brown, mere girls attending school in Franklin. After the war they both married, lived a few years, and both of them died more than twenty years ago.

Conductor Kirkland, of the Paducah, Tennessee and Alabama Railroad Company, lost three brothers in the war. One of these, W. R. Kirkland, was the hero at Fredericksburg, who implored his Captain to let him get over the works and give water to wounded Yankees who were groaning and pleading for it. It seemed certain death to raise a head above the breastworks, and his officer was unwilling to have his brave soldier lose his life in so reckless manner. Finally, however, he consented, and the mission of young Kirkland was soon known, and instead of shots the enemy gave him cheers. Noble fellow! He was killed at Chickamauga.

SHARPSHOOTING IN LEE'S ARMY.

After Gen. Lee had raised the siege of Richmond in 1862, and began playing chess with Gen. McClellan in the open country, he found the necessity for a closer knowledge of his enemy. His cavalry and scouts gave him a general idea of the movements of his antagonist, but the information was frequently several days old, and counterchanges were often made of which he was ignorant.

More especially did he need constant information from his immediate front to prevent surprises from quick action by his antagonist. He found Gen. McClellan so wiry a foe that it became absolutely necessary to have more accurate data as to his daily movements than his valued scouts and cavalry could bring him from the rear or inside the Federal camps. He found it essential to locate their front line and its strength, to know whether it was a strong skirmish line making a demonstration, or a line of battle preparing for action. He was able to gain some information from skirmishers sent out to feel the enemy's position, but found it not exactly what he wanted. Profiting by his experience with skirmishers, he had sharpshooters organized in a few brigades. These proved so efficient that rapidly every division was equipped with a corps. These soon became a necessary adjunct and a fixture throughout his entire army.

Officers were selected to command them for their peculiar fitness for this important and dangerous branch of the service. As Gen. A. P. Hill once remarked: "Sharpshooters, like fiddlers, are born and not made." An officer from each regiment, usually a lieutenant, was selected to command the detail from his own regiment, and an officer from the brigade was selected as captain to command the battalion. They were drilled in all the fancy and skirmish drills, in long range and accurate firing. Gen. Lee ordered an abundance of ammunition and the best arms in the service for them. Men distinguished for undoubted courage, with intelligence and perfect self-possession in dangerous places, who could stand any amount of physical wear, severe duty, and strict discipline, were selected. Owing to the peculiarly dangerous nature of their calling, they were instructed in drill to take advantage of every tree, stump, or inequality in the surface, and were not required to preserve perfect alignment when moving to the front.

Early in 1864 blockade runners succeeded in bringing to Wilmington, N. C., two Whitworth rifles, with ammunition. Quite a scramble took place for these guns. Archer's Tennessee Brigade finally got one, and Hood's Texan's, the other. The one to the sharpshooters of Archer's Brigade was assigned to Thomas R. Jackson, and many bluecoats bit the dust at long range from his unerring aim. The one to the Texans was used with deadly effect and credit to the "Lone Star State."

The first campaign proved, as in everything else, the excellent judgment of Gen. Lee. The sharpshooters were indeed the eyes and the ears of the army. Ever alert and watchful, they caught, and reported each important incident occurring. In the top of a tree with a glass, or crawling on his face close to an unsuspecting picket, counting flags or tents, or watching a moving column to ascertain its destination, was his constant occupation. Something would attract his attention, and perhaps an hour later, would find him four or five miles to the right or left, working out the problem.

Gen. Lee was informed of every move by some fleet-footed sharpshooter, while others were before, or behind moving columns of the enemy, and like sleuth hounds, never lost sight of them. A number developed into valuable scouts, and often, in case of necessity, penetrated to the very heart of the Federal Army. But for the watchful sharpshooters, Gen. Lee could never have met every advance of Gen. Grant in the memorable campaign from Germania to the Appomattox. So annoying were they, and so accurate their information, that Gen. Grant issued a special order concerning them. By their bold bluffs they often delayed the advance of the enemy until Gen. Lee could bring up troops. When an attack was decided upon, they were sent forward to clear off every obstacle to the enemy's line of battle, taking places with their command in the charge.

The fatality was fearful, and their depleted ranks had to be constantly recruited. There was, however, a bright side to their lives. They bore the relation to the army that a drummer does to the wholesale trade in business.

They always had a fund of good humor at hand. In their exposed positions, games of draw poker were often played. The new jokes generally originated with the sharpshooters.

When it was quiet along the lines they became well acquainted with the fellows on the other side, swapping tobacco for coffee, or, perhaps, the best poker hand would take the pot. An underground railway was established by them with the Federal pickets opposite. Many letters found their way to anxious parents by this means, and many a coy maiden's heart was made glad by news from her bold soldier lover passed across the lines by the sharpshooters. Strong friendships were sometimes formed between men on opposing lines, and not one instance of treachery, either personal or to their respective armies did I ever know.

The night was never too dark or the storm too fierce for them to hesitate when called on. They could go to sleep in a minute, and were so well trained that they could wake at any moment.

A tribute from the enemy to the gallantry of two Confederates: "Here lie the remains of a Major and a Sergeant of an Alabama regiment, who fell in a charge upon our works far in advance of their comrades.

'Stranger step softly o'er the ground;
The brave sleep here.'"

A subscriber sends this and wishes to know the names, if procurable, of these heroes. They were killed in the battle of Jonesboro, Ga.

Capers Dickson has been elected Commander of Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, Covington, Ga., and J. W. Anderson, re-elected Adjutant. Thirteen delegates were selected to the Houston reunion.

CAPTAIN RIDLEY'S JOURNAL.

April 17th.—We rest to-day; have been to town, sold ten dollars in greenbacks for one thousand in confederate. Found all bustle and excitement there. Gloom and sadness pervades the whole land; subjugation stares us in the face. Our Army of Tennessee (so called after the permanent organization at Smithfield), now has to cope with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas. If we pass through the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi we'll have no army. What can we do? Oh, the humility attending submission!

April 18th.—Beauregard and Breckenridge went up to Hillsboro last night at the request of Johnston. 'Tis supposed that they are negotiating with Sherman for the surrender of this army. Desertion every night is frightful. Ten or twelve trains went to Hillsboro this morning, I suppose for the purpose of bringing the yanks down to take charge of us. My immediate association with the members of Stewart's staff and command, of two years services in the Army of Tennessee, my acquaintances while I was a private in Ward's Regiment—Morgan's Cavalry for nearly a year, fills my heart with sorrow as I think of giving them up. The hardships, perils and dangers that we have undergone together ties the knot of friendship forever.

April 19th.—General Stewart just returned from town, states that Johnston has returned and brings news of the killing of Lincoln and the stabbing of Seward by some unknown persons in a Washington city theatre. In the recklessness of the times, some of the masses rejoice, yet our thinking gentry regard it as most unfortunate. Gen. Johnston gets the information from Sherman, with whom he has been conferring for the last day or two, in which he has secured an indefinite truce. He is negotiating, we all think, upon terms of surrender. Confederate money is worth nothing now—am sorry I let that ten dollar greenback bill go. Our army is getting demoralized. A band of marauding soldiers visited our camp this morning and coolly helped themselves to some leather and goods that we had quietly secured from the Quartermaster's Department. We are in great suspense—may be here a month.

April 20th.—Gen. Johnston sent Col. Mason, A. A. General, to Gen. Stewart this morning with the basis of negotiations.

In the first place, an armistice is agreed upon indefinitely, each side agreeing to notify the other forty-eight hours before hostilities shall be resumed.

Second, The army of the Confederate States is to be disbanded; the troops of each State at their respective Capitals.

Third, Soldiers, and their property are to be respected by the United States' authorities. In brief, the two Generals are for us to return to the Union as we were previous to the war; political officers are recognized that were elected by the State previous to "the rebellion. The submission is entirely upon our part, but it is on much better terms than we expected. Should these terms be agreed upon, the arms of the troops of each State are to be turned over to their State authorities. Gens. Stewart and Loring to-night explained the substance of the negotiation and the cause of armistice to a large assembly of soldiers. After this many members of the Twelfth Louisiana Regiment came up and requested explanations.

If the terms are agreed upon for peace, we will all soon be headed for our dear old homes, even if they are not what they were four years ago. I once enjoyed a laughable and side splitting farce in which the leading characters begun and ended as I will end my notes of this April 20th: "What! O what will become of us all?" For Andy Johnson has about got us in his clutches, and Brownlow has said: "Greek fire to the masses, but—fire to the leaders."

April 21st.—Lieut. Stewart, Alphonso, and I went to town this morning. Nothing new stirring. Saw Gen. Hoke, who, upon learning that my father was with me (on a visit), promised to send an ambulance for him. Hoke is our kinsman. Maj. Lauderdale reports Johnston's operator as telling him that the enemy took Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus, Ga., before the order of a cessation of hostilities reached them. They burned seven hundred wagons that we had left behind on our way from Tupelo. We suppose that when Johnston met President Davis at Greensboro, he told him that nothing was left us but to surrender, hence he left Johnston to close the book and took Gen. Dibrell's Command with him to try and reach the Trans-Mississippi.

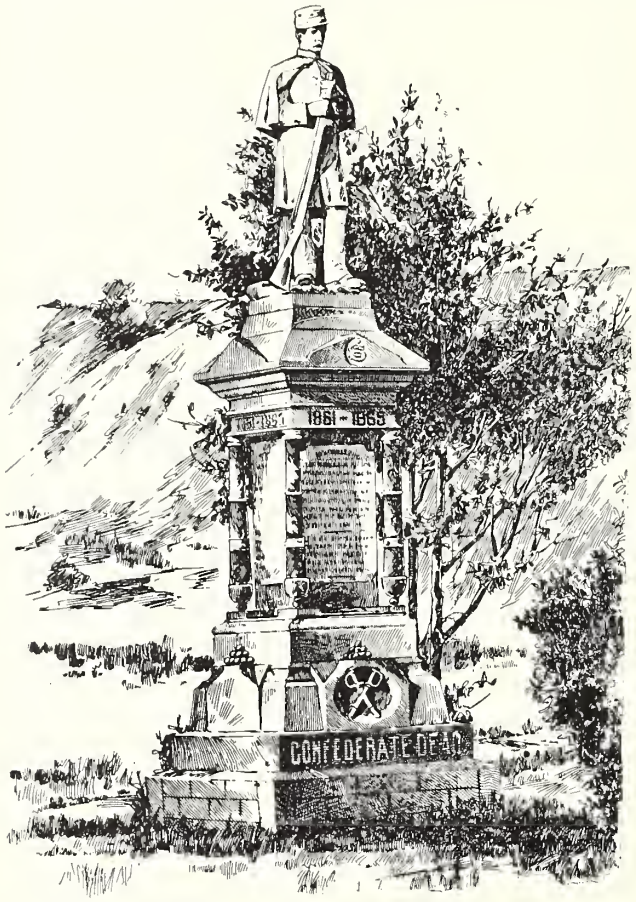
April 22d.—I learn from a staff officer of Gen. Johnston (Maj. Clare), that orders are being issued to divide with the army all the silver coin in possession of Johnston's paymaster—$54,000.00. This will give each man $1.80 apiece, a small sum for four years' trials and hardships, and pain, and loss of treasures, blood and life. Just here, by way of parenthesis, I got for my share $1.15—four quarters, one dime and a five cent piece. I gave my faithful boy, Hannibal the dime and five cents, and brought my four quarters home, and had them fixed to hand down to posterity as a kind of heirloom. I got a jeweler to send them to New York and to have engraved on them my rank, when, where, and to whom I surrendered, and the basis of negotiation between Johnston and Sherman. The engraving cost me $30.00. I gave them to a kinswoman to keep for me. One day she wrote me in great distress that a servant on her place had stolen her purse, and in it was the four quarters. The last I ever heard of them after a diligent search. Oh, what would I give to find those four silver coins?

A. J. Hibbett, Rogana, Tenn., tells this story:

I have in my possession the head of a walking cane used and owned by Gen. A. S. Johnston, brought by him from California when he came to join the army of the South. He accidentally broke the cane a short time before the battle of Shiloh, and tossed the head away. J. R. Franklin, of Fort Worth, Texas, was near at the time, and, seeing the General's act, picked up the cane head and brought it to Sumner County, Tenn., and left it with me. The head is solid steel, curved, and the end is in the shape of a horse's foot with a shoe on.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, VICKSBURG.

The Southern people hardly realize the work done to care for their dead at Vicksburg. In May, 1866 the Confederate Cemetery Association was organized, with Mrs. E. S. Eggleston, President; Mrs. Wm. H. Stevens, Mrs. E. D. Wright, Mrs. T. A. Marshall, Mrs. Annie DeMoss, Vice Presidents; Miss Ellen Martin was elected Secretary, and Mrs. A. H. Arthur, Treasurer. Committees were appointed to find and mark the graves on the hill sides, to select grounds for a cemetery, and then a Finance Committee.



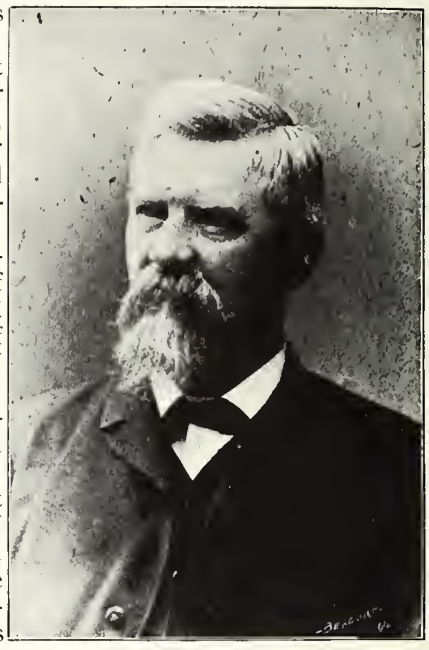
GRANITE SHAFT IN CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, VICKSBURG.

Mr. Robert Hough and wife gave magnificent grounds for the cemetery, and made a deed of the property to Mrs. E. D. Wright, who soon succeeded Mrs. Eggleston as President, and held the position until her death in 1891.

The Association had so much aid from "noble women" of Maryland that they extended special thanks to them, and formal resolutions of thanks were sent to Col. G. T. Tucker, of the United States Army, who magnanimously made a record of 3,000 Confederate graves he found while gathering the Federal dead. He made a beautiful copy of the list, and presented it to the Confederate Association. Mrs. Annie Floweree, of the Finance Committee collected the largest sum of any member, $232. Miss Ellen Martin and Mrs. Annie DeMoss raised $442 by an entertainment, and Mrs. John Willis through an exquisite tableaux raised $956.45. Miss Ellen Martin secured $1,000 from the State Legislature.

In January, 1892, Mrs. Wm. H. Stevens having succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of Mrs. Wright, steps were taken to erect a monument, and they succeeded admirably.

In this connection mention is made that Capt. Campbell sent $409 to the editor of the VETERAN, who was agent for the Richmond Monument to Jefferson Davis. Capt. D. A. Campbell is a veteran of the great war and Commander of Vicksburg U. C. V Camp, No. 32, Confederate Veterans. Captain Campbell has been one of the most active members of the Committee on building the Vicksburg Monument. To his zeal and energy the success of the Association at Vicksburg is largely due.



CAPT. D. A. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. E. D. Wright served as President of the Vicksburg Confederate Monument Association for over a quarter century, and often took part in handling the sacred dust personally.



MRS. E. D. WRIGHT.

As President of the Confederate Cemetery Association, she supplemented the four years' work as President of the Confederate Aid Association, to which she had given such marvelous efficiency during the war.

Mrs. E. S. Eggleston died at her home in Vicksburg, Miss., March 9th, 1895. She was a woman exalted in all virtues, a mother having honored children unto the third generation surviving her, whose example among good men and women tells



MRS. E. S. EGGLESTON.

us how pure and strong was the nurture that gave them character. Her home was a very temple of hospitality.

In society, she was a charm; lofty in principles, though modest in dispensing charities, like the wide spreading Magnolia in the May of its blooming, ever emitting exhilarating perfume to the refreshing of all life about it.

As a "Mother of the Confederacy," she not only gave sons and grandsons to the service, but she actually adopted the Confederate Army when it came into her loving presence. A soldier in gray, regardless of rank, was welcome to her last crumb. It is said that when mule meat and parched corn were luxuries in camp, Mrs. Eggleston never closed the doors of her dining room, keeping it supplied as abundantly as possible, and invited every passing soldier to break bread at her table.

Whatever Mrs. Eggleston espoused as good to be done was caught up in fervid patriotism by men and women who deemed it a privilege to follow her as a leader. She was a zealous student in literature, and a devout Christian for more than half a century. She had passed her eightieth year, and her mental faculties were strong and true to the last.

Mrs. Eggleston gave to the Confederacy that love which knoweth no bounds. In the morning of its birth, she stood out in the sunlight and caught it to her motherly bosom in reverential affection; in the zenith of its glory, she watched it with anxious pride; when reverses came, she always pointed to the anchor of hope, and bade the boys take courage, in its distress, no effort at amelioration in her power was too great a sacrifice, and when the climax was reached, she was of those who accepted the situation as unalterable, and went about making conditions better, never yielding to despair.

In 1866, she became President of the Vicksburg Confederate Cemetery Association, organized to secure a lot, to place the remains of every dead Confederate of that section in it, also to procure their names, and mark their graves. One list contains the names of about 1,800—from Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky. In the midst of their abiding place, there was erected by this noble old lady and her compatriots, in May, 1892, a beautiful monument to the memory of these noble soldiers, and no spot in our cemetery is held in higher reverence.

Mrs. Eggleston's funeral was conducted from Christ Church, Rev. Drs. Sansom and Logan officiating. The services were touchingly impressive, the congregation large, and nearest the family in front, there assembled every ex-Confederate able to attend, and many good friends who wore the blue.

EVER FAITHFUL WOMEN—DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY: Auxiliary to the John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., University of Virginia at Charlottsville.

At a meeting held at the home of Mrs. Garnett, on Oct. 15, 1894, a Ladies' Auxiliary of the John Bowie Strange Camp was organized, as requested by the Camp, to co-operate with it in the noble work of charity and relief which it has undertaken, and to give cordial aid and sympathy in caring for the families of our worthy Confederates who are indigent and in distress. The following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. James M. Garnett; Vice President, Mrs. C. C. Wertenbaker; Secretary, Miss Berkeley; Treasurer, Miss Vardergrift, who, with Mrs. N. K. Davis, Mrs. William Southall, and Miss Gillie Hill, form the Executive Committee.

Over fifty ladies have joined this organization, and it is hoped that many more will come forward and aid in this work of love for our Southern heroes.

"How many a glorious name for us,
How many a story of fame for us
They left—would it not be a shame for us,
If their memory part
From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them and a blame to us."

"THEY HELPED THEMSELVES," WHERE ARE THEY NOW?—L. C. Stephens, W. Whetstone, and D. H. Tally, of the Washington Artillery, Hampton's Legion; W. H. Wilkins, W. L. Nicholas, Sam Berry, of Norfolk County, Va., and several others, who took supper at Mrs. Hixson's, near Aldie, Loudon County, Va., about X-mas, '62. One, I think, a Mr. Berry, traded jackets with my brother, who was at home with a very bad wound in the foot, received at the Second Manassas battle, and who afterwards, meeting at Point Lookout, recognized each other by th jackets. I would be glad to hear from any of theme and to know how they enjoyed their new boots, shoes, hats, and gloves. Address

MRS. BELLE LEE PARKINS, Landsdown, Va.

In a subscription letter Mrs. Parkins states:

I had found out where a blockade speculator had stored a wagon load of boots, shoes, hats, gloves, etc., and, seeing these soldiers with their feet sticking out of their ragged boots, I told them. When they passed our house returning, each had something new to show me, and gave me hearty cheers.

W. P. Davis, (Fourteenth Tennessee), Moberly, Mo.: I would like to inquire through the VETERAN for a man named Bolin or Bolling, who was a bugler for the forty-second Mississippi Regiment, Davidson's Brigade, Heth's Division. If living, I would be pleased to have his address.

A TRIBUTE TO GEN. LEE SUPPRESSED.

A writer in the Richmond Dispatch of Feb. 10, 1895, makes the following statement:

When the American publishers took the liberty of issuing an edition of "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," translated by the classical English scholar, George Long, they took the further liberty of dedicating the book to Mr. Emmerson. Mr. Long was informed of this by admirers in this country, and with the next edition of his book, published in England, he wrote a preface in which he expressed in noblest language his opinion of Gen. Lee. A gentleman in Baltimore seeing a copy of the "Meditations" containing the preface with this tribute to the Southern Chieftain, and wishing to possess the book, ordered a copy from a New York house. When it came he was surprised to find the book mutilated, the pages containing the preface having been cut out. He went to New York, called on the bookseller, and asked for the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." The young salesman referred him to an elder man, who found a copy and handed it to the gentleman. He turned to the front page and saw that that copy also had been mutilated; the leaves containing the preface were gone. He inquired the reason, and the man curtly replied that he knew nothing about it. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the leaves were not cut out in this country, it having been done in England before the books were sent here. The gentleman learned the name of the publisher in England, and wrote to him. In reply he said he had orders from the New York firm to cut out the leaves containing the preface before shipping the books to America, as the tribute to Gen. Lee would injure the sale of the book in this country.

George Long was born in England in 1800, graduated with high distinction at Cambridge University, and in 1824, at the solicitation of Mr. Jefferson, became the first professor of ancient languages in the University of Virginia. He remained in that position only two years, and returned to England. He died a few years ago at an advanced age, having been all his long life regarded as one of the foremost scholars of England.

The tribute to Gen. Lee is contained in a note prefixed to Mr. Long's translation of "The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus," published in "Bohn's Classical Library," in 1887. The note was written while Gen. Grant was President of the United States, and is as follows:

"I have been informed that an American publisher has printed the first edition of this translation of M. Antoninus. I do not grudge him his profit, if he has made any. There may be many men and women in the United States who will be glad to read the thoughts of the Roman Emperor. If the American politicians, as they are called, would read them also, I should be much pleased, but I do not think the Emperor's morality would suit their taste.

I have also been informed that the American publisher has dedicated this translation to an American. I have no objection to the book being dedicated to an American, but in doing this without my consent the publisher has transgressed the bounds of decency. I have never dedicated a book to any man, and if I dedicated this, I should choose the man whose name seemed to me most worthy to be joined to that of the Roman soldier and philosopher. I might dedicate the book to the successful General who is now the President of the United States, with the hope that his integrity and justice will restore peace and happiness, so far as he can, to those unhappy States, which have suffered so much from war and unrelenting hostility of wicked men.

But, as the Roman poet said,

'Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

And if I dedicated this little book to any man, I would dedicate it to him who led the Confederate Armies against the powerful invader, and retired from an unequal contest defeated, but not dishonored; to the noble Virginian soldier, whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat on the throne of the Imperial Cæsars."

HISTORY FOURTH FLORIDA REGIMENT.

Judge W. M. Ives, Lake City, Fla., Orderly Sergeant of Company K:

My memory goes back to the days of secession—the organization of companies, the formation of regiments, and preparations to hold the Southern territory. The Fourth Florida Regiment was composed of companies from the east section of the state. One of these, Company F, of Bradford county, with Company "D," of the Second Florida, of Columbia county, on July 4th, 1861, at Cedar Keys, Fla., participated in the recapture of three schooners which lay off that port in charge of Lieutenant Seldon, of the U. S. Navy. In May, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Mississippi, but the order was countermanded at Mobile, Ala., where it performed provost duty until July. It was then sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., where it was ordered to remain after Bragg's army went to Kentucky. On October 8th it was ordered to support the Thirty-Second Alabama Infantry and Fourth Alabama Cavalry at Murfreesboro. It remained at Murfreesboro until the memorable battle in December and January.

With Thirty-Second Alabama, Eighteenth and Forty-Fifth Tennessee, and Fourth Alabama Cavalry, it advanced upon Nashville on November 5th 1862. At Murfreesboro, on December 28th, it was placed under Gen. Wm. Preston, with First and Third Florida, Twentieth Tennessee, and Sixtieth North Carolina. In the charge at 3 P.M., December 31st, it passed through the McCown burnt house, and lay that night and next day in the cedar thicket. On January 2d, 1863, it was one of the last to leave the field, and lost half its members. In May, 1863, it was sent to Mississippi and was engaged in the battle at Jackson, July 12th.

Reaching Chickamauga, Tenn., September 1st, it fought in the battle of 19th and 20th under Brigadier-Gen. M. A. Stoval. Before the battle of Missionary Ridge, it was placed in the Florida Brigade, —First, Thirteenth, Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh Regiments. Being the left regiment, it was flanked

in the ditch at the foot of the ridge. Only 18 of the 177 men engaged escaped.

At Dalton it was consolidated with the First Florida Cavalry, as the First and Fourth Florida. Skirmished at Dalton in February and May; fought at Resacca May 14th, 15th; skirmished at Adairsville 17th, near Carsville on 19th, at Dallas from 26th of May to 1st of June. It was the left infantry regiment in the charge of May 28th.

Skirmished near Big Shanty and on Pine Mountain; fortified west side of Kennesaw; skirmished at Baldhill. On June 27th it reached Maney and Vaughn's Tennessee Brigades as they repulsed the Fourteenth army corps. Was in the treaches at Cheatham's Bend until night of July 2nd. Participated in all skirmishes of Bates' Division, also the battles of July 20th and 22nd and 5th and 6th of August, on Atlanta line. It fought at Jonesboro August 31st and September 1st. With the Twentieth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee surrounded and captured the blockhouse at Mill Creek Gap, October 13th; skirmished at Decatur, Ala., 26th; at Columbia, Tenn., November 26th and 27th; was the left regiment at Franklin, 30th; skirmished at blockhouse near Stewart's creek, December 4th; and west of railroad on 7th. Reached Nashville line December 11th; was engaged on 16th. Fought under W. B. Bate at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865, and surrendered April 26th, from High Point. On April 9th, 1865, it had been consolidated, with other Florida Regiments, into the First Florida Consolidated Regiment.

THE ARTILLERY AT BENTONVILLE.

JAMES G. HOLMES, CHARLESTON, S. C.

To my mind The Veteran, our Veteran, the Veteran of Veterans! is subserving no better purpose than in enabling old comrades, and even old enemies, to find each other out, and reconciling the natural differences of old soldiers as to "who led 'Lee to the rear.'"

And now as to what branch of the service drove the yankees back from our extreme left at Bentonville, N. C., on the third day of the fight (second day of the Infantry fighting). We read the account in January Veteran, by Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Gen. Stewart's Staff, and comment in February number from Capt. George Guild, Texas Cavalry Brigade. I suggest that not only the cavalry and infantry, but the artillery, too, had something to do with it, and I believe the enemy thought that dear "old Joe Johnston" had prepared yet another surprise for Sherman, and that the falling back of the skirmishers of Butler's Cavalry Brigade, dismounted at the time, was merely a ruse. If Maj. Gen. E. McIver Law, who is now at Bartow, Fla., at the head of the military school established by himself and two sons, will write on the subject, he can definitely settle the matter, for he was in charge of that part of the line at the time.

I purpose reconciling the accounts of the two Captains. I was acting temporarily as A. I. G. on Gen. Law's Staff, who was in command of Butler's division of Cavalry, Butler being sick. Wheeler's and Butler's Cavalry held the extended left of the infantry line. Wheeler's men were in temporary breastworks, and Butler's were dismounted and in skirmish order in the open woods to their left. Gen. Law realized the want of strength of this most important part of Gen. Johnston's louped-line, and being within a few hundred yards of one of the two bridges, only by which the army could cross the creek in its rear, rode to the right, accompanied by the writer alone of his staff, and reported the conditions to Gen. Hampton, who was then moving to the extreme right to initiate some cavalry movement. This caused Gen. Hampton to refer Gen. Law to Gen. Wheeler, and, riding down the line of breastworks to the left, in search of Gen. Wheeler, the Major General commanding, Wheeler's left was found, but he refused to extend his line to the left, claiming that it was thin enough to resist infantry. Just then one gun of Earl's Battery, placed upon the skirmish line in a commanding position by order of Gen. Law, and commanded by Capt. Earl in person, opened, and Gen. Law rode direct to it at a gallop, and seeing the moving line of yankee infantry, said: "Capt. Earl, get your gun out of here." This was done, but the reserve caisson, in turning, got a tree between the wheel and the limber chest, and had to be temporarily abandoned. The enemy in line of battle—how many lines deep I could not see—swept our line back until it reached our field hospital on the side of the road leading to the bridge, and in sight of it. The enemy, evidently fearing a Joe Johnston trap, for they knew he was once more in command, allowed themselves to be driven back by the splendid charge of the Texas Cavalry, led by the chivalric Lieut. Gen. Hardee, aided by a little Brigade of some two hundred and fifty infantry, and by the fire of two pieces of artillery put in position by Gen. Law, by the stubborn fighting of Butler's men on foot, and largely by the dashing charge of Young's Brigade, dismounted, with the fearless Col. "Gib" Wright in command, which struck the left of the enemy (as they emerged from the swamp), squarely on the left flank, and routed them, throwing their line into confusion.

The writer had been sent with orders for Col. Wright, and on his way back met the said brigade of infantry just as they were passing Gen. Johnston, who had ridden to the point of attack. The brigade cheered him lustily, but he motioned with his hand for them to cease, and lifting his hat—God bless the memory of this grand soldier!—said, "Don't cheer me, boys. I should cheer you for this welcome you have given me back," and then, well, the "Rebels yelled," and perhaps prevented the routed yanks from trying it again.

It was a "hands-round-all;" the three branches supported each other, and fought together that dashing fight of only a few minutes.

L. K. Pounds, Decatur, Texas: I would like to hear from some member of Company H., Sixteenth Missouri Infantry, to which I belonged. I gave a leg at Pleasant Hill, La., for the "Lost Cause."

J. W. McDonald, Erin, Tenn.: I would like to hear from Wm. B. Swain, who belonged to Gen. Wm. B. Bate's Brigade; would also like to hear of Sam and Elijah Moody, who belonged to a West Tennessee regiment.

FEDERAL VETERANS AT SHILOH.

The Shiloh reunion of the Veterans of both armies the fifth and sixth of this April, furnished much valuable historic data.

Visitors from the Northwest who fought at Donelson, again at Shiloh and on and on to the end, were more numerous than were those of any other section. They came South in that spirit of fraternal greeting which made the reunion most agreeable in every sense. Privately they discussed politics without reference to party. One of them, a representative gentlemen who has served in Congress on the popular side from his State, said: "The race problem is a sore one; that, you people will have to settle yourselves, while we have a worse one in having to deal with the Anarchist element coming in a continuous stream from other lands, and we feel we may have to look to you of the South in the threatened emergency."

There was but one expression in conversation and in their speeches, and it was of that defference for respect and good will to Confederates which augurs hopefully for the future.

Col. Wm. T. Shaw, who commanded the Fourteenth Illinois in the battle and was captured there, has published a pamphlet about the battle in which he concurs more with Confederate than Federal reports. The sentiment of quick deference to Confederate valor in the battle was general.

Many interesting historic incidents were obtained.

Capt. Lot Abraham, of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, near the close of the struggle was assigned to command of the post at Washington, Ga. He was busy soon after arrival parolling soldiers, when a gentleman walked in, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "My name is Toombs. Breckinridge, in passing my house the other day, threw down from his horse a meal-sack containing money, which belongs to your Government, and it is your duty to take charge of it."

The Captain thanked him and engaged to call at Gen. Toombs' home that night with his Lieutenant, A. Mann, and two soldiers. The Lieutenant and Toombs' Secretary counted out the money—$3,400 in silver and $1,780 in gold, $5,180 in all—and Lieut. Mann took it to Atlanta the next day. A few days later Captain Abraham had a call from four Richmond bankers with proper credentials, asking for money in a bank vault there. He let them have it and they started toward Richmond, but were overtaken by a lot of Confederates who believed it was funds of the Confederate Treasury. They broke open the boxes and helped themselves, but soon afterward being convinced to the contrary, gave up $106,000 to the Richmond bankers. Capt. Abraham is a farmer and has never before given to the public an account of these facts. His course was so honorable in paroling Gen. G. G. Dibrell's command that a lasting friendship was maintained between him and the honored Tennessean.

Captain Abraham tells with pleased consideration that friends at the north expressed surprise at his report by Gen. Toombs in regard to this money that had been carried into his own house, and promptly replied that, "Toombs is an honest man."

The Confederates had a meeting at Shiloh Spring on Friday (the 5th), and prepared the following resolutions which were adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, that we extend to the Union veterans a hearty and cordial greeting, and desire that this association be perpetuated so long as any of the survivors of the Shiloh battle be permitted to remain."

Gens. Stewart and Wheeler and Capt. T. H. Paine were selected to address the meeting, but the former was off locating places in the battle. Both of the others responded in cordial words of welcome to the Union veterans, and their addresses were generally appreciated. Gen. Wheeler gave some strong comparisons between the losses in battles of "our great war" with all the losses in all the previous battles in this country.

Gen. B. M. Prentiss made a thrilling speech, in which he gave a vivid history of the battle on Sunday. He began with: "Friends of the South, particularly American citizens, 'I came, I saw, and I was conquered.'" He told of the troops at Savannah, March 25, and his taking command of the Sixth Division. He was grasped "on arrival by the hand of that grand man McPherson," whose tragic death occurred in front of Atlanta July 22, 1864. "We came here to go to Corinth, but Corinth came to us." He reported his anxiety about the situation in front of the General commanding in the field, but his fears of an attack were not heeded, the General sending back word, "I will guard your front." He sent, however, Col. Moore, of his division, with part of his regiment, who encountering Johnston's army, sent a report of it back to Prentiss, adding: "If you will send the balance of my regiment to me, by thunder, I will lick them!" Reviewing the general attack, he said: "Your Confederates came in splendid order, and I knew it meant business. Sherman's left was turned. You got into our rear and turned your cannon upon us. I was flanked on right and left. You came pell mell as if you were going to Pittsburg Landing in a hurry. The battlefield was about two and a half by three miles. We held the point at the old road that I knew it was important to maintain, and in holding it our losses were terrible. We fought on and on and when it seemed that absolute disaster had come and you had killed a boy who had been with me through the heat of that terrible battle, and whose promotion I had determined upon, I ran to a tree, pulled off my hat and—I failed to be a gentleman—but I was not a church member.

"You have all read that thrilling description of Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg. I would I could command language to as fittingly describe the charge that day of Albert Sidney Johnston's entire army. You had a peculiar yell and it meant business every time. I knew Gen. Johnston personally and I think I saw him when he received his wound. Just after that, but for a few moments only, everything was as still as death. When a fire on the battleground got under way and the wounded men on both sides were being burned to death, Union soldiers put down their guns and ran to carry from before the flames their own and Confederates, you did not fire a gun at them. American citizen soldiers were pitted against each other. The good

Lord sent rain that night. The gunboats did not help us in the battle, but were as disastrous to the Union as to Confederate forces."

Gen. Prentiss commented in a general way about the disaster of that great battle, and said few can have any conception of the awful carnage.

He was cordial in conversation with the writer, and said: "One funny incident I must tell you. On the way to Corinth as a prisoner I had seen groups of stragglers, and asked the guard to indulge me. When buttoning my overcoat I dashed up to several hundred and said: "If you don't hurry up the yankees will be on you in a few minutes."

Gen. D. C. Buell, one of the park commissioners, all of whom were present, was the most eagerly sought of all the generals at the reunion. He appears much like Joseph E. Johnston did. His speech was brief, but comprehensive. He said:

This is a very different sort of reunion, fellow soldiers, North and South, from that which we held on this plateau thirty-three years ago, with the marshaling of hostile hosts, the roar of musketry and cannon, the mingling of the blood of twenty-three thousand killed and wounded, of friend and foe

What, then, is the meaning of this joyous assemblage, in which the simple garb of the citizen has taken the place of the blue and the gray, and the gentle presence of woman hallows the occasion, as it does always? It means that one flag, with cordial acclaim, floats over our re-united country; and that peace has taken the place of fratricidal war, which had this merit—that from its ashes has sprung, I fervently believe, a broader patriotism than our country ever knew before.

But our meeting has an object as well as a meaning. It is to pay homage to the memory of men who died bravely; to re-visit the scenes where Greek met Greek—where American valor grappled, fiercely if you will, with American valor,—where a regiment of the North and a regiment of the South battled for the mastery, sometimes the one and sometimes the other winning; and where Sidney Johnston and W. H. L. Wallace, over yonder toward the river, and many other typical heroes on either side all along the hostile lines laid down their lives; and incidentally to outline, in a manner, the Memorial Park, which Congress has established to perpetuate heroic action, and remind future generations, continually, of the throes in which the unity of our country was more firmly cemented, and perhaps the substance, as well as the name of civil liberty preserved.

Is this all that has brought us here? No, not all. The ties of comradeship have had not a little to do with our coming,—that mystic sympathy which draws men together who have shared the chances of battle, and the light and shadow of the camp and the march. And as we glance at our thinned ranks, and scan one another's features, we need not count the years to be reminded, that Time has been busy with his scycle in some fields, and with the ripening of the grain in others. Of those that remain who were middle aged then, the hair has whitened. and the limbs have lost just a little of their elacity, while even the youngest, yet in the vigor of manhood, may perchance bear upon their brows some of the rude pencilings of time. But for each survivor, whether old or middle aged, there will still be some worthy object to desire, still some duty to perform, a higher aspiration for the destiny of our country, and the thrilling recollection of tempests passed, which more than gentle gales, bind the marinor with a vivid interest to the voyage that has ended.

And in reviewing a little fondly the episodes of war in which you took part, you will treasure all the more warmly the advent and essence of peace; not merely the peace that signifies the cessation of armed strife, but the peace of charity and good will—the peace that blesses the home and sanctifies the heart.

Shall I speak separately of the armies whose deeds have rendered this spot historic and sacred? Of the splendid onset from these hills of the Army of the Mississippi? Of the splendid resistance of the Army of the Tennessee? and of the coming of the Army of the Ohio, or Cumberland, as it as it is called, which I have loved as if it were my offspring? No! To-day I banish these distinctions, and take each individual to my heart as my fellow-countrymen, whose valor on this field shed luster upon the name of American?

A large floral offering of two flags to a single staff was upon the grandstand. One was the stars and stripes in full display and the other was the stars and bars—limp, and bordered with delicate black crepe. The gift was from Chas. Lofland of Paducah, Ky. It was inscribed: "In memory of the heroic dead who sleep on the gory field of Shiloh, from one who shed his blood in that mighty battle."

Additional reports will be given hereafter.

D. K. Collins, Bryson City, N. C,: I have a small Testament that I took from a dead Federal soldier's pocket at Kemstown, in the Valley of Virginia, Aug, 4, '64, which bears now his name only, J. I. Worry. I should be very glad to deliver the book to any of his friends. It is bound in morocco, and has the dead soldier's blood on it. When I procured it, there was in addition to his name that of the donor, his State and regiment, all of which I tore out, to avoid the abuse that I feared if it should be found on my person after I was captured at Cedar Creek, on the 18th of October. Afterward my guard abused me because I had a knapsack that bore the name and regiment of an Ohio soldier. I think the soldier was from Pennsylvania, and the book was presented by his sister; the name (J. I. Worry) is in a lady's handwriting. The soldier was a young man of light complexion, had but little beard, if any, and bore the brand of a Second Sergeant on his sleeve.

Correction is due a statement in the article on Washington, in the February VETERAN, concerning the assertion that "Washington was in love with Mary Bland, who afterwards became the wife of 'Light Horse' Harry Lee and the mother of Robert E. Lee." It should have been that she was the mother of "Light Horse" Harry, and the grandmother of Robert E. Lee.

GEN. FORREST AMONG CIVILIANS.

Maj. Chas. W. Anderson, who was Gen. Forrest's Chief of Staff, illustrates his nobility of character among noncombatants:

Every living soldier of Forrest's West Tennessee Cavalry remembers the Sixth Tennessee Federal regiment, commanded by Col. F. H., of Purdy, McNairy County, Tennessee, a regiment of cavalry unknown to fame by any gallant deeds or meritorious conduct on the battlefield, and one which the war records of the rebellion alone have preserved from merited oblivion.

It may be truthfully said of this regiment that it did more plundering, burning, robbing, and running and less fighting, than any regiment in the Federal army, Fifth Tennessee Federal Cavalry only excepted.

On one of Forrest's campaigns, from Mississippi into West Tennnssee, and soon after leaving Corinth, he learned that H. and his regiment had evacuated Purdy, and that before leaving they had laid in ashes the homes of absent Confederate soldiers, also those of a number of citizens who were known to be in sympathy with the South.

Wilson's Sixteenth Regiment, of our command, and Newsom's, also, were composed of men from McNairy and adjoining counties, and Forrest knew that unless timely steps were taken to prevent it there would be trouble when he reached Purdy.

When within a few miles of that place he directed me to take a sergeant and five men from his escort, dash on into Purdy, and place a guard around the residence of Col. H.

On entering the town, blackened walls, lone chimneys, and charred remains of buildings gave abundant evidence of H's. cowardly vandalism. Learning from a citizen that his residence was in the suburbs, and directly on our line of march to Jackson, we were soon at its front. Dismounting and entering the portico of his dwelling, I tapped lightly on the door with the hilt of my saber. In a moment or so it was opened by a lady, when I asked, "Is this Mrs. Col. H.?" She tremblingly answered, "Yes, sir."

I noticed her agitation, also that on opening the door her countenance quickly changed, manifesting on the instant both surprise and alarm.

Hastening to relieve her apprehensions, I said, "We are not here to harm you, but have been sent for your protection. Although Gen. Forrest has not reached Purdy, he is aware of the ruin and devastation caused by your husband's regiment, and has sent me in advance of his troops to place a guard around your house. This guard is from his own escort, and will remain with you until all of our command has passed, and I assure you that neither your family or anything about your premises will be disturbed or molested."

Giving the officer of the guard instructions, I turned to her, and was in the act of raising my cap before mounting my horse, when, brushing away tears she could no longer repress, she said, "Please, sir, say to Gen. Forrest, for me, that this (referring to the guard) is more than I had any right to expect of him, and that I thank him from my heart for this unexpected kindness. I shall gratefully remember it and shall always believe him to be as generous as he is brave."

Returning to the town, I rejoined the General as he was entering the public square, where he halted and was soon surrounded by citizens of the place, among them the venerable father of Col. D. M. Wisdom, of our command, who said, "You see, General, the marks of Col. H's. last visit to our town, and you are also aware that a large number of our citizens are Union people, and they are greatly alarmed for fear of retaliation on the part of your command."

Forrest's reply was characteristic and stripped of his habitual way of emphasizing matters: "I do not blame my men for being exasperated, and especially those whose homes have been laid in ashes, for desiring to revenge such cowardly wrongs, but I have placed a guard around the home of H., and others need feel no uneasiness. Orders have been issued to my command that no Union citizen of this town must be insulted, much less harmed, and this order was accompanied by my personal request that it be obeyed to the letter, and I am sure no soldier of my command will disobey the one, or disregard the other. Of one thing, however, the Union friends of H. and his cowardly regiment of Tennessee renegades may rely upon. If we ever are so fortunate as to find them just once in my front, I will wipe them off the face of the earth. They are a disgrace to the Federal army, to the State, and to humanity."

Ever after this, whenever it was known that Forrest was on the move, that command stood not on the order of its going. They well knew that whenever they confronted Forrest there would be a long account to settle. Concluding, Maj. Anderson states: During my service as a staff-officer of Gen. Forrest from October, '62, to the surrender, he fought every cavalry commander and much of the infantry of the army of the Cumberland, also that of the Mississippi—Generals Kilpatrick, Stanley, Mitchell, Wilder, McCook, and Minty, of the former, and Grierson, Hatch, Mower, Warren, and Winslow, of the latter, yet for none of these commanders do we cherish the slightest feeling of either disrespect or resentment. I bear cheerful testimony now to the dash, the gallantry and soldierly bearing of these officers, and regret that for the credit of the State of Tennessee, the names of H. and S. cannot be added to the list. Truth forbids it, for we never met them where they should have been—at the front.

Before the war they were men of prominence, both of them lawyers of recognized ability. When our army was forced out of Tennessee they had regiments of cavalry ostensibly to fight for the Union, yet history and the "Records of the war of the Rebellion" fail to show their participation in a single battle of any note, nor in all the reports of Federal army commanders have I been able, so far, to find one word of commendation of either of them.

* Retribution, as marked as it is just, always follows the cowardly and vindictive use or abuse of power. Shirking both danger and duty on the field, they hounded, plundered, arrested, abused

and insulted a helpless and defenseless people, and as a consequence, both have long since sunk into obscurity, despised and execrated by thousands who suffered from their cruel deeds, unrelieved by a single brave or noble act on the battlefield or off of it.

FROM ACROSS THE FATHER OF WATERS.

W. L. MORRISON, HAMILTON, TEXAS.

While the old soldier's hands are kept busy with labor and care, he, to some extent, puts away thoughts of the past, but when housed up against bad weather, old memories revive and those stormy years, '61 to '65, are vivid above all others. He lives over again his life in the camp, on the infantry march, the exciting cavalry scout or raid within the enemy's lines, and there rises up within him a desire to hear something of his old comrades. I rejoice that at last we have an organ of our own through which we can feel free to express ourselves to one another. Am sorry to see so few items from this side the Father of Waters. From reading the VETERAN, one would almost conclude we had no war west of the Mississippi, while, in proportion to our numbers, we held as many Federals in check, when protecting Texas and western Louisiana, as any portion of the Confederate forces had to contend with. We also had as brave men, as noble women as ever lived on earth.

I will dedicate a small space to three as brave boys as ever wore the gray. In August, 1862, we were returning South from the "Lone Jack raid" during which, two hundred miles within the enemy's lines, we had given them a very genteel thrashing, and captured two fine brass-rifled cannon, which the yankees vowed they would recapture at all hazards. We had stirred up a regular "hornet's nest," and the yanks concentrated upon us from every direction. When a few miles south of the Osage River the Federal advance began to make it rather warm for our rearguard, and our regiment (Hunter's) was ordered to form across the road and give them a check. Our position was on a ridge in open Black Jack timber. Our rearguard fell back through our line, and the pursuing Federals never discovered us until within sixty or seventy yards, when they immediately filed to the left and formed in our front, and firing commenced hot and heavy. I had just fired my gun, when my mare, becoming excited, reared up and while in that position received a ball between the eyes, and, falling over flat on her side, caught my left foot underneath and pinned me to the ground. I struggled a long time it seemed to me, and at last pulled my foot out badly bruised and minus my boot. By this time our line had begun to give way, and the Federals were advancing, but three brave boys, Jim McAnally, Joe Hunt, and Will Toler, stood by me, giving them "the best they had." About the time I got my foot clear, Jim McAnally's horse threw him, but he still held to the reins and was trying to mount, when a Federal officer, more daring than the rest, who was almost upon him, ordered him to surrender, emphasizing his order with shots from his pistol, two of which pierced Jim's sleeves. Joe Hunt had turned his horse to ride off, when, looking around, he saw Jim's peril and, half turning in his saddle, he raised his short Enfield and fired, and as the yank threw up his hands and rolled off his horse, exclaimed, "There, ——, take that!" Jim then mounted, and Toler said to me as coolly as if he had been in no danger, "Here, Will, get up behind me!" which I did in quick time, and his big iron gray carried us safely out. We had punished the enemy so severely that they never pressed us any more. Brave, handsome Will Toler! he poured out his life's blood for Dixie afterward. Hunt and McAnally both survived the war.

As a Missouri ex-Confederate, I appeal to my old comrades to support and write for the VETERAN. Wake up, old boys in gray! we will soon all be gone. The youngest of us, who were mere lads when we buckled on our arms and kissed our dear ones at home good-bye, impelled by the stern sense of duty to follow our dear "Old Pap" (Gen. Price) in defense of our Southern rights, begin to feel the weight of years, and unless we leave record of those eventful years they will sink into oblivion. Dear old comrades, rally to the VETERAN, and may God bless you, and when Gabriel shall sound the last reveille, may we all meet on the Celestial Parade Ground.

DEATH OF GEN. TURNER ASHBY.

Luther Coyner has written in pleasant verse an account of the heroism of Turner Ashby, and states:

The lines were suggested by the statement, "I grieve at the death of General Ashby," found in a letter written June 7th, '62, by Gen. Robert E. Lee, to the Confederate Secretary of War.

Gen. Ashby was born Oct. 23, 1829, and was killed June 6, 1862. He had in one short year been promoted from Captain of a troop of cavalry to be Brigadier General of cavalry.

This is the record:

Captain Fauquier Co., Va., "Mountain Rangers," April 18, '61; Lieutenant Colonel, McDonald's Legion, June 17, '61; Colonel, Ashby's Cavalry, March 12, '62; Brig. Gen. of Cavalry, May 27, '62.

He was killed near Harrisonburg, Va., in a heavy skirmish while leading his brigade on foot, his horse, only a few minutes before, having been shot under him. Ashby lies buried at Winchester, Va., in the famous Shenandoah Valley.

The Gallatin, Tenn., Examiner tells a story about the capture of a heavy tin medicine chest by Capt. S. R. Simpson, who brought it home at the close of the war, and had given it to the Donelson Bivouac, of which he is a member. It tells, furthermore, that recently the captain, while on a trip to Illinois to bury his sister, learned of the owner, and, upon representing the fact to his Bivouac, had it restored to his possession, and he in turn forwarded it to the family of the surgeon, who did not wait for transportation of his medicines at Chickamauga.

J. L. Lemon writes from Paris, Tenn., his regrets at not being able to do more for the VETERAN because of an injured eye, and adds: It is worthy the efforts of every Confederate veteran.

TEXAS CONFEDERATE HOME.

The report of the board of managers, by Henry E. Shelley, President, Austin, January 1,1895,says: * * * The law now limits the admission of inmates to those who were bona fide citizens of Texas, and who were residents of the State on the first of January, 1891. Would it not be well to amend this so as to require a two-years' residence in the State prior to the date of the application?

We have now 147 inmates, which number fills the Home to its utmost capacity. Of these, 71 served in Infantry, 55 in Cavalry, 5 in the Navy, and 16 in Artillery, from the following States: Texas, 91; Virginia, 6; Alabama, 5; North Carolina, 2; Kentucky, 2; Florida, 1; Georgia, 4; Mississippi, 6; Missouri, 3; Arkansas, 1; South Carolina, 3; Louisiana, 10; Tennessee, 5; and 6 not stated. Five men are completely paralyzed; 4 nearly paralyzed; 3 with one arm; 6 with one leg; 5 totally blind; 3 with cancer, and two in the last stages of consumption. Rheumatism seems to be the prevailing disease with a large majority.

The oldest man is 88 and the youngest 48 years.

For the incoming two years it is believed to be necessary to make preparations for the admission of, say, 53 additional inmates, making a total of 200, which will necessitate the building of four new cottages with three rooms each.

The real estate and buildings belonging to the Home are valued at $60,130, and the personal property at about $2,000.

The amount expended for improvements and the support of inmates, including salaries of officers and employees, from the 1st of March, 1893, to the 1st of March, 1894, was $31,071.22, and from the 1st of March, 1894, to Nov. 30, 1894, was $15,630.45. The per capita expenses, including everything, is about $14.47 per month. Twenty-six inmates have died during the past year; 81 since the organization of the Home, all of whom are buried in that part of the State Cemetery set apart for the inmates of the Home; and all except six have a small, neat marble headboard, with name, date of birth and death, with Company, Regiment, and, as far as possible, the Brigade to which each belonged.

Of the 147 inmates, 9 are in the hospital and 10 are on furlough.

The full estimate for the support of the Home for the two years beginning March 1st, 1895, and the estimates for the necessary buildings and improvements are $74,540.

J. E. Brasell, of the Texas Home, writes:

"You call me Captain. I was a private in Company D, Sixteenth Alabama. It is probable that the Veteran will fall into some one of their hands, and I would not like for them to think I had gone to lying in my old age."

The Veteran does not approve titles where they were not officially earned(?)—"Earned" is not the word, for many a private earned honors worthy the highest title—General.

B. R. Parks, Newbern, Tenn.: "You are doing a good work for the Southern cause." Let all who so believe tell it to others.

PREPARING FOR THE REUNION IN TEXAS.

Lieut.-Gen. W. L. Cabell, U. C. V., sent out his annual circular from Dallas, Texas, Feb. 1st. Adjt.-Gen. A. T. Watts signs the circular, also officially. It is very similar in patriotic spirit to his former address, which was published in the Veteran.

He Says: "* * Our old comrades are becoming more and more familiar with the workings of our benevolent, social, and historical association. The death roll has not been as great as we might have expected. The dead have been properly cared for. My old comrades never permit it to be said that one of these brave men who followed the flag of the South at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Corinth, and a hundred other battlefields, was buried in the potter's field. The living Confederate veterans who are incapacitated by sickness or wounds from making a living have been provided for by the different states in the Trans-Mississippi Department. They have good houses, are amply provided with raiment and shelter, where they can spend their last days in quiet and peace as the honored guests of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and the Indian Territory and Oklahoma. I, therefore, urge you, my old comrades, to continue the good work; organize camps and join at once the Association of United Confederate Veterans. Noble sons and fair daughters of the greatest women that ever lived in any country, organize, and be ready to take the place of those who will soon cross the River!

Let every camp be represented at Houston by as large a delegation as possible, and let them be fully authorized to represent their respective camps upon all matters. When a delegation cannot attend, see that your respective camps shall appoint proxies, having the same properly signed by the officers of the camp. See that a correct roll of your members in good standing, with your annual fee of ten cents for each member, is sent to General Moorman before the limit allowed for it. The Committee on transportation, composed of good business men, to-wit: Generals H. W. Graber, S. P. Mendez, and H. B. Stoddard, and Cols. T. B. Trotman and B. F. Wathen, will do all in their power to secure reduced rates on all railroads leading to Houston. Local committees can communicate with them.

I would also, my comrades, call your attention to the fact that the noble women of this Department, both old and young, imbued with a spirit that actuated their noble mothers and sisters during the war, are now organizing monument associations in order to erect monuments to the valor, heroism and patriotism of the Confederate soldiers, and our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis. It is only necessary for me to remind you of this, as it will continue in the hands of your Division Commanders. Let us all then work together as one man, and we will yet see the unveiling of a number of monuments, not only in this Department. but throughout the South.

P. K. McMiller, Secretary of Camp Hardee, Birmingham, Ala., writes that he wants to procure a copy of "The Battle of Gettysburg, written by a Capt. Young of the Federal army. Who can give him the address of the publisher?

COMPANY F, 26TH N. C. INFANTRY.

BY CAPT. R. M. TUTTLE, now a minister at Cisco, Tex.

One of the greatest honors ever conferred upon me, in a civic, or military sense, was a Captain's commission from the Confederate government, whereby I became commander of Company F, of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. I had the honor of leading those gallant men in the battle on the gory field in front of Gettysburg, and its gun-crowned "Cemetery Hill," July, 1863.

The Company went into action with eighty-eight men, and three commissioned officers—the Captain and two Lieutenants—making in all, ninety-one officers and men. It was indeed a fateful field to us, for every officer and every man of the rank and file, was either killed or wounded. Thirty-one, more than one third of the number, were killed outright, or died from wounds. There were in the Company three sets of twins, of whom five were killed or mortally wounded, and there were sixteen men of the same family connection, by the name Coffey.

Again, and afterward, at the battle of Bristol Station, the Company went into the engagement with thirty-four (34) men and officers, of whom, in a few brief moments, thirty-two (32) were killed or wounded. Six or seven were left dead in that dreadful carnage.

Company F had some romance connected with it. In 1862, a young woman, in man's attire, joined its ranks, received the bounty of $50.00, donned the gray uniform, buckled on the regulation accoutrements, and, with gun in hand, drilled and did the duties of a veteran soldier for some time. Finally, to the great merriment of the whole army, she made herself known. Then, after having returned the bounty money, and replaced the suit of Dixie Gray with a woman's gown, she went back in happy mood, and with an enlarged acquaintance, to her mountain home, under the Gian' mountain.

The First Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment was the late, and lamented Senator Z. B. Vance, of Buncombe county, N. C. The Brigade commander at Gettysburg, was the Hon. John J. Pettigrew, who surrendered his noble life for the Sunny South at Falling Water on the retreat. His birthplace, I believe, was Charleston, S. C.

I make the brief statements above, because justly merited by the company; and, at this time, because of recent references by the press as to its casualties at Gettysbury, Pa.

They were, indeed, a splendid band of chivalrous men, and with great powers of endurance. They were born and reared, for the most part, in Caldwell county, N. C., and right under and among the Blue Ridge and Grandfather mountains. Multiplied honors would I bestow upon the many of them who sleep, and upon the remnant among the living!

I have now in preparation a sketch of this famous Company, whose record in battle, it is believed, is unparalleled in the annals of war.

[The above was sent to the VETERAN as original, but it has been published elsewhere in like manner.]

THAT HAMPTON ROADS' CONFERENCE.

W. H. Brooker writes from San Antonio, March 27, 1895, to the Houston, Texas, Post, sharp denial of the Statement over and over made, and lately embodied by Mr. Henry Watterson in one of his lectures, that Mr. Lincoln said, at the Hampton Roads' Conference, "Write Union at the top of the paper and you can put what you choose besides."

Mr. Brooker states that in 1872 he was a visitor at Crawfordville, and on that occasion several prominent statesmen of Georgia were there visiting the Sage of Liberty Hall—men who espoused the cause of the Confederacy—and Mr. Stephens went back to the war to give his views at large. In the conversation he spoke of the warm personal friendship existing between Mr. Lincoln and himself, a friendship that grew strong and mutual during their sittings in the National Halls of Congress, when incidentally the Hampton Roads' Conference was discussed pro and con by several present. In the course of the discussion he, being much younger than the others and perhaps retiring, said to Mr. Stephens, "Mr. Stephens, all know your warm personal friendship towards Mr. Lincoln, and your high estimation of his integrity and ability, why did you not presume on this and urge a dissolution of the war on terms honorable to your section and your people?"

"I shall never forget the breathless silence that pervaded the hall, while Mr. Stevens began his reply: 'While the conference was in session some matters were discussed, but Mr. Lincoln always turned upon unconditional surrender, and he would use his good offices to ameliorate the condition of the South. * * * After the conference broke I tried to draw Mr. Lincoln into conversation on friendly terms, and when I mentioned the dissolution of the war, he grew restive and said: Nothing but unconditional surrender,' abruptly parted, took his cabin with Mr. Seward on his man-of-war and ordered the Captain to steam back to Washington.'"

Captain Albert Gallatin Hudgins, late of the C. S. Navy, died at Richmond, Va., January 4, 1895.

Capt. Hudgin's left the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in 1861, and was commissioned a Lieutenant. He served with Capt. Semmes, and was captured at sea, taken to New York, and imprisoned in "The Tombs" for eighteen months. After his release and exchange, an attack of fever confined him to his home for months. When able to report for duty, he was engaged in several expeditions in Virginia waters. He went to sea afterward with Capt Taylor Wood, but was captured after a time, and imprisoned on —— Island in Charleston Harbor under the fire of our guns. After his exchange from there, he served in the army until the end.

J. M. Arnold, Newport Ky., seeks information:

Cleburne's (my) Division's battle flag was a blue field with a white center and was bordered with white, while all other divisions carried the Southern (St. Andrews) cross. If I remember correctly, we were permitted to carry this flag by act of Congress. Can you inform me again what the significance of the flag was? [Who can answer?—Ed. VETERAN.]

PRIVATE D. C. LOVE, OF MISSISSIPPI.



D. C. Love, of Crawford, who served patriotically in the eleventh Mississippi Regiment as a private, is a typical representative of the men who "did the work" in Confederate service. A friend sends this engraving with expressions of admiration in his career, "fighting heroically not for glory, for position and renown, but for principle." Comrade Love was a graduate of Davidson College, N. C., and the Law School of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn. The class was graduated in April, '61, that the young men might hasten to arms in the cause of the South.

At the second Manassas battle he captured in a long, hard struggle with the Seventh New York Zouaves, a much prized Sharp's rifle, and a full box of cartridges was secured. At Sharpsburg, in the firing of this fine gun forty shots at "point blank" range, the barrel was so heated as to blister his hands. He was wounded at Sharpsburg in the Wilderness, and severely at Hatcher's Run.

Comrade Love has written a history of his company for the Columbus Dispatch. It comprises twenty-four closely written pages of foolscap.

J. T. Lowry, Lynnville, Tenn.: The morning after the surrender of Fort Donelson the little town Dover was almost devastated. Household goods of every description were scattered on the streets. While our Regiment, the Third Tennessee, was being marched to a transport, en route a northern prison, I picked up a nice linen bosom shirt and put it in my knapsack. When we arrived at Camp Douglas it was the only garment I had of a citizen's suit. Months afterward the balance of a suit was secured, and one dark night in June, '62, I discarded my threadbare gray and made my escape through the magic influence of two dollars in silver, and finally reached home without being recaptured. I learned through comrades afterward that the pay the guard received for permitting me to scale the fence in the rear of his beat was not enough for what he had to endure for the act. It was discovered that he had allowed me to make my escape and he was court-martialed for the offense. The sentence of that court was that one side of his head be shaved close, and that he then be drummed out of service.

The old linen shirt is still in my possession, and the name of the owner, "J. T. Morgan," is still legible. Although the peaceable possession of the garment for so long a period might annul his right to it, he can have the half that contains his name.

DAUGHTERS, OF THE CONFEDERACY.

At the recent meeting of delegates at Nashville, Tenn., to consider amendments to the Constitution of the National Daughters of the Confederacy, such changes were made as will enable all Southern women of merit to become members. In substance they say:

"All women shall be eligible for membership in this Association who may be either widow, wife, mother, sister, or lineal descendant of such men as served in the Confederate Army, Navy, or Civil Service, or of those women who, wherever they resided during the war, gave personal aid to the cause."

National, as well as State, organization rests upon the subordinate Associations. There can be no individual membership in either. They merely represent the subordinate and lower Associations. True, they have officers and committees, but they must all be members in good standing of some subordinate Association.

The first subdivision formed in a State under charter from the National Association becomes charter or parent chapter, and in it is vested the power to organize different subdivisions in their own State, and all charters for subdivisions must emanate from them. When, say, three or more subdivisions have been formed, the parent chapter calls a meeting of delegates from each subdivision in her State, and thus forms a State Association under commission from the National Association.

The Charter Association should report annually to the Secretary of the National Association, on blanks to be furnished by it, and they should also be required to pay to the National Association annually, say, ten cents per capita for current expenses.

When a State Association is formed, the subordinate Associations should no longer report directly to the National Association, but to the State Association, making their returns to it just as they had previously done to the National.

The President of each State Division shall be a Vice President of the National Daughters of the Confederacy; her rank to be determined by the date of her election. All federations shall be under the management of their State Divisions.

The following were appointed as an Advisory Committee to consider further changes and report at the regular convention to be held at Nashville, November 6, 1895, for further perfecting the organization: Miss Mary S. Lamar, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. E. H. Parsley, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. R. A. Allison, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.

Cristmas Dinner—Recall the Contrast.—The Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, Richmond, had the following bill of fare at their last Christmas dinner:

Stewed oysters, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, roast venison, currant jelly, roast shoat, apple sauce, baked ham, wheat bread, corn bread.

Stewed tomatoes, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes. Mixed pickle, celery, cheese, crackers.

Oranges, apples, bananas, nuts, raisins, confectionery.

Mince pie, fruit cake, pound cake, currant cake, chocolate cake, sponge cake, tea, coffee, cigars.

PELHAM AT FREDERICKSBURG.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, Major John Pelham, Chief of Stuart's artillery, and then only eighteen years old, with one Parrot gun delayed the Federal advance for an hour to give time for necessary manœuvres, fighting his gun in the face of the concentrated fire from the entire Federal artillery, as well as the musketry fire from their assaulting column. His gunners in this memorable action were Mississippi Frenchmen, and above the frightful din of battle could be heard the strains of their hymn, "The Marsellaise," sung by them as they worked their piece.

Pelham's conduct on this occasion won the loftiest praise man has ever earned. Lee, watching him, said: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young!" Such words from such a man!

Into the hurtling storm of shell,
Into the gaping mouth of hell,
Pelham the dauntless dashed—
Out from the meager line of gray,
Out to the bloody fringe of fray,
Where thousand thunders crashed.

Lashes to straining horses plied,
Cheers of defiance as they ride
Under the eyes of Lee.
Out of the day and into night,
Clouded in smoke they ride to fight,
Glorious sight to see!

Out of that bedlam Freedom speaks
Hear it in Pelham's Parrot's shrieks,
Pelham! 'tis bravely done!
In the concentring, deadly hail,
Daring to die but not to fail,
Pelham still fights his gun!

What is that sound? 'Tis not a cheer—
There, yet again,—list! comrades, hear!
Hark, 'tis the hymn of France!
Rising the lofty anthem swells,
Over the din of countless hells
Freedom defiance chants!

Never was witnessed braver deed,
Bringing of praise its richest meed,
Making a deathless name—
"Courage sublime in one so young!"—
Words from the heart of Lee he wrung,
Crown of immortal fame!

A. SIDNEY MORTON.

St. Paul, Minn.

A pleasant party were on an excursion on the Potomac, when a singer rendered "Jesus, lover of my soul," to the comfort of every auditor. After the singing he was interrogated by a fellow passenger, who referred to the peculiar intonation of his voice, when it became the satisfactory conclusion of both that the singer gave that same song when a sentinel in the war, and the gentleman said to him, "That song saved your life—I heard you singing, detected thereby where you were, and had my gun well upon you when you began the lines,

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing,'

when I took down my gun; I couldn't pull the trigger then." The singer recalled the particular occasion, that he was much depressed that night and started the song which revived memories of home.

CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI.

The annual report of Superintendent of Confederate Home of Missouri, at Higginsville, for 1894, is interesting, and notes from it will be of value to comrades in other States. This Home is supported by its friends, and not by State aid. The property is valued as follows:

Buildings	$34,538 57
Furniture and house-furnishing goods	4,944 84
Improvements and repairs	1,788 73
Value of live stock on hand	3,591 88
Value of farm products	2,948 75
Value of farm machinery on hand	519 90
The farm, 362 acres, cost	18,600 00
Total, December 31, 1894	$66,941 77

The donations for the year are given in an extended list. In it are mentioned seven organizations of Daughters of the Confederacy. The Kansas City Daughters have taken a very active part for it, mentioning especially liberal contributions for books. The Librarian reports that the Woman's Exchange of St. Louis sent them 300 volumes, and the Globe-Democrat sent about 100 volumes recently. Nearly every newspaper in Missouri has donated to it.

The Missouri Pacific Railway has built a side track and established a station for the Home. The average age of the eighty beneficiaries is over 63 years.

The Fifteenth Connecticut Regiment at New Berne, N. C. The National Tribune:

During a large part of 1864 the Fifteenth Connecticut Infantry was stationed at New Berne, N. C., being the Provost Guard of the city. Its members made a good impression upon the people, and many acts of kindness were passed between the regiment and the citizens. The yellow fever scourged the city and carried off many members of the regiment, as well as citizens. Acts of reciprocal helpfulness greatly strengthened the friendly ties between soldiers and civilians. The survivors of the regiment decided to build a monument at New Berne to the 70 comrades who died there, and the State of Connecticut gave them substantial assistance. It was erected, and on Nov. 14, 1895, a party of surviving veterans arrived at New Berne to dedicate it. They were headed by Col. Charles L. Upham, President of the Fifteenth Connecticut Veteran Association, and Senator O. H. Platt accompanied them to make the dedicatory address. The citizens of New Berne, headed by the city officials and the Confederate Veteran Association, gave them a reception and a banquet, at which appropriate patriotic speeches were made. The yankee veterans were the guests of the city, and were treated with the greatest hospitality. A great concourse turned out to witness the unveiling, and the people supplied a lavish abundance of flowers.

J. E. Rucker, Temple, Texas: I wish to see the VETERAN as solid as the principles for which it contends, and think every town in the South ought to have a live agent.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Office: 208 North College Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

SPIRIT OF SECTIONAL SENTIMENT.

The Veteran realizes the great responsibility of what it says, and it dares not express conviction rashly, since it is so sincerely approved by so many thousands in the South, and as was never any publication before. It has declined to refer to protests by Sons of Grand Army Veterans against like organizations of Sons of Confederates. Then the ugly language of certain newspapers against the rearing of Confederate monuments has been ignored.

Seeking the views of brave men from the other side, "Corporal" James Tanner, who represents ultra sentiment in behalf of Union Veterans, was addressed. "Corporal" Tanner will be recalled as the Commissioner of Pensions, whose generosity toward his comrades lost to him that important position. He was criticised severely and abused by many who would have felt differently if they had known how heroically he pleaded with citizens at a great mass meeting in New York, for the sole purpose of providing a Confederate Home in Richmond. Both of his legs were shot off below the knees by a cannon ball. He has been tried in the fire.

His lettler is dated Washington, D. C., March 22, '95; and contains the following extracts:

"Your very kind note came duly to hand. I noticed the publication of protest by the Sons of Union Veterans in this city against the organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans. Like you, I was pained to see it, and deprecate controversy on these lines. I sincerely hope that the sons of the old 'Johnny-Rebs' will, individually and collectively, take all steps possible to assist the diseased and shattered men who composed the armies of the Rebellion. It seems to me that this is the proper and natural sentiment of the human heart. * * * This comes as a consoling thought to me many a time when, in my personal experience, the pain tears me to pieces, and when I cannot help wishing that the gunner, in the Rebel battery I faced at the Second Bull Run, had sent the shot, which reached me, considerably higher, or not quite so high.

I note also what you say about the protest against the erection of Confederate monuments. Nothing you or I can say or do will change the opinions of mankind in respect to these matters, I suppose. And I confess that it is very easy for me to look at it from two standpoints. From my standpoint as a Union Soldier, and as a Northern man, I look at it and say to myself, 'Why are these men thus honored?' * * * But then, calm reason arises and says, these men represented a tremendous unanimity of sentiment in their section, and they died for that sentiment. And all my life, without regard to what quarter of the earth, or to what people it applied, I have felt and maintained that those who do not remember and honor their dead, especially if they died fighting for them, should be regarded only with centempt.

Many will differ with me. I cannot help that. These are my honest sentiments. I never have concealed them, and never shall."

The Veteran will be diligent in establishing fraternal relations between real veterans. It earnestly seeks the good of all sections, but principles are stronger than the government. There ought to be monuments in Washington to men of principle and purity of character, regardless of sections in which they lived or their convictions about States' rights.

There is a namby pamby sentiment for conglommerate mixture of the "blue and gray," putting the blue first, which has been carried to excess, and does not express the sentiment of heroes on either side. This sentiment has been pressed by an element that would break down barriers as to honor of service and give opportunities for blending by those who have not whorthy standing, North or South.

Dr. H. W. Manson, of Rockwall, Texas, calls attention to the fact that the managers at Houston will provide for crippled veterans especially, and that none with one leg need walk while there, unless they wish to. He adds, "Please tell Tennesseans that there will be a large delegation of old Tennesseans, now Texans, at Houston."

The following incident is strictly historical. While Potter's raid was in progress through South Carolina, near the close of the war in '65, a halt was made at one of the old homesteads on Cooper River. Col. James C. Beecher, commanding the thirty-fifth U. S. colored troops from Massachusetts, made the house his headquarters, and, to refresh himself and his officers, ordered some old wine taken on the march from the house of Dr. Sandford. Suspecting that the wine might have been "doctored" for their benefit, he called the negro servant and asked him to drink of it to first see the effect. The gentleman living there, seeing how he would peril the life of the negro, and indignant at the reflection put upon Dr. Sanford, said: "I will show you that Southern men do no such things as you suspect," and pouring out a glass, drank it himself.

"MARSE ROBERT IS ASLEEP."

The thirtieth anniversary of Lee's surrender (April 9, 1865) finds the character of the vanquished General a model to which all may refer with approval. "His modesty was his highest virtue," said a learned critic. Gen. Winfield Scott, Commander of the United States' armies, under whom Lee served in Mexico, said, "He was the best soldier I ever saw in the field."

When he surrendered the remnant of his army, which had been invincible so many years, Gen. Meade, in conversation with him, asked how many men he had at Petersburg, when his lines were broken, and when Lee replied "Forty thousand," Mead said, "I am amazed, and could not believe it if it were not you who said it."

When terms of capitulation were agreed upon, and the officer who had gone to take an inventory of Lee's army, reported to Gen Grant, stating that there were 8,000 men for duty, 120 cannon, etc., Grant refused to permit the firing of any salute of victory. In every way he showed his appreciation of the heroism and long persistance of Gen. Lee.

In a tribute to his character, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, who was reared in the Berkshire hills of New England, a born abolitionist, but who venerates the memory of his "Black Mammy" as do Southerners, visited Lexington, Va., and concludes a tribute as follows:

"As I took a last look at the recumbant statue, I observed that its base bore no ephitaph; no words of praise were carved upon the stone. Only above it on the wall was the name Robert Edward Lee, with the two dates, Born January 19, 1807, Died October 12, 1870.

That is all, but it is enough, for any eulogy would but detract from the spell of that single name:

> One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die.

Comrades: Receive and act upon this suggestion before going to Houston. Call at a printing office in your town or city and ask the printer to do you a favor. Tell him to give you two or three cards, two by three, or four, inches, and toprint your name, Company and Regiment, in the war, on the top side, so it may be read distinctly above the hat band, and keep it in your hat at Houston. A choice copy of the VETERAN will be sent to every printer who will do delegates this favor. It is unnecessary to add brigade, division, etc. Don't fail to do this and you will be gratified with the result.

The next VETERAN will be forty pages or more and the prospects are good for permanent enlargement. It will be distributed largely at the reunion.

Of the Tennessee comrades whose deaths occurred recently, the honored names of Capt. Jasper Smiley and Col. James H. Lewis, members of the Bivouac at Lewisburg, and Col. Thomas Boyers. Ex-President of the Donelson Bivouac at Gallatin, are mentioned. Each deserves extended record heae.

Capt. Smiley was in all respects a worthy man. Col. Lewis was a lawyer of distinction and one of the most public-spirited men in the State. He removed to Birmingham a year or so ago.

Col. Boyers was a prominent character in Tennessee. He was founder of the Nashville American, the oldest journalist in his State, and occupied important positions in the Confederate army. His last editorial wss "Plea against indecent journalism."

Just a week after the large funeral of Col. Boyers there was another at Gallatin for Prof. A. M. Burney, President of the Howard Female College. Prof. Burney was one of the most ardent of Southerners and a good man.

Dr. W. M. Yandell, April 12, '95: John C. Brown Camp, U. C. V., of Elpaso, Texas, was organized in March, 1892. The annual election of officers is held on March 2nd, each year—Texas Independence Day. The camp observes the National Decoration Day. The officers this year are: Wyndham Kemp, Commander; H. F. Stacey and H. H. Neill, Lieut. Commanders; P. F. Edwards, Adjutant; Chas. Longuemaire, Quartermaster; A. L. Justice, Surgeon; B. E. Majors, Chaplain.

The roster shows something over thirty active members, several of them—Governor Thornton being one—living in New Mexico. It was one of the first camps to make the VETERAN its official organ.

T. M. Church, Adjutant, Oakville, Texas, April 14, '95: Camp John Donaldson, U. C. V. 1895, held their regular quarterly meeting on last Saturday. After electing the VETERAN as the official organ for the Camp, it selected comrades C. C. Cox and R. M. Miller as delegates to the Houston Reunion, Ben E. Freasier and J. C. Wright as alternates, and Miss Clara Bell Church, Sponsor. The March VETERAN is superb; the old log church at Shiloh looks very natural as I saw it thirty-three years ago. My company—A., Second Texas Infantry—left sixteen brave comrades on that bloody field.

D. S. Sullivan, Secretary, kindly writes that the Louisiana Historical Association recently elected the following officers and Board of Governors for the year ending March 7th, '96:

President, Col. E. A. Palfrey; Vice Presidents, Wm. Laughlin, and Col. J. A. Chalaran; Secretary, Treasurer, and Custodian, D. S. Sullivan. The following comprise the Board of Governors:

Capt. L. A. Adam, John L. Blork, R. Fletcher, Capt. J. T. Purvis, Col. W. R. Lyman.

J. A. Holman, Comanche, Texas, March 13, 1865: The surviving ex-Confederates of Comanche have met and organized John Pelham Camp U. C. V., with sixty members. Elected officers, sent in our dues to the National organization, and expect to be represented at Houston, May 23 to 24. J. T. Tunnell was elected Commander, L. Young, First Commander; J. Holman, Second Commander, and the VETERAN was adopted as the official organ.

MEMBERS OF THE C. V. CAMP OF NEW YORK.



STEPHEN W. JONES.

Some of the organizers of the C. V. Camp of New York City:

Stephen W. Jones, a native of Norfolk, Va., was one of the first.

He enlisted as a private at Warrenton, N. C., in April, 1861, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865, at which time he was Captain in the Forty-sixth North Carolina Regiment. He was in all the engagements of his command.



JOHN F. BLACK.

John F. Black was born in New Orleans, Enlisted as a private in a Louisiana Guard Regiment, and was paroled at Meridian, Miss., in '65. He was then First Lieutenant in the Twenty-fifth Lousiana Regiment, having served four years. He was the first year on the Peninsula near Yorktown, was in the seige and surrender of Vicksburg and later served at a Fort near Mobile.



JOS. H. STEWART.

Jos. H. Stewart, a native of Maryland, enlisted in May,'61, as a private in First Maryland. In the next month he was elected a Second Lieutenant of another Company. He was captured while on picket duty, and after being released was promoted and appointed to the regular Army, C. S. A. He was paroled April 30, '65, by Gen. Wilson, at Macon, Ga.

The VETERAN would do special honor to Comrades in the metropolis who organized, and have maintained the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. It desires to give other notices hereafter.

The February number had a sketch of Col. A. G. Dickinson, its valiant Commander, and it is permitted in this issue to furnish an interesting historic sketch of his valuable services through Texas during the war. How few of us knew of it!



EDWARD OWEN.

Capt. Edward Owen, was one of the first of comrades in the New York Camp to take an interest in the VETERAN. His kindness there was preceded by that of his brother, the late Wm. Miller Owen, of Louisiana, who soon after the VETERAN was established kindly sent it a sketch of all the Confederate Monuments in New Orleans. W. Miller Owen, was Adjutant of the Washinton Artillery, New Orleans, and published a handsome ilustrated volume of nearly 500 pages from his own diary, and other authentic sources. A review of this work, "In Camp and in Battle," may be expected later.

Capt. Edward Owen's career duing and since the war will be read with pride by comrades.

He enlisted May, '61, for the war, in New Orleans as First Sergeant of First Company Battalion, Washington Artillery, of that city. He was engaged in more than thirty battles, some of which were Bull Run, Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gains' Mills, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill, Wilcox Bluff, Rappahannock Station, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Drury's Bluff, Chickahominy, and the siege of Petersburg for a whole year. He surrendered at Appamattox, C. H. He was promoted after the Battle of Bull Run to First Lieutenant for "gallantry and meritorious conduct on the field," and later he was made Captain, which position he held at close of the war.

In '63 Capt. Owen was detailed as acting Adjutant for a short time on the staff of Col. J. B. Walton, Chief of Artillery of the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

He was wounded in the leg at Sharpsburg, in '62, and on the head in the battle of Drury's Bluff, in '64. He was captured, with his Battery during the battle of Chancellorsville, while defending Marye's Heights, by Fredericksburg, May, '63, and was confined in Old Capitol prison at Washington for two months, when a special exchange was arranged.

After the war he went in cotton business in New

Orleans with his brother, Gen. Wm. Miller Owen, and Gen. Jas. Longstreet, under the firm name of Longstreet, Owen & Co., which continued until Longstreet published his own memorable letter.

In 1870, Captain owen was inclined to join the Egyptian Army, and was offered the position of Colonel of Artillery.

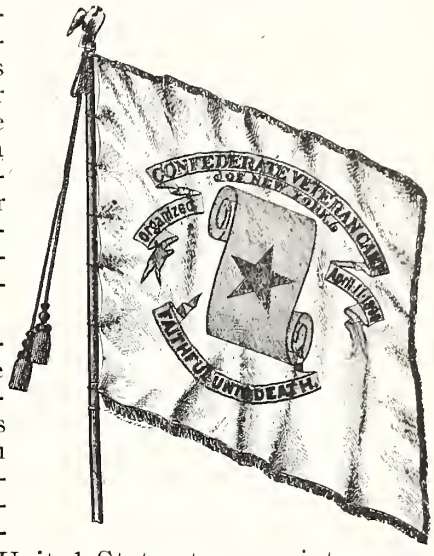
He procured credentials from Col. J. B. Walton, Chief of Artillery, his old command, which should gratify the ambitions of any man. Col. Walton states: * * * At Drury's Bluff, he fought at fifty yards the Battery of Belcher, of the Federal Army, completely destroying it for further service. He captured Capt. Belcher and his guns, and Gen. Beauregard ordered that the guns be inscribed and presented to Capt. Owen as a mark of his appreciation. In concluding his testimonial, Col. Walton states: "During the whole war Capt Owen exhibited devotion to the cause, intelligence in his arm of the service, and administrative capacity rarely equaled." This paper, with the manuscript endorsements, in extended manner, by Gens. Longstreet, Beareguard, and Mr. Davis, was entrusted to the mails for inspection. Mr. Davis wrote upon the paper as follows:

Memphis Tenn.
8 June 1870

From personal and official knowledge of Edward Owen, an officer of Artillery in the army of the Confederate States of America, I willingly bear testimony to his high character as a Gentleman and a Soldier. His correct and urbane demeanor, his zeal, intelligence & unflinching fidelity, conspicuous in the field and not less so in the day of his country's disaster, command alike my affection and esteem. I confidently recommend him to the favorable consideration of any Government to which he may offer his services.

Jefferson Davis

For ten years, Major Owen has held an important position in the city government of New York. Mayor Gilroy appointed him Commissioner of Accounts, which position gives him supervision over all the city departments, with power to examine all accounts and methods, etc. Confidential relations with the Mayor in his work are necessary. In a pleasant conference with Mayor Owen he mentioned this interesting bit of family history:

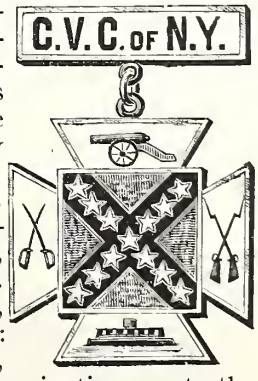


His grandfather, Judge Wm. Miller settled in Rapides Parish, La., in 1798. He was appointed in January, 1804, Commissioner of the United States to carry into execution the evacuation and surrender of the Post of Rapides, in concert with the officers of Spain.

In 1805 he was appointed by Gov. Claiborn, of La., the first United States Judge of the County Court, of the county of Rapides. In 1814, he raised a company and went to New Orleans and participated in the battle of New Orleans, under Gen. Jackson.

The Commissioner on the part of Spain to cede the Post of Rapides to the United States, was Dr. Menillon. Later, Judge Miller married his daughter.

The Constitution of the New York Camp is an interesting document. Article 11 says: "Its object shall be to perpetuate the memories of our fallen comrades; to minister to the wants of the needy and worthy Confederate soldiers and sailors, and their widows and orphans, and to preserve and maintain the sentiment of fraternity that was born amid the pleasures, hardships, and dangers of the march, bivouac, and battlefield. Having long since buried the animosities engendered by the war, it is our desire to extend to our late adversaries in arms the courtesies which characterize intercourse between soldiers, and dignify common citizenship."



This extended sketch of Capt. Owen is concluded by the published action of a committee, Rev. W. W. Page, Col. A. G. Dickinson, and J. B. Wilkinson, Jr, which they begin as follows:

"Comrade Edward Owen has, from the inception of the organization up to the present moment, been conspicuous for the intelligence, zeal, and fidelity with which he has labored for the welfare and success of the Camp. He has repeatedly declined honors which his grateful comrades desired to confer upon him."

Col. A. G. Dickinson, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, in writing of the Houston Reunion states these important facts:

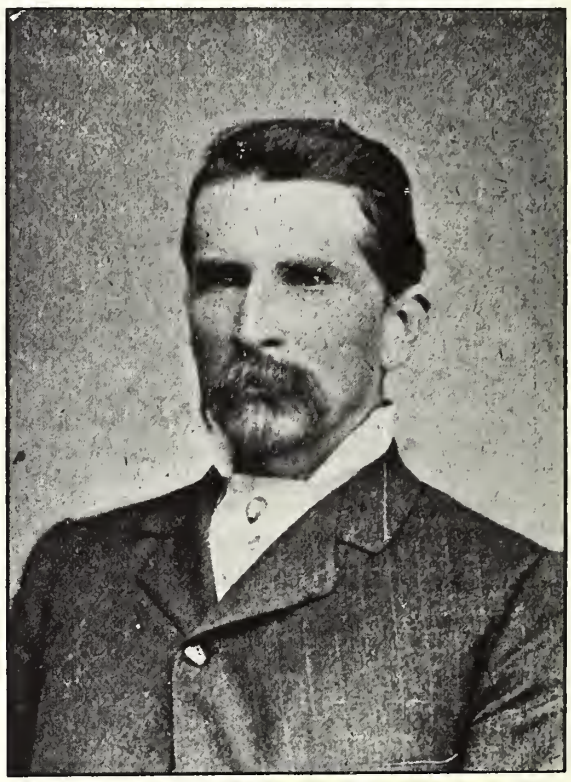
The best services I gave my country during the war were given upon the soil of Texas, where I conferred benefits upon that State financially in the organization and working of the Cotton Bureau. I was the father of that Bureau, and under my management it was eminently successful, not only in replenishing the depleted treasury of our unfortunate Government, but in furnishing supplies to the State, and in affording facilities to the State Government to collect taxes in cotton, which up to that time had not been available, and to get in supplies, for which the State had greatly suffered. This gave the people the advantage of the market and the protection of my troops, and safe conduct through my lines to Mexico, where they found ready sale for their cotton at a fair price, and the opportunity also to purchase supplies. This was never thought of as a possibility until the Bureau had been established. This arrangement made with the Mexican authorities gave free transit to and from the sea port of Matamoras, where merchants from all parts of the world had been invited to buy our cotton, and bring to us, in return, all the articles needed in our country. The Government, the State, and the people, under the protection of the troops which I commanded, were as safe in shipping cotton to Mexico, and then to Europe, as if no war existed. For the Government I purchased army supplies of every kind, and the arrangement made with the planters and merchants turned out to be as advantageous to them as it did to the Government. Thoroughly patriotic, they willingly contributed to the wants of the Government one fifth of their cotton, and under these conditions they received permits which guaranteed protection to them in taking on to Mexico the remaining four fifths for their own account. They were also authorized to take back to their homes such supplies as they needed for their use and comfort. Fine prices were obtained for cotton; the traffic was immense, and it was conducted greatly to the prosperity of the State. These facts are historical. My plans were approved by Gen. Magruder, then commanding that department. But he doubtless feared for the results of so grand a project in the hands of so young a man. But the General believed in my energy and devotion, and he gave me every facility at his command to form its consummation. I was Commander also of the sub-department, and had to combine the military and commercial enterprises. An immense cavalcade of wagons had to be guarded to and from the frontier of Mexico, and along the Rio Grande, when on the Mexican side of the river. I succeded in retaining the most friendly relations with our sister Republic, which I am glad to say were uninterrupted during our long war.

This is a little scrap of history which may never have been written before, but if the records of my office have been preserved, my reports in connection with this matter, ought to exist among the archives of the United States Government. * * *

I feel that you are right when you say that I would be accorded a hearty welcome at Houston.

CAPT. CHARLES J. MASTIN.

Capt. Charles J. Mastin, who died on the 29th of March last was a native of Huntsville, Ala., and was ever identified with that place and people. His ancestors, the Mastins, on the paternal, and Popes, on the maternal side (of old time Revolutionary stock), were among the early North Alabama settlers, who aided in organizing, building up, and equipping in and



CAPT. CHARLES J. MASTIN.

around Huntsville a most charming and attractive community, noted not more for its wealth and hospitality than for its refined culture and social elegance. His ancestry on both sides were active and efficient factors in developing the sterling worth and charming virtues, which characterize that place and people.

Capt. Charles J. Mastin was quite extensively known, and universally beloved. The chief and most notable feature of his life, and that which was most distinctive, was his career as a Confederate soldier. This reputation, however, was added to, later on in life, by sterling integrity, with a high sense of honor, brightened and charmed by a genial and sympathetic nature, and most delightful companionable qualities.

Captain Mastin, at the outbreak of war between the States, entered the Confederate Army as a private in the Fourth Regiment of Alabama Infantry, when quite a young man, and shared the fate of that Regiment, which was christened in the first baptism of fire, at Bull Run. Early in the spring of 1862 he was appointed Lieutenant and aid on the staff of Gen. John C. Breckenridge, and served as such aid with efficiency and credit through the campaign in Misissippi in 1862, and subsequently took most

honorable part with his chief in the notable battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Ringold Gap; and when a short time thereafter, while in winter quarters at Dalton, Gen. Breckinridge having been transferred to another command in Virginia, and Gen. Bate assigned to the command of the division, captain Mastin was promoted to a captaincy, and assigned to Gen. Wm. B. Bate as Ass. Adjutant of his Division. In this important position he served with the highest credit, taking part in all the battles fought in the North Georgia Campaign, and around Atlanta, until he was so severely wounded at Jonesboro as to render him incapable of further service. He merited and won the high commendation of his superior officers, and gained, as he deserved, honorable mention in their official reports.

As a citizen, Captain Mastin was patriotic and public spirited, as a neighbor, he was kind and accommodating, with a heart full of warmth and sympathy, and a hand that was the emblem of charity. He loved his friends, and when needed he stood by them in a manly way. His honesty of purpose, and integrity of character, inspired respect, and his true manhood challenged admiration. His generous impulses, his plain, simple manners, and social habits, made him personally popular. But he is gone—cut off in middlelife. "Thy scythe and glass, O Time, are not the emblems of thy gentler power." We drop a sprig of evergreen, emblematic of eternal life, upon the grave-mound that swells above the buried chivalry of our comrade and friend.

By the direction of that great and good Commander, whose orders must be obeyed, and who doeth all things well, thou hast been detailed, "Charlie" for a better service, and sent in advance—"into that beautiful land, the far away home of the soul."

W. B. B.

The Times-Democrat of New Orleans printed an interesting sketch of Captain Mastin, in which his career as a staff officer under Gen. Breckinridge was given. It was when Albert Sidney Johnston fell back, across the Tennessee, and Breckinridge made headquarters at the home of Mastin's father in Huntsville, Ala., that he became interested in the youth and selected him as a member of his staff. His first heroic service with him was at Shiloh. Just after the battle of Murfreesboro, when absorbed in the events, he pointed to Mastin and said: "That young man, standing there, is the most fearless man I ever saw."

When Gen. Breckinridge was ordered to go to the State Department at Richmond, and had his staff about him to say goodbye, he took the sword that Gen. Streight surrendered to Forrest, who had presented it to Breckinridge, and, handing it to Capt. Mastin, said: "Charles, my son, I place this sword in your keeping. I know you will never dishonor it."

Capt. Mastin was under Gen. W. B. Bate until shot through the knee-joint at Jonesboro, and he drew that sword many times, but never dishonored it.

Please designate in writing about anything advertised in these pages that you saw it in the VETERAN. It will be of benefit to you and to us.



GEN. SHELBY—MISSOURI DELEGATION.

Gen. J. O. Shelby, recently appointed by Gen. Gordon as Commander of the U. C. V., in Missouri, is a Tennessean by birth, and a grandson of Gov. Shelby, one of the heroes of King's Mountain. He was reared in Lexington, Ky., and moved to Lafayette, county, Mo., just prior to the opening of the war. He raised, armed, and equipped a company, and was a participant in the first battles of Missouri; Carthage, Oak Hill, Lexington, and Pea Ridge, and went to Corinth after the battle of Shiloh. His activity and address attracted attention from his superior officers, and he was commissioned to raise a Regiment in Missouri. Taking with him his old company, he went to the Missouri river and came back to Arkansas with a full regiment, killing and capturing enough to arm and equip his command. From this on, his career was remarkable, and he was to Arkansas and Missouri what Stuart was to Virginia, Forrest, to Tennessee, and Morgan, to Kentucky. He was badly wounded at Helena, commanded a Division on the Price raid in Missouri, and saved that army on its retreat to Texas. At the surrender in Shreveport of the Trans-Mississippi Department, he with 800 of his men, withdrew and went to Mexico as exiles, and sold his battery of six guns to Diaz. He took with him to Mexico, Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; Gov. Allen, of Louisiana, and other officers. He subsequently returned to Missouri and lived on a farm in Bates county until appointed by President Cleveland as United States' Marshall for the Western District of Missouri. He had refused other offices, although having them urged upon him often.

Col. H. A. Newman is his Chief of Staff and A.G.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain in and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

THIRTY THOUSAND COPIES.

The June VETERAN is to be an edition of thirty thousand copies. It is easy to designate 30,000, but the printing, binding, and mailing is a much greater undertaking than will be supposed without experience. The weight of fine paper will exceed 6,000 pounds, and its cost be from $300 to $400. Then the engraving, printing, binding, and mailing will require a great deal of labor and expense after the type setting and final reading of proofs



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Valentino's Florida Fruit Gum, or Old Fashion Sweet Gum.

Val. is an old Confed. soldier, 7th Ga. Reg., Co. K

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Guns for Posts, Companies, and Societies. Muskets, Carbines, Swords, Soldiers' Equipments, Cannon. Write for our prices on anything in this line. Address

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburg, Pa.

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DO YOUR NEIGHBOR A FAVOR.

When you go to buy postoffice order or check for your VETERAN, won't you please tell a neighbor or a friend that you are having the expense and care of writing anyhow, and that it won't cost any more to put in another dollar for him or for her? Think how easily the multitude in this way could give the VETERAN such strength that it might be valiant in the praise of the thousands, who gave life itself for conscience, sake, and the thousands yet living who crave above everything of earth, that these truths be established.

WAS SHE RIGHT?

"Are you going across the water this season?" asked one society woman of another. "No, not until I first have seen something of our own country," the other replied.

And she was more sensible by far than the majority of people who have the means and leisure to do much traveling. The instances are not few, but multifarious, where Americans who have traveled extensively abroad, who, in their way (?) have "done" Great Britain and the continent repeatedly if not intelligently. nevertheless, when questioned by foreigners regarding different portions of their native land, they evinced an ignorance as stupendous as is their indiscretion in thus making themselves targets for European ridicule.

The great Western America, from the Mississippi and the Gulf to Pacific shores, is one vast expanse of accumulated beauties, as though the wealth of nature had been especially poured out here for those who needlessly remain oblivious to it, and there is no reason or excuse for this stupid and narrow condition of things, when it takes the earnings of but a very short time to enable any man with his family to board "Sunset Limited," the beautiful and luxurious of all modern railway trains, and fly for two or three days through the most delightfully vardent plains and lovely valleys of earth among noble mountain peaks that lift their heads to the stars. This most gorgeous and speedy chain of flying palaces will leave New Orleans every Thursday at 8 a.m., on and after Nov. 1, during the season of 1895-96, over the Southern Pacific Sunset Route, and puts the traveler down in Los Angeles in two and a half days, or in San Francisco in only three and one fourth days.

For full particulars, address S. F. B. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Co., New Orleans, La.

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PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

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Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Marcus B. Tony corrects figures:

In my Wilderness Reminescences in your April number, I am made to say that between the 5th and 12th of May, 4.000 of Gen. Grant's Army fell. It should read 40,000, while our loss was about 8,000. Gen. Lee being on the defensive during nearly the entire week's engagement, his loss was comparatively small.

STUDENTS FROM TEXAS, ARKANSAS, SOUTH CAROLINA AND ALABAMA, ENTER JENNING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, NASHVILLE.

E. F. Turner. from Panhandle, Tex.; J. H. Blaylock, Mt. Nebo, Ark.; C. Rand, from Huntsville, Ala., and Olin and Fred Auld, Greenwood, S. C., have entered Jenning's College for a business course. They made inquiries of business men before coming, and then decided on this school.

Edelen's Transfer & Storage Co.

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Special Attention Given to Boxing Pianos, Packing Furniture, Pictures, Fine China, etc., for Shipment, and Moving Iron Safes. TEL. 941.

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Want shipments of Eggs, and orders for best brands of Egg Cases, Egg Case Fillers and Coops. Prompt service. Mention the VETERAN.

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Are great friends to the paper. They are enthusiastic in speaking its praises. The circulation of the paper is increasing very rapidly. To those who will help us to circulate the paper we make the following liberal offer:

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Confederate Veteran,

Who will send us two NEW subscribers to the YOUTH'S ADVOCATE, with two dollars, we will give the best fourteen karat two dollar GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN complete. We could not make this liberal offer were it not for the fact that we buy in large quantities for the benefit of our readers, and partly pay for the pen in advertising. Our readers have an opportunity to get this pen absolutely without any money. With little effort you can secure the two NEW subscribers.

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With pen and ink when supplied with this pen without searching all over the place. It is very convenient and saves much time. Send the subscribers and get a pen at once.

A SAMPLE COPY WILL BE SENT EACH SUBSCRIBER OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Address,

Gospel Advocate Pub. Co.,

Nashville, Tenn.



POLK MILLER AT HOUSTON.

Mr. Polk Miller has arranged to be in Houston, Tex., during the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, and will give his recital May 22, 23 and 24th in Assembly Hall.

Polk Miller is one of the original members of R. E. Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, Va., one of the first camps organized after the war. He will be one of its delegates Mr. Miller has appeared before Confederate Camps in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky Tennessee and Missouri, and has many personal friends in all these States.

His entertainment is not a lecture, and there is not a dry moment in it. His songs, stories, etc., are brimful of fun. He is certainly the best delineator of the peculiar wit and humorous characteristics of the old time plantation negro in existence.

Rev. J. William Jones, Chaplain of the University of Virginia, says that "Mr. Miller's dialect recital is a chapter of Southern history which all ought to be familiar with. The old Virginia plantation negro of ante-bellum days has almost entirely passed away, and few of the young men have ever seen him. His caricature as presented in many books, magazines and newspapapers is very far from the real character whom our fathers received a savage from the slave ships of Old and New England, and so far elevated, Christianized and enlightened, that our Northern brethren in 1865 deemed him worthy of citizenship. Polk Miller represents him just as he was, and incidentally brings out the kindly relations which existed between master and slave."

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FRAGRANT WITH

ATTAR OF ROSES

Thousands of women have used it with marked success in all skin troubles. Use it and have a face fair as the lily. Not a drop of oil in it. Will not stain the clothes. Unsurpassed for Heat Rash in Children.



PRICE 35 CENTS.

Get it of your Druggist, or sent by mail upon receipt of price by the manufacturers.

THE LIVURA MFG. CO.

111 Duane Street, NEW YORK

J. P. GIVENS.



FROM OBSCURITY HE HAS WORKED HIS WAY TO THE FRONT.

If the VETERAN was called upon to name a business man in the city of Nashville whose career is deserving of special mention, he would not go amiss if the name of J. P. Givens was singled out. Less than fifteen years ago Mr. Givens, then a country boy, left the farm in an adjoining county and came to the city in search of work. It was not long after arriving until he secured a place, for the shrewd business men could see in his countenance that determination and honest purpose which would fit one for valuable service.

His first work was for the Weil clothing firm, where he started at the tail end of the long list of clerks. Promotion and advance of salary came regular with the years, until at the end of five years he was given an interest in the large business, and the same continued until the great fire in 1891, which wiped out the contents of the building when the firm wound up its affairs.

Thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the old firm, Mr. Givens, thereupon, opened up business across the street on his own account as successor, where he remained until the Weil building was remodeled, when he moved into it and ever since he has been alone, and the mammoth six-story building corner of Broad and Market, packed with clothing, shoes and gents' furnishing goods, tells of his wise management and unprecedented prosperity. It proudly ranks as the largest clothing establishment in the city, and Mr. Givens stands high as a prosperous merchant.

The wholesale department is patronized by merchants in all portions of Tennessee and adjoining States, and it is the aim of Mr. Givens to prepare in a still larger way for the visitors to the Centennial, with a view to covering the entire South with his trade.

It takes men of the go-aheadativeness of Mr. Givens to meet the requirements of the times. He does not stand back to trail in after others who dare to lead, but leads the way and is showing to the world that pluck and perseverance if rightly directed brings reward.

A WONDERFUL ✝ ✝ INVENTION.

Ice Made Without Cost.

Every Family Given an Opportunity to Make its Own Ice at Home.

Can Be Made Quickly, and in Quantities From Five to Five Hundred Pounds.

One of the most wonderful inventions of the nineteenth century is now being presented to the Southern public by the Home Ice Maker Company, of this city, which proposes to furnish each family with a machine which will make from five to five hundred pounds of ice daily, at absolutely no cost after having provided themselves with the Home Ice Maker. In fact, it is the quickest, cheapest, and most convenient means of supplying each household with an abundance of pure ice. The Home Ice Maker is very simple in its construction, and, in fact, no labor; yet it does its work quickly, taking about two and a half to four hours to make a freeze. While the scientific world has been wrestling with this question for years, the Home Ice Maker Company is the first to place upon the market an individual ice machine at a price within the reach of all. The Company propose to at once establish agencies in every State in the Union for the purpose of supplying this long-felt want, and there is no longer any excuse for being without the greatest of all luxuries—fresh butter and milk and good drinking water. The ice is made by a chemical process which is entirely new, and the chemicals used are non-odorous, non-poisonous and indestructible. One of the most remarkable features in connection with compound is that constant use does not effect its cold-producing power; consequently, the same chemical can be used indefinitely, the only cost being the original purchase of the machine.

In addition to the Ice Maker, the Company will make family refrigerators, using chemicals instead of ice. Attachments can be made to any refrigerator, which will save the cost of the outfit in a few months, as the same chemical can be used over and over again. Chemical in a refrigerator with the Company's attachments will produce a lower temperature by from 6 to 8 degrees than can possibly be gotten with ice.

The Company is composed entirely of Nashville gentlemen thus making it strictly a home enterprise. The merits of the machine will certainly insure for it a liberal patronage. The Company has established headquarters in Noel Court, where the Ice Maker can be inspected by any one interested.

For further particulars, address

THE HOME ICE MAKER CO.,

Nashville, Tenn.

Strong Endorsement

Of the Electropoise by Rev. W. H. DePuy, of New York.

Would Not Take a Thousand Dollars for It After Using It in His Family Several Years.

The following is from Rev. W. H. DePuy, A.M., D.D., LL.D., editor of the People's Cyclopedia, and several other well known works, and now assistant editor of the Christian Advocate at New York, a position which he has filled for more than twenty years:

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1893.

Myself and family have received so much benefit from the use of your Electropoise, and I have become so thoroughly convinced of its practical value as a curative agent that I feel warranted in commending it without reserve to the public. One of my friends, a widely known and highly esteemed clergyman and educator, after using the Electropoise for nearly two years in his family, said to me more than once, after thoroughly testing its merits, that if he could not get another he would not take $1,000 for it.

I cheerfully give you my permission to use this brief note in any way which may aid you in introducing the instrument to the attention of any community. Very truly yours,

W. H. DEPUY.

150 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, April 5, 1895.

John E. DuBois, Esq., President of the Electrolibration Co.—My Dear Sir: Please say in response to the enclosed inquiry just received, that my estimate of the value of the ELECTROPOISE, as expressed in my testimonial bearing date Dec. 20, 1893, has not diminished, but, on the contrary, has greatly increased, and my confidence in the merits of this method of cure—simple, convenient, economical and effective as it is—has constantly grown with my increasing observation and experience.

Very truly yours,

W. H. DEPUY.

Rented four months for $10. Send for particulars. Mailed free to any address.

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DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Country Produce

128 S. MARKET ST. TELEPHONE. 350.

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YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

When Shipping remember us and mention the VETERAN.

Readers of the Veteran:

The Rock City Trunk Factory,

WALTER M. PARRISH, Pres.,

114-116 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.,

Will make to order, Trunks, Valises, Sample Cases, Theatrical or Traveling Trunks, and solicits orders from readers of the VETERAN. They manufacture everything handled and can undersell all competition. They also repair trunks. The VETERAN recommends this Factory.

THE MEMPHIS DRILL.

The Interstate Drill and Encampment which the Memphis people will hold from May 11th to 21st, promises to be a most interesting event. The necessary amount, twenty-five thousand dollars, ($25,000) so easily raised, proves that the Bluff City is in a flourishing condition and that her citizens are liberal and progressive. Few cities of its size could attract such general attention on such short notice. The General of the Army with his Staff has accepted an invitation from Gen. Snowden to be his guest on that occasion. Twelve Governors have stated they would be present. Five Confederate Lieutenant Generals, seven Major Generals, and eleven Brigadier Generals have written they will be present.

A special feature of the drill will be a contest between old Confederate soldiers. The company at Memphis is known as Company "A" Uniform Rank, U. C. V., is composed of some of the leading lawyers, doctors and merchants of Memphis. These gentlemen are working with the same enthusiasm that inspired them in the sixties. They have the old Confederate uniform, gray shirt and pants, and gray caps. They use the old fashioned muzzle-loading muskets, and drill by Hardee's Tactics.

Many old soldiers will witness the drill of their comrades.

OPPORTUNITY EXTRAORDINARY.

A CHANCE FOR YOUNG LADIES TO HELP THEMSELVES AND THE VETERAN.

THE VETERAN has two Sewing Machines just from the factory. One a Wheeler & Wilson No. 9, the other an Improved "Davis." The price of these machines the world over is $60 Pictures of them are to be seen advertised in this number of THE VETEAN.

To the first young lady sending us 100 subscriptions at $1 each, we will send the Wheeler & Wilson No. 9, and to the next one the "Davis." To the third person and all others competing and who chance to get in their lists too late, we will allow $30 to be deduced from the $100. If $50 be received the deduction will be 25 per cent. and for all sums less, 20 per cent. Many friends will contribute a dollar on an effort to secure such a valuable prize for a young lady, and it will be an easy matter for a young lady to get up a list of 100 if in canvassing she tells those she solicits that it means a $60 Sewing Machine for her.

In this indiscriminate proposition persons not reliable might become solicitors. Subscribers under this offer will therefore look to the solicitor for good faith, and when the applicant is worthy her friends should be diligent to encourage her.

This offer stands open until July 1, 95.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
Nashville, Tenn.

...Confederate and ...Battle Flags

FOR THE GREAT RE-UNION AT HOUSTON.

All Kinds of Badges Made to Order.

Portraits of Rate Generals and Battle Scenes.

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BEN CIRKLE,

MANUFACTURER,

694 ADAMS ST. **CHICAGO.**

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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Artist Materials.

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..THE..

ELDREDGE "B"



A strictly high-grade Family Sewing Machine, possessing all modern improvements.

GUARANTEED EQUAL TO THE BEST

Prices very reasonable. Obtain them from your local dealer and make comparisons.

ELDREDGE MANUFACTURING CO.

BELVIDERE, ILL.

All Satisfied.

Long List of Testimonials From Persons Who Have Been Cured of Various Ailments by the Electropoise.

I had rheumatism for a year, and had to stop work, but after using the Electropoise for four months I can say that it has cured me.
Yours truly, MR. W. G. GREEN.
Clay Brook, Tenn., Dec. 19, '94.

The Electropoise has done me more good than any medicine I ever took. It has cured me of the rheumatism, and I hope I will be able to praise it to the end of my life. Yours truly,
MRS. R. H. SPARKMAN.
Forest City, Ark., Dec. 22, '94.

I take pleasure in saying that we consider the Electropoise a wonderful curative agent. We have used it with great success a number of times, and for different diseases. We value it very highly and would not be without it.
Yours very truly, MRS. A. M. DEBOW.
Hickman, Ky., Jan. 16, '95.

I have been a great sufferer with catarrh, and will say that the Electropoise has been of great benefit to me. I recommend it to all who are suffering with catarrh. Yours very truly,
MRS. M. E. SMITH.
Half Pone, Tenn., March 14, '95.

I had been confined to my bed for eighteen months before I got the Electropoise. It has given me entire satisfaction, and I have never before obtained such relief from anything.
Yours truly, MRS. JENNIE PAYNE.
Deposit, Ala., Sept. 25, '94.

My mother and I are satisfied. We have been greatly benefitted by the use of the Electropoise. It is the greatest relief imaginable to me after doing a hard day's work. Yours truly,
MISS MARCIA RAYMOND.
Centreville, Tenn., Dec. 22, '94.

We used the Electropoise in our family for almost everything and it has always proved satisfactory. Yours truly,
J. A. WILLINGHAM.
Sebree, Ky., Dec. 3, '94.

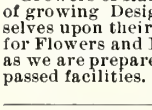
We have used the Electropoise with perfect satisfaction in our family. Yours truly,
MRS. JNO. B. WILSON.
Oliver, Tenn., Dec. 4, '94.

Cash price, $25.—Rental terms—$10.00 cash for four months, with privilege to purchase by paying $17.50 additional at the expiration of four months.
Pocket Electropoise book of particulars free to any address.

DuBois & Webb,
Chamber of Commerce Building,
Nashville, Tenn.

JOY & SON,
Nashville's Leading Florists,
610 CHURCH ST.

Growers of Rare Flowers. Make a Specialty of growing Design Flowers, and pride themselves upon their Pretty Design Work. Orders for Flowers and Designs from abroad solicited, as we are prepared for such work with unsurpassed facilities. Telephone, 1290.


"A" Grade, $45.

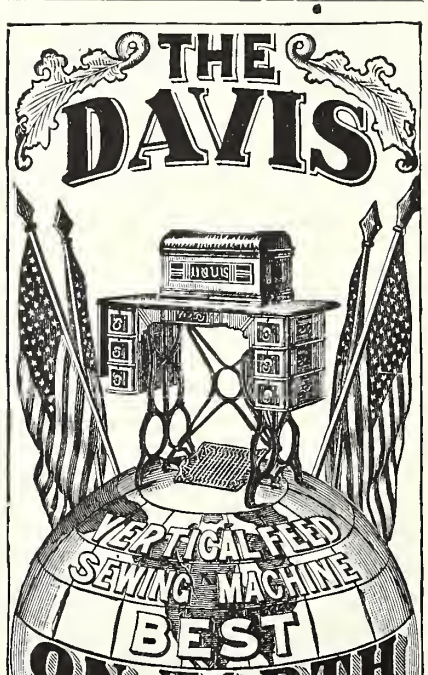

"A" Grade, $67.50.

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Buggies & Harness.
Two highest awards at World's Fair for **Strength, Beauty** and **Low Prices.** Six years ago we discarded the Dealer and began selling direct to Consumers at wholesale prices. Result: upward of **100,000 Vehicles sold** and our factory now the largest on earth, dealing direct with consumers. Send for our mammoth 126 page illustrat. free catalogue.
ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Double your Corn Crop by Using
CORN GROWER.
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Write for prices. Mention THE VETERAN

WM. MADDOX,
GRANITE MARBLE and MONMUENTS
And all Kinds of Cut Stone Work,
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Estimates furnished on application.

$12 TO $35 A WEEK can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can furnish a horse, and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men and women of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be used to good advantage.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO.,
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The Highest Prize - - -
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For its High Grade Family Sewing Machines.
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DR. WHITEHALL'S
ME-GRIM-INE
(MEGRIM—A Half Headache.)
the only pleasant, prompt, perfect relief, and permanent cure for all forms of HEADACHE and NEURALGIA.
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Sold by all Druggists.
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VOGELY & FERGUSON.
Successors to D. WRITESMAN & CO.
Manufacturers of WAGONS, BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, Etc.
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Repairing a Specialty.
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A Good Position.

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Respectfully, W. F. BANG, Cashier.
N. B.—A certificate of deposit for the above was published in the daily papers of Nashville, The Cincinnati Enquirer, The Atlanta Constitution, and thirty thousand circulars, giving the colleges three months time to accept.—Nashville Daily American, April 7, 1895.
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We have farm property.
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Call on us and we can suit you.
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New and unique designs in Lapel and Cuff Buttons, Pins, Charms, Souvenir Spoons and Walking Canes. Send for price list to
FRANK EDWARDS
Dallas, Texas.

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[*Notices under this heading, such as "Wanted," "For Sale," "Personal," "Lost," "Strayed," "Stolen," "Reward," "For Rent," will be inserted at 20 cents per line each insertion.*]

ALL kinds of advertising matter carefully distributed. Cards, etc., nailed up. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for terms and references JAMES L. HILL, Manager, 410 Cedar Street, Nashville, Tenn.

CHILDREN'S STORE MOVED—Fitch's Roach Exterminator, also bed bugs, and bird and poultry vermin. No smell; no poison; harmless as so much earth. Been thoroughly tested and will rid you of roaches, bed bugs, and bird and poultry vermin. You have been disappointed so often. This will not disappoint you. It is not a catch-penny. Price 25c; by mail 30c. Call on or address, "FITCH," 218 N. Summer Street, Nashville, Tenn. Mention the VETERAN.

DELIVERED FREE—Salmon's Chicken Cholera Cure, on receipt of 25 cents. Also Hog Cholera Cure $1.00. Makes hens lay and hogs fatten. We pay for all that die after using. VET. MED. CO., Nashville, Tenn.

FOR kidney and bladder troubles it has no equal! Macon County Red Boiling Springs Water. We are prepared to ship the water to any part of the country. ROBT. L. EVES, Druggist, Sole Agent. Nashville, Tenn. Mention the VETERAN.

GIRLS AND BOYS WANTED—Girls preferred, in cities, towns, and in the country through the South to write the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., for particulars as to how they can make money easily during the next forty days.

NASHVILLE PIANO and ORGAN CO., 228 N. Summer St. A superb line of UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS. In MAHOGANY and WALNUT. Price $175.

PERSONAL—The McDougal Dye Works, corner Pine and McNairy Streets, Nashville, Tenn., solicits the work of VETERAN readers. Ladies' and gents' garments of every description cleaned and dyed by Nashville's only practical dyer. Distributing Agency at Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co's office. Mention the VETERAN.

WANTED—Male or female canvassers to sell Singer Sewing Machines. No. 529 Church Street. Mention the VETERAN.

WANTED—To buy all kinds of second hand furniture. J. COHEN, 224 N. College Street.

WANTED AT ONCE—Southern Teachers for Southern Schools—9 Superintendents, 15 Principals, 2 College Presidents, 14 Piano, 8 Vocal, 5 Art, 9 Elocution, 9 Primary, 5 Kindergarten, 4 Governesses, 3 Latin, 2 Greek, 5 Mathematics, for Fall Term. Address with stamp,

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WANTED—The public to know that we are headquarters for the sale of all kinds of fertilizers, and that we also pay the highest prices for dry bones. J. F. & W. H. SINGER, 932 North College street.

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OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.

We clean and dye the most delicate shades and fabrics in Ladies', Children's and Gents' Garments. No ripping required. Guarantee no smutting in wool and silk. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the United States. Write for terms and Catalogue. Repair gents' clothing to order. Largest and best equipped in the South.

ALDRED'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT.

306 North Summer St., Nashville, Tenn. (1-95-1y). Mention the VETERAN.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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WHOLESALE FRUITS

And Commission Merchants,

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THE LOST CAUSE.

A beautifully enameled spoon, warranted solid silver, designed, patented and sold exclusively by

GREENLEAF & CROSBY, JEWELERS,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

PRICE, POSTPAID, $2.50.

1 lb. Tin Boxes, packed 3 dozen to case.
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Will Not Gum Your Buggies and Wagons Like Other Axle Grease. Wears Longer.

3-1y.

A SUMMER SCHOOL IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

FAIRMOUNT school for girls. Sessions extend through Spring, Summer and Autumn, beginning April 3, with *Winter Vacation*. An ideal school for Southern girls.

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"A" Grade, $67.50. Write to-day.

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(MAIN OFFICE, MEMPHIS.)

A home company for home people. By insuring only the best people, the losses are lessened. Advisory Board in each county aids agents in selecting best moral risks.

Are you tired of being put on "the general average?" Policy holders participate in the Profits with Stockholders. Profits you have helped to send East have largely made it rich.

Investigate, it will pay you. For information call at the company's office.

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Special attention given to the moving and hoisting of safes and all kinds of machinery. Telephones 193, 1458, and 468.

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Formerly Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy, afterwards Post Surgeon U. S. Army, and later Surgeon British Marine Service, with two years' experience as Physician at Hot Springs, Ark., will welcome the sick and afflicted at his offices, where consultation with one of the Most Successful Doctors of the present age is cordially invited. All will receive kind and honorable treatment, and permanent cures are guaranteed in every case undertaken.

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KIDNEY AND URINARY Weak back, frequent and burning urine, diseases of the bladder of both sexes, promptly and safely cured.

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REUNION AT HOUSTON, TEXAS.

MAY 22ND, 1895.

Veterans who attend the Reunion at Houston, from Tennessee and Mississippi, should take the Ill. Central R. R to New Orleans, thence via Southern Pacific. ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS AT NEW ORLEANS, allowing a day at New Orleans if desired, going or returning. THIS IS THE QUICKEST LINE.

Camp No. 28, U. C. V., of Memphis, has invited all Delegates from Tennessee to meet at Memphis and go in a body to Houston. You can go via the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R. R., through the great Delta and Sugar regions if desired ONE NIGHT AND A DAY ONLY FROM MEMPHIS. Arrangements are being made for special trains from Memphis going South via the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley R. R.; and North via the ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.; thus giving a view of the historic ground on both lines.

Write for full information to

JAMES. DINKINS, D. P. A.,
Memphis, Tenn.

Or F. B. BOWES, A. G. P. A.,
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THE NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS

Attention is called to the announcement and price-list in another column of the New York Dental Parlors. This firm have had a most successful career and it comes from the fact that they are doing the very best work at prices in sympathy with the times. Veteran readers will have nothing to regret if they have work done at the New York Dental Parlors. A representative of this firm will make monthly visits to prominent surrounding towns. Watch local papers for dates.



Ladies and Gentlemen:

If you would live to a ripe old age, and be healthy all the time, remember this fact: that

Hodge's Sarsaparilla

makes *pure red blood*, a *clear skin*, and gives you *perfect health*.

Write for article on the blood, and testimonials of cures.

HODGE'S SARSAPARILLA,

GREAT SOUTHERN BLOOD PURIFIER.

$1 Per Bottle.

For sale by all druggists, or delivered upon receipt of price.

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Send for price list. 6 94 1y

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This is the Standard Military Encyclopedia of the world and the only work of its kind in the English language. It has the endorsement of the War Department and the leading military commanders of America and Europe. It is issued in three large octavo volumes of about 1000 pages each, printed on fine paper, from new electrotype plates, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound. It is a complete library of military information both for military and non-military people. Every library should have it. Circulars sent on application. Good agents wanted.

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All the leading, up-to-date military and naval books. Price list furnished on application.

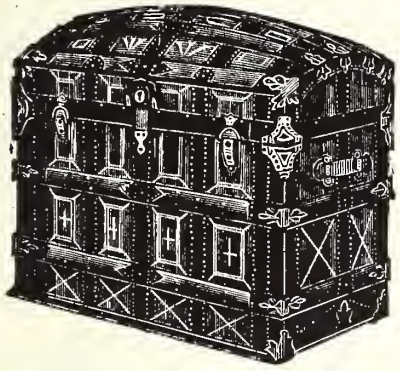
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Trunks, Valises, AND Traveling Bags,

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Factory in full operation, manufacturing goods in all the grades.

We make from the common packing to the finest Saratoga and dress trunks. Flat top traving and steamer trunks a specialty, all basswood, covered with either canvas or steel. Our fine veneer fiber-covered trunks are especially commended. Bags, from the common rubber valise to the finest grain and alligator leather, embracing all the styles, Ladies' Satchels, Cabinet, Club and Gladstone.

Our prices on all are made to suit the times.

Wholesale and retail.

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.... Moderate Prices.

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This store has kept every promise made the public. Dry goods and notions of every description is kept, and the readers of the VETERAN can save money by calling on or writing to them. If you want dress goods for instance, inclose with the order the amount you want to invest (with a description as near as you can give) and you will be more than pleased with what is received. Address the New York Store, 236 North Summer street, Nashville, Tenn., and mention THE VETERAN.

SOUTHERN LIFE ASSOCIATION.

General Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., has been appointed General Manager of Agencies for the State of Georgia by the Southern Life Association, of Union City, Tenn. He will appoint and have supervision over the Life Insurance Agents of this Southern Association—for every county and town in the State. The Southern Life Association is officered and controlled by Confederate Veterans, who believe that the hundreds of millions of dollars paid for life insurance by our Southern people should be kept in the South and invested there, instead of draining the "sunny South" and concentrating our circulating medium all in the East. This company was organized under the laws of Tennessee twelve years ago, and is rapidly forging to the front as the best and safest institution of the kind in the South; and the interest of Southern people is to sustain and build it up by their united patronage.

DR. KOLLOCK IN NASHVILLE.

The attention of the reader is especially called to the card of DR. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK, which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as a standard authority by the "Encyclopœdia Britannica." Vol. X., page 135, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of *gelseminum*, a specific for neuralgia of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

Old subscribers who contemplate purchasing any of the books heretofore advertised can still do so. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.



General or local Ladies or gents. **Agents. $75** a week. Exclusive territory. The Rapid Dish Washer. Washes all the dishes for a family in one minute. Washes, rinses and dries them without wetting the hands. You push the button, the machine does the rest. Bright, polished dishes, and cheerful wives. No scalded fingers, no soiled hands or clothing. No broken dishes, no muss. Cheap, durable, warranted. Circulars free.

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Giving scenes and incidents of the Civil War; also a correct history of the war in Missouri; campaigns in Mississippi; siege of Vicksburg; battles of Corinth, Iuka, Baker's Creek, and Port Gibson: also of the Georgia campaign and Hoods march into Tennessee, and battles around Mobile.

This book contains over 300 pages, nicely bound in cloth.

...PRICE, $1.50...

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE,

A reliable medium between Teachers and Schools. Locates Teachers in every State of the Union. Write, enclosing stamp, to

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IS THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE FOR FAMILY USE.

FOR SALE BY

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MANUFACTURING CO.,

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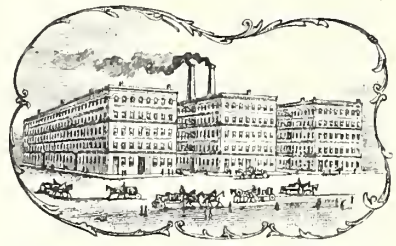
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TO ORDER.

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For the Confederate Re-Union

to be held at

Houston, Texas, May 22-25.

THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD IS THE SHORT LINE FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

Double Daily Trains from Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Decatur, Birmingham, Macon, Augusta, Albany, Montgomery, Thomasville, Jacksonville.

Reduced rates will be made for the round trip, and will be announced later, or can be ascertained by writing either of the undersigned, who will be pleased to give all other information necessary.

C. P. ATMORE,
General Passenger Agent,
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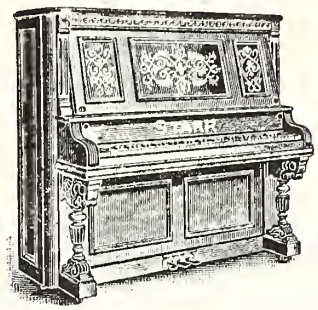
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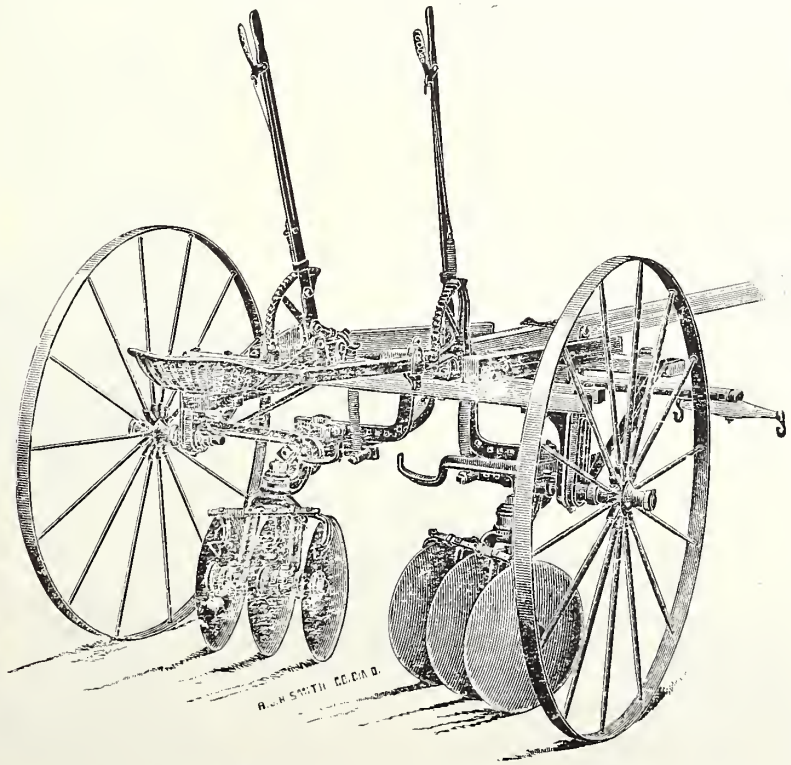
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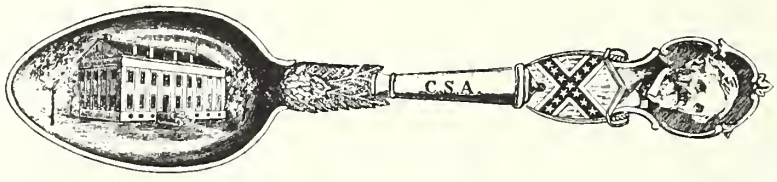
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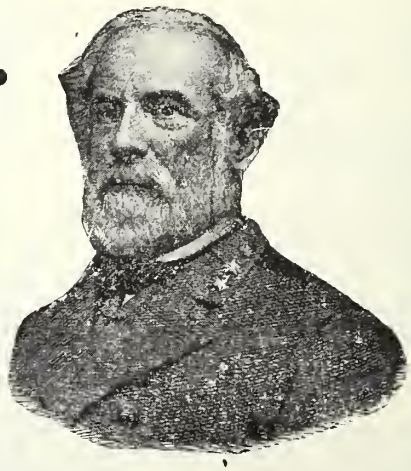
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SEE PAGE 146.

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Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

THIRTY THOUSAND COPIES FOR JUNE.

The VETERAN for next month is to be twice as large an edition as has ever been printed, and it is expected that sixty pages will be necessary. It will contain additional statistics about the hero martyr, Samuel Davis, with a picture of the handsome monument at his grave erected by his father. The tablet is given herein. A fine engraving of the boot cut from his foot, in which were secreted the papers which cost him his life, also a print of his military buttons, "Cadet N. M. A.," (Nashville Miltary Acadamy), will be given. He wore Confederate gray, with twenty large, and six small brass buttons on his coat. It will be shown by men of both armies that his memory as a hero and patriot deserves grateful remembrance by mankind.

There will be also the history of James Keelan, who saved the railroad bridge at Strawberry Plains, Tenn. The sketch is from the author of the "Confederate Spelling Book," and "Confederate Reader," and it gives Keelan's own account. The little pamphlet history is treasured, and though the owner "would not take five hundred dollars for it," the substance will be in the June VETERAN, with a picture of Keelan. The killing and wounding of seven men out of thirty, single handed, as described by the old hero, is doubtless the most desperate encounter ever recorded. At the Alamo there was a kind of sympathetic fellowship until the last man was killed.. The death of Keelan, near Bristol, occurred two or three months ago, and an account should have been given ere this, but for the effort, so nearly successful already, through the kindness of Comrade A. S. McNeil to give a complete history of the man intensified as from "the boy stood on the burning deck."

Another very important sketch is promised. It is that of Capt. Gracey, who died recently at Clarksville. Capt. Gracey was brother-in-law to Capt. R. L. Cobb, and succeeded him to the command of Cobb's Battery, after the death of Maj. Graves at Chickamauga. Capt. Gracey was President of the Clarksville Monumental Association, and the largest contributor to its construction.

Dilligent effort will be made to give as accurate account of the Houston Reunion proceedings as possible, also an account of the Memphis Drill, which is also an event of semi-ational interest.

It will be necessary to epitomize the best articles in order to give attention to the multitude of good things sent the VETERAN. Preference will be given, as a rule, to those who never wrote for publication before, but comrades should rewrite their articles, and make everything as clear, and, at the same time, as brief as possible. Write only the truth for the VETERAN.

Enough humor of the kind given in this VETERAN by Capt. Ridley might be written to make a large book. The writer went to school in a country village, and at the opposite side of the campus from the boys' department there was an Institute for girls, and he was so in love with them that he was always on his dignity when in that vicinity. Not so with big John England, who would roll his trousers above his knees, and in the foot race go as near the groups of pretty girls as the lax rules allowed. England was not considered among patriots, but he enlisted and endured the hardships and perils of the Confederate soldier in the Forty-first Tennessee. He rarely swore outright, but he would affirm "By Gads" and with other similar expressions peculiar to himself. His nickname was "Rocky," and he was certainly the author of "We'uns and Yu'uns." "Rocky," or "Rocksy," was prudent against shot and shell, and the saying, "Lie down. Rocksy!" would be echoed from regiment to regiment throughout the entire brigade.

The Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky is perhaps the most officially organized of any in the country. An itemized account of receipts for the five years preceeding January 1, 1895, aggregated is $1070.42, and to "balance in cash" is $183.44.

MEMORIAL DAY AT SAVANNAH, GA.

The Memorial Service in Savannah, Ga., on Friday, April 26th, was a credit to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Veteran Association of Confederates. In Laurel Grove the graves were all decorated, as were those in private lots, and the monument to those who fell at Gettysburg. The Oglethorpe Light Infantry and First Regiment, in uniform, paraded under the leadership of the First Regiment band.

Gen. McLaws was in command. He and his Chief of staff were mounted. They were reviewed by the veterans, who stood at salute while they passed. The orator was Hon. Pope Barrow. His message to the gathered throng was of the true ring. He said:

"In the celebration of this day of fond memories, it has been the custom to deal almost entirely with the sacred sentiments which enshrine it. But there are some no less sacred principles which belong appropriately to this occasion, and to which allusion should be made. The power of mere force to change the convictions of men against the teachings of reason, to subvert history and substitute fiction, cannot be over estimated. Success in arms not infrequently is accepted as a final decision that justice and right are on the side of the victor. Like the old wager of battle, in which he who fell was adjudged to be the guilty party, the result of war is frequently accepted as conclusive evidence that the cause of the victorious army was just. This rule, of a rude and barbarous age, was long ago abandoned in private controversies, because of its shocking injustice. For the same reason, the enlightened opinion of this age is driving it from its place in national controversies. To say that because a large number of men were shot to death in battle, and the others were overpowered, therefore, the principles for which they contended are false, and the cause in which they died was not a just cause, is so revolting a conclusion that the enlightened conscience of mankind refuses to accept it.

"Among the questions upon which the people of the United States have been divided in opinion from the beginning, that of the rights reserved by the States to themselves, as such, has always been prominent. The same evidence exists to-day on each side, and has the same weight, as existed before the Confederate war. * * *

"And yet, here in the South have been found some who have espoused the doctrine that this is a consolidated nation, and that the reserved rights of the States are an exploded myth. New men, men with new names, mentioned for the first time in history, names that are not to be found on any muster roll of any army, go about prating of a "N— South," and sneering at the Old South. Boasting of a new civilization, of which they are the apostles, and mammon is the titular divinity, they embrace every opportunity to proclaim the fact that they belong to the 'N— South,' and not the old. They are correct. The Old South knew them not, and if they had any fathers, no account was taken of them. For a time they were more numerous and more noisy than they are now, but there are yet to be found some who believe that they know better, and could have done better, than the men of the old regime, and who would teach our children that their fathers who were Confederate soldiers have nothing to be proud of, and that the least said about the war the better.

I care not how many millions one such may amass, I care not how much influence and power his wealth may purchase; as for me and my house, its doors will open with a quicker welcome, and its hearthstone will more cheerily warm for the poorest Confederate veteran, in his tatters and rags, than for this 'N— South' Dives in all his purple.

* * * * *

"But this is a day of reminiscence. Places of business have closed, we turn away from the toil and struggle of life for a day, and dwell in the tents of memory."

The speaker paid personal tribute to heroes whose memory was sacred to his audience. He recalled Tom Comak, "whose bright sword flashed for the last time in the rays of the setting sun at Crampton's Gap, as he fell within twenty steps of the enemy's line," and Tom Mosely, "whose smooth, girlish face I see before me now, as we sat side by side in the class room at the university, and whose warm grasp of the hand and moistened eye I remember as we parted on the old university campus, two school boys, one to the Western army, the other to Virginia. At Perryville, Ky., leading his company in a second, and then a third charge against a battery of the enemy, his beardles face ablaze with the animation of battle, and his youthful figure transformed into a hero's stature, he fell as he mounted the works of the enemy. Even in that fierce charge, his gentle nature showed itself, for his only command in the third charge was, 'Come on, boys, just once more.' The blue grass of Kentucky was never reddened with nobler blood, and a braver boy or man never died. How true it is:

> 'The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.'"

He mentioned Lord King, "whose knightly figure was seen for the last time at Fredricksburg, and whose brave spirit passed away in sight of both armies. Carrying an order from Gen. McLaws in the midst of the battle he disdained to go around behind the curving earthworks, but walked straight through the murderous fire until he fell."

His most pathetic tribute was to Col. Charles Lamar, who was serving as an aid on the staff of Maj. Gen. Howell Cobb, at Columbus, Ga., when it was carried by storm by the Federal forces under Gen. Wilson, and who fell in the last few moments of the battle. He adds: "I had been ordered by Gen. Cobb to take a company of men and a piece of artillery and hold the Georgia end of the upper bridge across the river until he could withdraw his forces from the city. We knew that we were put there to stay, and it was not expected that any of us would come out. Suddenly, silently, Col. Lamar rode up by my side. I said, 'Colonel, what are you doing here?' and explained that we were there to be sacri-

ficed. 'I know it,' he replied. 'I heard you were down here, and have come to stay with you.'

"In a few minutes the fighting was hand to hand. It was in the dusky twilight. A Federal cavalryman, whose horse had been shot from under him, stepped in front of Black Cloud, the horse Col. Lamar was riding, seized the bit with his left hand and threw up his carbine with his right, and called on Lamer to surrender. Quick as lightning, he plunged his spurs into his horse's sides and tried to ride over his opponent. At the instant, as the horse reared and plunged above the soldier, he fired, and at the crack of the carbine, Lamar fell lifeless to the ground. In a few minutes I was captured. The prisoners were kept that night in an enclosure very near the place where Col. Lamar fell. I asked permission to go out and recover his body. It was granted, and under guard, four of us prisoners went out and found him right where he fell. We carried him into the place where we were confined, composed his limbs, as he lay on the ground, and then laid ourselves down by his side. He slept that night with his friends. Green be the grass above him! I never pass his grave without fancying that I can almost hear again the words he spoke when he joined me at the bridge: 'I know it, I heard you were down here, and I have come to stay with you.'"

[Two of the worthy daughters of Col. Lamar came all the way to Nashville to attend a call meeting of the National Daughters of Confederacy.]

"The Confederate volunteers were the flower of our youth. What the heart is to the oak, what the sun is to day, they were to the South. There is no virtue of the soldier they did not possess and adorn; there is no devotion in history more heroic than theirs; no patriotism more sublime. In the darkest hour of the struggle they clung to their colors. Even when chilled by the suicidal blunder and crime of conscription, when duty was partly stripped of its grace, they still kept brightly burning in their hearts the vestal fires of patriotic ardor."

Tributes were paid at the graves of other dead Confederates.

Col. Rufus E. Lester made a brief speech, in which he said:

"Not only the South and the North, but the whole world recognizes the chivalric valor and the heroic devotion to principle which characterized the Confederate soldier. They recognize the fact that he has been true to principles in adversity, and that he is as true to them to-day as he was in the days of '61 to '65. In order to mark out our paths for the future, we must look back to these men for lessons of honor, patriotism, and devotion to principle. The name of Confederate soldier, wherever it goes, is recognized as a password of true manhood."

Col. J. H. Estill made a short talk: "I am no believer in the so-called 'N— South.' There never was a better type of civilization than that which existed from Virginia to Texas in 1861. The Southern people are the Americans of Americans, and ex-Confederates of to-day are representatives of an American army—not an army made up largely of foreigners and blacks fighting for pay, but defenders of American principles as handed down by the forefathers of the Republic. I believe in the old South. All progress and development which has taken place since the war has been the work of Southern men, and the future of the South depends upon the continued efforts of Confederate soldiers and their descendants."

THAT ARTILLERY AT SHARPSBURG.

W. H. Healy, West Point, Va., who served on No. 1, Section 4, Woolfolk's Battery:

DEAR VETERAN: I read with much interest the correspondence in reference to the "abandoned brass six-pounder" at the battle of Sharpsburg, by Capt. Beall, in VETERAN of Aug., 93, and "Rebel," Dec., '94, and Feb., '95. It appears to me things are much mixed. I don't intend any discussion as to whether there were one or two incidents of finding abandoned guns on that memorable field. I refer to the brass piece and the four officers of the gallant old Fourteenth North Carolina, and not to the two pieces of Miller's, nor at all to Gen. Longstreet and staff. What I know about that one piece, the "brass six-pounder," is as follows: I was a member of the Middlesex Artillery (Virginia Battery); our battery being short of horses. I was one of the twenty men detailed and put with Woolfolk's (Virginia) Battery—S. D. Lee's Battalion—for this battle. I wish no more honor than having been one of those old twenty. We were soon placed in position, and then "there was work." For about two hours we held the enemy, from four to six lines of battle, in check, frequently breaking their lines, and repulsing their charges with double charges of canister, and firing as rapidly as possible, until we were about played out and, having no support, were ordered to retire. My piece was the last to leave the field; we "limbered up," and had scarcely gone one hundred yards, when a shell from Antietam Mountain killed both pole horses, and, having none to replace them, we were compelled to abandon the piece. Just as I thought that I was about to be captured, a portion of Hill's command came up out of the woods near the little brick church and opened fire on the advancing columns. I was for a few minutes between the two fires. It was a hot, sultry September forenoon.

Until seeing this correspondence, I was under the impression that my old friend, the brass "six-pounder," had been captured shortly after my leaving it, and am glad to learn that it was saved, and I am satisfied that it was the brass piece worked by the four officers of the Fourteenth N. C. Regiment.

I most cordially agree with your Salisbury correspondent in giving full honor to D. H. Hill's Division on this occasion, and I feel assured that no soldier from Virginia, or elsewhere, who served in the army of Northern Virginia, would detract one iota from the honor of these gallant old "Tar Heels."

The old veterans of DeLeon, Texas, had a meeting recently, and organized Camp Joseph E. Johnston, electing Wm. Howard Commander, and J. B. Day, Adjutant. Other officers were also elected. Messrs. Wm. Howard and James Terry were selected as delegates to the Houston reunion, with Dr. Redden and Mr. Dabney, as alternates. Upon motion of W. C. Terry, the VETERAN was adopted as official organ of the Camp.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Dr. S. H. Stout, now of Texas, has written a paper upon Gen. Braxton Bragg for the Tennessee Historical Society, of which he has long been an honored member, and gives permission for such extracts as may be desired in the VETERAN. After an interesting historic introduction, he says that Gen. Bragg's career as a Commander of armies, and his intimate personal and official relations with President Davis, influenced the promotion or the degradation of many general officers. Every expression, therefore, of Gen. Bragg concerning individuals was a subject of comment, favorable or otherwise,as he seemed to regard the applicant for promotion. He was "industry personified." While commanding in the field he was always offcially accessible, but could rarely be approached socially.

Members of his staff, cognizant of his severe and continuous mental and physiclal labors, were afraid he would not take nutriment enough to sustain life. They would often send his meals to his desk and urge him to eat them there. He was a pattern of sobriety, and had not the slightest epicurean proclivity. His dispatches and all of his official papers, written by himself, were well to the point, and models of clearness and conciseness.

None who approached appealing for justice, pleading for mercy, or asking a favor, ever went from his presence unheard. He would not allow needless interruptions. His prompt dismissal from his presence of all parties when their business was completed often offended even those whose requests had been granted.

Referring to the unhappy state of the army after the battle of Chickamauga, the arrest of certain Generals for failure to obey orders, and then the petition of a dozen of them to President Davis that the Commanding General be relieved, induced a volunteer official conference with him by Dr. Stout.

Under these conditions, Rev. C. D. Elliott, of Nashville, Tenn., who was widely known, and intimate with generals and private soldiers, in speaking with the Medical Director, said: "Ah! when passing about the many headquarters, I heard little else than discussions about the chances of promotion of various parties, and in some circles, nothing but the abuse of poor old Bragg. But whenever, or wherever I have seen him, I have found him hard at work—night and day—always laboring for the cause, thinking not of self-indulgence or personal ease, but living hard. He is respected and loved by the private soldier. He is eminently a just and, I believe, a consecrated Christian man.

* * * He never praises; he never permits himself to be praised or flattered. If he only had suavity of manner commensurate with his self-denying patriotism and untiring industry, what a grandly successful man he would be!"

Gen. Braxton Bragg was born in Warrenton, N. C., in 1815. He was one of the thirty-seven graduates from West Point, and appointed Lieutenant of Artillery. He served in the Seminole wâr, and was ordered to Texas just before the war began in Mexico. He distinguished himself in the hard battle of Buena Vista. Col. Jefferson Davis also won distinction there.

He was made a Brigadier-General on entering the Confederate Army; in less than a year he was a full General, and in command of the Department of Tennessee. When he had attained to the command of this army, he issued orders in expressive language against breaches of discipline, and required strictest conformity to his orders by officers as well as men. He had a soldier Court Martialed and shot for reckless disregard of orders in firing his gun on retreat, and it was reported, to the General's detriment, that he had the soldier shot for killing a chicken. In fact, the man violated orders repeatedly by firing his gun, and had finally shot a negro child.

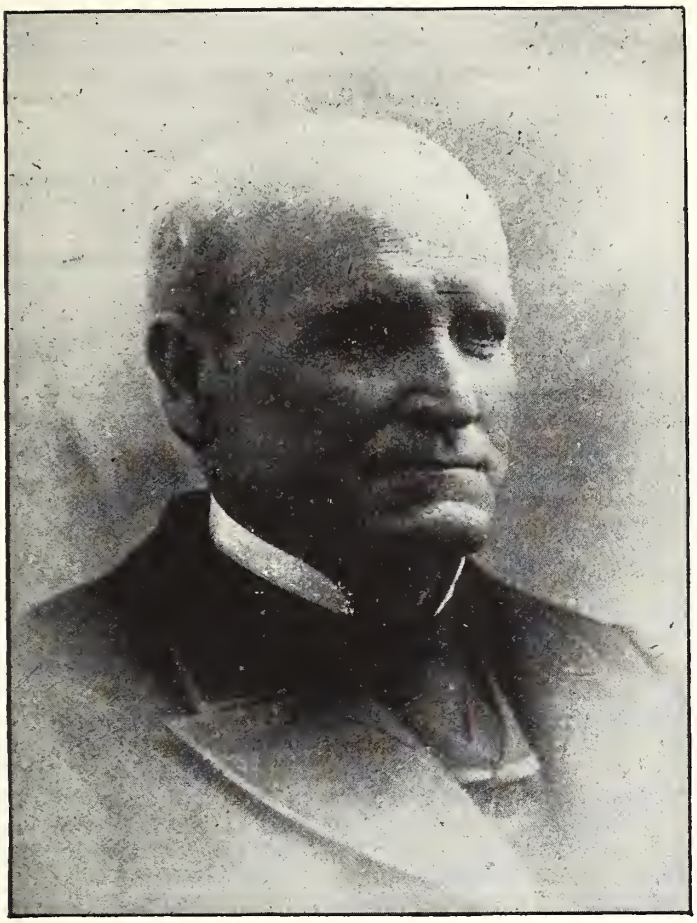
After being superseded by Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. Bragg went to Richmond and remained to confer with the President about military movements. Mr. Davis evidently never lost faith in his ability, and nobody ever questioned his patriotism.

President Davis being dissatisfied with the retreat by Gen. Johnston, was inclined to supersede him, but Bragg opposed it. Mr. Davis sent him there, when he reported that Johnston's only reply as to his movements was that he wonld be "governed by the movements of the enemy." Bragg so telegraphed Mr. Davis, and requested that no change be made until he could see him in person, but in spite of this "the return flash over the wire relieved Johnston and put Hood in Command." This information was direct from Gen. Bragg to Dr. Stout. After the war, having been reduced to poverty, Gen. Bragg went to New Orleans and secured employment in his profession as Civil Engineer, but he lost his position soon through carpetbag domination. He afterward had charge of improvements in Mobile harbor. He lost his position there because he would not approve certain methods of expenditure by the general government, as he believed them detrimental to the interests of the city.

The tribute concludes with some pathetic illustrations of Gen. Bragg's sympathy for his fellowman concerning the wounded soldiers whom he left on the battlefield at Murfreesboro. An account is given by Dr. A. J. Foard, who was at the time Medical Director of his army. Dr. Foard stated:

* * * "The General was alone, pacing the floor, every gesture indicating great mental agony. At length, turning towards me with tears flowing down his cheeks, he said: 'Doctor, I intend to evacuate Murfreesboro, and have sent for you to consult as to what we had best do for our poor wounded men who cannot be removed.' It was decided to put Dr. W. B. Avent in charge, which suggestion relieved the General perceptibly." Again, when Dr. Stout was in Richmond, April, 1864, Gen. Bragg was talking with him about Federal prisoners at Andersonville. He said: "If the direction of Medical officers falls to you, do see that the poor fellows are supplied with good physicians and surgeons. They are entitled to the most humane treatment at our hands."

A story of the lives of our Generals in charge of departments will convince the soldier who simply had to obey orders, and then was freed from responsibility, that he had the better time of the two. Why, the private soldier had no more responsibility than did his slaves in the olden time.



DR. S. H. STOUT MEDICAL DIRECTOR OF HOSPITALS.

Dr. Stout was born in Nashville, Tenn., March 3d, 1822. Graduated from University of Nashville, A. B,, 1839, and A. M. '42; M. D. from University of Pennsylvania, '48. Married Miss Martha M. Abernathy, of Giles county, Tenn., in '48.

May 5th, 1861, he began his service in the Confederate army as surgeon of Col. (afterwards Major General) John C. Brown's Third Tennessee Regiment. In October, '71, was transferred to the hospital department at Nashville, where he was surgeon in charge until Feb., '62. In March, he was put in charge of the hospitals at Chickamauga. In July, prior to Gen. Bragg's invasion of Kentucky, he was made superintendent of all the general hospitals of the army and Department of Tennessee, which position he held to the end of the war. During Hood's campaingn into Tennessee territorial limits, in numbers of medical officers, hospitals and patients, his department exceded that under any medical director in the service. He so organized and mobilized the Department, that at the time of the surrender he had it well in hand.

Dr. Stout accepted a chair in tne Atlanta Medical College, but after delivering two courses of lectures, he resigned to attend to his private interests, which were disastrously affected by the war.

In 1885, the University of Nashville (his *alma mater* in the arts) conferred on him the honorary degree of L. L. D., in acknowldgement of his professional services, and in the cause of humanity. Forty-six years after he graduated A. B. from her halls.

THE GIRL WHO PILOTED FORREST.

It was Emma Sansom, a courageous girl in a home remote from other habitations on Black Creek, a stream with perilous fords near Rome, Ga., who volunteered to go with the Confederates when in hot pursuit of Gen. Streight at the time of his capture. She heard Gen. Forrest express intense concern about fording the stream, and as her father and brothers were away in the war, she wanted to do "some service" herself, and importuned her mother, who objected, but yielded when that "wizard of the saddle," as perhaps no other could have done, thrilled her with his need for a guide at once. It is said that she asked Gen. Forrest on the way to let her ride in front, as she might be some protection to him against the bullets. The young girl had no thought that it would give her fame beyond all that she had ever done or could hope to do, and that she was mounting behind the General who was fast upon making the most noted captures of the war, save only those great events when our main armies surrendered from sheer exhaustion in '65.

Miss Sansom married in her mature years, but has long since crossed another dark stream, and may have conferred with General Forrest, who has done likewise, but who had previously made peace with all his enemies.

TYPICAL SOLDIERS.

When the First Tennessee Regiment (Turney's), was returning from Virginia to join the Western Army, then falling back to Corinth, Miss., we stopped for a few days at Bristol, Tenn., waiting transportation.

We went in camp, and soon some of the boys went out to see what they could pick up in the way of provisions. In their rounds they came across a number of box cars side tracked. In some way, Ames White ascertained that one of the cars was loaded with barrels of apple brandy and molasses.

Dave Newson with a squad found an auger, with it Ames crawled under the car and, lying flat on his back, he soon bored a hole through car and barrel, and out came the brandy. The boys caught it in buckets and camp kettles which they soon procured. Ames bored another hole, thinking he would get more brandy, but he struck molasses, and they saved about half of it.

The squad returned to camp loaded with buckets and camp kettles, and you will guess our stay in Bristol was one long to be remembered. We lived on brandy sweetened with molasses.

The foregoing was contributed by one of the First Tennessee Regiment, but the name was mislain. Those first Tennessee fellows! They were as bad as "old Forty-one"—the Forty-first Tennessee. When this regiment waited over at Atlanta, enroute from Dalton to Demopolis, Ala., the men broke into cars loaded with whisky and peanuts. What a fix they were in that night! The writer ate gluttonously of goobers, but was not as debauched as others who ate nuts and drank whisky.

B. L. RIDLEY'S JOURNAL—Continued.

And now I will while away a few of the hours of armistice by transcribing some of the Nomenclature of our Southern Armies:

The North Carolinians are called "Tar Heels;" South Carolinians, "Rice Birds;" Georgians, "Goober Grabbers;" Alabamians, "Yaller Hammers;" Texans, "Cow Boys;" Tennesseans, "Hog Drivers;" Louisianians, "Tigers;" Floridians, "Gophers;" Virginians, "Tobacco Worms;" Arkansians, "Tooth-picks;" Missourians, "Border Ruffians;" Kentuckians, "Corn Crackers;" and Mississippians, "Sand Lappers." The Cavalry, "Buttermilk Rangers;" Infantry, "Webfoot." A regiment of deserters from the Federal Army, kept behind by us to build forts, "Galvanized Rebs." The Federals called us "Johnnies;" we called them "Yanks" and "Blue Bellies."

See a fellow with a Bee Gum hat ride down a line, "He's a gentleman from the States." The soldiers guy him with such remarks as "Come out of that hat. I know you are thar; see your toes wigglin'." If boots are long and big, they will say, "See your head stickin' out." In passing a troop in camp, a number will look up a tree and halloo, "Come out of that tree. See you up thar." This attracts, and then the laugh comes. In camp, when all is still, the monotony is broken by some forager making a hog squeal. His fellows cry out, "I'll kill any man's hog that bites me." A cavalryman, passing infantry, is accosted with "Jump off and grab a root." A by-word of the soldiers—"I havn't had a square meal for three days." Soldiers in camp say to soldiers going to the front, "You'd better gim me that hat; you'll lose it out thar."

Cavalry tantalization to Webfoot: "If you want to get buttermilk, jine the Cavalry." Old Webfoot replies: "If you want to catch h—l, jine the Webfoot." One of the staff, in drilling a Brigade, told them to dress up in the center about half an inch. As he would pass afterward, they'd begin, "Boys, there goes half-inch." Fun, to be sure, but it worried him shamefully.

I got hold of a silver crescent on the Dalton Campaign, placed it on the left side of my hat, put on a biled shirt and a paper collar, and rode down Division line. They began on me, "Ahem! Umph! Umph! Biled shirt! Ladies' man! Parlor ornament! Take him to his ma!"

On the march to Tennessee, the officer who would get them out of the sorghum patches caught it. They'd say, "Boys, there goes old Sorghum."

In Cavalry, Number Four invariably held horses in battle. It was such a delightful number that when it fell upon a soldier, he would say, "Bully!" Col. Paul Anderson changed the mirth by saying, "Boys, Number One will hold horses, and you 'Bullies' will dismount." One night, one of Col. McLemore's Captains formed a line of battle by saying: "Boys, you can't see me, but dress up on my voice." Col. Anderson would say, "Dress up on my friend Brit." These things got to be by-words in those commands. Instead of "Blow the Bugle," it was "Toot the Dinner Horn." That takes me to some of our greenhorns in the drill. When we first started, a fellow in East Tennessee began drilling his Company thus: "Men, tangle into fours! By move forward! Put! Wheel into line! By turn around! Git!" A Middle Tennessee Captain, wanting his Company to cross a creek on a log, said: "Attention Company! In one rank to walk a log! Walk a log! March!"

It carried you back to old times to hear the guards around a regiment halloo out, "T-w-e-l-v-e o'-c-l-o-c-k and a-l-l-'s well!" The rude and untrained soldier would play on that and say, "T-w-e-l-v-e o'-c-l-o-c-k, and as sleepy as H—l!" When a soldier goes out foraging, it is called "Going on a lark;" when he goes stealing, it is "Impressing it into service;" when a Quartermaster wants to shield his rascality, he has a favorite abstract called "L," which is used, and means "Lost in the service:" when a squad runs from the enemy, it is "Skedaddling;" the ricochetting of a a cannon ball is "Skiugling"—words whose origin began with this war. Let a stranger or soldier enter camp and call for a certain company—say, Company F. Some soldier will say, "Here's Company F!" By the time he can get there, another will cry out at the far part of the regiment, "Here's Company F!" Then the whole command will take up the refrain, until the poor fellow in vexation will sulk away. Let an old soldier recognize a passing friend, and say, "How are you, Jim?" a marching division will keep it up, with "How are you, Jim?" until the poor fellow swoons.

In the army we have some of the finest mimics in the world. Let one cackle like a hen, and the monotony of camp is broken by the encore of "S-h-o-o!" Then other cacklers take it up, until it sounds like a poultry yard stirred up over a mink or weasel. Let one bray like an ass, others take it up until the whole regiment will personate the sound, seemingly like a fair ground of asses. As mimics they are perfect; as musicians, also. I met one once who said, "If you'll give me a jigger, I'll give you some 'chin music.'" "He put his hand to his chin, and with his teeth made a sound like rattling bones, keeping time to his song and pat. Some of the finest singing I ever heard, and some of the best acting I ever saw, are done by the soldiers. In camp it is so delightful to hear the brass bands dispensing music in the sweetest strains. Near Atlanta, a Dutch Battery entertained us every fifteen minutes, and whilst we kept our eyes open to the music of the shells, from far away would beat upon our ears the music of the enemy's brass bands; our bands would tune up and make us oblivious to the roar of that old Battery. I tried once in the progress of battle to assimilate it to music. The sound of a minie ball—Zip! Zip!—I dubbed the soprano; the roar of musketry, the alto; the lingering sound of battle, the tenor; the artillery, the basso. Now, intersperse it with the interlude of an old Rebel yell, and you've got it. As to the wit and sarcasm you hear in camp, I'd defy the world to beat it. Anyone attempting to be consequential, or unnatural, is the character to work on, and the gravest of the Chaplains cannot look upon their ridicule without smiling. A psalm-singing soldier one day gave out a distich

for song, to sing to the long metre hymn of St. Thomas. Some blasphemous fellow changed it to

"The possum am a cunning fowl,
He climbs upon a tree."

The Regiment broke out with the chorus,

"Rye-straw! Rye-straw! Rye-straw!"
"And when he wraps his tail 'round a limb,
He turns and looks at me."
"Rye-straw! Rye-straw! Rye-straw! Rye-straw."

This is shocking to us now, but when you reflect upon the idea that in their daily walk the soldiers had no way of entertainment, it was excusable to find some means of pastime and of keeping cheerful, if sacrilege is pardonable.

Some of the parodies on our Southern songs should be remembered. I copy a verse to the tune of "My Maryland." (If you know the tune, sing it).

Old Stonewall Jackson's in the field,
Here's your mule, Oh, here's your mule!
And he has the boys that will not yield,
Here's your mule, Oh, here's your mule!
And when you hear the old man pray,
You may be sure that on next day,
The very Devil will be to pay—
Here's your mule, Oh, here's your mule!

And now, since my native place is Old Jefferson, Tenn., within a stone's throw of the battlefield of Murfreesboro (Stone's River), and I think of the devastation and desolation created there by war, I will give a verse of my parody that I used to sing as I rode along in Ward's Regiment, Morgan's Cavalry. (Also to enjoy it, sing it as you read.)

The yankee's heel is on thy street,
Jefferson, Old Jefferson!
I hear the tramp of the vandal's feet,
Jefferson, Old Jefferson!
Hark! I hear a rooster squall,
The vandal takes them hen and all,
And makes the men and women bawl,
Jefferson, Old Jefferson!

One more, on the Happy Land of Canaan, and I am done. (If you know the tune, sing it.)

"I will sing you a song, as the ladies pass along,
All about the times we are gaining;
I will sing it in rhymes, and suit it to the times,
And we'll call it the "Happy Land of Canaan."

CHORUS.

Oh! ho! ho! The pride of our Southern boys am comin',
So it's never mind the weather, but get over double trouble,
For I'm bound for the Happy Land of Canaan.

In the Harper's Ferry section, there was an insurrection,
Old John Brown thought the niggers would sustain him,
But Old Governor Wise put his specs upon his eyes,
And sent him to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

Old John Brown is dead, and the last words he said,
"Don't keep me here a long time remaining;"
So we led him up a slope, and hung him on a rope,
And sent him to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

Col. R. B. Coleman, of McAlester, I. T., reports the organization of Camp Douglas Cooper, U. C. V., at Antlers, I. T., with twenty-four members. W. M. Davis was elected Commander, and V. M. Locke, Adjutant.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

C. E. Merrill resurrects this manuscript for the VETERAN, which he wrote August 18, 1869:

Honor to him who only drew
In Freedom's cause his battle blade,
And 'round our Southern banners threw
A halo that can never fade.
Honor to him, whose name sublime,
Shall be the watchword of the free,
When yet the latest wave of time
Shall break on far eternity.

In artless truth, a simple child;
In valor, first of godlike men;
Who, tho' his countrymen reviled,
Did ne'er revile again.
Like some lone rock, 'gainst which the flow
Of Fickle passions foam and fret,
Unmoved our dear dead Captain stood,
Firm-planted in his purpose yet.

What tho' detraction grieved the heart
That bled but for his country's woe!
He recked but of his country's part
To shield her weakness from the foe.
He gave his bosom to the storm,
That rose in curses on the air,
Courting the shafts that might not harm
His country, while they rankled there.

Slow falling back from Bowling Green,
His crippled columns move along,
While flanking every side were seen
The myriad hosts of human wrong.
Curtained beneath his clear, calm eye,
The heroic impulse held in sway,
Till, turning in his path to die,
The wounded lion stands at bay!

Ah! how he stood, and where he stood,
Where strong men perished in their strength,
On Shiloh's field of death and blood
His bolted thunders fell at length!
The fires of vengeance, hot and red,
Far flashed where rode his knightly form;
And wreck, and rout, and ruin spread
Where swept that day his battle storm.

Oh, peace to him who slumbers now
Beneath the soil he died to save;
The wreath that decks his clay-cold brow,
Shall blossom in the martyr's grave;
Shall blossom where, in after time,
Our children's children bless the mold
Where Sidney Johnston sleeps sublime,
Like some great mastodon of old.

The Calcasieu Camp, U. C. V., No. 62, met at its quarters, Lake Charles, La., Feb. 8, and transacted expeditiously much important business. W. H. Albertson was chosen Commander to succeed Dr. W. A. Knapp, who is absent. The Lieutenant Commanders elected are H. C. Gill, I. A. Perkins, and J. L. Lyons. G. M. Gossett was made officer of the day, and W. L. Hutchins, Adjutant. Delegates and alternates were chosen to attend the Houston reunion, and to local duties. The Commanders were instructed by the Camp to cause the spread of the organization, known as the Daughters of the Confederacy, and to promote and aid in organizing camps of Daughters in this and Cameron parishes; also Sons of the Confederacy, and that W. A. Knapp be added to said committee.

It was ordered that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN be selected as the organ of the Camp, and that a copy be subscribed for the Camp. Carried.

CRUCIAL TEST FOR GENERAL S. D. LEE.

W. L. Goldsmith, Lieut.-Col. Fourteenth Georgia Regiment, now of Meridian, Miss., writes:

The morning after the fearful battle of Sharpsburg, when both armies were utterly exhausted and neither desired a renewal of the terrible carnage of blood, Col. S. D. Lee was ordered by Gen. Lee to report to Stonewall Jackson, commanding the Confederate left. Jackson took Col. Lee to a large Indian mound in advance of his main line, where Gen. Stuart's artillery had been severely handled the day before, scattered around which were the wrecks of several guns, caissons, and many dead horses. As they reached the mound, several minie balls of the enemy's sharp-shooters admonished them to be careful. They were in full view of McClellan's army, which reached around to the Potomac, with a strong skirmish line in front of it, and seventy to eighty pieces of artillery in plain view. Gen. Jackson quietly said, "Col. Lee, I wish you to take fifty



LIEUT.-GEN. S. D. LEE.

pieces of artillery and crush the Federal right." At a glance, Col. Lee's practical judgment told him that before fifty pieces could be unlimbered and ready for action at short range, they would be almost totally annihilated, but he replied, "Yes, General, where will I get the guns?" Jackson said, "You can take your own guns and I will furnish the rest, and if they are not enough, Gen. Lee will furnish more. Can you crush the Federal right?" Col. Lee replied that he would try. "I did not ask you, Colonel, if you would try, but if you could do it, sir." Col. Lee then said, "I will fight my guns, General, as long as any officer in Gen. Lee's army." Jackson sternly replied, "Answer my question, can you crush the Federals with fifty pieces of artillery?" Col. Lee said, "I can do it if anybody can." Jackson again said, "Answer my question, sir."

Col. Lee then asked Gen. Jackson if he wanted a technical opinion as an artillery officer, or if he wanted the attempt made. Jackson replied, "I want your opinion, sir, as I have asked it." Reluctantly Col. Lee told him that it could not be done, as the guns would have to be brought up under fire of the Federal guns and skirmish line, and to be effective would have to be close to the enemy. Jackson replied, "That is all right, Colonel, let us ride back." When he said this, Col. Lee, fearing he had shown a lack of nerve that Gen. Jackson would doubt his ability as an artillery officer and, with tears in his eyes, begged to be allowed to make the attempt, promising to hold the guns there as long as he lived. Jackson, with moistened eyes, also, replied, "Colonel, nobody in this army doubts that you would hold them there as long as anybody else. It is all right. You go back to Gen. Lee and tell him all that has occured between us since you reported to me until you left." When he had heard the circumstances, Gen. Lee was very sad, and said, "It is all right, Colonel. Rejoin your battalion of artillery."

A few days afterward, when the army had recrossed the Potomac, Col. Lee learned that on the morning mentioned Gen. R. E. Lee had ordered Stonewall Jackson to concentrate from his own and Longstreet's Corps a battery of fifty cannon on McClellan's right and crush it. Jackson, after reconnoitering the position, sent word to Gen. Lee that it could not be done. Lee told him to make the attempt. Jackson then sent word that if Gen. Lee would send him an expert artillery officer and he said the plan was practicable and feasible, then he would make the attempt. Col. S. D. Lee was detailed by Gen. Lee to go to Gen. Jackson, not knowing for what purpose he was sent, with the above result. It was a gratification to him to be so honored by Gen. Lee, and to know that his technical opinion as an artillery officer coincided with that of the immortal Jackson. So, there was no fighting on the second day.

A week or so after this, Gen. R. E. Lee sent for Col. Lee and told him that he had made up his mind to recommend him to President Davis for Brig-General of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, but that he had that day received an order from President Davis to detail the best and most accomplished artillery officer in the army and send him to Vicksburg. Col. Lee asked for time to consider the matter. His friends urged him to go, and he accepted the position at Vicksburg. So, when the important position of Brigadier-General of Artillery was in S. D. Lee's grasp, he thus lost it. But what honor and glory were his! Few men ever had or deserved so much, but S. D. Lee was one of the "immortal few."

Gen. Lee rose rapidly in the West. After his service he was promoted to command of the cavalry in Mississippi, and on May 9, 1864. he assumed command of all the Cavalry in Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana. In July, 1894, he was put in command of the Hood Corps. He is now in charge of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Miss.

CRATER BATTLE—REPLY TO MR. CLARK.

COL. GEO. T. ROGERS, Washington, D. C.

Permit me to say a few words in response to the "Corrections of History," made by the Hon. Geo. Clark, of Waco, Texas, in the March issue of VETERAN, in his strictures on my brief account of the "Battle of the Crater." I would premise what I wish to say now by the assurance that the poor account I made of that memorable battle was based upon actual facts of observation and of orders received from the General commanding.

When I gave my account of the unsupported charge of our Brigade, I indulged in no extravagance. I attempted to hold up no individual as a special hero of the occasion, though there were many deeds of heroism performed, and in refering to the charge made later by the Alabama Brigade—Gen. Saunders—the idea was never for a moment that I should lesson or detract in any way from its gallantry in saying that it was a "walk-over." Of course, I used the term comparatively, only.

The regiment I had the honor to command in the first charge lost eighty-two men from about one hundred, within ten minutes, and over a space of about one hundred yards, as has been estimated, and so with each regiment of the brigade, from right to left, aloug the entire frontage. I was on the right, by seniority, and received not only the fire from the front, but the flank fire from the Crater proper. Fortunately, one half or more of my command had been left on the picket line. I think such a loss did not befall any regiment of either other Brigade, yet it has not been claimed at all that the loss was because of more reckless gallantry on the part of the Virginia Brigade, but simply because the fire bore more directly on it, as it had no protection, no friendly "pop-guns" to make Crater men hold down heads and hands while being "peppered."

In referring to the occupancy of our line by Mahone's Brigade, I see, and acknowledge, my error in not writing "Division," but this is accounted for by the fact that I was looking to my own front. Though but a "line officer," I commanded the Virginia Brigade from the time Col. D. A. Weisiger, later Gen. Weisiger, left the Crater field until we withdrew for the final retreat, and, therefore, had some small opportunity of knowing what was going on. In truth, there was but little "going on" along that line during the occupancy of Mahone's Division.

Let me add, to remove yet further any feeling or purpose on my part to "minimize" or detract in any way from the gallant and timely service of the Alabama Brigade on that and other occasions, that the Third Alabama was always my pet admiration. They did duty, if I am not in error, in and around Norfolk, Va., in 1861. I was then a company Captain. In 1862, we were thrown with them closer in Brigade formation at Drury's Bluff, and often I have gone from my own command, near by, to watch with admiration that regiment at dress parade; twelve companies, I think, with full ranks and complete in all equipments. In drill and manual, I thought it the finest regiment I had ever seen. I had, too, the limited acquaintance of Col. Lomax, the commanding officer, most soldierly in all his bearing, who gave up his life for the cause under the shadows of "Seven Pines" but a few weeks later. It would not become me to refer in any derogatory way to a man I held in such high esteem.

I remember distictly the Court Martial referred to, on which I served with my honorable comrade, and more distinctly, because at that time the observance of "army regulations" had become more rigid from necessity, so that with something of pleasure, as well as regret, I read the strictures of my poor account of the battle.

I scarcely need assure any who know me that towards every man who did his duty under the "Cross and Stars" I feel genuine comradship.

Capt. W. H. Hawkins, Lampassos, Texas:

In the March VETERAN a picture purports to represent the spot where Gen. Prentiss surrendered to Gen. Wheeler. I was an eye witness to the surrender of Gen. Prentiss at the battle of Shiloh, and belonged to the Twenty-second Tennessee Infantry. We were of Gen. Polk's Corps, which was commanded by Col. T. J. Freeman. After the war Col. Freeman served as Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

We had been fighting all day, and had pushed the enemy back, as we thought, very near to the river landing, when we were halted, for what we never knew. I was standing in line within a few steps of the position occupied by Col. Freeman, when I saw coming from the right and rear of the regiment a sergeant belonging to a Louisiana Company attached to our regiment, guarding a tall, fine looking man in the uniform of a Federal General. Approaching Col. Freeman, the Sergeant, whose name I cannot recall, introduced the officer as Gen. Prentiss, who after the usual salutes had been given, drew his sword and tendered it to Col. Freeman, who immedidiately returned it to him. Col. Freeman then escorted him to Gen. Polk, who was not far away.

Our division had been fighting a different command (I think McClernand's), and pursuing that command we had gotten between Prentiss and the landing, when, seeing himself thus surrounded he surrendered.

Comrade Hawkins was Captain of Company A, Russell's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry, at the close.

J. M. Osborne, who was of the Forty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, and was released from Point Lookout, Maryland, in May, 1865, desires, if possible, to learn of three Tennesseans who occupied a tent with him in the prison. One of them, a very young fellow, was wounded in the calf of the leg, and he, Osborne, dressed it regularly. The other two were mature men. Comrade Osborne now lives at Petway, Tennessee.

The first parole given by Brigadier General E. S. Dennis at Gainesville, Ala., in the Department of Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, was to P. T. Martin, now a minister in Tennessee, who was First Sergeant in "Nixon's Tennessee Cavalry." It was dated May 11, 1865, and had endorsed on the back that within named was "the lawful owner of one horse" and signed by R. H. Dudley, Captain Commanding Co. K.

WAR SONGS AND SONNETS OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Albert Roberts, who was successively editor of the of Chattanooga *Rebel*, Atlanta *Confederacy*, and Montgomery *Mail* during the Civil War, and a frequent contributor to other presses over the pseudonym of "John Happy," supplies the VETERAN this month with the following collection of the most notable war songs, lyrics, ballads, and sonnets of Southern war poets:

Save and except the little volume of "Southland Writers," by Mrs. Mary T. Tardy ("Ida Raymond"), of Mobile, and "Living Writers of the South," by Prof. James Wood Davidson, of Washington, there are, so far as I know, no preserved collections of songs by Southern writers of verse—notably of war lyrics, which were popular some twenty-five or thirty years ago. Yet Southern poets, from Poe to Ticknor, have contributed some of the most striking lyrical verse to American poetical literature. A review of the songs and sonnets of the South brings before us that galaxy of genius which delighted lovers of literature during the period of the Civil War and since. There were Randall, author of "Maryland;" George F. Ticknor, and Sidney Lanier, of Georgia; Harry Flash, Requier, Wm. Vasser, Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, Mrs. Mary S. Homes, and Mrs. Julia Cresswell, of Alabama; Margaret Preston, John R. Thompson, of Virginia: Rosa Vertner Jeffry, of Mississippi; Annie Chambers Ketcham, L. Virginia French, Clara Cole, Capt. Hawkins, and Will T. Hale, of Tennesse; Mollie E. Moore, of Texas; Mrs. Caroline A. Ball, Wm. Lyttle, and Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky; Asa Watson and Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, of Georgia; Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod, of South Carolinia, and a host of others.

The lyric ballads of Dr. Ticknor are especially noteworthy. I know of nothing more profoundly pathetic, than his touching little story of the civil war (founded on fact), of "Little Giffen of Tennessee." The narration of it is given by the author as from the lips of one of those noble women of our sister State of Georgia, who were "ministering angels" in hospitals, where wounded and diseased Confederate soldiers were nursed back to life.

It was published in the VETERAN last November.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen—
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the doctors said,
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air,
And laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of stick and crutch,
Still, the glint of the steel blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write:
"Dear mother," at first, of course, and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
The captain answered: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!"

Word of gloom from the war one day,
Johnston is pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear, his first, as he said good bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffen, of Tennessee.

That there were many such youthful heroes in the Southern armies some of us can attest from personal experience. The South's enemies used to charge that she "robbed the cradle and the grave to recruit her armies." That, of course, was gross exaggeration, inspired of sectional malice. Nevertheless, it may be admitted that very youthful lads—much too young to be bereft of a mother's watchful vigils by their couches of sickness—staggered under weight of muskets almost as heavy as themselves, but they were volunteers, and game as bantams, and could shoot as true as their elders, and die with the nerve of young Spartans and the stoicism of young Indian warriors.

Speaking of Southern soldiers and their valor, it was Dr. Ticknor, or John R. Thompson, or was it another? who wrote thus of their knightly colonial ancestors:

The kindliest of the kindly band,
Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land
And Raleigh round the seas;
Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth.
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept, the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires.
But, aye, the "Golden Horse-shoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

There spoke a poet of the old South to the manner born.

Sidney Lanier, of Georgia, was the author of several extended poems, among them "Tiger Lilies" and "Hymns of the Marshes." From the latter, the following brilliant picture of a sunrise at sea is sublime:

The tide's at full; the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies,
A rhapsody of morning stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy—
The marsh bragten: looped on his breast they lie.
Oh! what if a sound should be made!
And lo, it is made; list! somewhere,—Mystery, where?
In the leaves? In the air?

In my heart? Is a motion made?
Then look! where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh grass in serial shimmers and shades—
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating
The arch over head as my heart beats—and steady and free
As the ebbtide flowing from marsh to sea.

And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed,
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding; 'tis unwithdrawn,
Have a care! sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn!

Another Southern poet who achieved national, if not world-wide fame, was Paul Hamilton Hayne, of Charleston, who has published several volumes of poems. He was a poet of exuberant fancy, and a true sense of the beauty of words. Hayne excelled in lyrical poetry, and has written a number of admirable sonnets, of which the following on the subject of October is a specimen:

The passionate summer's dead; the sky's aglow
With roseate flushes of matured desire;
The winds at eve are musical and low
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp in grand procession upward grows
With gorgeous blazonry of funeral shows,
To celebrate the summer's past renown.
Ah! me! how regally the Heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods,
And harvest fields, with hoarded increase brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods.
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple pomp that floated by.

Henry Timrod's best poems were of patriotic and lyrical strain. From his pathetic poem entitled "A Mother's Wail," we select these stanzas as expressive of the grief of many a bereaved mother the world over:

Three different shadows of thyself, my babe,
Change with each other while I weep. The first,
The sweetest, yet the not least fraught with pain,
Clings like my living boy around my neck,
Or purrs or murmurs softly at my feet!

Another is a little mound of earth;
That comes the oftenest, darling! In my dreams
I see it beaten by the midnight rain,
Or chilled beneath the moon. Oh! what a couch
For that which I have shielded from a breath
That would not stir the violets on thy grave!

The third, my precious babe! the third, O Lord!
Is a fair cherub face beyond the stars,
Wearing the roses of a mystic bliss,
Yet sometimes not unsaddened by a glance
Turned earthward on a mother in her woe!

This is the vision, Lord, that I would keep
Before me always. But, alas! as yet
It is the dimmest and the rarest too!
O touch my sight, or break the cloudy bars
That hide it, lest I madden where I kneel!

Henry Lynden Flash, or "Harry Flash," as fellow-rebels used to know him, was a native of Alabama, who published in 1860 a volume of poems of uncommon force and beauty. During and since the Civil War he made occasional contributions to periodical literature. In elegy he was especially strong. One of his best efforts in this line was a poem commemorative of the death of the Warrior-Bishop, Gen. Leonidas Polk, on Kennesaw Mountain. Perhaps some of my readers may remember that tragic incident of Sherman's march through Georgia—how Lieutenant General Polk, with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. Hardee, and Gen. Jackson, of the Cavalry, accompanied by their respective staffs, had ridden out to Pine Mountain to survey the positions of the contending armies. They reached an elevation in the neighborhood of Gen. Bate's line, six miles in front of Marietta, about eleven o'clock in the morning. The party were dismounted—their horses left below the crown of the hill. Some one had suggested that so large a group of officers at so exposed a point might attract the fire of the enemy. The suggestion had scarcely been uttered, when a shell from the enemy's battery came screaming through the tree tops. The group began to disperse—Gen. Johnston and Gen. Polk moved off a few paces together, and separated—the former selecting a path lower down the hill, and Gen. Polk proceeding along the cone of the knoll, followed by his staff, Col. Gale, the General's son-in-law, Capt. Henry Yeatman, nephew by marriage, Capt. Meck Polk, his son, and Major Douglas West. Gen. Johnston had scarcely parted from Gen. Polk before a second shell, or round-shot, from the enemy's same battery struck the latter in the chest, and he fell without a groan. Col. Gale, of his staff, was the first to reach him, but the General's death was instantaneous. A three-inch rifle ball, or shell, had crushed his left arm above the elbow, passing through the body and also through the right arm, shattering it. In his left side coat pocket was found his Book of Common Prayer for the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in the right side pocket, four copies of Rev. Dr. Quintard's little work, entitled "Balm for the Weary and the Wounded." Upon the flyleaves of each volume, indicating for whom intended, was inscribed the names respectively of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Lieut.-Gen. Hardee, and Lieut.-Gen. Hood, with compliments of Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, June 12th, 1864. Within the fourth volume was inscribed his own name, and all were saturated with his blood.

It was this incident of the war that the poet Flash has so eloquently portrayed in the following appropriate verse:

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke, a roar
Who's echo shall roll from Kennesaw's hill
To the farthermost Christian shore—
Proclaim to the world that the warrior-priest
Will battle for right no more!

And that, for a cause which is sanctified
By the blood of martyrs unknown—
A cause for which they give their lives,
And for which he gave his own—
He kneels, a meek embassador,
At the foot of the Father's throne.

And up to the courts of another world,
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-be-sprinkled sod—
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blest of God!

In the line of elegiacal poetry, the following beautiful tribute to Stonewall Jackson occurs in Drummond Welburn's American Epic:

In victory's loving arms the hero fell,
Admired and honored by his fiercest foes.
The trump of fame sounds forth his glorious name
To every land where valor is esteemed.

And his farewell to the great Christian soldier:

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power!
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
Go to thy grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Will H. Thompson's stirring and thrilling lyric, entitled "High Tide at Gettysburg," is worthy to rank with Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava. It is as follows:

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry across the tumult runs;
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes:
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A khamsin wind that scorched and singed,
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
The remnant through the batteries broke,
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cries to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works to-day!"
The reddest day in history

Brave Tennessee! Reckless the way.
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet;
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
'Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin's red embrace;
They only heard fame's thunder wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on glory's bloody face!

They fell who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The height's for freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banner's! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

There is no nobler war lyric than this. Than "Little Giffen" and "High Tide at Gettysburg," there can be not anything finer in literature. These two forms are specially endeared to Tennessee by season of their eloquent tribute to Tennessee heroism.

A little volume of poems, by the late Col. Wm. S. Hawkens, of this city, entitled "Behind the Bars," was issued from the book press of Albert Roberts & Co., publishers of the old Republican Banner in 1866. The poems were written while the author was a prisoner of war at Camp Chase, as the title indicates. A later poem, not included in the above named published collection, was the following:

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves.
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause:
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In the seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown.
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile behold the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs.
Behold your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tribute! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some common-moulded file
Shall overlook this clay.

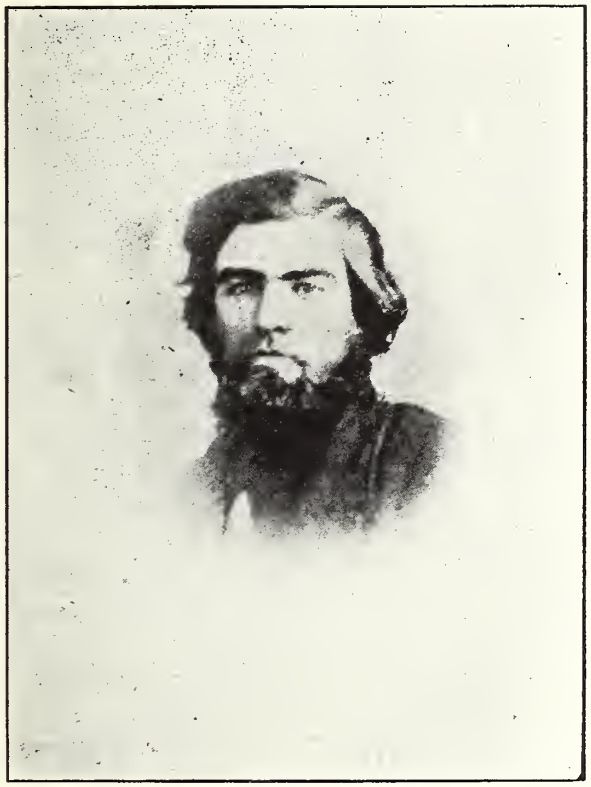
Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no nobler spot of ground
Than where defeated Valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned.

This pleasant and pathetic was published in '67.

Among the later writers of war lyries was Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine, of South Carolina, now resident in New York, and the wife of a well-known journalist, and author of the metroplis who was famaliar to appreciative readers in the Confederacy by his non de plume of "Personne." Mrs. deFontain has furnished some excellent contributions to the VETERNA.

VIRGINIAN UNDER STONEWALL JACKSON.

Capt. S. B. Coyner, who made fame for his name and finally gave up life for the cause of the South, was of Revolutionary stock. His grandfather, Martin L. Coyner, was an officer in the war of 1812, and the older brothers fought under Washington. His father was a Captain in the Virginia militia. His mother was a daughter of Rev. Joseph Rhea, said to have been the first Presbyterian preacher in Tennessee. His brother, John Rhea, was a member of Congress for the old North State from 1812 to 1821.



CAPT. SAMUEL B. COYNER.

Capt. Samuel B. Coyner was born in Augusta Co., Va., April 11, 1838. He was educated at the Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and was admitted to the bar at Stanton, Va. He was a private volunteer in putting down the John Brown revolt, and was present at the hanging. His regular enlistment in the Confederate service was as first a private in the McDonald Legion, afterward known as Ashby's Seventh Virginia Cavalry. He was promoted to Captain.

While commanding his Regiment as Senior Captain he was seriously wounded. This was in August, '62. He was killed September 13, 1863, near Culpeper Court House, and was buried at Mossy Creek, Augusta county, in "his own cherished vally."

Luther Coyner, of Texas, has written a beautiful and a thrilling tribute to the memory of this hero in his service with McDonald, Ashby, Robinson, Jones, and Stewart, but, as he states, it would take too much space in the VETERAN "to follow him as he stood guard in rain and storm under the silent stars and on the weary marches," but there were deeds of heroism in his service that should be here recorded.

Captain Macon Jordan, who was promoted for gallantry to the staff of Gen. R. E. Rodes, and advised the promotion of Coyner to the position made vacant by his promotion, states that "on Oct. 26, '61, when our men were being driven back, Sam Coyner, who was one of the last to retreat, saw the flag of another Confederate command lying in the dirt. He stopped, alighted right in the midst of the enemy's volleys and picked it up. Capt. E. A. Shands, of McDonald's Legion, was near enough to hear the yankees who were near by say: 'That's bravery for you!'

The next day an officer of the command that had lost the flag called and asked for it, stating that it was fine silk, and was given by some ladies of Baltitmore. Coyner replied: 'It was not because of the fine silk that I saved it, but because it is the flag of our country. Your men ran over it, but you can have it.' His promotion came soon after, and for two years his men 'fairly idolized' him."

In the early days of June, 1862, Stonewall Jackson sent Capt. Coyner with his company to burn certain bridges to prevent concentration of forces against his army.

In a letter to his sister, Capt Coyner stated: "We have had stirring times since I saw you. Never was a General in a worse situation than Jackson last Saturday and Sunday, and never did a poor being work harder for the preservation of his army than I did. Through wind and rain, the darkness and hot sun, through mud and dust, we went and conquered.

About eleven o'clock Sunday night, June 1st, I received orders from Gen. Jackson, through Gen. Ashby, to burn the Columbia and White House bridges immediately. We were fifteen miles away, and our horses were quite broken down. While enroute we were obliged to wait the fury of the storm, and for sometime afterward could only see how to go by flashes of lightning. My men clung like children to a parent." * * *

The achievments by this company in burning all the bridges in question had a remarkable effect upon Jackson's achievements in that campaign. Gen. Ashby was killed a few days after, June 6th. In

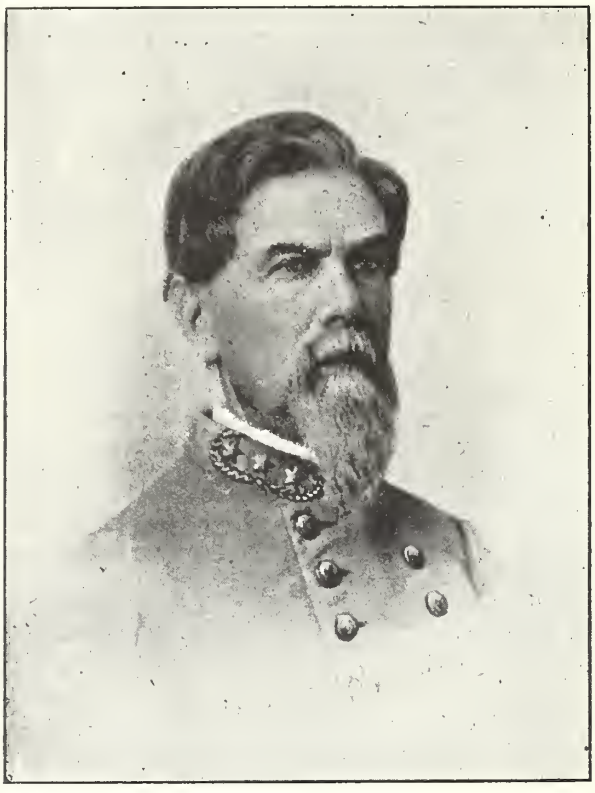
B. D. Guice, now of Woodville, Miss., who was a member of the company, tells this thrilling story of Coyner and four of his men: "We had been fighting for some time, and were drawn up in line with the enemy in front of us. Our Colonel ordered our gallant Captain Coyner to charge right oblique with his company only. We were to dash into an apple orchard full of yankees. John Stover, Buck Dovel and I were at the head, forming the first four.

The Captain had ordered, 'To the right oblique! Charge!' and off he went like a shot, but none of the company except the first four understood the order, and they charged to the direct front.

We were so absorbed with what was in front we did not, until within thirty yards of the enemy, realize that we were alone. I discovered it, and called to the Captain. As soon as he realized our predicament, he said: 'Steady, boys! Follow me!' All returned sabres, drew our pistols and opened ffire as we withdrew at a headlong pace, midst a per fect shower of bullets."

LIEUT.-GENERAL HARDEE.

William J. Hardee was born in Camden county, Georgia, in November, 1815. Graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in July, 1838; was made a Second Lieutenant of the Second Cavalry, and



GEN. WM. J. HARDEE.

promoted to First Lieutenant in 1839. He served in the Florida war in 1840, when he was sent by the Government to Europe as a member of a Military Commission to study the organization of foreign armies for the benefit of the United States Army. He was made a Captain in 1844, and served on frontier duty until the war with Mexico, in 1846. He was in many severe engagements during that war. At La Hoya he was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct. He was promoted twice for gallantry, and was one of the original members of the famous "Aztec Club."

In 1853, he was selected by the Secretary of War, because of his professional accomplishments, to compile a system of infantry tactics, which was completed and adopted for the United States Army, March 29th, 1855. He was then sent as Commandant to the U. S. Military Academy (1856), where "Hardee's Tactics" was then introduced. He remained at West Point until January, 1861, when he resigned, and cast his lot with the Southern Confederacy.

Mr. Davis tendered him the position of Adjutant General of the Confederate Army, but he declined it for service in the field. He was a Colonel at Fort Morgan, Brigadier General in Arkansas, Division Commander under Albert Sidney Johnston, and at the battle of Shiloh commanded the first line of attack. He was wounded, but was made a Major General for bravery on that field. At the battle of Perryville, Oct. 8th, 1862, he was made a Lieutenant General. At the battle of Murfreesboro, the Commander, Gen. Bragg, especially commended him in orders "for skill, valor, and ability."

He commanded the right wing of the Confederate Army at the battle of Missionary Ridge, which battle was fought against his advice, and Gen. Thomas declared that he was "the most efficient General the Confederacy had on that field." Subsequently, the manœuvers of his troops near Cassville, and his masterly retreat in eschelon of Divisions, so won the admiration of Gen. Thomas that he mentioned both movements in highly complimentary terms.

When Sherman marched down to the Sea, Hardee was in command at Savannah, ever breasting the storm, calling for more troops, alas! no longer possible! He withdrew his forces, first to Charleston, then to Columbia. He punished the enemy effectively at Averysboro on the 16th of March, 1865, and a few days later, he led, in the battle of Bentonville, the last charge that was made by our war-worn soldiers, and his only son, sixteen years old, was among the last to fall.

Gen. Hardee was called "Old Reliable," and a historian has said that he was second only to Stonewall Jackson. It is recorded that "he was the only Lieut. General who personally inspected the arms and accoutrements of each soldier in his Corps." Gen. Johnston said that "he was more capable of commanding twenty thousand men in battle than any other Confederate General." He was an accomplished soldier, stern and exacting as a disciplinarian, but thoroughly understood his profession, and possessed the rare ability of estimating military operations at their true value. He was both a teacher and an organizer, inspired his men with confidence, and was conspicuously cool, courageous, and calculating on the field of battle.

He was a man of affairs, of talent, and industry; and temperate in his habits. He is remembered by those who visited the Military Academy while he was Commandant for his soldierly bearing, and pleasing address. He was eminently a social man, and very fond of society.

Gen. Hardee died on the 6th of November, 1873, in Wytheville, Va. His remains were removed to Selma, Ala., his home after the war. The funeral procession was the largest ever assembled in Alabama, and many of his old army friends, of both armies, joined in tributes to his memory as "an earnest friend, a genial companion, and a brave soldier."

The foregoing concise account of Gen. Hardee's career from the pen of N. R. Chambliss, Selma, Ala., will be read with general interest. Comrades, who were ever proud to serve in his corps, will remember personal incidents, to them sacred. The writer recalls the Sunday morning that we occupied Jonesboro, after the Federal army had fallen back, when he was more than half reclining on a tree root by the road side, and seeing the General and escort coming he sprang to his feet with such deference that "Old Reliable" said, "Good morn-

ing, sir!" It is remarkable in that the army of many thousands were along that road, and between it and the railway grade, that had been robbed of its cross ties to heat and bend the rails that lay crooked about the adjacent trees. Other comrades will recall how he would ride as complacently toward the enemy in battle line as if going to church on a Sunday morning.

This sketch and picture were procured through a bright, fair girl, on a recent visit to Nashville, now teaching, who at mention of the VETERAN, said: "You must have known my grandfather." She is proud to have been given the name "Willie Hardee."

SENSATIONS IN KENTUCKY BACKWOODS.

Ward McDonald, Captain of Fourth Alabama Cavalry, Powderly, Texas:

Many incidents crowd my memory of the old war days. I write of events that transpired while the army was at Bowling Green, Ky. This was near where I first saw light, in 1841.

I joined the Buckner Guards of sixteen members soon after the arrival of the army. Our only officer was Lieutenant Thomas H. Hines, who distinguished himself in contriving for Morgan's escape from the Ohio penetentiary. We stayed at Gen. Buckner's headquarters, ready to go as scouts or guides upon expeditions into any part of the country. On one occasion I made a visit to three Federal camps, Jimtown, Tompkinsville, and Glasgow. After reporting things as I saw them, an expedition was sent to Jimtown, consisting of about one hundred Cavalry from the Eighth Texas (Terry's Rangers), and I served as guide. Jimtown was a village about forty miles nearly east of Bowling Green. The country is rough. The people, generally, were ignorant, and decidedly Union ists. Many of them looked upon the Texas Rangers as devils incarnate.

Nearly all the men, and many of the women, who lived by the road, fled to the woods when they heard of our approach. On the second day of our march, our men stopped at every house on the road to get buttermilk, etc. Even Terry's men were "Buttermilk Rangers." At only two houses in a long distance were the occupants found. A woman, whose husband had run away, had the hardihood to remain at home. She soon tremblingly gave the men all the buttermilk she had, and would have given them anything on the place. Her surprise was manifest when one of the men politely thanked her and handed her the pay. At the next house, about half a mile farther on, there were two old men, an old woman, and some children. The two men went out to the fence, but the old woman remained on the porch with a pistol in her lap and knitting in her hands, seeming to take little notice of us. When some of the men dismounted to go in, the old woman looked up with a face full of defiance, and called out, "I will shoot the first man that comes in!" The men halted, and a general laugh broke through the ranks.

The old lady kept up her warlike attitude, with pistol in hand and the knitting by her side on the floor. Presently a woman entered the back yard, came hurrying up toward her, exclaiming, "Mother, mother! Treat those men right, they are perfect gentlemen; they came to my house and never hurt a thing!" "It don't make any difference, I'll shoot the first man that comes in!" Many a laugh did we have at the boys who started to go into the yard. They were bluffed away by the old woman.

From here it was some distance to another settlement. At the first house, after we passed some heavily timbered woods, there were no signs of life, though the front door was open and two chairs were sitting in the yard. The house was on a high hill, and I saw a woman with a baby in her arms at its base, and in a corn field I saw another woman carrying a baby, and a small child following her, as if dreadfully alarmed. I dismounted and went to her. With a wild cry she begged me not to hurt her. In the most assuring manner I told her that I would protect her, but it was some time before I could prevail upon her to go back. I took hold of the child, saying that I would carry the baby for her, but she held to it and insisted upon carrying it herself. At length, she reluctantly gave it up, and leading the other little fellow, she followed me to the house. She was too much frightened to even return a word.

We found the Federal command in three miles of Jimtown over three hundred strong. They had so placed their men that they could have killed ninety per cent. of us the first fire, but cavalry made a big show then, and their out post running in told them there were a thousand of us. At this they stampeded, some of them stopping at an old barn in the midst of a field.

Maj. Harrison, afterwards Gen. Harrison, was in command. The order to dismount and form a line was given, and we were just ready to charge the barn through the open field, when it was suggested by one of the Captains that we flank it under cover of the timber, which was nearer the barn than we were. This checked our move, and the Commander, after some parlying and a little reconnoissance, gave orders to mount and fall back to Bowling Green. The men were much surprised at this, for they were anxious for the fight, and, under the impression that our old Major got scared, yelled all along the road back, "Hurrah for the Jimtown Major!" Nor did it stop there. They carried it into camp, and for some time his ears were saluted with this reproachful exclamation. "I will give them enough of the Jimtown Major," said he one day in a joke, and he did. No more gallant solder ever fought under the stars and bars than brave old Gen. Thos. Harrison.

H. A. Ware, Huntington W. Va.: When can we look for that history which is to give such an account of matters that it can be indorsed as true and impartial by the men who "helped to make that history?"

In order that the Roster of the survivors of Shiloh may be complete at an early day, please send your name, postoffice address, rank, letter of Company, and number of Regiment, to James Williams, Assistant Secretary, Savannah, Tenn., without delay.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

TO UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The VETERAN greets Comrades from every section. It honors those who fixed bayonets and drew swords "against destiny." It submits its record of the year past since having been clothed with the honor to represent its six hundred Camps and Bivouacs. It has been faithful and it has been zealous to merit the compliment in full measure.

Its founder and editor is humbled with the unceasing devotion of thousands who endorse it and who work and pray for its more perfect establishment. He is determined to fawn not for favor, but to maintain its high calling with earnest pleading for the proper recognition of Veterans living and the sons of those who are dead in all that may bring peace and restore prosperity. He is inclined more than ever, while honoring those who fought the battles of the Union and quit when Confederates accepted paroles, to declare for the honor of those who tried to maintain the independence of their fathers at the cost of all they possessed, save honor.

Comrades have written the VETERAN of the malicious story revived that President Davis was captured in female attire. Again, others have asked that the rediculous story that a Federal secured Albert Sidney Johnston's watch at Shiloh be repudiated.

In refutation of the former, Mrs. Dorsey, who provided liberally for Mr. Davis and family, had his picture made, in citizen suit, tha the wore when captured, and it may be seen in the Capitol at Jackson, Miss. It is too well known that the Federals never got possession of Gen. Johnston's body, for that tale to have credence.

The official telegram by Major-General Wilson from Macon, Ga., to Gen. Grant and to Secretary of War Stanton, dated May 12. 1865, at eleven a.m., states that Col. Pritchard and his Michigan Cavalry surprised and captured Jefferson Davis and family, Mr. Reagan, P. M. General; Col. Harrison, private Secretary; Col. Johnston, Aid-de-Camp; Col. Lubbock and others, in camp near Irwinville, Ga.

A funny story is reported of Gen. Carr, who died recently, in connection with his first engagement against the South. It was at Big Bethel. He commanded the Second New York, and had halted his men for refreshments, in a pleasant shade, when the Confederates opened fire upon them. Excited, even to to bewilderment, he rode up to a group of officers and exclaimed, "They are firing upon my regiment! My God! what is to be done?"

So many comrades are interested in the time or times that Gen Lee was turned to the rear, that it is understood a committee to investigate the various accounts will be asked for at Houston. Quite a number of the most interesting details written are in the VETERAN office now, subject to the consideration of such committee. A very interesting account has recently been received from B. R. Stoddard, of Lake Charles, La., that such a committee would do well to see. Publication was not made of these articles at the time, as so much had already been printed about it.

Mrs. Alice Trueheart Buck, wife of Edwin G. Buck, a Virginian who bravely served in the Confederate Army, and, in like manner, faced the reverses consequent upon the war, is the editor of a new monthly at Washington, D. C., called the "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER." Mrs. Buck is womanly, and modestly shrinks from the prominence given her in this capacity. But she is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Historian of the Southern Relief Society of Washington, and is so intensely concerned for the general cause of the South, that she can't help engaging in it. Whatever may be the issues of the MESSENGER, it is certain that it will advocate correct principles and that its founder is worthy the co-operation of all the best people of the South. The VETERAN has not had a more faithful friend. A copy of the MESSENGER will be sent for twenty cents, yearly, $2.00. Address Mrs. A. T. Buck, 1100 13th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Capt. W. H. Pope, Superintendent of the Maryland Line Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., writes that James W. Cross, of Tullahoma, Tenn. is in the Almshouse at Hagerstown, Md. He claims to have served in the Confederate Army as a member of Company B (McDaniel) First Tennessee (Turney's) Regiment. He was detailed in the Quarter-master's Department, but was wounded in the battle of Fisher's Hill, Va., and has never recovered from the effects of the wound. He has never heard from his family since the war. His father was Benjamin Cross, and he had a brother Spencer. If his record can be established he will be provided for by the Maryland Line or sent to Tennessee. He is now 86 years of age.

B. G. Waller, Morganfield, Ky.:—Capt. Sam Duncan thinks a notice in the VETERAN the best way to let old comrades at a distance know he is still "in the land of the living," fat and prosperous. The Captain started out as a private in "Buckner Guards," where he remained until '62, when he organized a volunteer company, in cavalry of Company E. Fourth. He was chosen Captain. From then until the 13th of October, 1863, he was under Regimental Colonel H. L. Gilton, when he was captured at Rheatown, East eTnnessee, and served the rest of the war at "Johnson's Island."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

The formal dedication of Confederate Monument in Chicago, May 30 inst, is to be an event of unusual interest. Some Commanders of State Departments Grand Army of the Republic have been unkind enough to denounce it. Others have commended and agree to take part in the ceremonies. Gen. Schofield, Commander of the United States Army, and many subordinate officials are to honor and dignify the occasion by their presence—honor to them. The Department of Illinois has expressed serious disapproval because the date named is May 30—National Decoration Day—It is singular that that date was selected. The VETERAN has ever been conservative, and it expresses sorrow rather than annoyance at the expressions of disapproval.

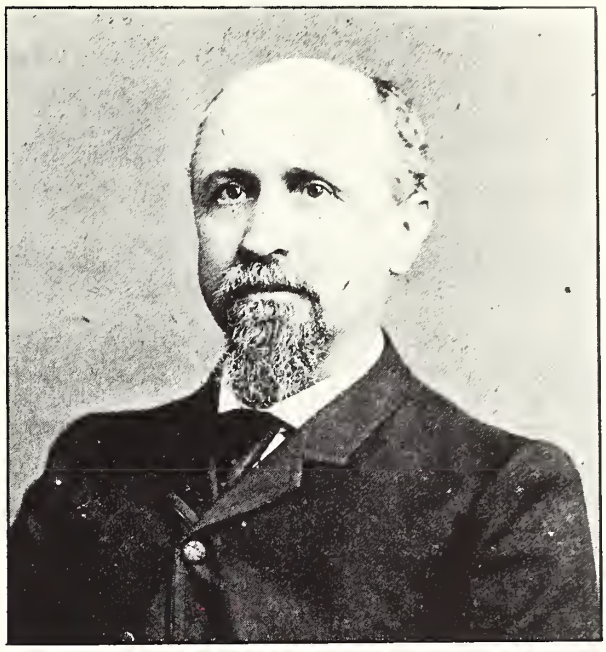
It does not charge that the rule is without exceptions, but wherever a Confederate Veteran manifests a narrow, mean spirit on the Southern side, we at once decide that he was not a good soldier, and investigation nearly always proves this to be true.

Veterans, their decendants, and friends in the South want the "Chasm" bridged; they want prosperity and the general welfare of the country maintained, but they don't seek these things at the surrender of liberty to honor Confederate dead, and they never will. Sooner would they take the advice of Job's wife when her patience had failed her, substituting government for Deity. This is sincere, true sentiment. Liberty, and the advantages of temporal happiness, aye, even life are as nothing when attainable at the a sacrifice of this palpable duty.

There ought to be monuments in Washington City as tributes to Confederate valor, and there may, after another generation or so. Confederates have been unceasingly devoted to the sacred memory of those who were killed in battle or died in the service and they will be until the last man shall have "Crossed over the River," when they will stand again, as they did here, true to each other.

Gen. Johu C. Underwood has exercised diligence and zeal in the success of this movement in Chicago that deserves recognition and expressions of gratitude from every Confederate organization in existence. He has secured such attendance at the dedication as must elicit the gratitude of the entire South.

When that splendid Division, commanded by Gen. Heth, was thrown into confusion by the impetuous Warner's Corps, just at dawn, May 6, '64, at the Wilderness, only one organized command was withdrawn. This was done by the coolness of a Lieut. Colonel, whom Hood's Texans thought to be a Spaniard, owing to his very dark complexion. Was not this Lieut. Col. Shepard, of the 7th Tennessee, Archer's Brigade? The description is the counterpart of that gallant officer, and all who knew him know he was specially qualified for such work.



GEN. LAWRENCE SULLIVAN ROSS.

Gen. Dabney H. Maury named him "the hero of Corinth," his soldiers have ever been ardently devoted to him, and the people of Texas re-elected him Governor of the great State, after having tried him, by 152,000 majority!

At the reunion last year in Waco, he declined to be a candidate for the re-election as Commander of the Veteran Association of Texas, but his suggestion that the honor be given to another was not heeded.

HOW THE U. C. V. CAMPS ORIGINATED.

The New Orleans States, July 18, 1889, has an interesting article, which should be recorded as the first publication looking to a general organization of Confederate Veterans.

Col. J. F. Shipp, Commander of the N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga, went to the Crescent City to confer with the Camps there about a Chickamauga Park, and in an interview with him the States said:

"The purpose of Col. Shipp's visit to this city is to put on foot a movement to establish throughout the South "Camps of Conferedate Veterans" and to effect an organization similar to that of the Grand Army of the Republic. As matters now stand, the associations of soldiers who served in the Confederate Army are scattered and, it is believed by Col. Shipp, that much good can be accomplished if they all come together under one organization and one head. It is not the intention, he says, to in any way interfere with the organizations of such associations as the Army of Tennessee and Northern Virginia but merely to bring them into one general association. There are some States in the South that have no associations of Confederate Veterans, but in all these States camps would be established were a general organization to be formed. Col. Shipp has been conferring with prominent veterans here and hopes in a short time to see his work bear fruit."

FIRST VOLUNTEERS FROM LOUISIANA.

The Orleans Cadets, Captain Charles D. Dreux, was the first volunteer company mustered into the Confederate service from Louisiana, April 11, '61. There were 103 members, 37 of whom were under eighteen years of age, and it was said that Captain Dreux was the only married man in the command. After six weeks, at Pensacola, they were merged into a battalion, which included the Crescent Rifles, Louisiana Guards, Shreveport Grays, and Terrebonne Rifles. Dreux was made Lieutenant Colonel of the battalion. We reached Yorktown a few days after the Bethel fight. Col. Dreux was killed in a skirmish near Newport News, July 5, '61, and, it is said, was the first Confederate officer killed during the war.

The 11th of April, 1862, found this battalion a part of Magruder's little army of 7,000 in the trenches along the Young's Mill line, repelling McClellan's 100,000 men. Our discharges from service were promptly issued us on that day, but, to the credit of the men, they remained on the line until the eve of Gen. Johnston's retreat to Richmond, when the battalion, having determined upon an artillery organization, passed out of existence. Capt. Charles E. Fenner, of the Louisiana Guards, had no difficulty in raising his company of light artillery, as the boys, recently discharged, on arrival at Jackson, Miss., promptly signed his roll, and on the 16th day of May, 1862, Fenner's Louisiana Battery was mustered into service. From that time the battery was identified with the Western Army.

When Gen. Hood reached the environs of Nashville, in December, 1864, Fenner's Battery was ordered to report to Gen. Forrest, who was trying to capture a Federal command enclosed at Murfreesboro.

In the retreat of our army from before Nashville, Fenner's Battery followed Forrest's Cavalry across the muddy and mountainous roads towards Columbia. The bad roads, and starved horses, caused slow travel—dropping the command far behind. The enemy's cavalry succeeded in cutting off three pieces, which the cannoneers dismantled and buried along the roadside, then made their way athwart the country, swimming Duck river, and rejoining our army. These were the only guns we ever lost.

Fenner's Battery was paroled at Meridian on the 10th day of May, '65, where the members stacked their muskets which they had carried for several weeks.

Walter H. Rogers, born in 1843, is a well known and successful lawyer of New Orleans, and ex-Attorney General of the State of Louisiana.

Walton Fry, born in 1837, is in charge of the books of the Board of Liquidation, City of New Orleans.

William H. Renaud, born in 1836, is a member of the firm of John I. Adams & Co., wholesale grocers, New Orleans.

J. W. Noyes, born in 1839, is in charge of the financial affairs of Fell & Johnson, insurance agents, New Orleans.

Alexander H. Clark, born in 1844, is a well known planter and merchant at Hope Hull, Ala.

Cornelius Young, born in 1839, is a successfu hardware merchant at Selma, Ala.

John K. Renaud, born in 1843, is with the house of Myles & Co., salt dealers, New Orleans.

Those living in New Orleans are charter members of Camp No. 2.

Group 1: Six members of Company A, Orleans Cadets, from a daguerreotype taken in Richmond, Va., early in June, 1861, just before departure of the Dreux Battalion for Yorktown.

Group 2: Seven members of Tanner's Louisiana Battery, Army of Tennessee. There are four of group 1, with an additional three. These seven were mess mates when paroled at Meridian, Miss., in May, 1865. The picture was made in May, 1875.

Group 3: The same men arranged in same way, 1895, twenty years after, group 2 tells the story of the same seven men shown in No. 2, as they appear to-day from a recent photograph. Individual positions are the same in groups two and three. See title page.

Home Endorsement, offered by Dr. W. A. Barry:

Whereas, The Confederate Veteran has, since its beginning served efficiently as the organ of the Confederate Associations, and has supported with signal ability, liberality, and a devotion worthy of the cause in which it is engaged, all efforts to promote the prosperity and growth of the Bivouacs and Camps, and as such organ it is entitled to and should receive the heartiest support of all Confederate Veterans; therefore,

Resolved, That Frank Cheatham Bivouac extends to the Confederate Veteran its most cordial endorsement, and recommends to all the Bivouacs and Camps in the organization that it be made their official organ, and that we call upon all Confederate veterans to rally to its support and give it all the assistance in their power to promote its prosperity and usefulness. Nashville, May 10, 1895.

The above was unanimously adopted.

John P. Hickman, Secretary.

On first page in Connection with Confederate Veteran Association, of Kentucky, the word "officially" should be efficiently.

Readers will be delighted with the views of Belmont College and grounds on back page. The premises are not excelled doubtless on the continent.

Can any one furnish the Veteran any information concerning one Capt. Fly or Fry, who commanded a company in Col. Ashcraft's Regiment, Gholson's Brigade, Chalmer's Division, W. B. Forrest's Command? Such an one will oblige a Comrade.

The attention of friends is called to the beautiful Confederate Souvenir Spoon offered by Messrs. Greenleaf and Crossby, of Jacksonville, Fla. It is guaranteed solid silver; the bowl washed over with gold, and the handle beautifully enameled in colors.

For twenty years the editor of the Veteran has remembered gratefully a kindness of Mr. Greenleaf in this firm, and takes pleasure in earnest commendation of his firm.

HONORING OUR DEAD AT MACON.

Macon, Ga., did much to honor the Confederate dead from all the South at her Memorial Service, April 26. There was a larger attendance than on any like occasion. The company was estimated at 5,000. Col. Dupont Guerry introduced Gen. Evans, Commander of the Georgia Department United Confederate Veterans, and used the following words concerning the occasion:

"We are here on this holy anniversary occasion to publicly declare to mankind and to God our steadfast devotion and undying gratitude to the brave men who fought and died for us, to commemorate in praise and song, in tears and prayers, their heroic deeds and



GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

sufferings, and to testify anew our unvarying faith in the purity, patriotism and philanthropy of their motives and purposes."

Gen. Evans in his beautiful address said if he could crystalize the best spirits of human history, the rarest devotion to conviction of every age, and the tenderest memories of the bravest struggles that ever involved the sacrifice of life, he would blend them all in one hallowed offering:

"To the Memory of Our Confederate Dead!"

Then he said: "I crave for this moment the genius which no living man possesses to declare in speech the thought and feeling, the faith and hope, the budding glory and the aftergloom which this scene is designed to celebrate. It is the pathetic quality of this memorial which makes it so sublime as to exceed all eulogy. Here is no artificial magnificence, no pride, nor pomp, no grand array, no royalty lying in state. But in their stead the hush of human passion, the plaintive melody which memory softly chants, and the gentle tread of thoughts taking step to the music of muffled grief. * * *

"O, Southern womanhood! When your gentle nature stirred you to establish this memorial, you gave a holy meaning to love of country; you placed a costly crown upon the virtue of valor, and offered to the patriotic manhood the unusual opportunity to refresh itself at a fount of manly honor! In the endowment of this ceremony by your wealth of everlasting love, you have unconsciously surpassed your own design, for as this day shall break from age to age it will have a tongue to tell in memorial of you that this tender respect for manly heroism sprang first from woman's heart!

"The sword's arbitrament settled whatever can be settled in the great human disputation by force of arms, and no more than that. The triumphs of power take no trophies save those which Might wrenches from the grasp of the weak. The results of war never make changes in human rights. The whole American people were left, at the termination of the Southern struggle, the holders still of all the rights which the fathers of our country pronounced inseparable from free government, inalienable by monarchs or majorities, and indestructible by military force. To declare otherwise would degrade the victorious armies of the Union more than the vanquished veterans of the South. Therefore, this statement must be accepted to escape the alternative conclusion that coercion of the South was a conspiracy of unpatriotic politicians to destroy the old constitution and blood-bought liberties of our country. * * *

"No one will wonder at the honor paid to these vanquished men who understands the real spirit of the South, and knows the character of its soldiery. Romance has found in them and their career a mine of real story richer than fancy can create. The gray jacket woven in the loom at home, cut and made by a mother's hand, blessed with her prayers, her kisses and her tears, as she fitted it to the form of her martial son—that gray jacket which grew so greasy and tattered with wear—that jacket which showed at last the rude rent through which the fatal bullet sped—aye, it covered, my countrymen, the heart of a man as valiant as Rupert, as chivalrous as Saladin, as true to love of liberty as Bruce, who gave his heart for Scotland, and Warren, the protopatriot who fell at Bunker Hill for freedom.

"They marched all day through cold and heat,
They marked the ground with bleeding feet,
They hungered, fought—died! 'Twas sweet
To march and famish, bleed and die. The noble band
With much to love, loved most their Southern land!

BALTIMORE WANTS THE REUNION IN '97.

The James R. Herbert Camp United Confederate Veterans of Baltimore will go to Houston with enthusiasm for an acceptation of their invitation to have the reunion for 1897 in that city.

The Baltimore Southern Exposition Management will send by Confederates to Houston 4,000 porcelain faced buttons and 2,000 badges with similar inscription. If Nashville should secure the reunion for '96, this would distribute the territory cleverly.

Just at going to press news comes from Charleston that that noble people desire to greet and entertain next year the United Confederate Veterans.

ENGINEER FOR ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

These terse facts have been procured about Lieut. A. H. Buchanan, Engineer for Army of Tennessee:

He entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a Topographical Engineer, and continued through the war in that capacity. When the Federals captured Nashville he made an unsuccessful attempt to move his family through the lines to Northwest Arkansas, and on that account failed to be in the battle of Shiloh. He served with Bragg's Army from a short time before the battle of Murfreesboro until Bragg was relieved by Gen. J. E. Johnston, and he was with him, and then with Gen. Hood—the same army—until the close of the war. He was paroled with it in North Carolina. He was in the various battles with this army, in all its campaigns with the Headquarter Topographical Engineer Corps, and always in active duty, winter and summer, never having any idle time.

Since 1869 he has occupied the chair of Mathematics in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., and since 1876 he has spent his summer vacations—



PROF. ANDREW H. BUCHANAN, LL.D

about four months in each year—in the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, making the triangulation of the State of Tennessee.

The foregoing brief sketch was procured through the most effective source known of the modest man, but never ceasing laborer in what duty suggests.

Although Mr. Buchanan ranked only as a Lieutenant in the war, he held so important a position, and so established his capacities, that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the idol of one of the best armies known in history, said long after the war that he had "planned many a battle upon Buchanan's maps," having no other guide. Gen. Johnston's faith in him was implicit, and he mentions him in his "Narrative" (name of his book) as "that very intelligent officer." They were ever faithful friends.

He has endured his share of sacrifice. At one time three of his brothers—Confederate soldiers—were murdered by outlaws in Arkansas in the garb of United States soldiers, and, midst insolent jeers, were thrown out of wagons in the presence of wives and mother. The inoffensive father was also murdered by them without provocation.

In steadfast devotion to his church, Prof. Buchanan has served its University at Lebanon when double the salary was offered him to teach elsewhere in a promoted capacity.

His labor for the Government in the Geodetic survey of Tennessee has been so nearly completed, and is so accurate, that he can compute the distance to within less than a foot from the Capitol at Nashville to points in North Carolina and Virginia. He has been commended many times publicly for the complete success of this work. Such accuracy can be attained only through the most delicate applications of the Higher Mathematics. When the transit of Venus occurred several years ago, Prof. Buchanan was one of the three men selected to make observations for scientific purposes of the government from the Naval Observatory at Washington. His economic methods are no less noteworthy than the accuracy of his work.

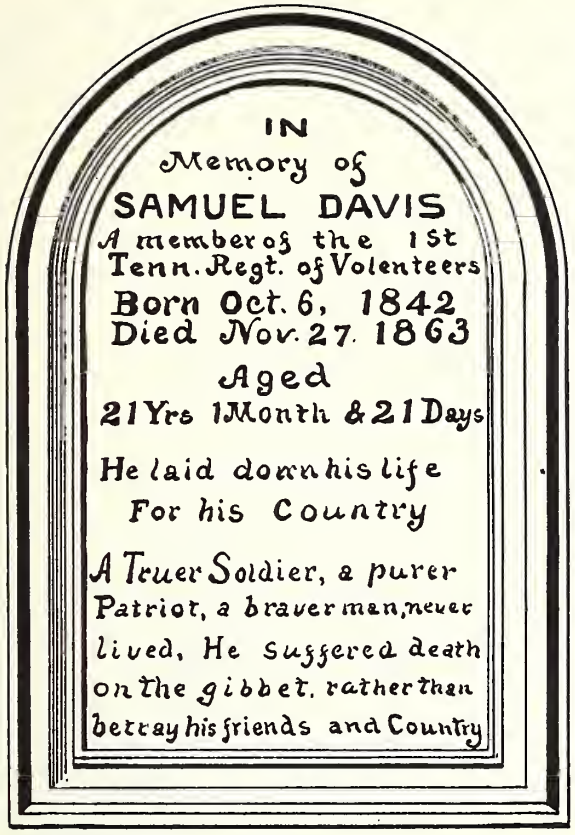
Capt. Will A. Miller, of Decatur, Texas writes:

I was First Sergeant of Harris' Company, Col. Smith B. Bankhead's Battalion of Artillery, in Gen. L. Polk's Corps, and was the ranking officer of my company when we left Corinth, and commanded the company on the bloody field of Shiloh. I was given a Lieutenant's commission when we returned to Corinth. I came with Gen. Tom Hindman to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where I served as First Lieutenant of Gen. Cabele's (Old Tige) Artillery until Dec., 1864, when I was wounded in the knee, on account of which I still walk with a crutch, but have never lost my Rebel vim.

Several years ago I organized "Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V." I expect to be at the reunion at Houston in full force. Would like to hear from any of my old comrades.

A. J. Richburg, St. Paul, S. C. writes loyally:

I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for more than a year, and expect to have it as long as I live, for the glorious work it is doing to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier, and the heroic deeds of the Southern army. I followed the fortunes of Robt. Lee for four years as Sergeant Major of the Twenty-third South Carolina.



The above is from the tablet upon the handsome monument at the grave of Samuel Davis near Smyrna, Tenn. There is an iron enclosure of about sixteen by twenty-five feet, in which rises a marble shaft on granite to the height of about seventeen feet. There have been buried within the enclosure the hero, his parents, and maternal grandmother.

So many tributes have been revived recently, and so many statements slightly erroneous, that effort will be made to give in the June VETERAN an elaborate and accurate sketch of the noble young man.

To this end request is made for such data as may be recalled by all who know anything of the event.

Samuel Davis should never be thought of as a spy. Clad in the gray uniform of his government, ornamented with bright, brass buttons, with the bright pistols of a soldier, he was a scout.

Conditions may have been sufficiently exasperating to have provoked his execution, but it was certainly unjustifiable. The tributes paid him recently by Union veterans, who were present, furnish the incentive for the promised sketch.

Hon. H. C. Russell, Land Commissioner of Nebraska, concurred with the author of the account that follows:

A UNION SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE.

J. A. M. Collins, who served in the Second Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and was present at the execution of Sam Davis in 1863, and who attended the late reunion at Shiloh, writes from Keokuk, Iowa, April 20, 1895:

Dear Friend: The remembrance of our pleasant trip on the beautiful Tennessee river, to the ever memorable battlefield of Shiloh, still clings to me.

You seemed so much interested in the short account related by me of the hanging of Samuel Davis by our army at Pulaski, Tenn., in 1863, that perhaps a more minute and extended one would be welcome. With all the incidents which led up to his capture, I am not familiar.

To my mind Davis was of the highest type of American manhood, and although he, from the nature of his offense, was doomed to die an ignominious death, yet it did not in the least detract from his manhood, because of the glorious manner in which he met it.

In military law his offense was unpardonable, and his death justifiable, yet it seems to me the very essence of cruelty to condemn such a fearless man to death on the gallows, and allow the cowardly deserter the consolation of dying the death of a soldier.

While standing on that little trap door between earth and heaven, he was truly offered his life if he would betray the one in our lines from whom he received papers found in his possession. Three times he indignantly spurned to purchase freedom at such a price. I was standing near by and I heard Capt. Conn (Provost Marshal) say, "Mr. Davis, you have but five minutes to live unless you give up your secret." In answer to the second summons he said, "The life of the one who gave me those papers is worth more to the Southern Confederacy than mine." The third and last request was as resolutely declined, the trap sprung; and Davis was dead, regretted not alone by Confederates, but by every soldier in our line who was capable of appreciating a noble nature.

Admitting death as the inevitable penalty for such a breach of military law, I have always felt the befitting manner for such a man as Davis to have met it would have been to face a file of soldiers, free without blindfold, and even himself allowed to give the order to fire; then he would have died the death of the true soldier he was.

There may be a doubt in the minds of some whether or not his courage and his manhood would have been equal to such a sublime ordeal, but no such doubt exists with those who saw him die. To my mind, his triple command, "Ready, Aim, Fire," would have rung out on the morning air as a defiance to death and a triumph over his enemies, but the fate of war decreed otherwise.

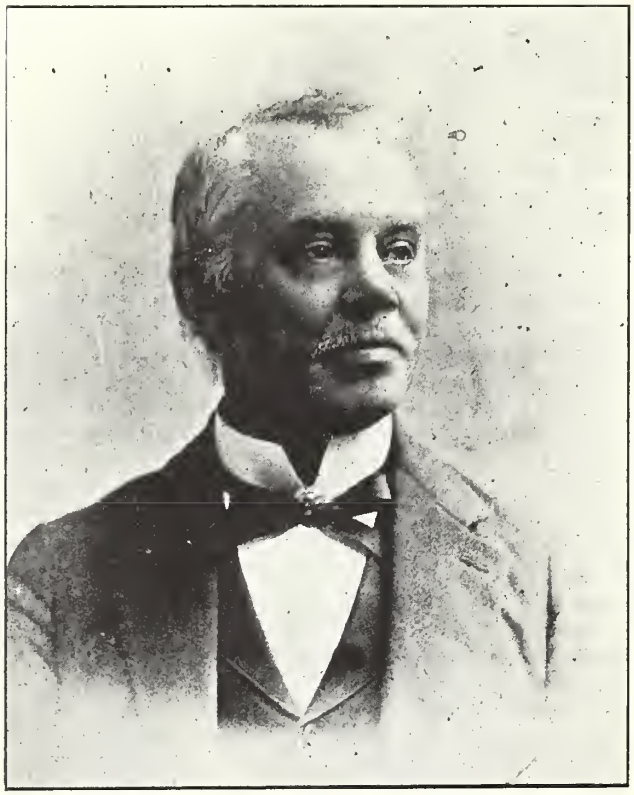
Sufficient time has elapsed since this event to obliterate all feelings of a sentimental nature in connection with it, if I ever had any, and my undiminished admiration still is proof positive that noble deeds of men live after they are dead, and I have recounted this incident to my friends many times as evidence of it.

The sentiments here expressed are for the man and not the cause for which he died, and I believe they would have received a hearty "Amen" from all Federal soldiers who witnessed his untimely death.

A SUCCESSFUL CONFEDERATE'S PLANS.

Robt. C. Wood writes of Chas. Broadway Rouss: * * * His career has been phenomenal. He had acquired a handsome competence in mercantile business before the two sections of the country engaged in war. Selling out his stock for what it would bring he enlisted in Company B, Twelfth Regiment of Virginia Confederate Cavalry. He served with credit.

After the surrender at Appomattox, he made his way to his home in the valley of Virginia, and worked as a laborer on his father's farm. Wearying of occupation that afforded no scope to his rest-



CHAS. BROADWAY ROUSS.

less energy, and gave no promise of satisfying his ambitions, he determined to seek his fortune in New York. He reached this great metropolis without friends, money, or credit. He was subjected to disappointments, trials, and hardships that would have disheartened one less resolute than himself. He was reduced to sleeping on the park benches, and making forages on the free lunch tables for food. He carried his wardrobe on his back. Finally, he succeeded in securing some shelving in a cellar room on Church street, and made his maiden essay as a merchant in New York with a stock of goods liberally estimated as worth $65.00. A foothold gained, he commenced to mount the ladder of success. He studied the methods of business and evolved new theories and methods. He sold for cash only. The little den in Church street was soon exchanged for more capacious rooms on Broadway. In time, the latter gave way to still more ample facilities for the storage of goods and the conduct of business. Finally, to accommodate his business, he erected his present mammoth establishment on Broadway at the cost of $1,250,000, and built a large warehouse on Thompson street. His sole grievance now, as I have heard him say, is that he is cramped for room.

Although Mr. Rouss has become an important factor in the commercial life of New York, he has remained a staunch and loyal Southerner in his sentiments and feelings. His participations in the grand struggle of the South in 1861-65 is a matter of pride with him, and no one is left in doubt of this fact. The portraits of Lee and Stonewall Jackson are displayed as evidence of it.

From the time that fortune commenced to crown his labors, his purse has been open to the needy Confederate soldiers and to the widow and orphan. I have never known him to fail in response to a worthy appeal, and I have known him to give thousands to the work of perpetuating the history of the heroic struggle of the South. * * *

For years past he has been hoping to see the establishment of a National Memorial Association that would worthily perpetuate the memories of the lost cause and of the brave men who sacrificed their lives in its defense. He has set in motion an undertaking to accomplish this, and he will succeed, if intelligent, earnest purpose, and unflagging energy avail. It is to be considered at Houston.

U. C. V. IN MISSOURI.

Gen. Jo O. Shelby, who has been appointed Major General for Missouri in United Confederate Veterans has designated the following staff officers:

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Colonel H. A. Newman, Huntsville; Inspector General, Jerre Cravens, Springfield; Chief Quartermaster, Frank L. Pitts, Paris; Chief Commissary, John U. Howard, St. Louis; Judge Advocate General, Henry M. Withers, Kansas City; Surgeon General, Dr. McPheeters, St. Louis; Assistant Surgeons, Dr. J. R. Snell, Kansas City; Dr. A. V. Small, Sedalia; Brigadier General (Eastern District), James Bannerman, St. Louis; Brigadier General (Western District), Elijah Gates, St. Joseph. The following are aides, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel: H. M. Bledsoe, Cass county; John T. Crisp, Independence; Maurice Langhorn, Jackson county; James Hatton, Arcadia; Waller Young, St. Joseph; E. A. Asbury, Higginsville; Gideon Thompson, Platte county; William Fisher, Vernon county; K. F. Petticord. Marion county; O. H. P. Craton, Howell county; J. Q. Plattenburg, Lafayette county; Holly Nichols, Bates county; W. C. Bronaugh, Henry county.

Headquarters are established at Morgan's hotel, Gennessee street, Kansas City.

Col. H. A. Newman, Adjutant General to the Missouri U. C. V., is a Tennessean, but went to Missouri in 1855. He served under "Pap" Price for a time, was afterward with his brother, Col. T. W. Newman, then on staff appointment until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. Col. Newman has done much for our cause in Missouri.

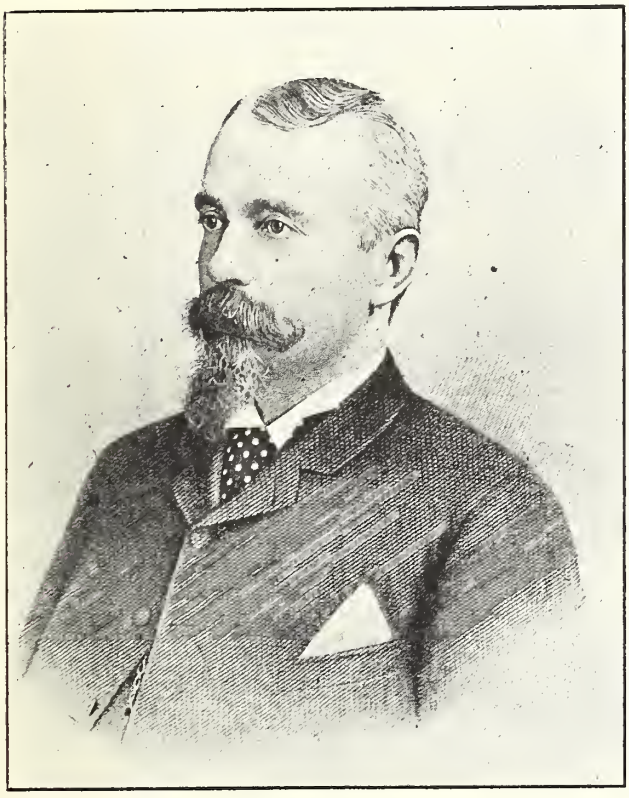
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COMMANDER OF MEMPHIS ENCAMPMENT.

Synopsis of a sketch by his life-long friend, Maj. Joseph Vaulx, who was Inspector General of Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee:

Col. Robert Bogardus Snowden was born in New York City, on Broadway, on the site of the late St. Nicholas Hotel, where at that event was situated the residence of his maternal grandfather, Gen. Robt. Bogardus, April, 1836.

Although he first saw light in New York, he was "de jure" a native of Nashville, his father, John



GEN. R. B. SNOWDEN.

Bayard Snowden, having been for some years previous a resident, and the leading fancy dry goods merchant of the Rock City. Mr. Snowden and his wife were both natives of New York, and were cultivated and refined people, and for over twenty-five years were bright lights in Nashville's social circle —when chivalry, good breeding and honor were the passports. They lived in generous style, and made their friends happy by their cordiality and sincerity on crossing their threshhold.

Mr. Snowden's family has given some prominent and noted men to the country. An Admiral, a Commodore in the navy, and Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, were of them. His mother was the daughter of Gen. Robt. Bogardus, a distinguished citizen of New York, an eminent lawyer, and at an early day was Maj. General commanding the Militia of New York State. He was a decendant of the original Dutch settlers, and the noted Aneke Jans was his ancestress. From such heredity we should expect a full rounded character.

In due time after being born, Bogardus was returned by canal and stage coach to the Rock City, where he grew up among the rattling boys of the era, but was always conservative, never getting into any very bad scrapes—if he did he got out of them.

He was educated at Nashville, and at the Western Military Institute, Ky., by that strict disciplinarian, and able soldier, Gen. Bushrod Johnson. Finishing school, he went to New Orleans to learn business. After a few years he returned to Nashville, and was in business here when the war began.

Young Snowden was of military taste, and was one of the charter members of that crack company, the Rock City Guards in 1858.

Snowden went out as Adjutant of the First Tennessee Regiment in 1861. In 1862 Gen. Bushrod Johnson made him Assistant Adjutant Gen. of his brigade, which he ably filled, until in 1863 a vacancy of Lieutenant Colonel in the Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiment, Johnson's Brigade, occurred, when the officers next in rank requested that Snowden be appointed to fill the vacancy. He did valiant service with his regiment at Chickamauga. By a very expert and brilliant manœuvre, taking a Federal Battery in flank, he captured it and its support of Infantry. He was complimented by his commanding General for the achievement.

Col. Snowden went with Gen. Johnson to Virginia and performed arduous service around Petersburg to the last.

After the war he engaged in business in New York. In 1868, married Miss Anna Brinkley, of Memphis, then the heiress of Tennessee, not of wealth alone, for she is the granddaughter of one of Tennessee's pioneers, Judge John Overton; a lady of gentle nature, refined and sincere; a domestic woman, a devoted mother, and true friend. Providence has blessed them in their union and companionship. While possessing a large fortune, they have never beec arrogant or ostentatious in their manners. As a boy, young man, soldier, and man of affairs, Col. Snowden has done his part well; has kept the faith, and is highly esteemed in Tennessee's western metropolis and his old home, Nashville.

MRS. SONSWALL JACKSON'S BOOK.

The Harper & Bro's. edition of Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson by his wife Mrs. M. A. Jackson, is now out of print. The VETERAN has secured an arrangement to supply its subscribers with the few remaining copies which have been handsomely bound with a years subscription, for $2.50, and to clubs of six new subscribers, free. Those who contemplate securing a copy of this fine edition should be dilligent to do so on these terms before it is too late. Send $2.50 for your own renewal and the book, or send $6.00 wiih six new subscribers and get it free. Address CONFEDERAEE VETERAN,

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Friends of the VETERAN can do it a great favor in sending the names of Confederates whom they may think do not take it. The thirty thousand for June will give a fine surplus. Please send promptly.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

HARRY MACARTHY.

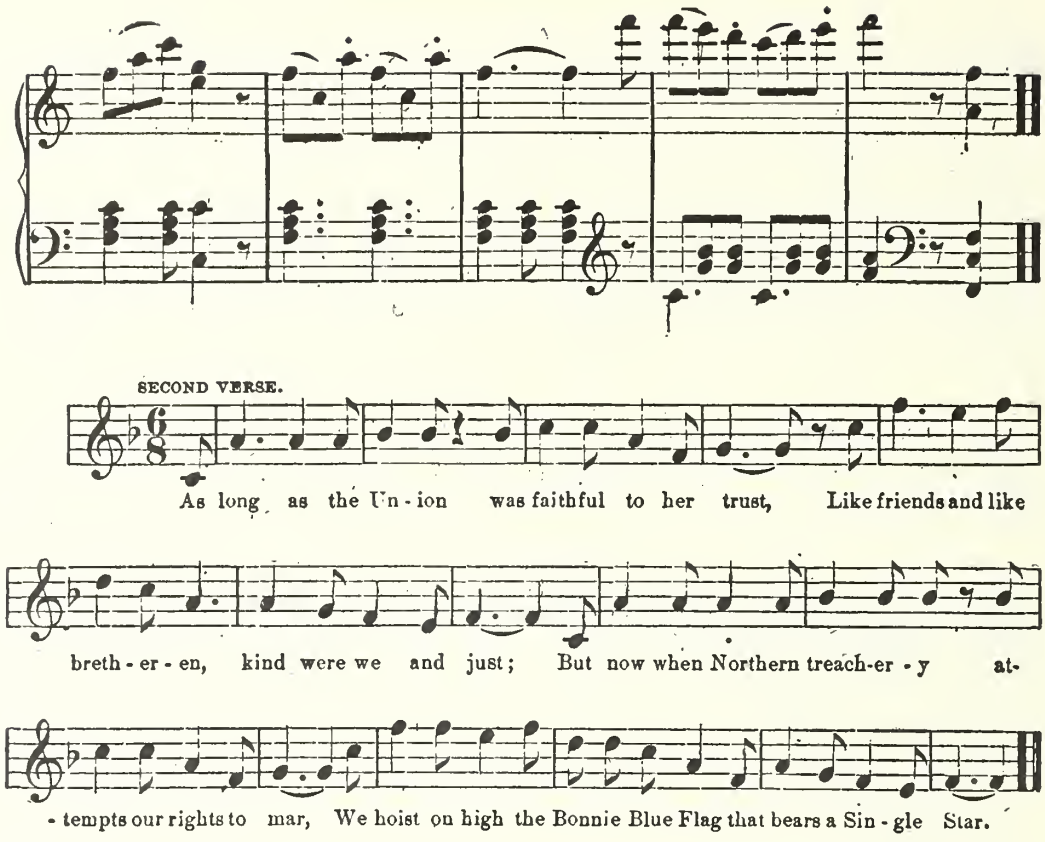
With Spirit.



THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.



THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.



3 First, Gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

4 Ye men of valor gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, Statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single Star.

5 And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

6 Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

7 Then here's to our Confederacy. strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer.
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gain'd th' Eleventh Star!

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The B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, of Richmond, have in press this book, by J. T. Derry, of Georgia, with an introduction by Gen. Clement A. Evans. It is written in a clear and dispassionate manner, is profusely illustrated, and the publishers expect it to be accepted as a standard work. It will be sold exclusively by subscription. The retail prices are $2.50, $3 00, and $3.50.

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The Rapid Rise of This Young Nashville Dentist.



The above is a faithful picture of Dr. W. Horace Brown who has made such rapid strides in the profession of Dentistry. He is a graduate of prominent Northern and Eastern Dental Schools and is wearing his honors well. Though less than thirty years of age, and self-made, he is doing a business of which older Dental establishments might well feel proud. His parlors on North Summer Street are elaborately furnished and he is equipped professionally for any job possible in Dentistry.

Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco, Tex., is doing a wise thing to make history by appointing a member to furnish a paper on some pertinent subject. At a large meeting recently, John Moore concluded to adopt a skirmish with Indians as his theme, modestly claiming that others could write better than himself about our great war. It was away back in '60, Monday morning, 5th of March, that two negro men came upon a party of Indians, who pursued them. One of the negroes got away from them with an arrow in his head as a souvenir. The father of Comrade Moore, a physician, took the arrow from the negro's head, finding that it had been "twisted up" and remained sticking in the wool. While in pursuit of this squad of Indians, Moore came in contact with one of them, who persisted in firing several shots at him, but at last fell mortally wounded. It is not more than a third of a century since there were many vicious Indians in Texas, and it is very interesting to have now and then such reminiscences as Comrade Moore has furnished.

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The International Route will, at the close of the Reunion, have on sale extension excursion tickets to various points in the State to enable visitors to see something of the country and spend a time with their friends. A rate of one fare for the round trip will be made, tickets on sale in Houston from May 22nd to 26th, with a return limit of 15 days. Among the principal points reached direct by the I. & G. N., are Willis, Huntsville, Trinity, Crockett, Palestine, Jacksonville, Tyler, Mineola, Henderson, Longview, Marshall, etc. Call on Mr. G. D. Hunter, 911 Franklin avenue (nnder new Hutchins House) on arrival at Houston for full information. D. J. PRICE, A. G. P. A., Palestine, Tex.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my

Appetite

and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. P. THOMAS, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

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GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND.

By Miss Kate Cumming, author of "Hospital Life in the Confederate Army." This book, which is now just from the press of Roberts & Son, is one that ought to be in the library of every Southern household, and those of the North might also learn many a lesson from it. Being a resident of the Gulf City, (Mobile, Ala.) at the opening of the war, and entering the hospitals of the Southwestern Department, the author has good facilities for compiling a most interesting history of events which transpired under her own observation. These events will be of interest and value to the the youth of our land in giving them a view of the inner life of the Southern Confederacy during the great war. The extracts from her journal are a record of the heroism, manly fortitude, and manifold sufferings of the noble men who warred so long and at such great sacrific to obtain their rights. She gives details of the humane treatment wounded and sick prisoners received at our hands, going far to show the falsity of much that was said to the contrary on the other side. Price, $1, by mail, postage paid, supplied by the VETERAN.

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After Many Years of Suffering the Electropoise is Used With Most Satisfactory Results.

When I was 18 years old, I had a severe spell of typhoid pneumonia, which left me in a very nervous condition. My glands were affected and I had a terrible cough, which has followed me through life. I have since had several spells of fever. I enlisted in the army and served during the late war, which, to the roughness of camp life, aggravated my cough so that it got worse all the time. Since the war I have been in bad health and had a number of hemorrhages. For more than twenty-five years I have suffered with catarrh and indigestion, my cough being so bad that I could sleep but little. Have taken a great deal of medicine during this time from numbers of physicians. Last fall I had a very severe attack, which the physicians said was congestion of the brain, lungs and bowels. Since then I have had two similar attacks. These spells would leave me very sore and weak, and I do not think I would be alive now had it not been for the use of the Electropoise. It gave me relief from the time of the first application, my digestion improved and I sleep well and cough less than I have in thirty-six years.

I heartily give my indorsment to the Electropoise, and wish you much success.

Yours, very truly,
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Alf and Bob Taylor The Heroes.

They Will Travel and Lecture Together in "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie"—A Remarkable Combination.

IN ancient Greece the art of oratory was fostered and developed by the democratic character of its institutions, and the public assemblies of its cities were great debating clubs, open to all. The gift of eloquence made sure pre-eminence for its fortunate possessor. Every citizen was obliged to plead his own cause, hence the attention bestowed upon public speaking and the high degree of perfection attained by the Greeks in the difficult art of persuasion. Demosthenes and Æschines were the great rival Athenian orators, and upon one occasion all Athens and strangers from far and near gathered to hear them. The contest resulted in a "golden crown" for one and exile for the other.

The joint appearance of Hon. Alfred A. Taylor and ex-Gov. Robert L. Taylor, during the season of 1895-6, in "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," in the principal cities of the United States, will be a revival of the famous "War of Roses," Alf opening the entertainment with "Yankee Doodle" and "Our Bob" closing with "Dixie."

The tour will be under the management of Mr. C. L. Ridley, of Nashville, who, since that remarkable contest between these talented men for the Governorship of Tennessee, has been trying to bring them together again. The appearance of the brothers upon the hustings in that contest excited unusual attention throughout the country, and whenever they appeared they were greeted by immense throngs, the partisans of Alf wearing a red rose and those of Bob a white rose. When the campaign was over, it occurred to Mr. Ridley that it had ended too soon, and he began laying plans for its revival, but Gov. Taylor was in the Executive chair four years, and after that, Hon. Alfred Taylor was serving his district in Congress, and so the idea has not been feasible until now. Alf's term in Congress ended March 4, and at last the distinguished brothers have consented to appear upon the same platform on the same evening.

In East Tennessee, where the Roane and Unaka lift their heads heavenward in peaceful Happy Valley, near the banks of the beautiful Watauga, Alf and Bob Taylor were born, and lived through the trundle-bed—the sunrise period of life. Too young to participate in the war between the States, they were children in a section divided against itself, and grew to man's estate in an atmosphere of intense excitement. The paternal side of the family favored the cause of the Union, the maternal side was strongly attached to the Confederacy, and so their every surrounding brought its conflicting emotions, until after a while they come upon the stage of action, when the young blood of the South had set about recuperating devastated fields and reconstructing shattered fortunes.

Hon. Nathaniel G. Taylor, the father of Alf and Bob Taylor, was a Methodist minister, and a Whig of prominence, representing his district in Congress in ante-bellum days, was Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the administration of President Andrew Johnson, and served as elector on the Bell-Everett ticket. Their mother was the sister of the famous Democratic orator and politician the Hon. Landon C. Haynes, who was a member of the Confederate Senate. These brothers inherit in a marked degree the exceptional qualities that made their ancestors prominent, endowed with the gift of "seeing a sunbeam in every melody, and a melody in every sunbeam," a poem in every flower, and a flower in every thought, they captivate and charm; versatile and magnetic, peerless as raconteurs, they hold their audiences in perfect happiness.

Alf is a staunch Republican, Bob is above all things a Democrat. They have won their spurs on the hustings, and each enjoys the fullest love and confidence of his people. Alf was elected to the Legislature before he was of age, and had barely attained his majority when he took his first oath of office. He represented his party on the Hayes-Wheeler and Garfield-Arthur electoral tickets, and has just finished his third term in the Congress of the United States. He ranks high as an orator. His arguments are logical and brilliant, his thoughts run smooth and deep, and his perorations have the grandeur of his native mountains.

Bob served one term in Congress, was twice elected Governor of Tennessee and twice represented Democracy, for the State at large on the Cleveland and Hendricks, and the Cleveland and Stevenson tickets in the presidential electoral college. This was his political record before he was 38 years old. Since then his success in "The Fiddle and the Bow," "Paradise of Fools" and "Visions and Dreams" has been as flattering as his political record. He is a capital story-teller, a true sympathizer with all that is serious in life and a delightful cartoonist of that which is ludicrous. No man can rise to loftier heights of oratory than he.

The revivified "War of the Roses" will be something new. It is not often that two such talented men as Alf and Bob Taylor come of the same family; it is not often that brothers become leaders of different political parties and, furthermore, no two brothers ever ran against each other for Governor before. This joint appearance will be as novel as it is original. Dissimilar in personal appearance, in contour of features, in manner and in method of thought, yet their talents are about equal, and when they meet in the "War of the Roses," with its touches of comedy, pathos, music and eloquence, it will determine which is Demosthenes and which Æschines. That this joint appearance will materially broaden the fame of each is assured, and lovers of artistic amusement will await the beginning of this tour with pleasant anticipation.

The tour will begin in Nashville Oct. 1.—*Nashville American, Sunday Morning March 10.*

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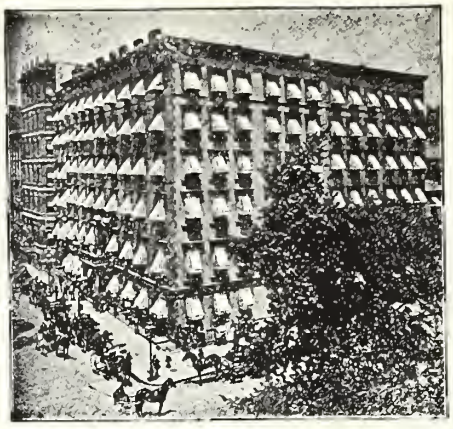
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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craig, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets of $49,929.76, with total liabilities of $11,045.90, leaving a surplus of $38,883.86, and an actual safety fund of $35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating 18,806.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of $1,300. Policies in force December 31, 900, aggregating $2,100,000. In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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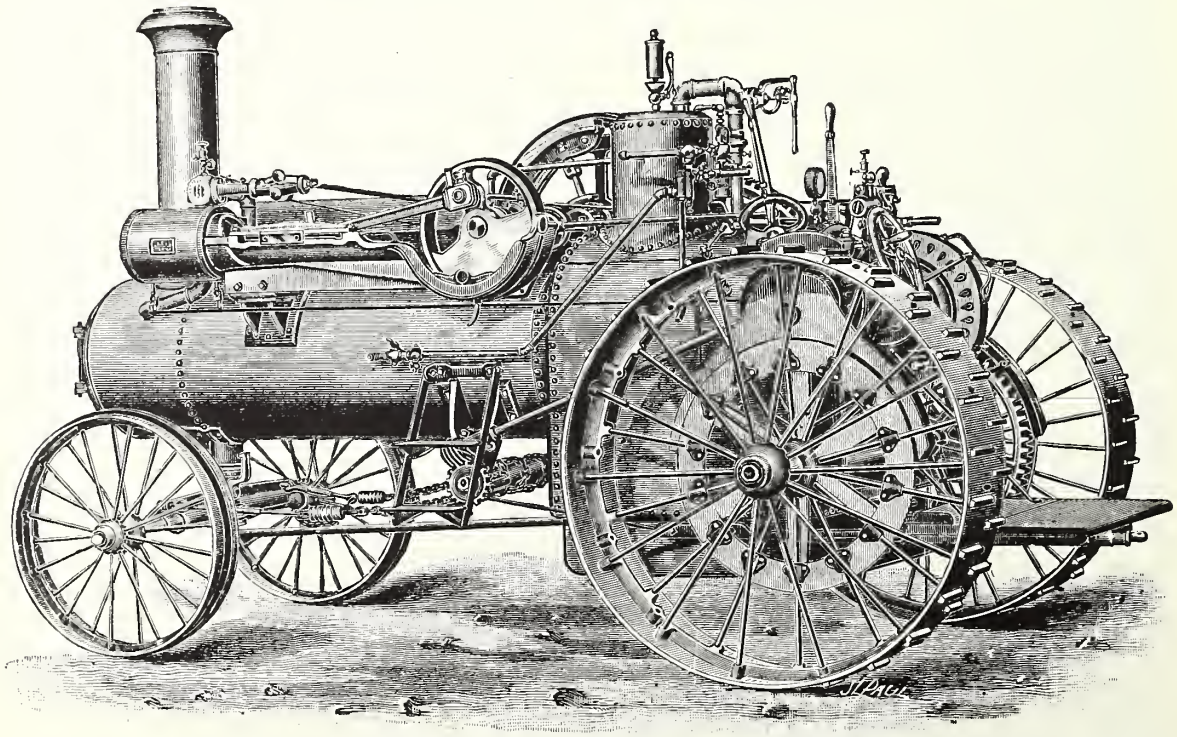
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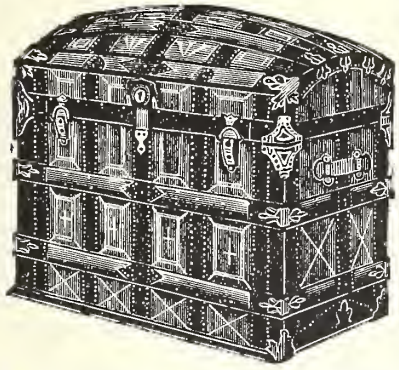
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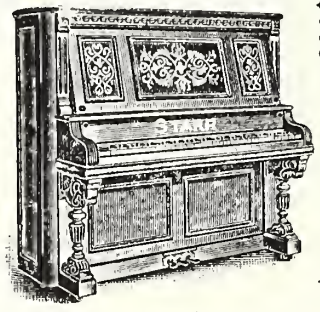
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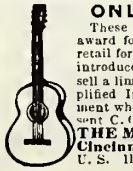
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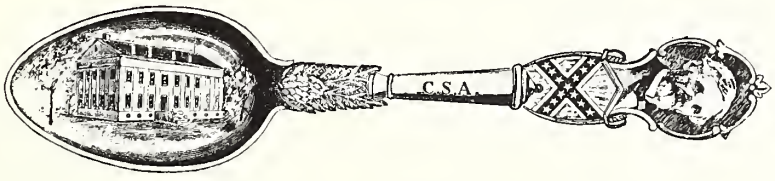
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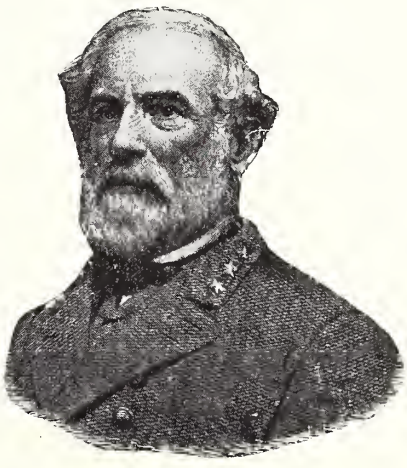
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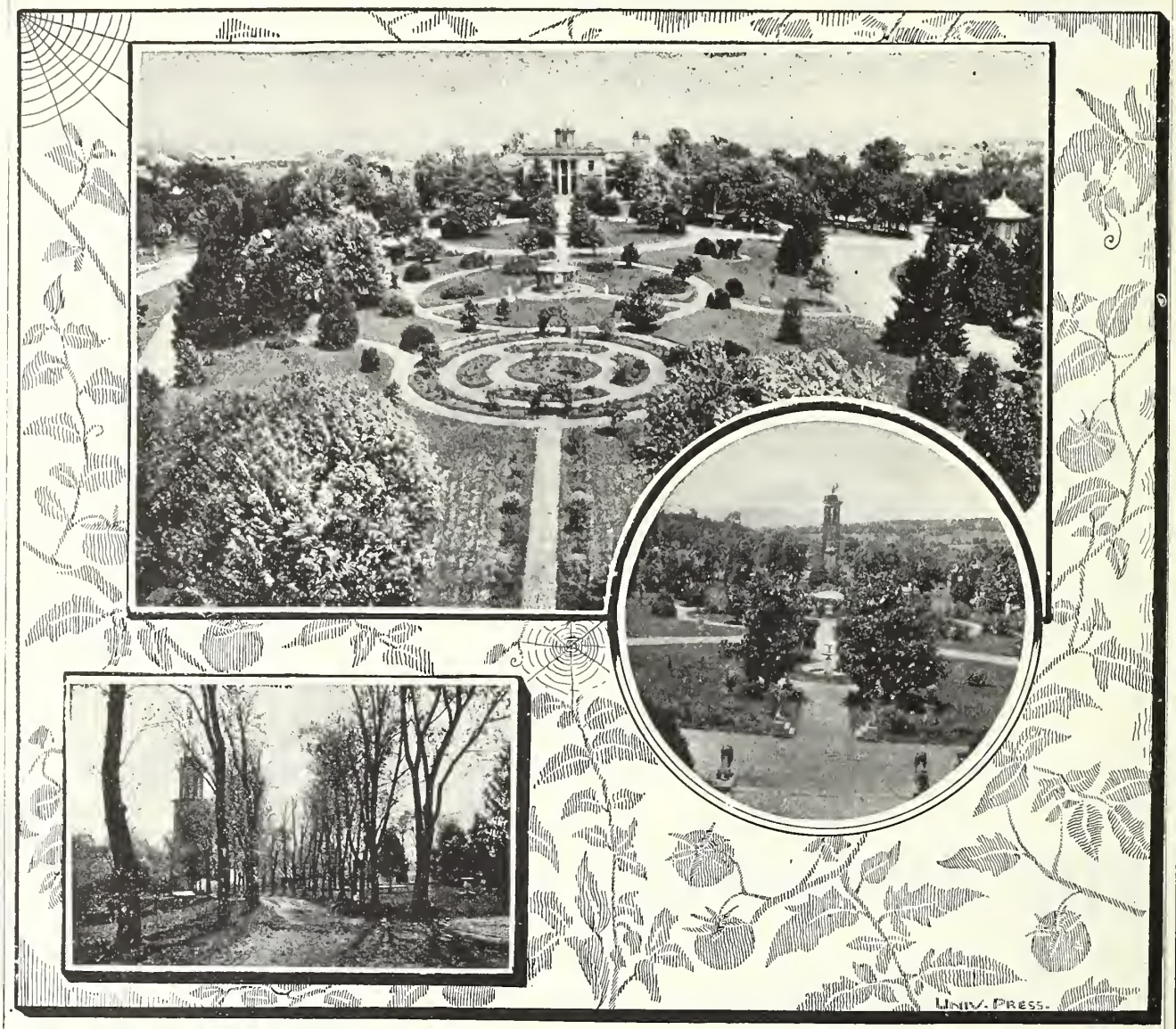
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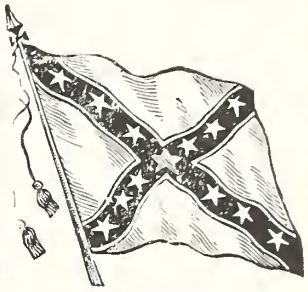
PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | VOL. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1895. | NO. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR.



Badge of National Daughters of the Confederacy.





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Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1895. | No. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Greeting to the the thousands who have bought this number of the VETERAN, many of whom never saw a copy! The name of it indicates its friendship for a cause that is absolutely sacred. There is not in the history of journalism ,perhaps, such evidence of ardent devotion to a publication only two and a half years old. And, while this number is the largest ever printed, and its advertising pages are extensively increased by the printing of thirty thousand copies, it will be accepted as excellent. The editor was on the alert at Houston to meet as as many as practicable of the multitude who have been diligent for the VETERAN from the first. He then went to Galveston with the throng and afterward to Chicago to see and know, as fully as practicable, the spirit of those who were to participate in the dedication of the Confederate monument there. Enroute with a day in St. Louis, he witnessed a magnificent gathering of Daughters of the Confederacy, who gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Home at Higginsville, Mo.

The ceremonies at Chicago were of much interest and importance, and the account requires considerable space in this number. Then, an engagement as member of the Tennessee Press Association, required another absence at Chattanooga, the place of meeting, and on to Cumberland Island, where attention was given to the historic little graveyard, where "Light Horse Harry" Lee is buried—some account of it is to be given in this VETERAN—so that this greatest of all numbers will lack the usual deliberate care in its preparation. To these new readers, the VETERAN is most sincerely commended. Of this important thing all men may rest assured: It is absolutely loyal to the principles set forth in its name. It is "patriotic and progressive," strictly so, but it is as faithful to the men who have a right to bear its name as they are to each other, and as mother to child. It endeavors to be absolutely fair to all Dixie land, to avoid sectional favoritism, and to be, indeed, the representative of all men who served the cause of the South in the great war. It honors the faithful men and true women of the South second to no people on the earth.

This reunion number is sent to personal friends of the editor, not subscribers, in the hope that they will become interested. It would seem that acknowledgment, at least, is due from them. He has ever commended the VETERAN with unflagging diligence; has distributed many thousands of copies, and would be glad if these personal friends would consider it.

The popularity of the VETERAN has given it strength; it has the confidence of its readers and will maintain it forever. Then, comrades and friends of Confederate Veterans, please do not be content with this number. If not fully satisfied with its special merit, call on somebody—anybody, who has taken it six months, and ask if he or she will commend it.

Last year there was a happy group of young ladies in its illustratians, each of whom represented a southern state at the reunion of United Confederate Veterans in Birmingham. The same was expected this year, but conditions were different. Texas had sponsors and maids of honor for Camps to so great a number that it seemed impracticable to get them all together, and a number of the state sponsors have not sent in their individual pictures. That accounts for the omission of some of them.

Many communications of unusual merit, and prepared with helpful care, must wait for the exhaustive demand of these reunion and dedication matters.

To those who have been so appreciative and so zealous for the VETERAN, this enlarged number, with some variation from its usual order, the note is made that the old order in a measure will be resumed next month. The thirty or more pages of advertising argue well, and though the excess is largely for this issue, it promises such an increase of revenue as will give the VETERAN strength far beyond what it has had, all to be utilized for its benefit.

There is nothing printed of equal benefit save only "the book of books," and its holy mission will be maintained. Let us all continue diligent until the end comes. The advantage of the united brotherhood of Confederates, co-operating through one channel, is manifest in the fact, already demonstrated, that comrades are scattered over the face of the earth. In nearly all of the hundreds of Camps throughout Texas, there are representatives from the various Southern States. This unity of action will help largely that charity work so much needed among thousands of unfortunate veterans. While the subscription ($1) is payable in advance, no Confederate has ever been cut off from patronage who asked indulgence. Besides, thousands of copies, in the aggregate, have been sent to comrades through requests of subscribers. Single numbers will be read with interest by many who would not ask their names placed on the subscription list, hence subscribers will do such a favor when remitting by sending the names of such veterans.

In the reports of the Houston reunion it is sought to give the best papers, and to report such of the proceedings as will be of greatest benefit, but the articles will be in independent form.

The veteran library has been enriched by the Confederate Memorial Addresses, etc., of the Ladies' Memorial Association of New Bern, North Carolina. In May, 1885, they had completed, after eighteen years, a beautiful monument, having raised $3,700. The front inscription is "C. S. A., 1861–1865. Our Dead." The little volume is largely devoted to a sketch of the life and military career of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew.

Captain Will Miller, of Aacadia, La., writes of his pleasure in Captain Ridley's Journal, as published in the Veteran, for he was there too. His part of the $54,000 given to the soldiers was $1.12½ cents, and he adds: "My bedfellow and I threw heads and tails for the odd 2½ cents. I won it, and next day gave my five cent piece for $60.00 in Confederate money—the worst trade I ever made. The Mexican dollar and United States ten cent piece I have yet, which my daughter prizes very highly, she and her brother cut their teeth on them."

Particulars of the death of a Mr. Thurman, a young Confederate soldier from Mississippi, who died in Virginia in 1862, and who was a pupil at William and Mary's College, in Virginia, when the war began, can be obtained by writing to Edward W. Roberts, Bremond, Robertson Co., Texas.

H. McInnis, of Lakeland, Fla., in renewing his subscription says: "Confederate Veteran will be the countersign with your humble servant for this year or until next guard mount."

EVENTS IN BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

Dr. F. G. Hickman, Vandalia, Ill., whose noble service to Confederate prisoners has been reported in the Veteran, writes:

Johnson's Division of McCook's Corps, which was on the extreme right in the battle of Murfreesboro, was the first to give way. I had selected for my regimental hospital a house which had been vacated. This house was on the Wilkinson or Manson pike. Soon after the commencement of the battle, an ambulance was driven to the hospital, bringing Gen. Kirk, of Illinois, badly wounded. He would not allow us to remove him from the ambulance, and said to us, "Boys, get out of here as soon as possible, or you will all be captured." His ambulance was driven on at once and escaped. I gave orders to the ambulance drivers to follow, and they did so as soon as the horses could be hitched (they were already harnessed), but were too late, for the Confederate Cavalry soon overtook them. I was more fortunate. I did not follow, but went across the fields. One of the ambulances contained all of my surgical instruments, my valise and surgeon's sword. The valise contained a brand new uniform. The sword, too, was entirely new. The instruments, doubtless, fell into hands of others who knew what to do with them. The uniform was evidently not so much appreciated, especially on account of its color. The surgeon's sword was a Christmas present from my assistant surgeon, and I regretted to lose it. In my valise there was an ambrotype of my brother-in-law, Capt. B. H. Sturgiss, of the Eighth Illinois, that I had just received. I regretted the loss of the picture more than all else.

Col. Sturgiss was promoted from Second Lieutenant to the command of his regiment. He answered to his last roll call five years since. His memory is revered by every soldier who ever heard him give the command, "Come on boys!" If I could recover that picture I would be under great obligations. I have often thought of advertising for it, but there has never been so good a way of doing so as now in the Veteran.

L. G. Williams, in the August C. V., speaking of a hand to hand conflict between Capt. McBride and Maj. Bosegarten, says, "It having been rumored that the gallant Major died, I have often wondered if it was true." I can answer. The Major survived this combat, but met his death shortly afterwards. He and Maj. Ward, both of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, were mortally wounded in a skirmish on Monday evening, and carried to the house of Dr. Manson, where they both died the same night, attended by my assistant surgeon.

Letters from veterans are an important feature. Many for this number are held over.

Frank Anderson, Nashville, Tenn., who was one of Gen. John B. Hood's escort, writes for information concerning one Capt. Saunders, from Kentucky, who commanded the escort of some Major General in Hood's army. Mr. Anderson adds: "He did me a great personal favor the morning after the Franklin fight."



The great Houston Re-union of United Confederate Veterans is a memory to many thousands. On opening day, all the railway stations were crowded with people who had arrived and could not get to the hotels because of the pouring rain. Good electric cars were wholly inadequate for the overwhelming crowd. Hotels were crowded by the multitude, and yet the auditorium was filled and the convention was formally opened.

Gen. Gordon, the commander, was at his place, and many distinguished Confederates were on the platform. Hon. John H. Reagan, the sole representative of the Confederate Cabinet, was greeted joyously by the throng. Enthusiastic cheers greeted Miss Winnie Davis upon her appearance with a number of other ladies, and she was introduced in his happy, inimitable manner by Gen. Gordon, as "Our Daughter." Dr. J. Wm. Jones, the chaplain general, in his invocation, said:

"Oh, God! Our God, our help in years gone by, our hope for years to come—God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, God of Israel, God of the centuries, God of our fathers, God of Jefferson Davis, Robert Edward Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, Lord of hosts and King of kings—we bring thee glad and grateful hearts as we gather to-day in our reunion.

"We thank thee that, in the world's history, when men have been needed, thou hast raised them up.

"We thank thee especially that, in the brave old days of '61-'65, thou didst give to our southland men—great men—as our leaders, and patriotic heroes of the rank and file, who, often, with bare and bleeding feet, followed their great leaders to an immortality of fame.

"We thank thee that, while so many fell in battle, and so many have been falling out of ranks as the years have gone by, yet so many are still spared, and so many are permitted to gather in this annual reunion.

"God bless every section of our common country—the rulers of the whole land, and of each one of the states, and our whole people. Send us, we beseech thee, fruitful seasons, abundant harvests, and returning prosperity, and grant that real peace and plenty may smile upon the land once more. Meet with us, we beseech thee, in this convention; guide, direct and bless us, and send out influence that shall bless the land.

"We invoke thy special blessing upon our maimed and needy comrades; that friends may be raised up to supply their wants, and that Heaven's richest favor may rest upon them.

"Here us, O God! Answer and bless us; pardon, sanctify and save us, we humbly ask in the name and for the sake of Christ, our dear Redeemer, Amen!"

And more than half of the vast crowd heartily echoed the "Amen!"

REPORT OF HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

The United Confederate Veterans showed interest in the most important of all business by hearing on the first day the report of the Historical Committee. Its members are Gen. S. D. Lee, of Mississippi, Chairman; L. W. Nicholson, Louisiana; J. N. Stubbs, Virginia; W R. Garrett, Tennessee; and H. L. Bently, Texas:

Your committee known as the "Historical Committee and on Southern School History," appointed August 13, 1892, made report at the reunion of the Veterans at Birmingham, Ala., April 25 and 26, 1894, which report was unanimously adopted and the committee continued with enlarged powers to fill vacancies, and to recommend histories and encourage their adoption.

Subsequent to this action of the Convention, what was known as "the new constitution" was adopted, which virtually did away with the committee and its work, and inaugurated a new system of action in gathering authentic "data" for preparing an impartial history of the war between the states. Almost immediately after the adjournment of the veterans in April, the general commanding suspended the new constitution and ordered delay of procedure until such time as he could examine it and decide definitely as to its adoption or official promulgation. This action was not taken until January, when said constitution was set aside and what was known as the "old constitution" continued in force.

The official proceedings of the convention have not yet been published, and the official report of the Historical Committee made at Birmingham has been officially printed and promulgated only within the last month. Hence, there has of necessity been a delay of action of almost a year on the part of your committee, as they were not authorized to proceed until the matter of the constitution was officially disposed of. Their report has now been printed and promulgated, a copy having been sent to each camp of our organization, and otherwise made public.

So really all that can be properly done now is to review and put into operation all the suggestions made in the first report, with such new recommen-

dations as the committee deem necessary under the developments of the last year.



Sponsor for Alabama—MISS ELLA NELSON.

The report made at Birmingham clearly pointed out the necessity of prompt action by this organization in taking steps for a complete "renaissance" of history throughout the South; that justice to the South demands that the entire field of history be explored and its neglected facts be carefully gathered and portrayed; that the vindication of the South must come from the pens of southern writers; that these writers must be inspired by an active and outspoken public sentiment; that the apparent listlessness and indifference with which the South has submitted to the misrepresentations and omissions of those who have essayed to write American history has been little less than criminal; that a growing sentiment in the South now demands for our children and for the world a vindication of the southern people, and a refutation of the slanders, the misrepresentations, and the imputations which they have so long and patiently borne.

Macaulay, the historian says: "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestry will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

No people ever had a more glorious record than the people of the South from the first settlement of the colonists in Virginia (thirteen years before the landing of the pilgrims in the Mayflower) to the present time. The first victory for popular rights in America was won by a southern colony. In 1619, more than one year before the settlement of Massachusetts, the colonists of Virginia demanded from the London Company the right of local self government. This right was accorded. In June, 1619, Sir George Yeardley, Governor of Virginia, issued his summons for the election of burgesses, for which great act, as well as for his instrumentality in securing this right for the colony, he has been justly styled "The father of representative government in America."

The Virginia house of burgesses, the first legislative assembly in the western hemisphere, was convened July 30, 1619, and not only framed the model for future legislation in America, but also shaped the future colonial policy of England.

This second victory was won when, in accordance with the petition of this first legislative assembly, the London company, on July 24, 1621, passed the memorable ordinance granting to the colony of Virginia the first written constitution.

It was in a southern colony, in 1676, that the 4th day of July was first rendered memorable in American annals, just one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, when Bacon led the first armed resistance to British oppression.

It was in a southern colony, in May, 1765, that the "forest-born Demosthenes" offered the famous resolution, which, enforced by his sublime eloquence and adopted by the Virginia House of Burgesses, kindled the flame of the Revolution.

It was in the southern colony of North Carolina, May 16, 1771, that the battle of Alamanca preceded the Revolution.

It was in the southern colony of North Carolina, May 15, 1775, that the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence preceded more than one year the National Declaration.

The spirit of the Southern Colonies in the revolution and of the southern people in the war between the states, was national, and liberal, and patriotic. It is necessary for the student of history to realize what an important part the South and her people have played in emancipating the country from foreign domination, and in building up the National Government, and in achieving the true glory of the American Union. Her part in the American Revolution was most conspicuous; not only did she fly to the support of the New England States when assailed, but she gave to the country the majority of the leaders in those trying times. Then afterward, her sons were always prominent in service for the Union. They chiefly fought the Mexican war. While under the sway of the South, every foot of the territory acquired by the country was added to the national domain, save the costly icebergs of Alaska. It was during an essentially southern administration that a revenue system was proposed by a southern Secretary of the Treasury, which was so important a factor in the unequaled prosperity of the whole country that prevailed from 1846 to the beginning of the Civil War; and all through our history the names of southern leaders are numerous and illustrious in the army and navy and in civil life. "The South is satisfied with the record, if impartially presented, as to their motives and aspirations in going into the Civil War, and the part

they played in that war in defending the heritage of their ancestors."

"In nothing has the South suffered so much at the hands of writers of school history as in the treatment of the subjects of State sovereignty, nullification, slavery, and secession. Since the suc-



Sponsor for Mississippi—MISS McINTOSH, of Meridian.

cess of the northern resources over southern arms in the Civil War, it has been the practice of northern writers to isolate the period of the war and either uphold the specific acts of the South in withdrawing from the Union as a political crime, using as a term of reproach the term of rebellion, or to infer from the fact that southern independence was not maintained that secession was morally wrong. The facts of American history rob the reproach of its sting when it shows that the foundation of our present government was laid in secession, the states moving in the matter virtually seceding from the perpetual union under the articles of confederation; that the structure of American Independence was upreared in rebellion; that subsequently every section of the country has at some time threatened to secede."

In reference to the question of nullification it was not one of the southern states that alone proposed it, but it originated in the North, where many of the states, by legislative enactment, nullified the constitution of the United States, especially with respect to the fugitive slave law; "that the whole country, and not the South alone was responsible for slavery, the system prevailing in the North as long as it was profitable; that the slave trade was made possible only by New England vessels, manned by New England crews."

The true cause of the war between the states was the dignified withdrawal of the Southern States from the Union to avoid the continued breaches of that domestic tranquility guaranteed, but not consummated by the constitution, and not the high moral purpose of the North to destroy slavery, which followed incidentally as a war measure.

As to the war itself and the result thereof, the children of the future would be astonished that a people fought so hard and so long with so little to fight for, judging from what they gather from histories now in use, prepared by writers from the North. They are utterly destitute of information as to events leading to the war. Their accounts of the numbers engaged, courage displayed, sacrifices endured, hardships encountered, and barbarity practiced upon an almost defenseless people, whose arms-bearing population was in the army, are incorrect in every way.

A people, who for four long years, fought over almost every foot of their territory, on over two thousand battlefields, with the odds of 5,864,272 enlisted men against their 600,000 enlisted men, and their coasts blockaded, and rivers filled with gunboats, with 600 vessels of war, manned by 35,000 sailors, and who protracted the struggle until over one-half of their soldiers were dead from the casualties of war, had something to fight for. They fought for the great principle of local self-government and the privilege of managing their own affairs, and for the protection of their homes and firesides.

While the South would detract not an iota from the patriotic motive and endeavor of those opposing her, she intends that the truth of history shall be written by a sympathetic and friendly pen, to give her credit for what our ancestors did, and for what was done by the South in the war between the states.

The facts are that while the South has always been prominent in making history, she has left the writing of history mainly to New England historians, whose chief defect is "lack of catholic sympathy for all the sections of the country." While all have "possessed the advantages of learning and literary skill, that have distinguished them as writers so pre-eminently, they have also had the faults of their people, one of which is an extravagant estimate of the importance of their own small group of states that dwarfs all other states in the Union; hence their pictures have too often been like photographs in which the objects nearest the camera are out of all proportion with other parts of the picture. They especially treat the South as a section, almost as a foreign country, and while omitting the glaring faults of their own ancestors and their own section, they specialize the faults of the early Virginia colonists and the southern colonists generally. They speak of slavery as a crime for which the South is solely responsible, and ignore the historical fact that England and New England are as much responsible for it as their brothers of the South; that it was forced not only on New England, but on the South, by Great Britain, and in spite of the protests of Virginia and other southern colonies. They ignore the fact, too, that but for the compromises adopted during the revolutionary period rec-

ognizing slavery and its continued existence, our independence as a nation could not have been achieved or our union maintained; that slavery was the South's misfortune, the whole country's fault; that the violation of these compromises and of laws to enforce them, with the rapid development and increase of population and new states, brought dangers and perplexities, producing intemperance, passions, and prejudices among a high-spirited people, which culminated in the war.

A true history is now desired. The war between the states and its issues are things of the past, and are committed to history. The duty of patriotic citizens in every part of our common country is to strive with citizens of every other section to promote the progress and glory of our grand country in working out its destiny. Secession and slavery are decided forever against the South. It makes no matter now who was to blame and how plainly the right of a sovereign state to withdraw from the Union is established by legal right, or by the construction of our highest court, the matter is finally



Sponsor for Tennessee—MISS CARRIE JENNINGS.

settled. When Jefferson and Madison construed our constitution in one way, and Washington and Hamilton in another, surely there was ground for their descendants to honestly differ in contruing the constitution. Now, the facts of history must be made to speak for themselves, and equal and exact justice must be done everywhere. The flag of our country is not the peculiar heritage of any section or part of this Union; each of the sections can claim its part and its proper share of the honors. Let us be honest everywhere. Let us tell the truth, even to the record of the war between the states and the causes leading to it, and the facts after the war. There is honor and glory enough for all, for North, for South, for East, for West. The South and its descendants to this present time are willing to abide by the true record impartially put into history.

Your committee is pleased to report that a growing interest in this matter of a true history of the United States is apparent in the South, as also in the North; that the time has at last arrived when the truth can be told, and listened to, and digested without the passions and prejudices of the past. The histories, written by northern historians in the first ten or fifteen years following the close of the war, dictated by prejudice and prompted by the evil passions of that period (and generally used in the schools) are unfit for use, and lack all the breadth, liberality, and sympathy so essential to true history, and, although some of them have been toned down, they are not yet fair and accurate in the statement of facts.

Many of these histories have an edition for use in northern schools, and another of the same history for use in southern schools, toned down and made to pander, as is supposed, to southern sentiment. What is needed is a history equally fitted for use North and South, and divested of all passion and prejudice incident to the war period. Until a more liberal tone is indicated by northern historians, it is best that their books be kept out of southern schools.

The veterans of the northern and southern armies now look at the issues for which they fought more dispassionately, and there are many pointers indicating a more liberal and a fairer view of the motives and aspirations of the two sections in the great struggle. It is therefore important that the southern people be aroused and take steps to have a correct history written, a history, which will vindicate them from the one-sided indictment found in many of the histories now extant. The love of a common country is now invoking a spirit of truth, concession and fairness in reviewing the causes which led to the war, and in discussing the conduct of the war and its results. It is conceded that both sections had right on their side, as they construed the constitution, and certainly the valor displayed is evidence that they were sincere and believed they were right. The movement is assuming the best and most permanent form, and the demand is growing for truth, not self-adulation and disparagement of the other side, not crimination and recrimination. The public sentiment is well tempered and patriotic, as attested by the tone of the press, by the increase in the number of historical articles in magazines and periodicals, and in the publication of such books as "The South—Constitution and Resulting Union," by Rev. L. M. Curry, of Virginia. The northern tone is much more liberal. The government is continuously publishing official reports and other material throwing light on all matters of difference.

Yet with all this, the South was conquered in the war, and if southern veterans who are living and eir descendants do not look to thier own vindication by sympathetic pens, the record of history will ontain many errors and false indictments against the South which have originated with northern writers with that partiality for their section which is evident from the coloring of history from the land

ing of the first colonists in Virginia to the present time. Most of this awaking of interest in the desire for a true history of the United States is due to the action of the Confederate Veterans, the judicious and liberal tone of their proceedings, directed to vindication and to manly assertion of broad sentiments, and the consciousness of high patriotic motives and intent in defending principles they knew to be right. And after failing in manly and heroic conflict to sustain those principles, in restoring their allegiance to one common country, feeling it to be their country, they feel that their ancestors did a prominent and large part in building and developing it. While some of us may conscientiously think it is not the union of states first formed; that it is a new, more centralized, stronger union, and not the one our fathers established, yet, such as it is , it is now the best government in the world; it is our government, and it has our admiration and love. The love of a common country, which should animate every patriotic citizen, demands a fair and impartial history to transmit to our descendants a proper respect and regard for a common ancestry.

Notwithstanding the delay in the promulgation of the recommendations of the committee, still several states have already taken active measures to carry out the suggestions of the report. In Tennessee and Virginia, the state divisions of the United Confederate Veterans, the State Teachers' Association, and other organizations have endorsed the report and are moving to put it into practical operation. The



Sponsor for South Carolina—MISS MARGARET WARING.

joint committee on education in the legislature of Tennessee, in a strong report, makes the following recommendation: "That an additional appropriation of $5,000 per annum be appropriated to the Peabody Normal College, which shall be used as follows: Two thousand dollars for the general expenses of the college, and $3,000 for the support of the chair of American History, to be applied to the salary of the occupant of the chair, and to the expenses of original investigation, and accumulation, and care of historical material, and the purchase of manuscripts and books; said chair to be devoted to the history of the United States and of the American continent, and to give especial attention to the history of Tennessee." Your committee feels assured that all of the southern states will follow suit.

Your committee recommends a continuance of the same policy as marked out in our first report. A more complete organization of sub-committees for each State should be maintained which is now beginning to bear fruit. The policy being to begin at the foundation by stimulating public sentiment, to bring to the work of formulating history many minds, to reach the educational institutions and the youth of the country through our southern universities. This is a deeper, surer, and more permanent mode of vindicating the South than relying upon the employment of one or more writers to act as special attorneys to plead the cause at the bar of history.

It is with much pleasure that your committee can report the growing interest in having the history of the South properly, truthfully and impartially written. We believe there are southern authors now preparing histories, and as your committee was directed and empowered to add to the list of histories for our southern schools, your committee now recommends that the history of the United States, by Mrs. Susan P. Lee, of Lexington, Va., be added to said list, as filling the requirements of histories that should be used in our schools. It has been brought to the attention of your committee that the grand Camp of Virginia has asked that the United Confederate Veteran Association take steps in having a history of the Confederate war, its causes, character and consequences, published; now, your committee indorses the idea that such a history should be written, and invites any party who desires to undertake the task to do so, and let each history as it is written stand or fall on its own merit. Your committee finds it quite impossible to examine manuscripts and pass on the merits or demerits of any particular author, but, as in the past, as to school histories, throw open the field to authors of a history of the Confederate war, its causes, character and consequences.

We would call especial attention to the recent work of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, already mentioned. It is one of the best books that has been written or published since the war. It is catholic, broad and patriotic, and at the same time clear, terse and condensed, presenting only those salient points of American history with which every citizen of this great republic should be familiar. Without doing injustice to any section of the country, it does immortal honor to the genius of our soldiery and the patriotism of our people, and we recommend its general use in the families and schools of the South.

In conclusion we would respectfully recommend

that Dr. J. L. M. Curry, the patriot, statesman, philosopher and educator, be invited to deliver an address at our next annual reunion on the subject of slavery, nullification and secession, with special reference to the attitudes of the people North and South to these three leading questions of American history.

In conclusion, your committee recommends the enlargement of this committee to fifteen, so as to embrace a member from each of the southern states, and thus insure a larger number for the transaction of business.

The order of the Association creating this committee requires us to formulate a plan for securing a true and reliable history of the late Civil War. In attempting to formulate this plan, the committee has been led to examine the whole field of history. We find, as has been heretofore set forth in this report, that justice to the South requires that the entire field of history be explored and its neglected facts be faithfully gathered and portrayed. We need a "renaissance" of history throughout the South. We have looked around for the best agency to effect this object.

What will be the most efficient agency? It must be a universal, continuing, and influential agency. It must be an agency that can stimulate historical research; create historical taste; produce not only one work, but many works; employ many minds; make the work assume various shapes, not only in the form of standard histories and school histories, but also state histories, magazine articles, historical essays, popular sketches, local history, etc.

It is unfortunately true that our people have neglected history. They have not only neglected to write, but they have neglected to read what is written. Historical taste and historical literature must assume various phases. There is a deplorable lack of knowledge of state history and of local history. Here is a mine rich in unexplored history and poetry. We need workers in the field. Very few, even of our educated citizens, have devoted much attention to the histories of their respective states. This history, when developed, will touch the popular heart. No one mind can explore this wide field, and no one work can cover the ground. We need a separate history for each state. Besides, we do not wish to limit our work to the present time. Can we not kindle a flame which will not burn out with the life of our generation?

There is but one agency which can compass all the purposes, it is our leading southern universities. They have the means, the prestige, the appliances, the undying life. They could put work in immediate operation and continue it forever. We therefore suggest that the Association recommend the following plan:

1. Each university in the South to establish a chair of American History; that this chair be not overloaded with additional work, but its occupant be allowed leisure and be provided with appliances for historical investigation and authorship; that the occupant of the chair be selected with special reference to his fitness for historical authorship, and also for inspiring students with a spirit of original historical investigation; that the chair of American History should include a comprehensive course, embracing not only a history of the United States, but also a history of the entire American continent, and should be taught in a manner to suit matured minds, and to lead them to original investigation. The inaugeration of such a course in our southern universities, leading to a full comprehension of the history, geography, and relations of the various members of the American continent, would give the coming generation of southern youth a broad knoledge, which would bring to the South a benefit which need not be enlarged on.



Sponsor for Florida—MISS CLARA CHIPLEY.

2. That the Association recommend to the legislatures of the several southern states to provide, in the public school course, for teaching the history of the native state one year, and also for teaching the history of the United States for one year, and for the establishment and support of a chair of "American History" in the state university, or in some suitable state institution; and also for encouraging the preparation of state school histories.

3. That the Association recommend that all private schools and academies make provision for teaching the history of the native state one year, and the history of the United States one year.

4. That the Association appoint suitable committee to memorialize the several legislatures and authorities of universities and schools, and to request the co-operation of state historical societies, state literary societies, the press, etc.

The importance of placing and teaching impartial and accurate histories of the United States in all our schools can not be overestimated nor exaggerated. With this end in view, at the former meeting

of this committee, the following resolution was adopted:

"To select such of existing school histories as are truthful and just in their statements in reference to the causes and facts of the late war, and recommend the same for use in all our schools in order of preference, if possible and practical."

In pursuance of this resolution, your committee has grouped all existing histories under three heads: (1) Those written and published in the North pronouncedly unfair to the South, her institutions, and her part in history; (2) those written and published in the North apparently fair in their treatment of southern questions; (3) those written and published in the South.

Group 1—These works were for the most part issued in the first ten or fifteen years following the close of the late war, and reflect in full the sentiment then generally prevailing over the northern section of our country. Dictated by prejudice and prompted by evil passions that time had not softened, they need not be considered by the committee.

Group 2—Northern histories apparently fair: A number of the books belonging to group 1 have been either (a) revised and emasculated in their effort to curry favor with the text-book patrons of both sections, or (b) separate editions made for northern and southern schools. To these have been added a number of works published in recent years, which, avoiding any positive statement derogatory to the South, studiously suppress every fact of American history upon which the justice of the southern cause and purity of motive of southern political leaders are based. (c) Histories written and published at the North in which an honest effort is made to do justice to the South. While some of these histories contain many excellent features, they ignore many facts which the South, as a section, takes a patriotic pride in, and they fail to present the distinctive features of southern civilization with force and fidelity, or give due prominence to the work done by the South as a factor in the Union. We are gratified to note that several of these histories have been revised so as to exclude objectionable expressions and to include facts of history favorable to the South, which have heretofore been ignored, and we hope that the time is not far distant when writers of history from either section will take pride and pleasure in presenting, with cordiality and enthusiasm, the distinctive work of each section as a factor of our common country.

We believe that the records of the nation contain many neglected facts of history, which, when clearly presented, will not only justify the motives and purposes of the South as a section, but will tend to promote kindly feeling between the sections and to instill sentiments of patriotism and mutual respect. For such reasons we are unwilling that facts of history, of which the South has just right to be proud, shall be omitted in the instruction of our children.

Group 3—Southern histories: This group constitutes a small number of published works, which have been examined with reference to the following points:

1. Is the historic value impaired by inaccuracy, or by an overdrawn, exaggerated narrative of events, in which self-glorification takes place of calm statement of the whole truth, which alone is necessary to support the position of the South in national affairs?

2. Do they compare in typographical appearance with other attractive histories?

3. Are they practical teaching text-books?

4. In illustrations, do they give equal prominence to events and individuals of the South as to those of the North?

5. In the treatment of the American revolution, do they do full justice to the men of the South in the field and forum, and do they make the point that the war was for independence and self-government, and that the southern people were animated by these principles?

6. Are the questions of sovereignty and slavery dispassionately treated?



Sponsor for Texas—MISS HATTIE HARN.

7. Do they touch fully the important, and, in most cases, predominant, part taken by southern men in the revolution; in the constitutional convention; in shaping the affairs of the government; in extending the domain of the United States to our present limits; in maintaining our national honor and credit abroad, and in properly presenting the characteristics of southern life and civilization?

8. Do they denominate the last war a "rebellion" instead of a conflict between the states?

9. In giving a truthful narration of the events of the civil war, the unparalleled patriotism manifested by the southern people in accepting its results, and the courage and perseverance displayed by them in building up their shattered homes and ruined estates?

In the opinion of this committee these are some of the most important features necessary to an accurate and impartial history of the United States. We are gratified to find that southern people are beginning to awaken to the importance of writing their own history; that a few southern authors have prepared works for use in the schools, which more or less embody the features above enumerated, viz:

"Hansell's Histories," by Prof. H. E. Chambers, of Louisiana.

"History of the American People," by J. H. Shinn, of Arkansas.

"History of the United States," by A. H. Stephens, of Georgia.

"History of the United States," by George F. Holmes, of Virginia.

"History of the United States," by Robert R. Harrison, of Virginia.

"History of the United States," by Blackburn & McDonald, Maryland.

"Grammar School History of the United States," by L. A. Field, of Georgia.

"History of the United States," by J. T. Terry, of Georgia.

Your committee cordially commend the zeal of the above authors for the work already undertaken and done in the cause for which this committee was created, induced, as we believe, by the pure incentive of presenting truthful history aud doing justice to the South, and we commend their books as suitable for use in our schools. We also recommend as suitable to be used as supplementary reader in our schools:

"The Civil War," by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder, of Tennessee.

Your committee is gratified to know that other school histories are in preparation by southern authors which give promise of great excellence, and indicate that the best thought of the country is being enlisted in this important cause; and we recommend that the association provide the proper organization for carrying into effect the recommendations of this committee.

Your committee also recommends that each and every Camp in this organization make it an immediate duty to have prepared before all the members "cross the river," a correct roll of every company raised in every county, giving names on original roll, those killed in battle and in what battle, those wounded, those who died from wounds and diseases, and those who got through the war; that state organizations urge this duty on their respective legislatures through efficient committees to lay the recommendations of this committee before their state legislatures, and ask appropriations to carry them into effect.

Your committee with pleasure recommends the Confederate Veteran, published by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., which has virtually become the organ of this great association. It is doing valuable work in clearing up hidden facts of history connected with the great struggle. It would be a fortunate event if a larger subscription list would enable its publishers to enlarge its pages and make it the medium of more extended publications connected with the war and the cause leading to the war.

We can not too strongly urge upon our people the great importance of avoiding as far as possible the purchasing and disseminating of books and literature which are unkind and unfair to the South, which belittle our achievements, impugn our motives and malign the characters of our illustrious leaders. An example of this kind of literature is the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which, while a work of exceptional merit in many particulars, abounds in such a distortion of historical facts in reference to the South as could have emanated only from ignorance or malignity. A yet more flagrant example of this kind is a reprint, in part, of that encyclopaedia, known as the R. S. Peale reprint, now being advertised in southern newspapers.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

Col. John P. Hickman, Secretary of Committee on Constitution, furnishes the following report upon the new constitution:

At the second reunion, held in Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891, a constitution was adopted, and which has been in force until the Houston meeting. Members generally are familiar with that constitution.

At a meeting held in New Orleans, April 8, 1892, a committee was appointed to revise and perfect the Jackson constitution. Maj. J. A. Chalaron was chairman of said committee, and it met in New Orleans early in 1893. The Chalaron committee perfected a constitution, which was sent to every Camp of the United Confederate Veterans. The constitution as submitted by Maj. Chalaron was virtually the Jackson constitution, with a few amendments, but retained in most of its simplicity, and with exactions that it be strictly followed. Maj. Chalaron was unable to be present at the Birmingham convention, on April 25, 1894, and the report of his committee was never submitted to the convention, but in its stead Gen. John C. Underwood submitted a constitution, which was never read to the convention, but which was adopted in the rush incident to the close of all legislative bodies. After being printed, the Camps saw that this Underwood constitution was too long, too ambiguous, and provided for too many officers. They appealed to the commanding general, who withheld its promulgation, and it was repealed at the Houston convention. Then a constitution submited by a committee, of which Gen. Stephen D. Lee was chairman, was adopted. The Lee constution is virtually the same as the Chalaron, with some few amendments. Camps, having read the Chalaron constitution, know practically what is in the present constitution.

The most important amendment was that the Sons of Confederate Soldiers are admitted to the Camps, with representation, but their representation to be determined by the Camps. The reason for this is that they should always have a minority representation, the idea being that our sons should be educated by us, and not be forced to rely on the partisan histories for the true causes of the war.

"State Rights" run through and permeate the present constitution, and upon that constitutional

question we are content to be judged. Another very important provision of the present constitution is, that every member is not a general or a captain, but the titled officers are restricted, and we still have some privates left.

THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

Many friends of Dr. J. Wm. Jones' and of the Davis Monument Association, were gratified by his thrilling appeal in behalf of that monument at Houston. It was made in seconding the motion to take action in its behalf. He said:

"So far as Jefferson Davis is concerned, he needs no monument. The man who as soldier illustrated bright pages of American history, and saved the day at Buena Vista by his cool bravery and marvelous skill, who as statesman graced the Senate of the United States when there were 'giants in the land,' and was the peer of the 'great triumvirate' —Clay, Calhoun, and Webster—who was a peerless orator—who was the greatest Secretary of War the country ever had, and left many improvements which are now blessing the service; who was a patriot true and tried, and who was a high-toned Christian gentleman, without fear and without reproach—this man has, indeed, "erected" a monument more lasting than bronze, and needs no granite or marble to perpetuate his memory.

He is no longer 'the uncrowned king of his people,' but they have crowned him with loving hearts, and he lives forever in their affections.

But we owe it to oursleves, and to the great principles of constitutional freedom for which we fought, and of which Jefferson Davis was the embodiment, that we should rear this monument to teach our children that we were true to duty in the day of trial.

I know not why it is that our President has had heaped upon him the bitterest abuse, and most malignant slanders of our enemies—that he seems to have been singled out for their especial hatred. I heard General Lee say once: 'I do not know why they should be so bitter against Mr. Davis. He only did what he could to establish the independence of the South, and the rest of us tried to do the same. If he is guilty of any crime the rest of us are equally guilty.'

We owe it to ourselves and to posterity that we should build this monument in the old capital of the Confederacy, and let it proclaim to future generations that our beloved Chief was no 'rebel,' and no 'traitor,' but as pure a patriot as the world ever saw.

* * * *

It has been already delayed too long. Let us now make a united effort that shall accomplish it in the near future. Many camps and communities propose collections for this object on the approaching 3rd of June, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis.

This is appropiate and well, and I urge that this plan be generally carried out. But there ought to be some expression here and now of our purpose to raise this fund at once.

I knew some years ago an old deacon who got his church out of many a financial strait by the stereotyped speech: 'Well, brethren, the way to do a thing is to do it. I will give ten dollars. How much will you give, Brother Smith?'

Let us now call the roll of our camps, and have responses worthy of our cause and of ourselves."

Dr. Jones then engineered a subscription that ran up to over ten thousand dollars, and it was confidently believed that, had there been time, this sum would have been more than doubled. The enthusiasm engendered will result doubtless in a very large increase of the fund.



Thomas M. Murfree, of Troy, Ala., was the most conspicuous as a veteran private at Houston. He moved about with an elastic, boyish step in the Confederate gray coat that appears in his picture. He is a native Tennessean, but his family moved to Alabama in 1845, when he was two years old.

Murfree enlisted in the Independent Rifles in 1861, which was a part of the Sixth Alabama Regiment, to the command of which Gen. John B. Gordon was elected in the reorganization at Yorktown, Virginia. Comrade Murfree was not absent from his command, except on detached duty, until his transfer to the Tennessee army in 1863.

This is the identical coat that Murfree took from his body to pillow Gen. Gordon's head, when so severely wounded at Sharpsburg. It was at that time Gen. Gordon thought he had been killed, and while meditating upon his death, he fancied that if the mind was so clear it might enable him to move the dead foot. Anyhow, he concluded to try it. After the movement of the foot, he realized that he could move his body, and was not dead. Murfree was made Lieutenant in Loring's Division, and was at Franklin, Nashville and at Bentonville, N. C. He was offered $100 for his old grey coat.



One of the most conspicuous veterans at Houston was Dr. Hyam Cohen of Waxahatchie, Texas. Although small he stood erect, under a silk hat that he would not have worn thirty-three years ago, "dressed like a Philadelphia lawyer," and carried, wherever he went, the magnificent flag that he holds in the picture. The very handsome flag presented to the Camp by him is forty by fifty-six inches. Upon one side, which is crimson silk, is a splendid painting, which is a finely executed likeness of Gen. Robert E. Lee on "Traveler," sword in hand, eyes flashing fire as he rushed to the front at the "Wilderness." Amid smoke and bursting shell is the background. In the foreground is a wounded soldier reeling, dismounted cannon, and other war material. On the reverse side, which is Confederate blue, are the fine gold letters: "Camp Winnie Davis, Waxahatchie, Texas, U. C. V., Organized February 10th, 1890." The flag has a deep, gold fringe, and is mounted on an elegant staff eight feet long, surmounted by a gold spear, from the base of which hang two heavy gold cords with massive gold tassels. The design, painting and mounting were made by Prof. L. L. Cohen, a brother of Dr. Cohen.

This Camp attended the reunion 108 strong, in a beautifully decorated chair car, upon the sides of which were striking likenesses in color of Genls. Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Jackson and Gordon, and battle flags with the names of all, battles in which the members participated. The car decorations, which "surpassed all others at Houston," were by Prof. Cohen. These brothers are natives of Charleston.

VIVID REMINISCENCES FROM HOUSTON.

Judge D. C. Thomas, of Lampasas, Texas, writes:

The Confederate reunion at Houston is now a thing of the past, and the old Confederates have returned to their several homes. Many comrades met there for the first time since the war, and many parted to meet no more in this life.

Many questions like the following were asked and answered: Have you met Gen. Gordon? Gen. Shelby? Miss Winnie Davis? and the answer would be yes or no as the case might be. Then—Is Jim here? No, he is dead. Are Bob and Sam here? No, Bob was too feeble to come, and Sam, poor fellow, could not spare the money. Is Bill here? Yes, he is here. Where is he? and echo would answer, Where? for the crowd was so great that many old comrades failed to meet. This was my experience, and on Sunday morning I boarded the train to return home. A gray-haired man took a seat by me and requested me to examine his railroad ticket and see if it was properly stamped. On the ticket I read the name of "J. E. Deupree." I inquired, "Is this Joe Deupree?" "Yes," he said. "Are you the same who once attempted to escape from Fort Delaware by swimming the bay?" Again he said "yes, but who are you?" I replied, "I am the man who wore the ring-streaked pants made of a Mexican blanket." "Were you Chief of Division 15?" he inquired. We then recognized each other.

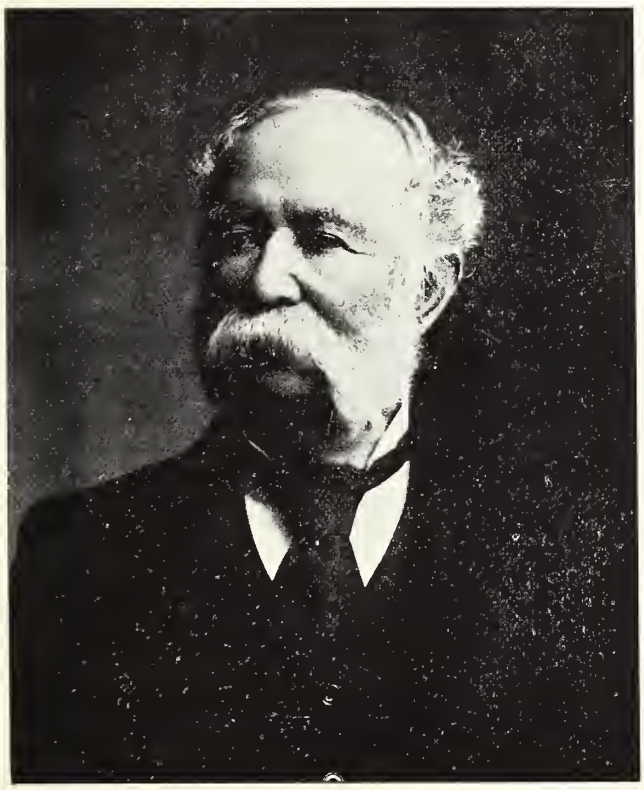
About 9 o'clock on a dark and dreary night in 1864, Joe Deupree, in company with several others, passed the guards and, with canteens tied to their waists for floats, struck out across Delaware Bay in in the direction of Delaware City (I think), two miles distant. They soon separated, and, guided by the lights in the city, Joe buffeted the waves for six hours, when the tide rose so high he could no longer see the lights. Almost exhausted and half frozen, he drifted to a vessel and was taken on board and discovered that he was within fifty yards of shore, where he wished to land and would have been cared for. Next morning poor Joe was brought back to the prison, but he had determined to escape from this hell on earth, and, learning that some sick and crippled prisoners were to be exchanged, he took desperate chances. Ascertaining the name, company, regiment, etc., of a dead man, he answered to his name when the roll was called, and soon was on his way to Dixie, leaving Fort Delaware and ten thousand starving comrades behind.

At the close of the war, Joseph E. Deupree returned to Texas, married "the girl he left behind," and is now a good law-abiding citizen, residing at Ivanhoe, Fannin county, Texas. He would be pleased to hear from any of his old comrades, or from old Fort Delaware prisoners.

OVATION TO WADE HAMPTON.

The joint meeting of Camp Moultrie Sons of Confederate Veterans, with the Daughters of the Confederacy, of Charleston, S. C., in May, brought about an ovation, said to be the greatest ever witnessed in that city, to Gen. Wade Hampton. A correspondent furnishes an account for the VETERAN:

Ever since the formation of Camp Moultrie Sons of Confederate Veterans, it had been the great desire of the Camp to hold a joint meeting in some public hall with the Charleston Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which was organized a few months after Camp Moultrie, and to invite some prominent Confederate hero to address it.



GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

With this end in view Camp Moultrie sent a cordial invitation to the Daughters of the Confederacy to join them in this public joint meeting, which was accepted, and a committee of three was appointed by the Daughters to meet a similar committee appointed by Camp Moultrie to arrange for the joint meeting.

A meeting was held on April 11th, and by unanimous vote selected General Wade Hampton to be the orator of the occasion.

On April 15th a letter was received from General Hampton accepting the invitation, and suggesting May 14th as the day. Upon the publication of this acceptance, every military company in the city engaged to be of the Escort of Honor.

The following account of General Hampton's arrival is condensed from the News and Courier:

"The demonstration was one of that peculiar kind that only Charleston can make when the city is in dead earnest. Even the weather was in keeping with the occasion. In the early morning the bright rays of the May sun glinted across the wavelets in the bay, dancing merrily to the music of the wintry breeze that was wafted down from the icy north, and put a glow of health and happiness on the faces of the thousands of women and children, especially children, who thronged the streets and waited patiently for a sight of the man whose name is a household word in all the homes of this city. Flags fluttered to the wind from housetop and steeple. The militiamen stepped lively on the way to the rendezvous, and the women and children (again especially the children), dressed in brave attire, pervaded every avenue and thoroughfare that had been laid down as part of the route of the procession.

"There was music in the air, five bands arrayed in all the panoply of war; music in the ring of St. Michael's chimes, their mellow tones rich in the memories of two hundred years; music in the whoops and cheers of the thousands of children, many of whom were to see the face of Hampton for the first time, and perhaps for the last. And above all, there was a pathetic motive in the hearts of the few hundred veterans who had followed Hampton on the battlefield and were about to see him again, perhaps for the last time on this earth. The air of Charleston was filled with music, and the hearts of its people with gladness."

The train bearing the General arrived early at 6:08 on the morning of May 14th, and his car was switched. Half past 8 o'clock was the time fixed for the departure from the depot, but long before that hour large crowds had collected at the station to catch a glimpse of the old hero. Every veteran in the city was at the depot, and many entered the car and paid their respects before the ceremonies began. The veterans of Camp Sumter and the Palmetto Guard Camp "lined up" in the depot facing the General's car, and a moment later Commandant Virgil C. Dibble, of Camp Sumter, stepped from the rear platform of the car and said: "Comrades, here is Gen. Hampton. You know how to receive him." The old hero appeared on the platform and as he stepped to the ground the "Rebel yell" pierced the skies.

The General walked with Major Theodore G. Barker, his Adjutant of thirty-four years ago, past the long line of veterans to a carriage, followed by other prominent Confederates and the committee, who were to ride in the carriages. The troops, composing the Escort of Honor extended over four blocks.

As the general appeared at the door of the depot the troops presented arms, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Camp Moultrie, seventy strong, uncovered, while the cannon's roar and the cheers of the crowd rent the air.

General Hampton being seated in a beautiful Victoria, drawn by a splendid pair of bays, the order was given to "break from the right in col-

umns of fours," and the march was begun. As the troops passed the depot, Gen. Hampton rose in the carriage with his hat off until all had passed.

From the moment the procession started, which was like a triumphal entry into a city, until the place of residence was reached—a route of two miles or more—the air was never still. Cheer after cheer was sent heavenward in honor of the veteran hero, the greatest son of Carolina. All along the streets the people were packed and the cheering was deafening. It was especially so at the St. Charles Hotel. Down Meeting street, past the Charleston Hotel, and on past St. Michaels Church it was as a triumphal march, every window being filled and the pavements packed. Around the Battery was a continuation of the ovation. At Capt. Lowndes' residence the troops presented arms as the General's carriage and his personal escort drew up at the door. Here Gen. Hampton alighted, and it was seen that he was so moved by the outburst of his people's love that he was unable to speak.

The salute was fired by a squad from the German Artillery, the guns being manned by veterans who served under Gen. Hampton. The Escort of Honor was composed of twenty companies of militia, two batteries of artillery, the veterans of the two Camps U. C. V. in the city, numbering over 100 men, the members of Camp Moultrie Sons of Confederate Veterans—not parading with their companies—numbering seventy men, the Charleston Light Dragoons acting as personal escort, and six carriages filled with prominent Confederates and the committees, the longest line of march ever seen in Charleston.

The joint meeting was held at the Academy of Music at 9 o'clock at night. The State's greatest chieftain was present, and to do him reverence the gallantry and beauty bowed before him and then shouted their admiration until the walls of the old building trembled to the echo. It was a great event, an inspiring spectacle, one not equalled in a quarter of a century, and one which will never be forgotten. The military demonstration of the morning had fired the hearts and imaginations of the people. Charleston had waited long and in silence for the coming of Hampton, and once in his presence her love, devotion and reverence burst the bands of conventionality and enveloped the city with boundless enthusiasm.

This was not fully realized, however, until the audience had assembled at the opera house. The scene was one never to be forgotten. The old building was dressed as it had never been dressed before. From its roof-tree to its portals it was decked gala-wise. Bunting, flags, streamers, cut flowers and palmetto branches covered the interior of the auditorium. Banners that had floated triumphantly over an hundred fields of glory adorned the stage; miniature emblems of the lost cause waved from pillar and gallery; the national colors were not wanting, and beginning far up against the roof an hundred streamers fell in festoons above a sea of faces. Facing the stage there was a veritable wall of humanity that seemed to spring from footlight and to rise to the very rafters. When the seats had been filled the people packed themselves into the rear aisles. The capacity of the house was taxed to its utmost.

On the stage were seated fifty or more prominent Confederates, and on the right of the stage one of the boxes was occupied by Miss Jane Haywood Johnson, the Sponsor of Camp Moultrie, and her maids of honor, Misses Thompson, Bryan, and Dawson, and a detail from the Camp membership.

At 9 o'clock the Rev. Major John Johnson, D. D., offered up a fervent prayer for God's blessing, after which Major Theodore G. Barker, in a brilliant speech, introduced General Hampton. Frequently his address was interrupted with loud and long continued applause, and when he referred to General Hampton as "the stone which the political builders of 1890 refused, but who remains, and ever will remain, the headstone of the corner in the temple of a grateful people's heart," the entire audience burst in one shout of applause which lasted for many minutes.

As Major Barker sat down the shouting began in earnest. Col. Davis rose from his seat with evident intention of proposing three cheers for the old hero, but the audience anticipated him, for they rose to their feet as one man and gave them with a resounding yell that might have been a battle cry. Gen Hampton had been seated in a large arm chair slightly to the right of the centre of the stage. During these demonstrations, and during Major Barker's address, he had sat with his head supported by his hand and evidently much affected by the ovation. He rose and came slowly forward to the speaker's stand, where he began his address in a voice which gave evidences of his profound feelings.

Gen. Hampton's reference to himself in his speech was the occasion for another wild demonstration, and at frequent intervals while he spoke the audience shouted aloud its approbation. Such a scene has never been witnessed in this city before, and a greater tribute has never been paid to any man. When the speaker sat down the crowd broke once more into vociferous cheers. One lady in the audience rose and hurled a huge bunch of roses at the stage; and this was the beginniug of a floral bombardment. And while these bouquets and baskets of flowers were being sent and thrown to the stage, the audience was standing on their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs and shouting aloud its approbation.



A FLAG OF CAMP MOULTRIE.

When quiet was once more restored the flag to be presented to Camp Moultrie was handed to Gen. Hampton. The flag, which is a State flag, is an exceedingly handsome one, and was made by the Ladies' World Fair Club, of this city, and displayed at the Fair. Gen. Hampton took it and in a few appropriate words presented it to Mr. Robert A. Smyth, Commandant of Camp Moultrie.

Mr. Smyth accepted in a graceful manner, and

called the color-sergeant of the Camp to the front of the stage to whom he turned over the flag, instructing him to place it in the box with the Sponsor of the Camp and to guard it well.

After this the General held an informal reception on the stage lasting nearly two hours. Thus ended the greatest day Charleston has ever known.

Captain James G. Holmes. writes this account:

Wade Hampton's reception in Charleston, S. C., May 14, 1895, was an event that *must* live in history. Even anticipation was exceeded; and loving and loyal as all self-respecting Charlestonians ever have been to all that is best in the State, yet it was a matter of congratulation to all of us to find how warmly *every other man's heart* beat for the dear old General—the typical South Carolinian, the State's savior. With all his faith in the people of his birthplace. yet even Gen. Hampton was surprised at the warmth of his reception and an ovation such as no other living man could receive from any people. It was not the pageant and parade that made the large majority of the good women of the city throng the line of march of the uncrowned king, and cheer to the point of exhaustion, nor was it the sound of the military bands in the street that caused most of the business men of the city, even before going to their places of business, to repair to the points of vantage at an unusually early hour; it was love of Hampton, the pure and unselfish patriot. Many beautiful tributes were paid him along the two miles of his line of march by the densely packed thousands of men, women and children. Laurel wreaths and flowers enough were presented him enroute—and after he reached his abode—to have buried him many feet out of sight.

When the head of the column reached the house of Col. Rawlings Lowndes', where Gen. Hampton was to be entertained, the escort halted and presented arms as he was driven down the line, reviewing the escort as it marched by, but the dear old chief was so overcome by the testimony of affection shown him, that he alighted from his carriage, kissed his grandniece, Mrs. Lane Mullally, (nee Caroline Lowndes) and said: "Daughter, let's go in." He passed into the house, his eyes, like his heart, full to overflowing.

Many, very many incidents, and sayings most touching, might be mentioned, showing the State pride of Charlestonians, and their recognition of Hampton as *the* type of South Carolina's best citizens, and of his appreciation.

H. J. Reid, Acona, Miss.: The article of T. J. Foster, in your August number for 1894, is full of inacuracies. I feel some interest in the fate of the "Lady Richardson," as my regiment captured her at Corinth, on Ocrober 3, '62. Capt. E. T. Eggleston's account of the death of Gen. Tighlman is the correct one, and my regiment, Twenty-second Mississippi, was first under fire at the battle of Baker's Creek on the 16th of May, 1863. However, it was not in Tighlman's Brigade, as F. W. M. has it, but in Featherston's.

YOUNG ARTILLERY CAPTAINS.

A careful reader corrects an error as follows:

On page 111 of April VETERAN, there is an article on the gallant Pelham, of Jeb. Stuart's artillery, in which there appears an error concerning his age. Gen. R. E. Lee's reference to Pelham's youth, in commending his courage and efficiency, has led several writers to put his age below the correct figures, but I do not think any one has heretofore stated it so low as eighteen years at Fredericksburg. By the West Point regulations a cadet must have been over sixteen years of age to enter. Add the course of four years at West Point, and it is readily seen that he must have been over twenty to have gone through West Point, at the minimum age, before the war. According to the official record, John Pelham entered the West Point Academy, July 1st, 1856, and was then put on the official register as seventeen years and nine months old. This necessarily made him over twenty-four years old at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862.

The youngest Captains of artillery in the Confederate army were W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn.; John W. Morton, of Nashville Tenn., and Willie Pegram, of Virginia.

I think John Morton was the youngest of these three, but Capt. Carnes had been commanding a battery some time before Morton was promoted from Lieutenant to the rank of Captain. Both were Captains in active command of field batteries at twenty years of age.

In response to query on pag 98 of the April VETERAN, Rev. J. C. Blanton, Nettleton, Miss., sends the following as furnished by Capt. P. M. Savery, Secretary of the Historical Committee of Grand Camp of Veterans, North East Mississippi:

Col. J. Bird Williams and Lieut. J. T. Connor, of Forty-first Mississippi Infantry, with fifty of their comrades, were killed in a charge on the Federal entrenchments at Jonesboro, Ga., July 29, 1864.

Private E. L. Russell (the boy soldier) was the volunteer color bearer of the Forty-first in the engagement, and, although the flag staff was destroyed by the storm of leaden rain and iron hail that was poured from the fortifications, Russell saved and brought off the flag. The Mississippians were buried in one grave by the Federals, who were so impressed with their sublime courage that they placed over their grave a headboard bearing this inscription: "Here lie the remains of Col. J. B. Williams and Lieut. J. C. Connor, of the Forty-first Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A. Tread lightly when you pass this spot, for here lie the bravest of the brave." The above is an extract from the records of the Historical Committee.

E. L. Russell, the boy soldier, is now Col. E. L. Russell, Gen. Solicitor M. & O. R. R., Mobile, Ala.

N. L. Maiden, Principal High School, Cassville, Mo: I was a member of the Forty-eighth Virginia Regiment. Lost my left arm May 10, 1864. Would be pleased to hear from any member of this command

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

OUR MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

The formal dedication of the Confederate monument in Chicago, May 30th, was an event of great importance. Insinuations have been made that "policy" induced the action of that people. Such comment has not been repeated since the banquet and the dedication ceremony. The Inter-Ocean has an editorial so kind and so accurately illustrative of the situation that the VETERAN gives it prominence:

Eight or ten years ago the small group of ex-Confederate soldiers then in Chicago gathered at Oakwoods to decorate the graves of the ex-Confederates buried there, and to hold, in their simple way, appropriate services. The graves had been decorated, and the thirty or forty men had gathered without a leader and had sung several familiar hymns and some of the old army songs of Dixie. Then there came upon them a feeling of loneliness, the sadness and depression incident to the surroundings; the feeling of standing apart in a great city in the presence, as it were, of the spirits of their old comrades buried away from home; of the desolateness of men misunderstood, of men whose hearts thrilled with the old feeling which could scarcely find proper expression, and, as they stood silent, heart-broken, there came to their ears the measured step of trained soldiers, the heavy martial tread of a large body of men moving in splendid order. Surprised in their grieving, startled in their desolateness, they raised their heads to see marching down upon them a heavy column in blue. For an instant their pulses leaped, as though some one had shouted "Attention!" and the fire of resistance was in their blood and in their eyes.

Forward came the veterans of the Union army with the old flag flying, with the drums muffled to the sadness of a funeral occasion; forward they came, marching as they marched in war time, carrying themselves as they carried themselves on the field of battle, splendid in the uniform of the old army, erect and proud as men in the right, bright with the glory of comradeship; forward they came, step, step, step, until they stood in the immediate vicinity of the little group of men who had worn the gray. Then they stopped, saluted, one man stepped forward and laid a garland on an ex-Confederate's grave; then, without a word, the drum tapped, the men caught the step and marched away.

This silent, soldierly action, not intrusive nor officious, not raising any question of right or wrong, was eloquent beyond any words that could have been chosen, and it probably touched the hearts of the ex-Confederates gathered there as no incident occurring since the war had touched them. It is in this spirit that the veterans of the old Union armies meet today the veterans of the old Confederate armies; it is soldier respect for soldier that you can not put into words. It is soldier sympathy for soldier no language can quite express; it is soldier dignity in the presence of soldier dignity. It needs no speech to make it finer. Gentlemen, of the old Confederate armies, field and staff, rank and file, we salute you.

The banquet on the night previous was one of the most notable gatherings on record. The movement was inaugurated and successfully executed by Gen. John C. Underwood. Comrades in Chicago co-operated, but some of them were not given due prominence in the plan of arrangements. The banquet hall, fourth floor of Kinsley's restaurant, was decorated elaborately with United States flags, the broad high walls being almost literally covered with them in rich festoons. It was the most representative gathering of the two armies, doubtless, that has ever assembled.

Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, who delivered the address of welcome, and whose prominence is indicated by his selection, gave greetings most cordial, and among other things said:

I do not believe that the Columbian Exposition of 1893 was a more momentous event in its future influence upon both our city of Chicago and our nation, than is this significant reunion of the great representatives of our civil war more than a quarter of a century after the object lesson taught by Grant and Lee at Appomattox, and the precept left to us by the immortal Lincoln of "charity toward all and malice toward none." * * *

Again, friends from the South and from the North, the people of this imperial city warmly welcome you and greet you as brothers in a united nation that forever more shall know no sectionalism.

Gen Stephen D. Lee responded in the absence of Gen. Gordon, who was detained at his home in Georgia by sickness. Gen. Lee said: * * * If we see the significance of this occasion aright, your present welcome is worthy to be historic. In this city, where presidents are made, another great thing has come to pass—a thousand miles have come the veterans of the greatest civil war the world has ever seen. The defeated have come into the land of the victor, into the ranks of their bravest foes, bearing flowers for the conquered dead. They have come to set up a monument to those, who, not in the red onslaught of battle, but in prison walls, sealed their sincerity with their lives. To these pilgrims Chicago is saying, not that she approves of the cause for which these men fought, not that she concedes a jot or little from the convictions for which she sent forth her own gallant sons to battle, but saying it is not dishonorable to honor the unfortunate brave. We war not with the dead. Rather, with you, we honor whatever was faithful, courageous, and heroic in these American soldiers, for in honoring the vanquished we honor also the victor. If you did not love these men, who died for the principles in which you be-

lieved, you would not be worthy to be guests. * *

On behalf of our visitors let me say that we accept your friendship in the generous spirit in which it is offered, and we invite you to invade us again, not this time with your bayonets, but with your business. Let the voice of your commercial travelers be heard in our land, the flying columns of your goods push into our furthermost strongholds, and the smile of the tourists make glad the waste places of our health resorts. We shall welcome you as heartily, if not as royally, as you have welcomed us. (Cheers.)

The order of the speakers was as follows, and under the direction of Col. Henry L. Turner, who served delightfully as toastmaster:

Gen. James Longstreet gave his recollections of the army of Northern Virginia. He said—after some very agreeable humor—that it would be mockery in him "to attempt to describe the valor, the endurance and the splendid conduct of that army."

Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, on "The American Soldier in History," spoke happily:

* * * This meeting could not occur in any other country on earth, and the same thing is true to-night. I do not believe there is another city on the face of the earth that would have had the audacity to have done what Chicago has done in inviting us rebels here to-night. (Loud applause.) And I don't know any city that could better afford to do it than Chicago, and I want to say to you, my friends, that I respond to the words of welcome, so far as I am concerned, and for all those whom I have a right to speak in the most candid manner, and, taking a material view of it, a practical view, outside of the sentiment which you have been indulging in to-night, I doubt very much if there is an old rebel anywhere in the South that wants to buy anything who won't say: "Well, I believe I will go to Chicago." (Laughter and cheers.) * * * * *

A few of the best speeches were not reported by the press. Gen. H. Heth, of Washington, told an amusing story of his experience with Gen. Grant. As an officer of the United States Army he had business at the Government barracks at St. Louis in 1852. He met his friend Capt. Grant, who proposed to take him the journey of a few miles with his pony and spring wagon. While appreciating the kindness, he was guying Grant with the shoddiness of his "lean flee bitten pony," when Grant struck the animal with his whip and it dashed away at a speed so rapid that in turning a corner the vehicle was upset; both men were thrown out and a wheel was broken. Grant was knocked senseless. They were taken into a grocery, and doctored after a fashion. Grant's persistence was manifested then. He would agree to no other plan than that he get his wagon repaired, which could be done "in a few minutes," and finish the trip. They next met at Appomattox, where Gen. Heth was included in Lee's surrender. They discussed their last meeting, the victorious General not forgetting any of the details which were gone over, when Grant asked of Heth if he remembered that at the grocery they were not offered anything to drink. Then he said: "Have you an Orderly with you?" and in response to the affirmative, he said: "Leave him." A voice from the audience: "How much?" "Two gallons."

Another exquisite speech that did not get into the papers was by General S. G. French, in which he said: The distinguished guests who have addressed you this evening have expressed thanks to you gentlemen, who represent this great city, for the hospitality that its people have shown us, and yet I am quite sure they will pardon me if I say they have fallen short of expressing it in such measured terms as it truly merits. Perhaps the highest exhibition of hospitality is that where the host makes the guests the masters of his house, and this is the measure of the hospitality that has been extended to us.

I remember at early dawn, the morning after the battle at Franklin, Tenn., I climbed over the Federal line of works and found therein, among the dead, six or seven soldiers lying side by side, wounded and unable to rise, protecting themselves from the cold by a blanket drawn over them. Three or four of them were Missourians from my division, and the others were Federal soldiers. I had with me a flask of whiskey and I said to them, "Boys, here is some whiskey for you, but I insist that you who drink first shall be moderate so that the last man shall have some." They all promised that they would do so, and there was plenty for the last man.

And now I declare unto you that, from the morning of that sad day to this evening of festivity, it has never once before occurred to me that I was then ministering to the sufferings of a fallen foe. I numbered them all alike, unconsciously, as friends. If then prompted only by the dictates of common humanity the living soldier finds relief, surely tomorrow the dead will have their ashes respected and committed to your care.

Your actions in regard to the remains of those prisoners have been inspired by a sympathy awakened by an advanced knowledge intensified by a higher and progressive civilization, and it places you on an elevated plane of broad humanity from which you can securely look down on the petty hates of those below, and pour oil on the bitter waters of strife and still the yet rippling waves; and in doing this work of peace it will be told as a memorial of you, as oft, as of the woman who poured the box of precious ointment on the head of the great Galileean.

A harmonious union of our people may change the destiny of the world; and you may awake some morning to find your names written by an angelic hand as high on the roll of those deserving heavenly favor, as was the name of Abou Ben Adhem written by an angel, because "he loved his fellowmen."

In a letter, after the party had visited Cincinnatti, Gen. French wrote: Cincinnatti did her best and tried to rival Chicago in hospitality. But to Chicago belongs the daring to honor the Confederate dead. No other city could have done what Chicago did to take a broad philanthropic view of the laws of common humanity and brush aside ["with a shoo

fly don't bother me way"] the vaporings of a few individuals in the camps of the G. A. R. I am sure the action of the cities of Chicago and Cincinnatti will result in much good all over the country.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO—DEDICATION DAY

Dedication day, May 30, was an event long to be remembered. Representative men of eminence North and South participated. Of much that must be copied hereafter is the beautiful poem of Henry T. Stanton, already in type.

Bishop Samuel Fallows, who was a general of the United States Volunteers, said at the dedication:

"Our Union soldiers dead cannot receive their meed of praise without the fullest recognition and the most unqualified admiration of the magnificent bravery of their Confederate opponents. Virtue is measured by the temptations it meets and masters. Success is scored according to the difficulties to be surmounted. Victory has its value precisely proportioned to the means, and measures, and magnitudes, and men that enter into the struggle. In that greatest of wars, West Point met West Point, and volunteer fought against volunteer. The bravest and the best of our Northern hearts, true heroes, slept the soldier's last long sleep with the bravest and the best of our Southern hero patriots. Sincerity strove against sincerity; conviction confronted conviction; determination defied determination.

Sacrifice set itself over against sacrifice; prayer plumed its petitions against prayer. Not men of alien lineage were these who so heroically opposed us. In their veins flowed the purest of American blood. The toughness of its iron was tested in the winning, by their fathers, for the American people, of our imperial Northwestern and Southwestern domain from savage and civilized foes. Beneath the stars and stripes they conquered the armies of England and outwitted the diplomacy of France and Spain. And now to-day, thank God, we are all Americans. We are brothers again and forever. The God of nations Himself has set upon our country, in the issues of the conflict, the seal of an unbroken oneness, and of an indisputable supremacy. The raising of this noble shaft to commemorate the gallant Confederate dead in this northern city, on this historic occasion, attests this glorious truth.

The monument of the union soldier is our country—our whole country. But grand though it is, it is an unfinished monument. The North cannot build it alone, neither can the East nor the West. The North and the South, the East and the West, must join in the blessed work. Every opening of industry, every development of commerce, every act of justice, every advance in liberty, every sentiment of peace, every note of conciliation, every hand-grasp of reconciliation, every heart-throb of love, add to its stability and glory. The sword is rusting in the scabbard—let it rust itself away—and with its increasing dimness, and its decreasing sharpness, let the glow of our animosity continue to die out, and the keenness of our reciprocal sympathy augment. Let the burden of the remembrance of struggles, defeats, and victories be not a wedge to drive us asunder, but the very keystone to make our national arch the stronger. Let the burning strife, which led to unparalleled feats of arms on a thousand battlefields, give place to the glad endeavor to outvie each other in deeds of chivalrous devotion to our common country's good. Let the dead past bury its dead, and from its sepulchred gloom shall come forth in robes of stainless white the genius of a risen, purified, glorified republic.

To-day, the red-letter day of this new era, with the eyes of the whole nation upon us, we strew the flowers, the richest and the rarest the generous South, in token of her full accord, can furnish, over the graves of the Northern dead and the Southern dead—nay, from this time forth and forever more, our dead. And above us and about us—I do believe it—is gathered the great cloud of witnesses. The mustered-out armies that once met in battle shock, men who were faithful unto death and have received the crown of life, but one army now, the real, the immortal Grand Army of the Republic, Sheridan and Jackson, Sherman and Johnston, Grant and Lee are there, are here, with that invisible, indivisible, approving, protecting host. And with the benediction of our common Father and the Prince of Peace, our Elder Brother, we repeat the words that come from a Southern woman's lips and loving, loyal heart:

'Together! cry the people, and together still shall be,
An everlasting charter bond, forever for the free.
Of liberty, the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,
Be these united emblems, the palmetto and the pine.'"

This ended the first part of the dedicatory ceremonies, while the military band played a funeral march, the Illinois national guard and the special corps for the consecration of the guns assembled.

SPIKING THE GUNS.

The monument corps comprised: For cannon No. 1, Col. R. H. Stewart and Miss Lucy Lee Hill; for cannon No. 2, Col. Samuel J. Sullivan and Mrs. Albert Akers; for cannon No. 3, Lieut.-Col. George Forrester and Miss Laura L. Mitchel for cannon No. 4, Lieut.-Col. John W. White and Miss Belle Armstrong; spiking party, Lieut.-Col. R. Lee France and Comrade Theodore Noel. These formed and marched to the guns, the gentlemen escorting

the ladies, passed along the united lines of Union and ex-Confederate veterans who stood uncovered.

Gen. Underwood ordered "Consecrate the Guns!"

At the first cannon Col. Stewart said: "This gun, having fired its last shot on the field of battle, will now be sounded and then silenced forever.

Whereupon Lieut.-Col. France placed the spike and Comrade Noel drove it home. After the gun was spiked, Col. Stewart assisted Miss Lucy Lee Hill on the pedestal, and the lady said:

"This cannon, with its glorious record on the field of battle, having been silenced forever, I do consecrate to the memory of the valorous soldiery we now monument, as a military decoration for their bravery and honor unto death."

At gun No. 2 the ceremony was repeated, with Col. Sullivan in command, when Mrs. Albert Akers spoke as follows:

"This cannon, with its glorious record on field of battle, having been silenced forever, I do consecrate to the memory of the Southern soldiers here buried, as a monument to their fortitude and endurance of the hardships of captive life."

At gun No. 3, the same with Lieut.-Col. Forrester in command, and Miss Mitchell said:

"This cannon, with its glorious record on field of battle, having been silenced forever, I do consecrate to the memory of the Cenfederates whose soldierly remains lie beneath this sacred sod, in monumental token of their firmness and manhood on the field of battle and in prison."

At gun No. 4 a similar ceremony, with Lieut.-Col. White in command, occurred and Miss Armstrong said:

"This cannon, with its glorious record on field of battle, having been silenced forever, I do consecrate to the memory of those true men who gave their lives to the cause, and who, after three interments, are here sleeping, far from their loved Southland."

Gen. Fayette Hewett, Chief of Staff, then assisted Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie to the central pedestal, and that lady spoke as follows:

"These four cannon, being guns captured from the Union forces in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and afterward manned by the Confederates and fought on the Southern side in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Dalton, Kennessaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, and Franklin, were finally recaptured by the Federals in the battle of Nashville and subsequent engagements. It constitutes a field battery of light artillery of distinguished battle record, and is here permanently parked, never again to belch forth deadly missiles in horrible splendor of war. All hail the silenced guns we consecrate! which, with the shot and shell piled in monumental decoration on this burial plot, are henceforth dedicated as a military tribute to valor, fortitude, and death."

A muffled drum-roll was next sounded.

The corps then formed in a line to the west of the monument, and facing it, Gen. Underwood said: "Decorate the monument!"

Whereupon Miss Catherine Stewart, Miss Marian Sullivan, and Mrs. R. L. Walker, dressed in white, and escorted by three staff officers bearing floral decorations, approached the inscription face of the monument, Mrs. Walker to the east, Miss Sullivan to the west, and Miss Stewart in the center, and formed in line facing the monument, with the Imperial Arion octet, trumpeters, and drummers in the rear.

Mrs. Walker, advancing and placing a laurel wreath on the easel at the northeast corner of the monument base, said: "In the east, to receive the refulgent light of the morning, as a just meed to the worth of the Confederates whose mortal remains are here monumented, I place this emblematic wreath in token of their honored remembrance on this occasion by friends, Southern people, and all broad and liberal men." After placing the floral tribute she kneeled on a cushion placed on the lower step of the monument and folded her arms across her bosom.

Then was chanted "All Hail the Honored Dead!"

Miss Marian Sullivan, advancing and placing a floral anchor on the easel at the northwest corner of the monument base, said: "Here in the west, to receive the softened rays of the setting sun, I deposit this representative tribute, indicative of the hope that those here buried in answering the last muster call at the bar of immortal judgment have experienced everlasting salvation." She then kneeled on a cushion and folded her arms across her bosom.

The octet chanted: "Amen! Amen!! Amen!!!"

Miss Catherine Stewart, advanced and placing a white floral cross on the easel at the base near the center of the monument, said: "The chivalrous bravery of the mortal obtains honor among men; the conscientious desire and moral courage to do right creates a hope for the salvation of the soul; but the belief in the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, insures life everlasting. Notwithstanding the lives of these monumented soldiers were surrendered from causes incident to strife, still, in token of the consecration of their souls to God, I thus decorate this monument with the white cross of Christian purity." She then kneeled on a cushion and folded her arms as had the others.

The octet chanted: "As God Wills. Amen!"

Miss Eliza S. Washington, advancing to the front, the three ladies still kneeling recited:

"After death heroes are soon forgotten,
Except by the great Father on high;
For the world in haste hath little to waste,
On even the exalted that die.

Hence, a haven in heaven is solace
To those who believe in the true God,
Because of the promise of salvation
Through the Savior, Jesus Christ our Lord."

The ladies then arose and remained standing while a requiem was sung by the Imperial-Arion Octet. The ladies generally, assisted by the veterans of both Union and Confederate Armies, then decorated the monument, guns, and piles of shot and shell with flowers, ad libitum.

Final military tribute was paid by First Regiment Infantry, Illinois National Guard, Col. Henry L. Turner commanding. "The firing detachment," having previously taken position, fired three volleys across and over the dead. They then came to "order arms!" and at the command of the Colonel were sounded bugle, blare, and taps, after which the military band rendered a thrilling march, the troops moved off and the audience dispersed.

HOUSTON REUNION COMMENT.

The report in preceding pages of the Houston reunion closed rather abruptly. It is impossible to give in one issue of the VETERAN an approximate of the proceedings in detail. Those already given are of most importance, and yet many other things deserve place here.

Some of those who were present will expect criticisms for inattention by committees, for exorbitant charges by entertainers, and, maybe, some will expect complaint because of the mud In truth, to entertain more people than the inhabitants would be a big undertaking by any city.

Houston went about this in such a royal manner, and her representatives manifested so great heart in entertaining the Confederate soldier brotherhood over the face of the earth, that the VETERAN has the impulse to praise the enterprising, progressive city.

There was failure in the management to provide a place whereby *Veterans* could find their friends, but that has been the experience, in a measure, at all previous meetings. The editor of the VETERAN could not see many who sought him. The location provided for it, in a tent close by the Auditorium, was surrounded by water the whole time, and there was not due attention to these matters from the platform. Much required attention from officials, it is true, and maybe it is better to forgive than to condemn.

The Houston Daily Post did all that could have been expected from the beginning, if not more. In its spacious quarters every possible convenience was supplied the VETERAN, and its headquarters there were published daily. An editorial, June 22nd says:

"During the late Confederate reunion, the Post was very substantially aided by the use of the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn. Quite a number of very interesting articles, some of them of great historical value, were clipped from that splendid publication, and the Post desires now, if not too late, to acknowledge the obligation."

In addition, the Post is kind enough to say, naming the editor of the VETERAN, that he "is a splendid old time southern gentleman, and his magazine is something that every southerner, who loves the lost cause, should have in his house."

In many incidental ways much that occurred at Houston is yet to be given. It cannot be in this number. At the Richmond meeting a different plan will certainly be adopted—while being deferential to the management there with whom the VETERAN wishes to co-operate. It plans to arrange before hand to locate a headquarters and to give notice in advance that every reader may know just where to find it. Besides, it hopes to secure an arrangement for headquarters of the different States so distinct that comrades can find whom they may wish to see. It occurs that to publish days and hours for the state delegations to meet their friends at their quarters would be appropriate. The VETERAN owes to its thousands of subscribers at these reunions to look to their welfare in these important relations, and it certainly will assume to serve them hereafter.

No account of the great reunion, however brief, would be adequate that did not include the royal hospitality of Galveston. Round trip excursions over the fifty miles were given at $1. Camp McGruder, one of the best of Confederate organizations, turned out daily to give welcome and possession. Free excursions were given by boat to the jetties

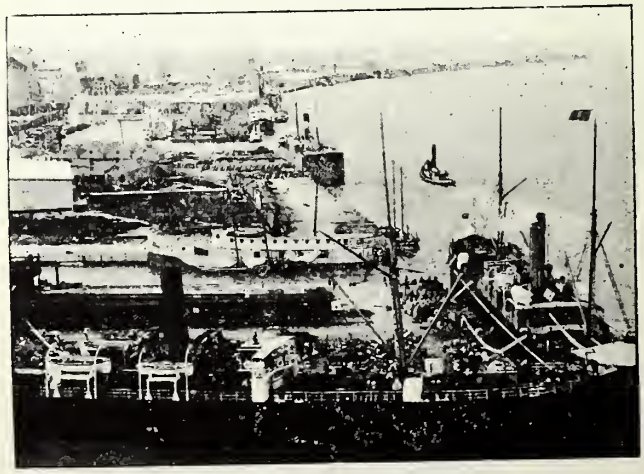


VIEW OF THE JETTIES AT GALVESTON.

several miles out and to other points, and free chowder with coffee, etc., was served by one of the pleasant lakes on the island to the multitude.

There was not a veteran there, perhaps, who will not ever recall, in connection with this reunion, in especial gratitude their fraternity and open-hearted hospitality. This veteran will treasure the occasion and special courtesies. He notes here the kindness of C. Washington, Adjutant of Camp McGruder, who has sent more than one hundred subscribers.

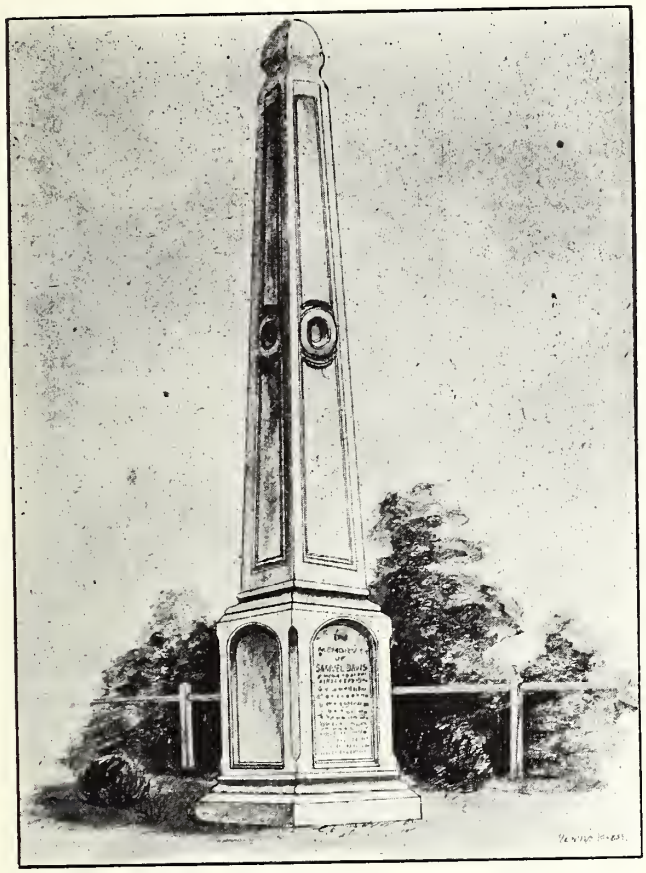
The Galveston News honored the Veterans,



SCENE OF THE DOCKS IN GALVESTON.

HEROIC DEATH OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

Joshua Brown, now of New York City, who belonged to the Second Kentucky Cavalry of the Confederate Army, and was a fellow scout with Samuel Davis, tells the thrilling and awful story of his fate:

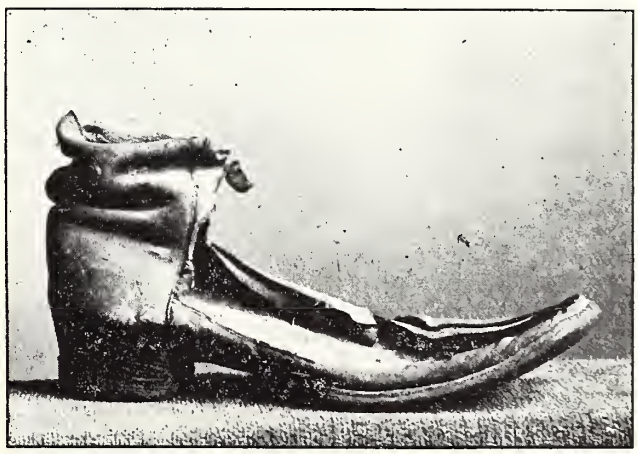


MONUMENT ERECTED BY SAMUEL DAVIS' FATHER.

As you have requested it, I will give you my personal recollections of the capture, imprisonment, and execution of Samuel Davis, one of the greatest and noblest patriots who ever died for his country. Other patriots have died—Nathan Hale, of the Revolution, and Capt. W. Orton Williams and Lieut. Peters, who were hanged at Franklin by the Federals. They knew that death was inevitable, and died like brave soldiers. But Davis had continuance of life and liberty offered him, a full pardon, and a pass through the lines, if he would only reveal where he got the information and the papers that were found upon his person and in his saddle seat, but he knew that the man who gave them to him was at that moment in jail with him. That man was Col. Shaw, Chief of Gen. Bragg's Scouts, who had charge of the secret service of the Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Bragg had sent us, a few men who knew the country, into middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movements of the Federal Army; to find out if it was moving from Nashville and Corinth to reinforce Chattanooga. We were to report to Col. Shaw or Capt. Coleman, who commanded Coleman's Scouts. We were to go south to Decatur, and send our reports by a courier line to Gen. Bragg at Missionary Ridge. When we received our orders we were told that the duty was very dangerous, and that they did not expect but few of us to return; that we would probably be captured or killed, and we were cautioned against exposing ourselves unnecessarily.

After we had been in Tennessee about ten days, we watched the Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Dodge, move up from Corinth to Pulaski. We agreed that we would leave for the South on Friday, the 19th of November, 1863. A number had been captured and several killed. We were to start that night, each man for himself; each of us had his own information, but I did not write it down or make any memorandum of it, for fear of being captured. I had counted almost every regiment, and all the artillery in the Sixteenth Corps, and had found out that they were moving on Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we started out and ran into the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, known as the "Kansas Jay Hawkers," and when we were told what regiment had captured us, we thought our time had come. We were taken to Pulaski, about fifteen miles away, and put into jail, where several other prisoners had been sent, and among whom was Sam Davis. I talked with him over our prospects of imprisonment and escape, which were very gloomy. Davis said they had searched him that day and found some papers upon him, and that he had been taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters. They also had found in his saddle seat maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville and other points, and an exact report of the Federal Army in Tennessee. They found in his boot this letter, with other papers, which were intended for Gen. Bragg:



BOOT IN WHICH IT WAS CONTAINED.

"Giles County, Tenn., Thursday Morning, November, 18th, 1863.—Col. A. McKinstry, Provost Marshall General, the Army of Tennessee, Chattanooga. Dear Sir: I send you seven Nashville, three Louisville, and one Cincinnati, papers, with dates to the 17th—in all eleven.

I also send, for Gen. Bragg, three wash-balls of soap, three tooth brushes, and two blank books. I could not get a larger size diary for him. I will

send a pair of shoes and slippers, some more soap, gloves and socks soon.

The yankees are still camped on the line of the Tenn. & Ala. R. R. [He evidently meant Nashville and Decatur. Ed.] Gen. Dodge's headquarters are at Pulaski; his main force is camped from that place to Lynnville; some at Elk River, and two regiments at Athens. Gen. Dodge has issued an order to the people in those counties on the road to report all stock, grain, and forage to him, and he says he will pay or give vouchers for it. Upon refusal to report, he will take it without pay. They are now taking all they can find. Dodge says he knows the people are all Southern, and does not ask them to swear to a lie. All the spare forces around Nashville and vicinity are being sent to McMinnville. Six batteries and twelve parrott guns were sent forward on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. It is understood that there is hot work in front somewhere. Telegrams suppressed.

Davis has returned; Gregg has gone below. Everything is beginning to work better. I send Roberts with things for you and Gen. Bragg with dispatches. I do not think the Feds. mean to stay; they are not repairing the main points on the road. I understand part of Sherman's forces have reached Shelbyville. I think a part of some other than Dodge's Division came to Lynnville from the direction of Fayetteville. I hope to be able to post you soon. I sent Billy Moore over in that country, and am sorry to say he was captured. One of my men has just returned from there. The general impression of the citizens is that they will move forward someway. Their wagon trains have returned from Nashville. Davis tells me the line is in order to Summerville. I send this by one of my men to that place. The dispatches sent you on the 9th, with papers of the 7th, reached Decatur on the 10th at 9 P.M. Citizens were reading the papers next morning after breakfast. I do not think the Major will do to forward them with reports. I am with high regard, E. Coleman, Captain Commanding Scouts."

Here is his pass: "Headquarters General Bragg's Scouts, Middle Tennessee, Sep. 25th, 1863. Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee, or south of the Tennessee river he may think proper. By order of Gen. Bragg, E. Coleman, Captain, Commanding Company of Scouts.

The next morning Davis was again taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters, and this is what took place between them, which Gen. Dodge told me recently.

"I took him in my private office," (said Gen. Dodge), "and I told him that it was a very serious charge brought against him; that he was a spy, and from what I found upon his person, he had accurate information in regard to my army, and I must know where he obtained it. I told him that he was a young man, and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he had said nothing, but then he replied in the most respectful and dignified manner:

'Gen. Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences.'

I asked him then to give me the name of the person from whom he got the information; that I knew it must be some one near headquarters, or who had the confidence of the officers of my staff, and repeated that I *must* know the source from which it came. I insisted that he should tell me, but he firmly declined to do so. I told him that I would have to call a court martial and have him tried for his life, and from the proofs we had they would be compelled to condemn him; that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. He replied:

'I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and my country.'

I plead with, and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: 'It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it. You can court martial me, or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust imposed in me.'

He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court martial to try him."

The following is the action of the commission, which has been furnished me by Gen. Dodge.

Proceedings of a Military Commission which convened at Pulaski, Tennessee, by virtue of the following general order:

Hd. Qrs. Left Wing 16th A. C., Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 20, 1863. General Orders No. 72—A Military Commission is hereby appointed to meet at Pulaski, Tenn., on the 23rd inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Samuel Davis, and such other persons as may be brought before it.

Detail for the Commission: 1. Col. Madison Miller, Eighteenth Missouri Infantry Volunteers; 2, Lieut.-Col. Thomas W. Gains, Fiftieth Missouri Infantry Volunteers; 3, Major Lathrop, Thirty-ninth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, Judge Advocate. The Commission will sit without regard to hours. By order of Brig.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, J. W. Barnes, Lieut. & A. A. G.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

"The Commission do therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so called Confederate States, to be hanged by the neck until he is dead at such time and place as the commanding general shall direct, two thirds of the Commission concurring in the sentence.

"Finding the sentence of the Commission approved, the sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, Nov. 27th, 1863, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.

"Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sweeney, commanding the Second Division, will cause the necessary arrangements to be made to carry out this order in the proper manner."

Captain Armstrong, the Provost Marshal, informed Davis of the sentence of the court martial. He was surprised at the severe punishment, expecting to be shot, not thinking they would hang him, but he showed no fear, and resigned himself to his

fate, as only brave men can. That night he wrote the following letter to his mother:

"Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863.—Dear Mother: Oh, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-by forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

Your son, SAMUEL DAVIS.

Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more.

Mother and Father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles county, Tenn., south of Columbia," S. D.



Button from Samuel Davis' Uniform.

After his sentence he was put into a cell in the jail, and we did not see anything of him until on Thursday morning, the day before the execution. We were ordered to get ready, as we were going to be removed to the Court House in the public square, about one hundred feet from the jail. Davis was handcuffed, and was brought in just as we were eating breakfast. I gave him a piece of meat that I had been cooking, and he, being handcuffed, was compelled to eat it with both hands. He thanked me, and we all bade him good-by, and were sent to the Court House, and the guard was doubled around the jail.

The next morning, Friday, November 27th, at 10 o'clock, we heard the drums, and a regiment of infantry marching down to to the jail, and a wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the Provost Marshal went into the jail and brought Davis out. He got into the wagon and stood up and looked around at the Court House, and, seeing us at the windows, bowed to us his last farewell. He was dressed in a dark brown overcoat, with a cape to it, which had been a blue Federal coat, such as many of us had captured and then dyed brown. I note this, because it has been stated that he was dressed in citizens clothes. I do not remember exactly, but I think he had on a gray jacket underneath. He then sat down upon his coffin and the regiment moved off to the suburbs of the town, where the gallows was built.

Upon reaching the gallows, he got out of the wagon and took his seat on a bench under a tree. He asked Captain Armstrong how long he had to live. He replied, "Fifteen minutes." He then asked Captain Armstrong the news. He told him of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that our army had been defeated. He expressed much regret, and said:

"The boys will have to fight the battles without me."

Armstrong said: "I regret very much having to do this; I feel that I would almost rather die myself than to do what I have to do." Davis replied:

"I do not think hard of you; you are doing your duty."

Gen. Dodge still had hopes that Davis would recant when he saw that death was staring him in the face, and that he would reveal the name of the traitor in his camp. He sent Captain Chickasaw, of his staff, to Davis. He rapidly approached the scaffold, jumped from his horse, and went directly to Davis, and asked if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the one from whom he received the contents of the document found upon him, adding, "It is not too late yet". And then in his last extremity, Davis turned upon him and said:

"If I had a thousand lives I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends, or the confidence of my informer."

He then requested him to thank Gen. Dodge for his efforts to save him, but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the Chaplain, he gave him a few keep-sakes to send his mother. He then said to the Provost Marshal, "I am ready," ascended the scaffold, and stepped upon the trap.

Thus passed away one of the sublimest and noblest characters known in history, and in future ages will be pointed to as an act worthy of emulation.



JOSHUA BROWN, Author of this Sketch, and Fellow Scout.

In a private letter sent with the sketch, Comrade Brown writes * * *: I wish to say further that Gen. Dodge has been very kind and given me every assistance in getting the reports from the War Department, and he hopes that they will build a monument to Davis. I hope that we can build a fine monument to him, and place it in the Capitol square at Nashville. I think it ought to be of bronze, representing Davis as a Confederate soldier.

The twenty large, and six small buttons that he cut from his coat for his mother have been preserved. A cut of one of them is printed in this sketch.

Mr. Brown, who formerly lived here, is widely known, and a gentleman from whom the VETERAN is pleased to quote. Thousands will ever feel grateful to him for putting on record this vivid tribute to as noble a man as ever gave up his life for any cause.

All effort to procure one of the two or three pictures of Samuel Davis, that were made, has so far been futile.—More of this in next month's VETERAN.

Dr. Elbert A. Banks, New York City:

In the last VETERAN you spoke of publishing in in your next issue, facts of the life and death of young Davis, the patriot who was hung as a spy. It was nothing derogatory to his character as a patriot and a soldier that he was a spy, and as such became a martyr to his country's cause. Spies are a necessary and important part of every army. I write to suggest that the name of some one of the counties of Tennessee be changed from its present name to that of "Davis" County, in honor of the young patriot-spy and martyr. Such a county might well be proud of its new title.

The editor of the VETERAN had a conference with Lieut.-Gen. Schofield, Commander of the United States Army, on this subject, and he said that it was "not because there is anything dishonorable in the acts of a spy; that only men of courage, fine judgment, and undoubted patriotism are ever selected as spies. It is the great danger to an army that causes the penalties to be so severe. The garb of a spy will not save him from the severe penalties, although it is in his favor to be in the uniform of his army.

"DAVIS WAS TOO BRAVE TO DIE."

The following poem is by A. S. Morton, of St. Paul, Minn., a frequent and valued contributor:

A fitful gleam of dying light,
The herald of a gloomy night
  Illumed the thrilling scene—
A silent group of men at arms,
A guard inured to war's alarms,
  A captive scout between!

"Your life I give," the leader said,
"For traitor's name, to honor dead.
  Who gave you this design?"
A flush o'erspread the captive's cheek,
"My life is yours, your vengeance wreak,
  But honor still is mine.

"A soldier I, this dress of gray
Proclaims the truth of that I say;
  This life I hate to yield,
But you have asked too great a price,
Dishonor ne'er was the device
  Emblazoned on my shield."

"He chooses death, your orders, men,"
The captor grimly said, and then
  The fatal noose was brought.
"Again I offer, soldier, free,
Your life if but you name to me
  The traitor you have bought."

The loop of death was 'round his throat,
The captive smiled, nor seemed to note
The moments' fleeting speed.
  "I scorn to buy the life you take
At price of faith," 'twas thus he spake—
  "It were a coward's deed."

With curling lips and flashing eye,
His knightly head uplifted high,
  As tho' 'twould death defy,
He spoke the noblest words e'er penned—
"Before these lips betray a friend,
  I tell you I will die."

From flashing eye the tears now start—
Those tears for mother's broken heart;
  He tears his buttons loose.
"I pray you these my mother bear."
A moment spared for silent prayer,
  He dangles at the noose.

That fatal noose is glorified,
For thro' its port the deified,
  Heroic soul did fly.
His proudest epitaph the vain
Remorse of him who judged the slain—
  "Too brave, too brave to die."

B. L. RIDLEY'S JOURNAL—Continued.

Near Greensboro, N. C., April 23, 1865. Gen. Stewart, Alphonso, his son and I visited Johnston's headquarters, found out that he was expecting to hear from Sherman on day after to-morrow; heard a report that Booth, son of the famous actor on the stage in America, was Lincoln's assassin. The party who stabbed, and the particulars concerning Seward's misfortune, still in abeyance.

April 24th. Have received orders from Gen. Johnston that to-morrow hostilities will be resumed. This is sufficient evidence to us of the non-acceptance of the terms on the part of the United States authorities. Every man had his eyes turned homeward, and this suddenness of a proposed continuation of the struggle is more saddening than the first news of a probable surrender. My father left me to-day for Charlotte.

April 25th. Accompanied Gen. Stewart to Johnston's headquarters and learned that negotiations are asked for again, and the armistice to be resumed. Gen. Stewart made three speeches successively to different troops of the command, explaining to them the reason Gen. Johnston refuses the acceptance of the terms, the same being that all over a certain rank will be held for treason. The eagerness of the men to get to their homes now is beyond picture. Do believe they'd sacrifice everything except honor. Old Joe says continue the fight though, and his orders are the gospel of the army of Tennessee.

April 26th. We struck tents this morning, and marched to within one mile of Hill's Point, where we pitched tents in consequence of an order from Gen. Johnston, informing us of a continuation or resumption of the armistice for futher negotiations. We all think that the army will be disbanded at this place. Our camp this time is near a copper mine. An amusing affair occurred in camp to-night, in relation to Lieut. Polk McFall's mare. While seated around the camp fire at his tent, our conversation led to her precarious condition. Not many moments elapsed, however, before the ac-

couchment was announced. Lieut. DeSaulles, who also with McFall was connected with Maj. Wilbur F. Foster's engineer department, (as was also Lieut. Buchanan, a sketch of whom was in May VETERAN) said it should be named for him. The colt turned out to be a female, and DeSaulles is terribly teased, and it is still bearing his name.

April 27th. To-day we received the order to surrender, and now we are prisoners of war. We will start for our homes in a day or two, just as soon as our paroles can be made out. The war is over. In the terms we pledge ourselves to make no more war and remain quietly at home until released. For preservation and the eye of my old age, I transcribe in my journal the famous general order No. 18, which is the last I am to receive from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and the last of the organized army of the Confederacy:

Headquarters, Army of Tennessee, near Greensboro, N. C., April 27th, 1865. General order No. 18.—By the terms of a military convention made on the 26th inst. by Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, U. S. A., and Gen. J. E. Johnston, C. S. A., the officers of the army are to bind themselves not to take up arms against the United States until properly relieved from that obligation, and shall receive guarantees from the United States officers against molestation by the United States authorities so long as they observe that obligation and the laws in force where they reside. For these objects duplicate muster rolls will be made immediately, and after the distribution of the necessary papers, the troops will march under their officers to their respective states, and be there disbanded, all retaining their personal property. The object of this convention is pacification to the extent of the authority of the commanders who made it. Events in Virginia, which broke every hope of success by war, imposed on its General the duty of sparing the blood of this gallant army, and saving our country from further devastation, and our people from ruin.

Signed, J. E. Johnston, Gen.; Archer Anderson, Lieut.-Col. and A. A. Gen.; W. D. Gale, A. A. Gen.; Lieut. Bromfield Ridley, A. D. Camp to Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Stewart, Army of Tennessee.

And now around the camp fires to-night we are discussing the surrender. All is confusion and unrest, and the stern realization that we are subdued, depauperated and ruined, is upon us. The proud-spirited southern people, all in a state of the veriest, the most sublimated sorrow. Oh! how is it in the yankee camp to-night? Rejoicing, triumphing and revelling in the idea of glory. Think of it, the big dog has simply got the little dog down. Two million seven hundred thousand have gotten the upper hand of six hundred thousand, who have worn themselves weary after losing half—the giant has put his foot on the Lilliputian and calls it glory! Bosh! Confucius says "our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." And so let's philosophise, "what can't be cured, must be endured."

Let's laugh and not sigh,
A silver lining by and by.

Our courage will command respect, and our devotion will enlist admiration. But the question is how to get home. Col. Gale goes by Asheville for his wife, Terry Cahal by Wilmington, the rest of us will divide up the transportation load with commissaries to exchange for forage on our long journey; have fears that as there is no organization, the soldiers will take our teams. Maj. Wilber F. Foster, Corps Engineer, and attaches, will take one route; Dr. Darby, Medical Director from South Carolina, won't have far to go; Maj. Murphy, of Memphis, and attaches, another road, but as Maj. Lauderdale, our acting Quartermaster, knows where the stores are, we will take his wagon, and also Col. Sevier's in our party, and "go as you please" so as to get out of the line of the army. A. A. I. G. Mimick Williams is to strike out with a separate party. 'Tis now eleven oclock p. m. Our plan is settled upon. Lieut. Stewart and I are off to ride all night, leaving our General and Lauderdale to care for the troops and provide for their exit.

Capt. H. H. Norman, our acting ordinance officer, will take charge of the guns after stacked, and deliver them to Uncle Sam. I will keep this journal up until I get home and show it to my children, if I ever have any, in the "sweet by and by."

The attention of Veteran readers is called to the list of premiums offered this month for clubs of subscribers, and also the low rate given on books in connection with renewals or new subscriptions. It is a pleasure to be able to make the reductions noted, and we trust that many will take advantage of this opportunity to secure a good book at greatly reduced rate with their subscription or renewal.

"Life of Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee, is offered as a premium for six subscribers to the Veteran, or it will be sent with the Veteran one year for $2.00.



"Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson," by his wife. By a special arrangement with Mrs. Jackson we are enabled to offer this interesting book as a premium for a club of six subscribers, or for $2.00 will send it and the Veteran one year. There are but one hundred copies of this excellent and elegant book in the market and we expect this issue of the Veteran to secure orders for every copy. Indeed, it is doubtful if those who are tardy in ordering one will get it at all. Think of it! This excellent history worth $2.00 and the VETERAN a year, both for $2!

"How It Was," by Mrs. Irby Morgan. This thrilling story of "four years among the Rebels" will be sent as a premium for four subscribers, or with the Veteran one year for $1.50.

The Modern Cook Book will be sent post-paid with one subscription to the Veteran if the desire to have it be mentioned.



GEN. R. B. SNOWDEN AND STAFF, INTERSTATE DRILL AT MEMPHIS, TENN.

COL. J. H. MARTIN COL. K. JONES. COL. ROBT. GASTON. CAPT. M. F. WALTZ. GEN. GEO. GORDON. MAJ. G. V. RAMBAUT.
COL. ED. NOLAND. COL. G. M. HELM. GEN. R. B. SNOWDEN. COL. M. B. MALLORY. COL. JOHN OVERTON.

The above picture is so clever of Gen. Snowden and staff, who conducted so successfully the great interstate drill at Memphis, that it is given with brief sketches of the party. The members of the staff who were not present when the picture was made are: Rt. Rev. Bishop Thos. F. Gailer, Chaplain; Capt. S. S. Brum, Pittsburg, U. S. A.: Col. W. F. Taylor, who commanded a regiment in Forrest's Cavalry; Dr. E. P. Sale, surgeon Confederate army; Capt. Thomas F. Tobin, artillery Confederate army; J. J. Williams, late county trustee of Shelby; Brig.-Gen. J. M. Billups, of Mississippi.

Capt. Ed Noland, a native of Arkansas near Fort Smith, was with Gen. Ben McCulloch's command in battle of Oak Hills; with Gen. Joe Shelby on raid into Missouri; on Gen. James Fagan's staff; served altogether in trans Mississippi department; was detailed by Gen. Holmes to command of boats transferring forces from Little Rock to Arkansas Post, and to collect corn and other produce for army use stationed in Little Rock, Ark.

Dr. Kennedy Jones, born in Nashville, Tenn., 1858. He received military training at Sewanee and Virginia Military Institute. He was graduated from the V. M. I. in 1877, and afterward studied medicine in Europe.

Gen.. George W. Gordon was born in Giles county, Tenn., October 5th, 1836. He was Captain, Lieut.-Col., then Colonel in 11th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, Raines' Brigade under Zollicoffer. Subsequently he commanded a brigade in Cheatham's Division, in Bragg's, Johnston's and Hood's army.

John Overton, Jr., born in Davidson county, Tenn., April 27th, 1842. First enlisted in state service and mustered most of the Tennessee Regiments into Confederate service, afterwards enlisted in Forty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, was elected Lieutenant, afterwards Captain. Served on Gen. Bushrod Johnson's staff; upon the organization of Forrest's Brigade was transferred to cavalry, and was Inspector-General, first under Campbell, then Rucker. He was paroled with Forrest's Command at Gainesville, Ala., May 1865.

W. B. Mallory was born in Hanover county, Va., August 11th, 1835. As Captain of Company A, Nineteenth (Va.) Regiment, Pickett's Division, Army of Northern Virginia; also as Commandant of Post for a while at Charlottesville, Va., during latter year of the war. In 1859, by order of Governor Henry A. Wise, he took his company to Harper's Ferry and participated in the guarding and hanging of John Brown and other invaders of Virginia.

Capt. Millard F. Waltz entered military academy at West Point, July 1st, 1874; graduated, and was appointed Second Lieutenant, June 23, 1878, and First Lieutenant, October 15, 1884. He is connected with the Twelfth United States Infantry.

Maj. George M. Helm was born in Kentucky in 1840. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, and served in the engineer's degartment during the entire war. He was for three years on the staff of Gen. Hardee, and surrendered with Joe Johnston's army at Greensboro, North Carolina.

Col. Robert K. Gaston was born in Dallas, Texas; received his education at the University of the South, and is now on the staff of Governor Culbertson, of Texas. He is about twenty-five years old.

J. Henry Martin, born at Lewisville, Miss., Oct. 28, 1840, entered army in 1861 in Memphis Light Dragoons; appointed A. D. C. to Gen. W. H. Jackson in 1863; paroled at Columbus, Miss., May, '65.

Maj. G. V. Rambaut, born in Petersburg, Va., February 13, 1837; served in McDonald's company, Forrest's old Regiment, as a private until Forrest was made Brig-General, when he was appointed on his staff and served with him until his surrender in May, 1865, at Gainesville.

An interesting sketch of Gen. Snowden appeared in the May VETERAN, upon which Capt. J. Harvey Mathes comments in the Commercial Appeal:

Maj. Vaulx, who was on Gen. Cheatham's staff, is slightly mistaken in saying that Col. Snowden was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and assigned to the command of the Twenty-fifth Tennessee at the request of the officers of that regiment. The promotion was for gallantry in the field at the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. I was along as adjutant of the Thirty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment of Bushrod Johnson's Brigade and escaped unhurt, although the field officers of my regiment were all shot down. The Twenty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment was near us, and was very badly handled by its field officers. Capt. R. B. Snowden, as assistant Adjutant-General on Gen. Johnson's staff, exposed himself frequently in a very reckless manner in the fight, which lasted from daylight until dark in open field.

At a critical juncture in the battle, Capt. Snowden dashed down in front of the Twenty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment, which had come to a dead standstill, and led it in a charge which resulted in the capture of a Federal battery by our brigade. I saw part of this heroic conduct, and thought Capt. Snowden had the colors in his hands, though he has since modestly disclaimed this honor.

He had two horses killed under him in that battle, and the third was badly wounded. Two of the guns captured were named for two majors of our brigade killed that day—Maj. Henry C. Ewin, of the Forty-Fourth, and Maj. J. T. McReynolds, of my own regiment, the Thirty-Seventh Tennessee. The other two guns were named after two other fallen heroes, and if I mistake not, these are the same cannon recently placed and spiked around the Confederate monument dedicated at Chicago.

Capt. Snowden was recommended for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by Gen. Cleburne, under whom he fought part of that day. Congress at Richmond had passed an act permitting such promotions, and Capt. Snowden was the only staff officer ever thus promoted in the West, though it occurred frequently in Virginia. He was assigned to the command of the Twenty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment. At the battle of Chickamauga the regiment made a magnificent record, and it became at once proud of its name and of its new commander.

The man with bugle, just back of Gen. Snowden, is L. Waterman. He is a native of Germany; came to America in 1859, and was a member of the First Louisiana Infantry. He was with that regiment at Shiloh. When his year's enlistment expired he joined the Twenty-Eighth Mississippi Cavalry and was made its chief bugler. He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

HEROIC DEED OF JAMES KEELAN.

Announcement has been made that the June VETERAN would contain a thrilling account of the brave deed of James Keelan in defending the bridge at Strawberry Plains, early in the war. It was intended to make extracts from the pamphlet account by Radford Gatlin, author of the "Confederate Spelling Book" and "Reader," but Mrs. Sarah Stringfield Butler, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of Woman's Missionary Advocate, who, with her husband, then lived near the bridge, furnished a vivid account of it which is given precedence.

Mr. Keelan was in the employ of Mr. Butler at the time during the day and of the railroad company at night, and there is perhaps no one who could give a more authentic account of his deed. Mrs. Butler writes that the pamphlet history "contains the facts" in regard to the successful defence of the bridge, but it is written "in such a bombastic style that even the truth does not appear true."

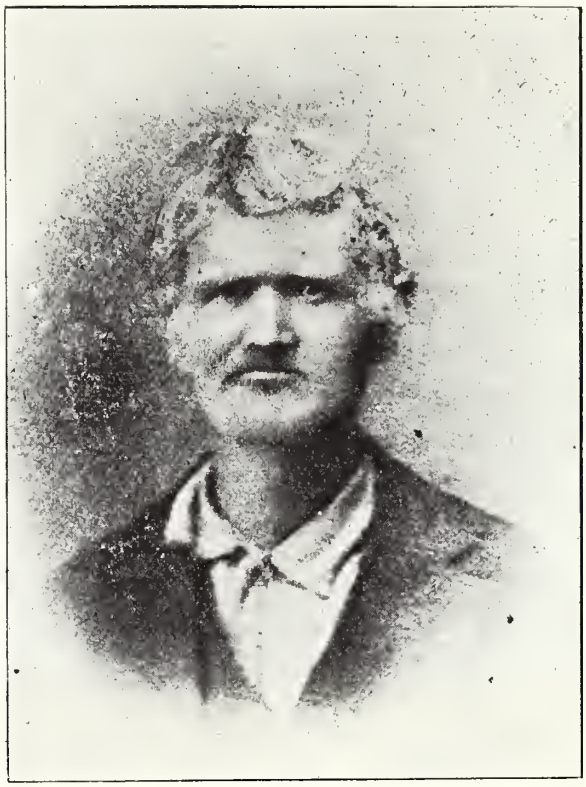
Confederate troops had been stationed there from time to time to protect the bridge, as this was an important strategic point, but the cry of "wolf! wolf!" had been so often sounded, and the Confederate forces were needed so badly at other places, that all had been withdrawn, only one watchman being employed to guard the bridge, and that at night. His box or bunk was on the Strawberry Plains side of the river.

James Keelan was that man. He was small in stature, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and light brown hair. He was uneducated, but simple hearted, brave, and as true to his friends as he proved to be to his country. He had a wife and three children at that time.

The end of the bridge was but a short walk from the fence that enclosed the old homestead of Maj. Stringfield, then occupied by Mrs. Stringfield, his step-mother, and his sister, Miss Mary Stringfield, now Mrs. J. E. Ray, of Asheville, N. C. Mr. F. A. Butler and family lived not far distant. On the evening in question, Maj. Stringfield had reached home on furlough from Virginia, and Mr. Butler and wife were at his home until after ten o'clock. The night was cool and frosty, and the clouds obscured the moon almost entirely.

About midnight Mr. Butler was awakened by a messenger who said an attempt had been made to

burn the bridge; that Mr. Keelan was badly wounded and was at Mr. Elmore's house. Mr. Butler went to him immediately, and when the physician, Dr. Sneed, arrived, he assisted in dressing Keelan's numerous wounds. He then learned from Mr. Keelan all the circumstances as they occurred, and after "the cruel war was over" he talked with the leader of the attacking party, several of his men, and also with Col. Wm. Carter, of Carter County, who was the projector of the whole movement.



JAMES KEELAN.

Col. Carter was employed by the U. S. Government to destroy all the bridges from Hiwassee River at Charleston, Tenn. to Bristol, and was paid not less than ten thousand dollars. Men in each neighborhood were employed for this purpose and the 8th of November was appointed as the time for a simultaneous attack. Mr. Wm. Pickens led the party of fifteen men who attempted to burn the bridge at Strawberry Plains. About midnight they reached the bridge. Keelan was in his bunk close under the end, two feet above the abutment of the pier, and that was four or five feet from the ground. His gun was in a rack above his head, but he did not have time to take it out when he heard the men approaching. One of them jumped up on the pier and began to light the pine splinters. When it blazed, Keelan fired his old single barrel pistol, and the man tumbled to the ground. Keelan was then fiercely attacked by as many as could get around him, some striking with heavy knives and other shooting. He resisted manfully, defending himself the best he could, but it was impossible as he was too far above them to use his small dirk.

As soon as the first shot was fired Miss Stringfield made a light in her room which overlooked the scene, and went into the yard. Seeing the light, the men hastened away, believing that Keelan was dead. As soon as they left, Keelan rolled himself to the ground and crawled quietly beyond Mrs. Stringfield's house, not knowing that Maj. Stringfield had reached home that night, and fearing to alarm the two women whom he believed to be alone. When he reached Mr. Elmore's gate he called him, resting his hand on the fence. Mr. Elmore saw it, and exclaimed: "Jim, you've been drunk or asleep and let the train run over you."

Keelan replied: "No, Billy; they have killed me, but I've saved the bridge."

He was taken in the house at once and friends and physicians sent for. His head was cut open six or seven inches, and the brain was oozing from the dreadful gash; his left hand was cut off and hanging by a shred of skin. The right hand was also badly cut. He was in such close quarters during the time of the fight that he could use his gun only as a sort of shield, and that was hacked in several places. He was shot at many times, but only one bullet pierced his flesh.

When Dr. Sneed wished to cut off his hand smoothly, he said: "No, no, I can rest a gun against that stump." He was nursed carefully, but his recovery was wonderful.

The old pamphlet account by Radford Gatlin quotes Mr. Keelan, after reporting their approach, says:

"I did not stop to count them. I think, from the appearance of the crowd, there were abont fifteen. I had to be quick, for the fellow was just about to place the torch between the scantling and weatherboarding. I could have touched him with my single-shot pistol. I put it very near him and shot him in the right breast as he was in a position quartering to me. Off he tumbled to the ground among the crowd below; the torch was knocked out by the fall, and all was dark again. It was very dark, and I could only see dark forms approach me, so I continued to carry my left arm up and down to shield my head and face until I heard the crack of a bowie knife on the brace over my head, and then I grabbed him with my left hand and thrust my dirk into him with my right arm. As I drew it out of him, off he tumbled to the ground among the crowd. * * * * 'At him again,' said one of their number; 'let me at him and I can fetch him,' using an oath. I was sensible that I was wounded, as the blood was running over my mouth and it made me feel savage as the fourth fellow came at me, and I wanted to get him. I made a quick grab and caught him by the cap, which slipped off and I went back hard against the weatherboarding, and in the rebound I came near falling out of my box. It was then the rascal cut off my left hand and split open my head, but, at the same time, I poked it into him and he got the steel good. They now commenced shooting and retreating. I tried to use my rifle, but could not lift it. I did not know until afterwards that they had cut off my left hand and shot me in the right arm."

Mr. Butler has a vivid recollection of the event. He had warning of the danger from bridge burners;

he had gone to see Gen. Zollicoffer and had secured the promise of a detail of Lieutenant with twenty men, but Mr. Branner, President of the East Tennessee railroad, induced the General to suppose that Mr. Butler and his friends were unduly alarmed, and he had failed to furnish the guard as promised.

Soon after the tragic event Mr. Butler secured subscriptions amounting to $1,600, bought a good farm of ninety acres in the country, but Keelan was not satisfied there. He became very fearful that his life was in jeopardy and he staid with Maj. Stringfield's command in the army for a year or so. Subsequently, his little farm was sold and a smaller place was purchased near Bristol, where he died a few months ago. Comrade A. S. McNeil, of Bristol, has acknowledged gratitude of the VETERAN for his zeal in behalf of honor due the faithful Keelan.

No wonder Keelan's courage went down after the awful night when, with his own blood and brain flowing over his face and mouth, he felt he had given his life for the South. He had no negroes to fight for, he afterward realized himself a cripple, almost helpless, and that the bridge did not remain "saved."

Tennessee and Virginia might well unite in building a monument to his heroism and locate it at Bristol on the state line.

GEN. HENRY EUSTACE McCULLOCH.

One of the most popular veterans in the western part of Dixie was the late Gen. Henry McCulloch, of Texas, who died March 12, 1895.

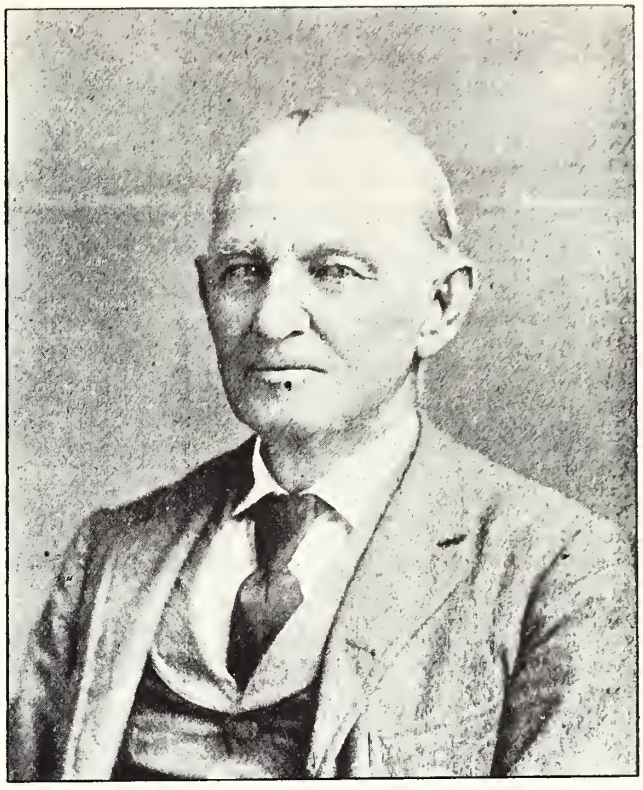
He was a native of Rutherford county, Tenn. His father, Major Alexander McCulloch, who was Aid de Camp to Gen. Coffee, under "Old Hickory," was a Virginian.

Gen. McCulloch was educated in Tennessee, but in his young manhood went to Texas (1837). He was elected Sheriff of Gaudalupe county in 1843; a member of the Texas Legislature in 1853, and two years later, a State Senator. He served as United States Marshal from 1859, until Texas seceded from the Union. In the war with Mexico, 1846–8, he was Captain of a company of Texas Rangers.

In 1861, he was made Colonel by the Texas Legislature, and by the Confederate Government. He promptly secured the surrender of fortifications in Northwest Texas. In August of that year, he was made Brigadier-General, and organized troops for a campaign in Arkansas and Missouri. He served in important capacities throughout the war.

The Seguin Anchor pays this tribute to him:

"Away back, when defenseless women and children in the primitive homes of Texas called for protection, Henry McCulloch was found on horseback facing the red man. Before our cities were built, before our railroads and telegraph wires were stretched, when the line of advancing civilization was east of the Mississippi, the McCullochs were fighting in defense of the homes of the western pioneers, and the impress of their strong characters was upon hundreds of young men who grew up at that period. * * *



GEN. HENRY EUSTACE McCULLOCH.

The unfortunate and desolated Confederacy did not have a more faithful and consecrated soldier. Distinguished and merited honors fell to his lot, and were freely bestowed by his admiring comrades. His time, his money, his influence, and the martial spirit that was in him, all went for the support and defense of that which seemed a righteous and sacred cause in his sight, and in the sight of the people whom he served. After the war his manly, civic virtues shone as resplendent as his deeds on the field of battle.

Judge W. M. Ives, Lake City, Fla., makes the following correction in his recent article:

The Fourth Florida was made up of companies from every section of Florida—and not alone from East Florida, as is printed in the April VETERAN.

I see that Capt. Robert Knickmeper, is Commander of Camp Thomas Moore, at Apalachicola. He was Captain of Company B, and served gallantly in (I believe) every battle in which that regiment fought.

PUBLICATION DAY—ANNOUNCEMENT!

The VETERAN will be mailed the 20th of July.
The VETERAN will be mailed the 15th of August.
The VETERAN will be mailed the 10th of September, and not later afterward than the 10th of the month. Much in type and plate is held over. Send advertisements five days ahead.

ARCHITECTS OF WORLD'S FAIR.

The "White City" in Chicago is an indelible memory to the millions who saw it. The lady Secretary of United Confederate Veterans, on the way out to Oakwoods dedication day of the Monument, could not be persuaded to look in that direction even to see the superb skeleton of Government building. It was considered well worth a visit to the great Exposition, without going into a building, so completely did the vision of buildings, lakes and swards, satisfy. Expressing these sentiments, some weeks ago, the Editor of the VETERAN, was amazed at the reply of a young lady from Georgia, who said she had the history from Mr. D. H. Burnham, Mr. Roots partner, and one of the four men who did the work.

She sent him a clipping which stated that, "It was from the brain of Mr. Root of Georgia, that the vision of the 'White City' had sprung." Mr. Burnham's concise account is as follows:

"At the end of July, or the first of August 1890, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the eminent landscape architect, of Brookline, Massachusetts, arrived in Chicago, having been retained by the local corporation to examine the sites offered for the Exposition, and make a report upon them. He reported in favor of Jackson Park, where the Fair was finally held. His report also contained a detailed suggestion concerning the manner in which the ground might be made available for an Exposition. It also contained a small scale-map, which disclosed the lagoons and the Wooded Island, almost exactly as they were carried out. The report also showed a narrow body of water, where the North Canal, leading from the basin was, and a basin of water, where the basin now is. At this time, Mr. Olmsted was acting independently of Burnham and Root, and had not met us for any conference.

About the 20th of August, his firm, was elected as the regular consulting landscape architects. On September 1st, Mr. Root and myself, that is, the firm of Burnham & Root, were elected consulting architects. We then took up, with Mr. Olmsted, the study of a proper plan for an Exposition in Jackson Park. Mr. Olmsted's partner, Mr. Henry Sargent Codman, had been employed under Monsieur Alphaud, who was Director of Works of the last Paris Exposition. Mr. Codman was a man highly trained regarding the adaptation of landscape gardening to architectural needs so as to give the highest expression to buildings, and the planting in the waters about them.

Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Codman, Mr. Root, and I, worked together on the plan. It was drawn by a pencil in the hand of Mr. Root.

The main idea of a great basin of water, surrounded by formal buildings, where the Court of Honor was placed, *belonged to Codman*, and its location followed Olmsted's scheme of crude division of land and water. *The conception of the plan, in its broadest features, was, therefore, the work of the landscape architects;* but this was only a part of the plan, of course, and while it developed the main idea, I feel that the disposition of the buildings about it was quite as essential to what may be called the general design as was the first idea, disclosed by Olmsted's little map.

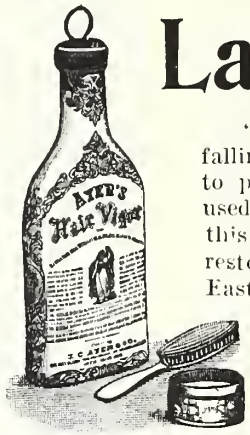
It was not until the Architects from the East, visited Chicago, on my invitation, that we settled upon the character architectural of the building. These gentlemen arrived in Chicago, on January 10th, 1891, and met Mr. Root for a few moments in the afternoon, and again at dinner that evening. On Monday, January 12th, we had a meeting in our office in Chicago, but Mr. Root was too ill to be present, and on the Thursday following, he died.

The *conception* of the plans *belongs as much to him as to either of the four men who were employed upon it.* The talent displayed by him, was that of bringing together the various suggestions of those who were with him.

The laying off of the bridges, the balustrades, the stairways to the terraces, the rostral columns, the work about the fountain, and in fact, all the purely architectural details, apart from the buildings themselves, was the work of Chas. B. Atwood, who not only dictated how these things should be managed in a large way, but who also made the designs for them.

The spirit of Mr. Root's life, however, pervaded the work. What was accomplished through him seems to me to eminently justify the pride of the State in which he was born, and I strongly hope that you will be able to carry forward the scheme of a monument to his memory. His fame did not rest entirely upon the Exposition. He was an eminent man before that.

Ladies' Delight



"A year ago my hair began turning gray and falling out, and though I tried ever so many things to prevent it, I obtained no satisfaction until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle of this preparation my hair ceased falling out and was restored to its natural color."—Mrs. HERZMANN, 359 East 68th st., New York City.

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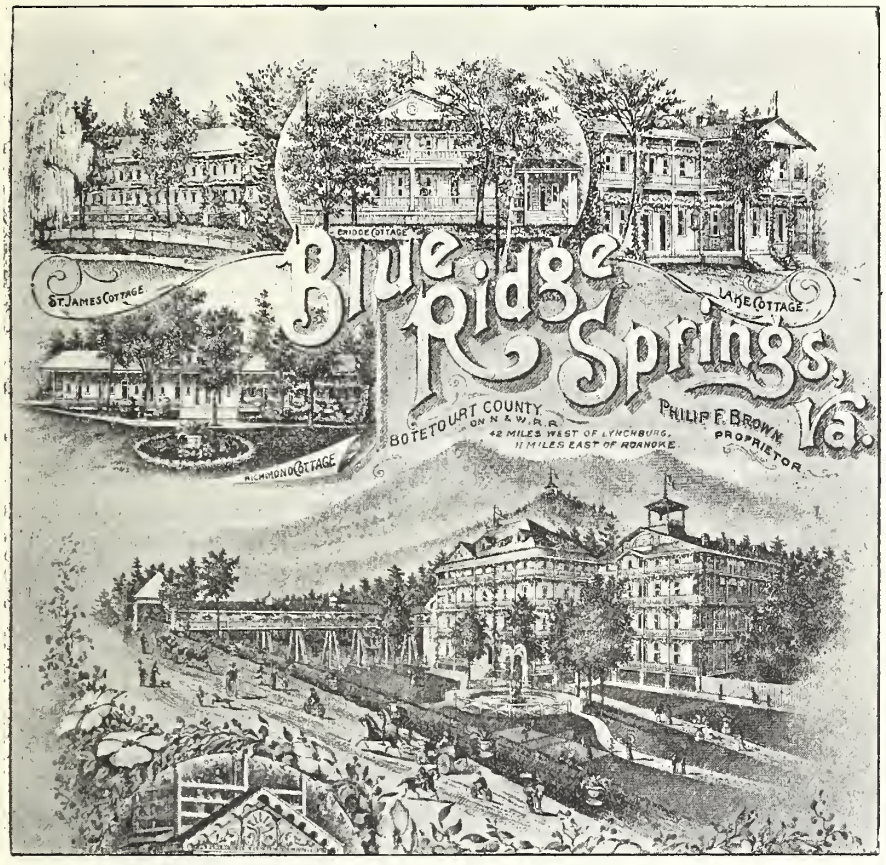
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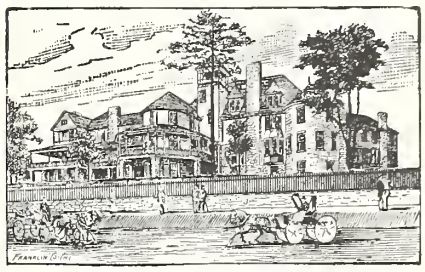
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R. W. JENNINGS.

On page iii will be found an advertisement of Jennings' Business College. The VETERAN cannot add anything to the already strong indorsements this standard school has. It fits men for business. It is thorough. We know this, because our head book-keeper, Mr. G. C. Aycock, for the Southwestern Publishing House came to us five years ago from Jennings. That he has held his position and given entire satisfaction, is proof of the high standard of this school.

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The splendid photograph from which the engraving of Wade Hampton was made is the work of W. A. Reckling, of Columbia, S. C.

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Rev. Charles Taylor Talks About Protection of Health.

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The celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the M. E. Church, South, brought many distinguished divines to Louisville, Ky., among them Rev. Charles Taylor, who was the first missionary sent by this church to China, and the Rev. Z. Meek, Editor of the Central Methodist, Catlettsburg, Ky.

It might be interesting to note what some of these distinguished men have to say about the "temporal" man as well as the "spiritual" man, and to listen to their advice about the cure and protection of our health.

COVINGTON, KY., April 21, 1895.

Gentlemen: A year ago, and for years before, I was a sufferer from a complication of diseases—not so severe as to disqualify me from my ministerial duties, but such, nevertheless, as to give me almost constant annoyance and pain. Among these were urinary troubles, muscular neuralgia in my right shoulder, varicose veins and several minor ailments.

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Yours gratefully,
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Prof. J. F. Draughon, President of Draughon's Business College, Nashville, Tenn., will board at a hotel, at his expense until he finds them employment, any and all of his former students competent to hold a position as stenographer and out of employment, provided they have not been offered a position. This College paid cash, $15, past week for positions reported to it in Nashville. Five dollars is the amount it pays for each vacancy reported, provided it fills the same. If you desire a good business education, write for catalogue. Address J. F. Draughon, Nashville, Tenn.—*Daily American, May 5, 1895.*

The Walter A. Wood Mower and Reaping Machine Co., through their agents, Messrs. L. H. Hitchcock & Son, of Nashville, Tenn., have presented to the Trustees of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers Home a mower of their most improved make. In return for this kindness, the VETERAN is pleased to commend the celebrated W. A. Wood machines. Messrs. L. H. Hitchcock & Son have been the agents at Nashville the past eighteen years. By such generosity the Trustees have saved a large amount of money to the Confederate Soldiers that would otherwise have come out of the state's appropriation. Other firms who may likewise anticipate the needs of Confederate Soldiers in any state will deserve remembrance.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

Dr. M. F. Wakefield, Adjutant R. Q. Mills Camp, 106, U. C. V., Frost, Texas:

We recognize your paper as the official organ for us, and will do all in our power for it.

W. A. Wiley, of Madison, Ga., writes May 10:

We have formed a Camp from out of the members of our old Confederate Veterans' Association. It will be known as H. H. Carlton Camp, No. 617. Charles W. Baldwin, Cobb's Georgia Legion, was made Commander, and J. T. Turrell, Lieutenant of Third Georgia Infantry, is Adjutant.

Capt. Henry H. Carlton, for whom the Camp is named, rendered distinguished service in the army of Northern Virginia as commander of Carlton's Battery. He resides in Athens, Ga.

A. S. Stockdale, Ashland, Ala., Commander H. D. Clayton Camp, 327:

It ought to be freely, liberally and cheerfully supported by Confederate veterans.

R. H. Phelps, LaGrange, Texas, May 2, 1895:

Yesterday at a meeting of our Camp the following resolution was passed: Resolved, That we, the members of Camp Col. B. Timmons, No. 61, U. C. V., do hereby heartily endorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tennessee, as a magazine wholly devoted to the interests of "The Lost Cause," and worthy of the support of every man who fought for Southern rights and institutions, or all who love and cherish the memories of those who fought and fell from 1861 to 1865.

Col. W. E. Ellis, First Regiment, Second Brigade, U. C. V., Texarkana, Texas, April 23, '95;

In the reorganization of A. P. Hill Camp, No. 269, to-day, I laid the matter of endorsing the VETERAN before the comrades assembled, and by unanimous resolution the Camp made the CONFEDERATE VETERAN their official organ, and gave their authority for endorsing at Houston at the coming reunion. I will also lay the matter before other camps that I am organizing here in this (Bowie) county.

Matt K. Mahan, Adjt. Camp Friendship, 383, U. C. V., Hartselle, Ala., April 29, '95;

I have made every reasonable effort to advance the VETERAN; have used my own copies and can not replace them. Poverty is the plea, but I don't accept it all the same. A soldier who had the cause in his heart would find a dollar for this. I wrote you last year that the VETERAN had been adopted as the official organ of this Camp. I was a prisoner the last two years of the war, and only suffered in stomach and mind. Before that my experience was ample for my needs. I was there, and don't you forget it.

D. B. Castleberry, Adjutant Camp Evans, U. C. V., Booneville, Ark., April 25:

At a meeting of our Camp last Saturday the sons and daughters of ex-Confederates were requested to organize Camps. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted as the organ of our Camp.

J. S. Terry, Dallas, Texas, in sending renewal for the "highly-prized" VETERAN, states:

I find things recited there that bring up memories dearer than life to me. Smiles and tears—somehow now more tears than smiles. Not a soul I knew who suffered, fought and laughed with me is ever met by me now. Nearly all are on "the other side." I want to meet them again on "Fame's eternal camping ground."

They called me "Uncle Jimmie" in the army—I dont know why—and I always answered to that call. I was known in Company A, 154th Tennessee Infantry, "Southern Guards" Artillery, and Company A, Fourth Tennessee Infantry, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division.

B. B. Raiford, First Sergeant Company A, now at Mt. Olive, N. C., sends the following amusing incident as told by Rev. John N. Andrews, a Methodist minister stationed at Wilmington, N. C.:

"After the battle at Kingston, N. C., in March, 1865, I met the First Sergeant of Company A, Second Regiment, Georgia Reserves of N. C., going to the river at double-quick, alone and unarmed, crying as if he was heart-broken. I halted him and asked, 'Where are you going, and why are you crying like a baby?' At this he took time to mutter between the sobs, 'I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby, too, bo-hoo! bo-hoo!' and then resumed his course and speed."

But now for the facts. We boys were state troops, but volunteered to leave the state to meet the foe, and our first engagement was at Bellfield, Va., where we made the yankees "git," as at Kingston and Bentonville, and after the battle at Kingston, our brigade commander rode up to John H. Anderson, Colonel Second Regiment, and exclaimed, "Ah, Colonel, I'm proud of your boys, I'm proud of 'em." Then we made the welkin ring with a rebel yell.

Capt. John S. Powers, Moundville, Ala.:

I would like to ascertain the whereabouts of three friends and messmates of Rock Island prison—Fleming C. Ross, of West Tennessee; Marlowe, of Kentucky; and Runyon, of Illinois. Our barrack was No. 17. I was captured at Missionary Ridge, and was in prison eighteen months. Kept a diary while confined there, but am sorry to say it has been lost. In justice to the South, I would be glad to see the horrors of Rock Island written up by some pen more gifted than mine. What do you think of opening an inquiry column in the VETERAN? This would be a great privilege, to say nothing of the pleasure it would afford the old soldiers to hear from each other. The VETERAN is just what we need.

The song of "The Little Log Cabin in the Lane" was sung with that lulling sweetness and true melody which only a Southern voice and only a Southern heart can command. When Polk Miller drops into the dialect, every one in the audience not only hears, but sees the old negro with all the surroundings of an old time cabin home.—Nashville Banner.





A BUSINESS EDUCATOR WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

From Nashville CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Feb. 7, '95.: Forty years a book-keeper without intermission and with an honorable record is surely something out of the ordinary run of business careers. Especially when this course is an interesting one. R. W. Jennings, founder of Jennings' Business College, closed his fortieth year with the close of the month just past, and he finds himself to-day possessed of a reputation for capacity as an instructor, and for integrity in all his dealings, that should serve as a beacon-light to young men seeking a business calling. As an expert examiner he has been engaged by some of the largest institutions of the country, and it is said that he invariably enters upon these examinations with the understanding that if the result shows up to the disadvantage of those who have employed him his statement will be made accordingly. This has become so well understood by the business public that Mr. Jennings' testimony is sought in the courts of justice with uncommon frequency and on occasions involving large concerns and great sums of money. He is just now engaged upon the books of a large establishment in Nashville with a view to offering his testimony as an expert in an important suit at law. He is also an expert at detecting forgeries and has many times been before the courts as a witness in cases of that kind—and it is said that his judgment is nearly always correct.

Mr. Jennings is a native of Edgefield, S. C., where he was born in 1838. At the age of sixteen, in January 1855, he became book-keeper for the Trion Manufacturing Company at Trion, Ga. In 1857 he came to Nashville and became book-keeper for the old firm of Gardner & Co. Thence he went to the Planters' Bank In 1864 he was engaged for an extended period in the examination of the books of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, at that time the largest mercantile firm in the world.

This firm afterward offered Mr. Jennings the position of assistant general manager of their counting room, but this was declined with a view then in prospect of entering as a partner in a wholesale house in Nashville, In 1865 we find him teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., and shortly afterwards a partner and head of the counting room in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., of Nashville. He was afterwards partner and head of the office from 1872 to 1884 in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine and R. W. Jennings & Co., all of Nashville. He subsequently organized the Business College that bears his name, and which is now in a flourishing condition—as shown by the brilliant success of its graduates who are filling lucrative positions throughout the country.

The NEW YORK SUN says: "Twenty-five years ago, R. W. Jennings, now the principal of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., was employed by the great firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, to examine into and report upon their books. This was successfully and satisfactorily performed, and gave him at once a reputation as one of the expert book-keepers of this country."

STRONG AND POINTED.

What Nashville Bankers Say—Largest Bank in the South Employs Eight of Jennings' Graduates.

S. J. KEITH, President Fourth National Bank, (Capital and Surplus, $1,400.000.00), Nashville, says: I can state with much pleasure that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings for more than twenty years, both as a wholesale merchant and afterwards as the Principal of Jennings' Business College, and that I esteem him as a gentleman and a business man, and believe the instruction given the students in his college will be of great benefit to them. The Fourth National Bank now has in its employ eight of the graduates of that school.

A. W. HARRIS, Cashier American National Bank, (Capital and Surplus, $1,100.000.00), Nashville, says: I take pleasure in stating that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings, Principal of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, long and intimately as a business man, and believe that the instruction given students in his college will be of great value to them. We have now employed in the American National Bank four of his graduates.

EDGAR JONES, President Union Bank and Trust Co., Nashville, says: I have known R. W. Jennings since 1861, when we were both book-keepers in the Planters' Bank of Tennessee, and later as a wholesale merchant of the highest integrity, and after this as the Principal of Jennings' Business College. The teller of this bank is a graduate of that school, and so also is one of my sons. I can, therefore, commend it to all those who may desire a practical equipment for the business of life.

J. N. SPERRY. President Merchants' Bank, Nashville, says: I have kuown R. W, Jennings since 1865, at which time he was employed as an expert on the books of A. T, Stewart & Co., of New York, and afterward for twenty years I knew him as a wholesale merchant in Nashville, and still later for many years at the head of Jennings' Business College I consider this one of the best schools of its kind in the United States.

H. W. GRANTLAND, Vice-President First National Bank. Nashville, says: I sent my son to Jennings' Business College, with results highly beneficial to him and satisfactory to me. I therefore commend it unreservedly as a school of high standing and of established reputation.

JAS. McLAUGHLIN, Cashier Merchants' Bank, Nashville, says: My son graduated at Jennings' Business College; soon after which he secured and is now filling, the position of bill clerk with the firm of Jackson, Matthews & Harris, of this city. I can confidently recommend this school to every young man who desires a business education. I regard it as one of the very best schools in the country.

J. H. FULTON, Cashier First National Bank, Nashville, says: My son graduated at Jennings' Business College, and now has a place in the American National Bank of this city. I have known Mr. Jennings for many years and regard him as a thorough accountant and Book-keeper. His knowledge was gained from long years of practical experience as a business man.

THOMAS PLATER, while Cashier of the Capital City Bank, Nashville, said: My son graduated from Jennings' Business College, and afterwards, with other graduates of that school, filled responsible positions in this bank.

A SON OF GEN. FRANK CHEATHAM.

BOARD OF UNDERWRITERS,
NASHVILLE, June 12, 1895.

I take pleasure in stating that I attended Jennings' Business College and found it in all respects what it is claimed to be, a school of thorough instruction and perfectly equipped to prepare a young man for a business life. From the responsible positions held in this city by its graduates, I know this school to stand in the highest favor with Nashville business men. The best advice I can give to a young man entering business is to take a course under Prof. Jennings.

PATTON R. CHEATHAM.

(Mr. Cheatham is a son of the late Gen. Frank Cheatham, a hero of two wars. The position of Assistant Secretary for the Nashville Board of Underwriters, which he now holds, was given young Cheatham as soon as he left Jennings' College.)

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Rt. Rev. FATHER CHARLES, O.S.B.,
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AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, who was for some years and until recently at the head of the Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens, Ga., has published a book upon American Authors which will gratify every Southern patriot. The price of the book is $2.00.

The Macon, Ga. Telegraph states: "Miss Rutherford has a wide reputation as a thorough student of literature and history, having studied under the venerable Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, one of the finest literary critics of this age. Her work is receiving flattering criticisms from educators throughout the State and it will prove a most valuable addition to the literary course in the cause of education.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, of Virginia, says: "I do think that all the educators in the land owe it to you to call a convention in your honor, and pass a vote of thanks to you for the prodigious labor, patient research, and unexampled aid you have rendered them. Your search-light has brought to clear view a thousand facts of literary history that never otherwise would have come to their notice; and you have brought them together in so complete and interesting a style, that the book is delightful. I do hope your valuable labors will meet with that prompt and full recognition they merit, and that the work will take its permanent place in our means of a literary education."

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There is a growing disposition on the part of the survivors of the lost cause, and their friends to beautify the resting places of those who lost their lives in the struggle for southern rights.

Within the past three months several have been erected, and committees are at work in many sections raising means with which to build others.

The North Carolina Monumental Association has just had placed in the Confederate Cemetery at Raleigh a costly and most beautiful shaft, and at Louisville another will soon rise to ornament the sacred grounds where the Confederate soldier sleeps. These two monuments, which will compare in beauty, grandeur, and finish with any ever built, are the work of the Muldoon Monument Company, of Louisville, Ky., a company that justly stands at the head of monument builders and one that is reliable in every sense of the word.

In letting out contracts for work of this kind, it should always be the rule to give preference to responsible workmen, those whose integrity and skill would shut out all doubt as to the lasting qualities of the material employed in the jobs turned out. In this and every other particular there would be no going astray if contracts are let to the Muldoon Company. In all of their dealings with the Southern people they have never had a complaint. They are fortified with unexcelled facilities for giving estimates upon jobs regardless of magnitude, and solicit correspondence from all who contemplate the erection of tombs, shafts or monuments.

A picture of the Confederate monument at Raleigh may be seen on another age of this number of the VETERAN, and when it is remembered that the Muldoon Company were the successful bidders over twenty or more who competed, some idea may be formed of their unlimited facilities.

Of them the VETERAN takes pleasure in saying that confidence reposed will not be misplaced.

See their page announcement elsewhere.

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SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

I have, during the past twenty years, devoted much of my time to adjusting and auditing accounts and straightening crooked books. During a part of two years I was connected with another business college, and I have had occasion *time* and *again* to investigate new methods of book-keeping, as well as new methods of teaching, but I find in Prof. Draughon's course new and practical ideas in book-keeping and in teaching, which, in my opinion, *are not to be found* or *equaled* in any other business college in the United States.

In addition to being thoroughly familiar with the course given in the college, I have examined Prof. Draughon's series of publications on book-keeping, and consider him to be one of the *most progressive* and *original* persons on the subject of book-keeping that I have ever had the pleasure of being associated with. I do *most emphatically* state as my candid opinion that a student in this school, under Prof. Draughon's new methods, new both *in teaching* and *in the science* of book-keeping, can, at the end of *ten weeks* be more competent to take charge of a set of books than he can be by the old plan at the end of *six months*. These facts I take pleasure in stating to my friends as well as to the general public. Respectfully,

C. E. GREGORY.

Special Accountant and Teacher in Draughon's Practical Business College.

Nashville, Tenn., May 22, 1895.

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The person first placing these figures in the order they are on this bill will receive the first prize.

The second person placing these figures right, or coming nearest placing them right, will be given the second price.

The third person placing these figures right, or being the next nearest, will receive the third prize.

The fourth, fifth and sixth prizes will then be distributed in order.

After these prizes are distributed, The Semi-Weekly American will give to each of the fifty subscribers placing the number nearest right a $1.00 pocket-knife.

Remember, you must pay $1.00 for The Semi-Weekly American for one year to be entitled to a guess.

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It is gratifying, in viewing the southern field, to note that in all sections the people are at last opening their eyes to the importance of being self-dependent. A line of business which has done its share in keeping the southern people impoverished is that of insurance. Careful calculaters have gone all over the field and their figures show that millions of dollars have gone from southern people annually to pay northern companies for insurance, and when it is remembered that not a dollar of this money ever returns to the south except perhaps in the shape of a death claim, which is for the benefit of a *single* family, the importance of having home companies, employing home talent, and investing its surplus in home enterprises, giving employment to home labor, may be seen.

Such a company is the American Life Annuity, of Nashville, Tenn. It is officared by gentlemen who have shown by their successful management of other home enterprises that they are worthy of the greatset confidence. For instance, Mr. Edgar Jones, who is president of the Union Bank and Trust Co., a bank whose stock is at the highest premium, is also president of the Annuity, while Mr. J. Claude Martin, a gentleman of exceptional business qualities and sterling high standing, is secretary.

The VETERAN deems it a pleasure to refer complimentary to this company, and to the fact that both the editor and publisher carry large policies in it.

This company has paid to the families of Veterans who were carrying policies and died, $11,000 since Jan. 1st., 1895.

J. A. Joel & Co., New York, begin the second year in the VETERAN with their advertisement of flags, banners, swords etc. Mr. Joel is a Union veteran and publishes the Grand Army Gazette, in which nothing objectionable to Confederates has been seen. Comrades who wish any thing in his line may expect fair dealing.

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It will be of interest to readers of the VETERAN to know that the St. Mary's School, at Raleigh, N. C., advertised in this number, was a place of refuge during the war for the wife and children of President Davis, and a daughter of General Lee was educated there. Many daughters of the South were intrusted to the care and protection of Dr Albert Smedes, the beloved founder and rector of the school. For six weeks the Federal soldiers were encamped in St. Mary's grove, and throughout this time the order of the school was not interrupted, and Dr. Smedes' tact was such that no unpleasantness of any kind occurred, although it was known that four of his sons served in the Confederate army. Two of them fell upon the battlefield; one, a chaplain, the present Rector of the school, was for some time imprisoned in the old capital.

Many who will see this notice had mothers or sisters or wives educated there, and they will be gratified to know that the school, in point of scholarship, has fully kept pace with the demands of the times—its pupils being now admitted to enter Vassar on certificate. It has, in all respects, fulfilled the hopes and ideas of its founder.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

The VETERAN is proud of the array of school advertisements in this number. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a finer exhibit was ever made by any other than a school journal. This is its special field. Every department of education in the country is represented. The area begins at New Orleans, La., and extends to Bradford, Mass. Special consideration of these schools is commended.

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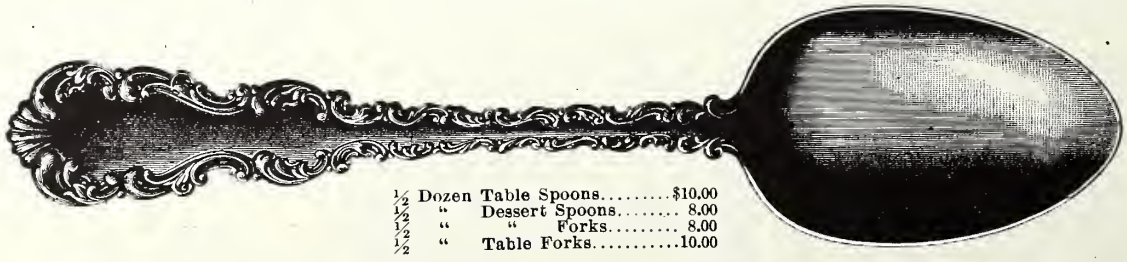
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2004— 85 00

2005—$ 87 00
2006— 150 00
2007— 175 00
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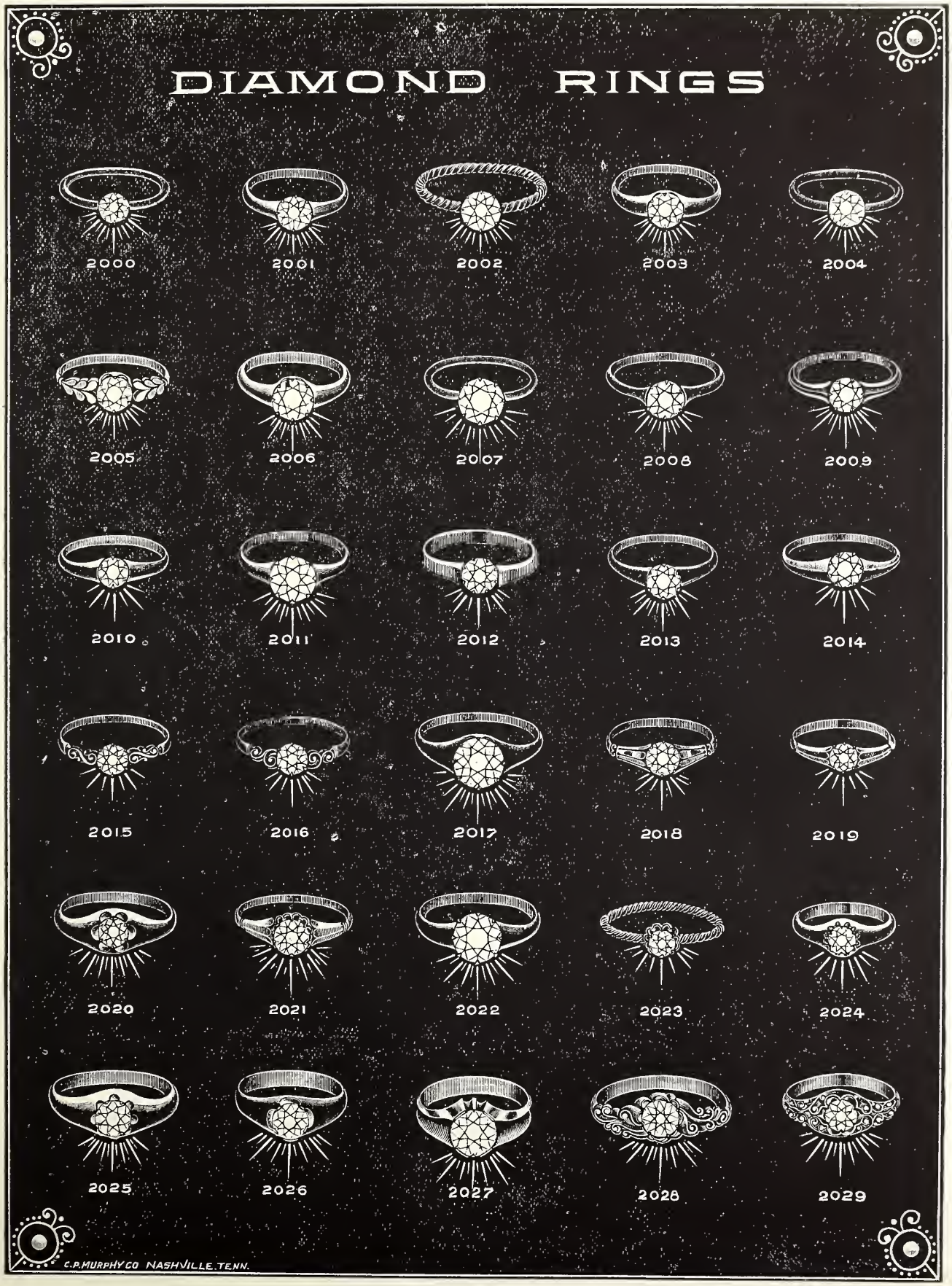
2010—$ 55 00
2011— 200 00
2012— 95 00
2013— 85 00
2014— 95 00

2015—$ 58 00
2016— 65 00
2017— 200 00
2018— 90 00
2019— 40 00

2020—$ 45 00
2021— 100 00
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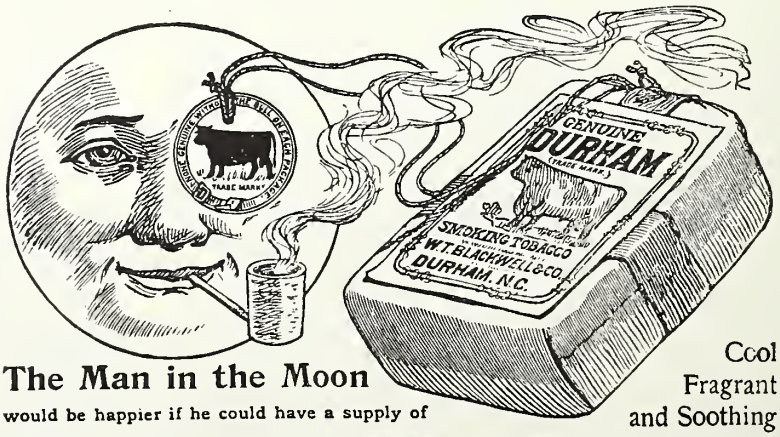
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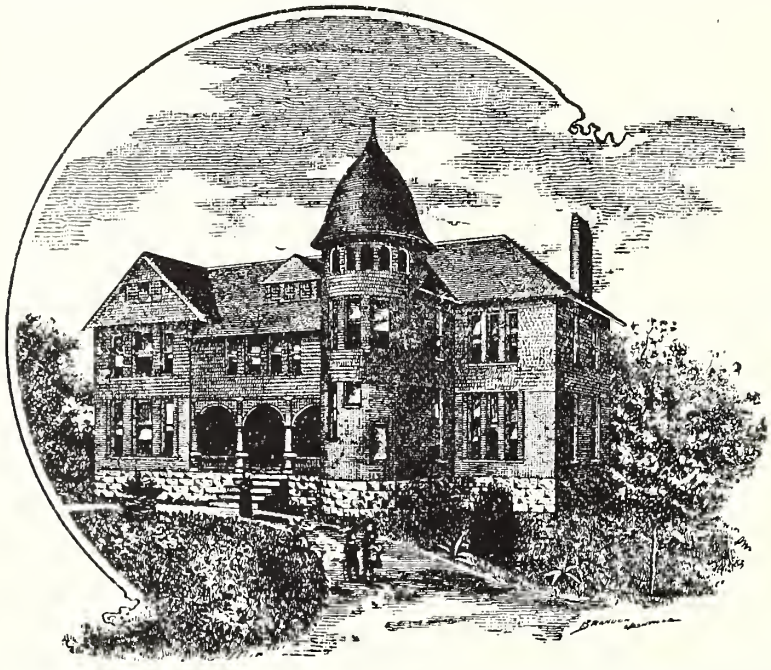
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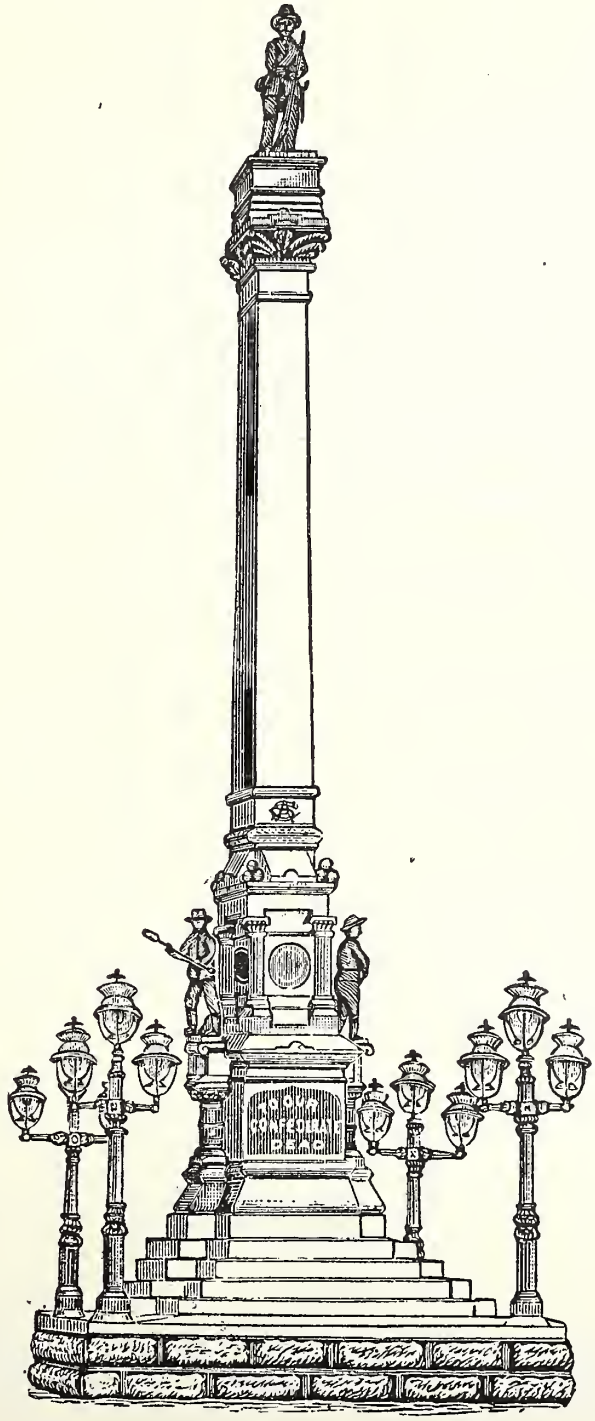
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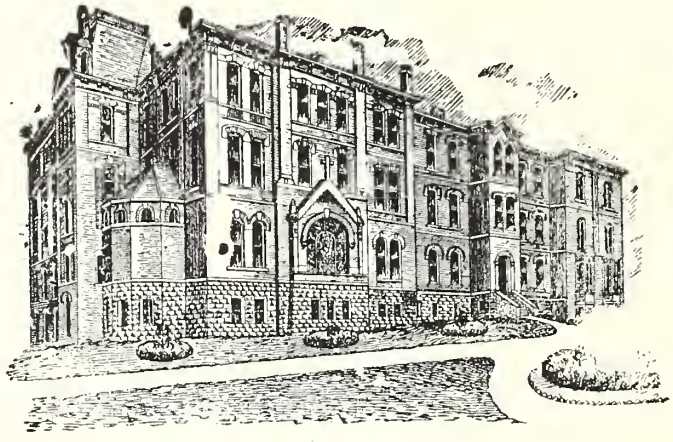
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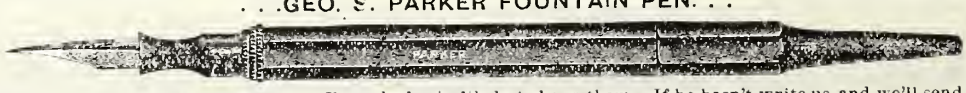
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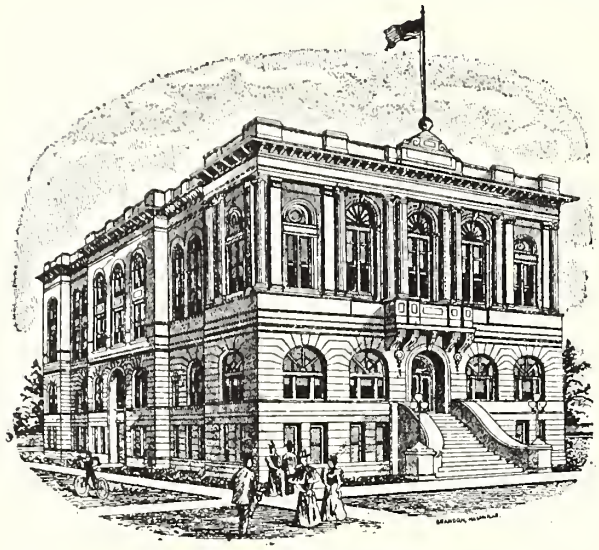
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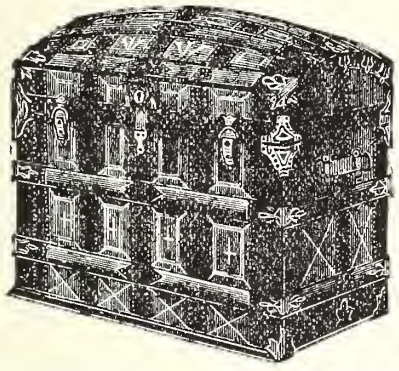
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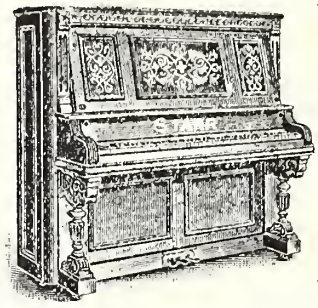
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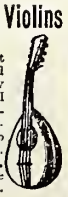
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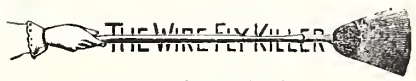
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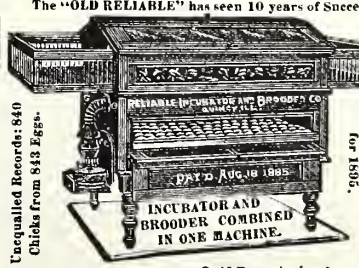
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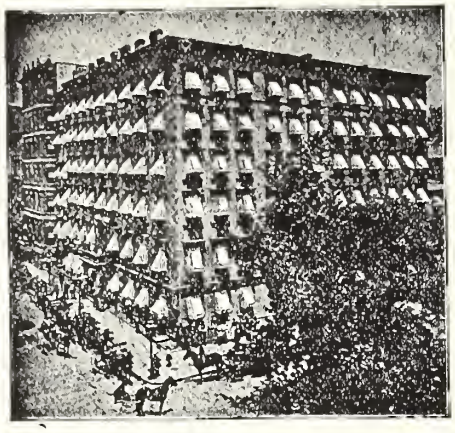
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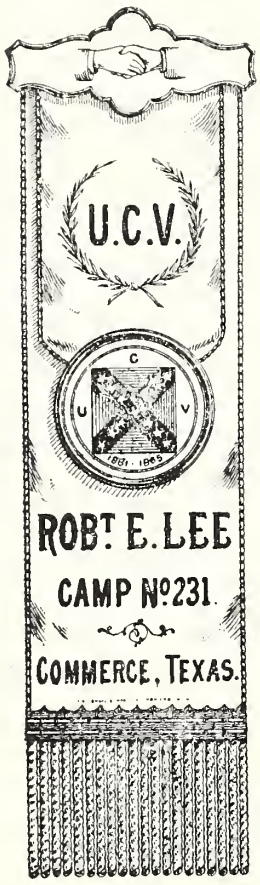
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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craig, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets of $49,929.76, with total liabilities of $11,045.90, leaving a surplus of $38,883.86, and an actual safety fund of $35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating 18,806.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of $1,300. Policies in force December 31, 900, aggregating $2,100,000. In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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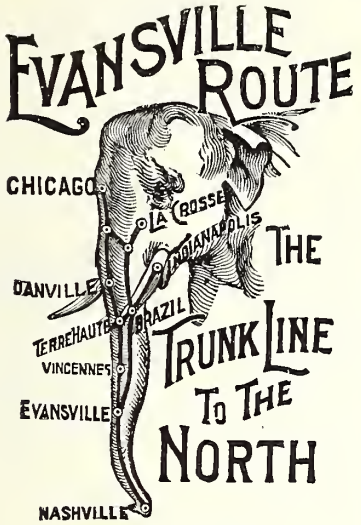
To the four or five hundred agents throughout the South, (many of them little boys and girls), who so faithfully performed their duty in selling tickets for the June number, the publisher of the VETERAN desires to return grateful thanks. The work was most satisfactorily performed—to such an extent in fact as induces the VETERAN to say that any one of the number to which this notice appeals who wishes to continue as agent (taking yearly subscriptions), may do so, and all such are requested to write to the office for blank subscription books.

There never was a more propitious time to start. A mere glance at the June number will tell that the VETERAN is on rising ground and that the South has enlisted to sustain it.

Such evidences of the people's esteem as this number bears to the editor and publisher innervates them to strive still the harder to serve patrons acceptably.

OF INTEREST TO VETERANS.

As will be seen, the Porter Business College occupies a quarter page of this number of the VETERAN. The generous offer made to sons of Confederate Veterans will be appreciated by all. This school ranks with the first.



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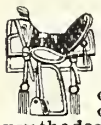
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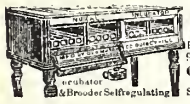
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WE PRESENT HEREWITH THE

27th Annual Statement

OF THE MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, AND IN CONNECTION THEREWITH THE FOLLOWING

Summary:

Insurance written in 1894, -	$6,254,713.05
Increase of Assets, - - - -	$400 374.94
Increase of Surplus, - - - -	$32.221.75
Total amount paid Policy Holders since Organization, - -	$5,264,936.55

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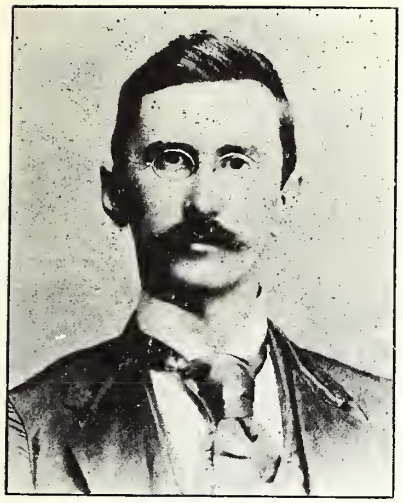
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DEAR SIR:—The time for which you deposited $100 three months ago to-day as a forfeit under your proposition to give $100 to any charitable institution in Nashville, and $100 to any Business College South of the Ohio river, if you could not show more written applications for Bookkeepers and Stenographers during the PAST FIVE MONTHS than any other Business College south of the Ohio river could show in the PAST FIVE YEARS, has this day expired, and, no demand having been made, the same is now held subject to your check. Respectfully,

W. F. BANG, Cashier.

N. B.—A certificate of deposit for the above was published in the daily papers of Nashville, the Cincinnati Enquirer, the Atlanta Constitution and thirty thousand circulars, giving the colleges three months' time to accept.—Nashville Daily American, April 7, 1895.

GOOD POSITIONS.

A Strong Indorsement From a Few of the Former Students of Draughon's Practical Business College Who Have Recently Been Placed in Good Positions by Him With Nashville Firms—Read What They Say—This Shows the Standing of Prof. Draughon's College Where it is Known Best.

We, the undersigned former students in Draughon's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tennessee, state that we have very recently been placed in good positions by Professor Draughon—that those positions were secured for us within a *few days* after the course at the college was completed, and, as to some of us, a *few days before* the course was completed.

We unhesitatingly, but conscientiously, state that we believe that Professor Draughon has *better facilities* for placing his students in positions than any other business college; that he utilizes those facilities, and by this *vigilance—untiring* and *unceasing efforts*—in their behalf, has far greater success in placing his scholars in good positions than any other business college. Having been students in his college, and thus having been able to see and to know much of the facilities and efforts of Professor Draughon, *we speak advisedly.*

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WILLIAM BOYD (of Nashville), Bookkeeper for Royal Building and Loan Company, Nashville.

WILLIAM HOLBROOK (of Texas), Bookkeeper for Hunt Bros., Wholesale Produce, Nashville.

J. E. SWAN (of Knoxville), Assistant Bookkeeper for J. H. Wilkes & Co., Wholesale Grain, Nashville.

G. F. BURNER (of West Virginia), Stenographer for the Nashville Chemical Company, Nashville.

MISS MYRA SELFRIDGE (of Texas), Stenographer for Equitable Life Insurance Company, Nashville.

MISS JULIA JACOBS (of Nashville), Cashier and Assistant Bookkeeper for Queen Shoe House, Nashville.

MISS WILLIE LEFTWICH (of Nashville), with A. A. Redford, Books and Stationary, Nashville.

MISS LIZZIE CLEMMONS (of Nashville), Stenographer for DuBois & Webb, Electropoise, Nashville.

MISS HATTIE BRASHER (of Kentucky), Stenographer for Nicholson Hotel, Nashville.

MISS MARY MORAN (of Nashville), Cashier and Assistant Bookkeeper for Lebeck Bros. (The above is one of the largest retail dry goods houses in the South.

MISS MARY BRUCE (of Tennessee), Stenographer for Lellyett & Barr, Lawyers, Nashville.

MISS CLAUDIE BESS (of Nashville), Stenographer for C. V. LeCrow, Manager E. Life Insurance Company, Nashville.

MISS DAISY WATSON (of Nashville), Stenographer for Drs. Dake & Dake, Nashville.

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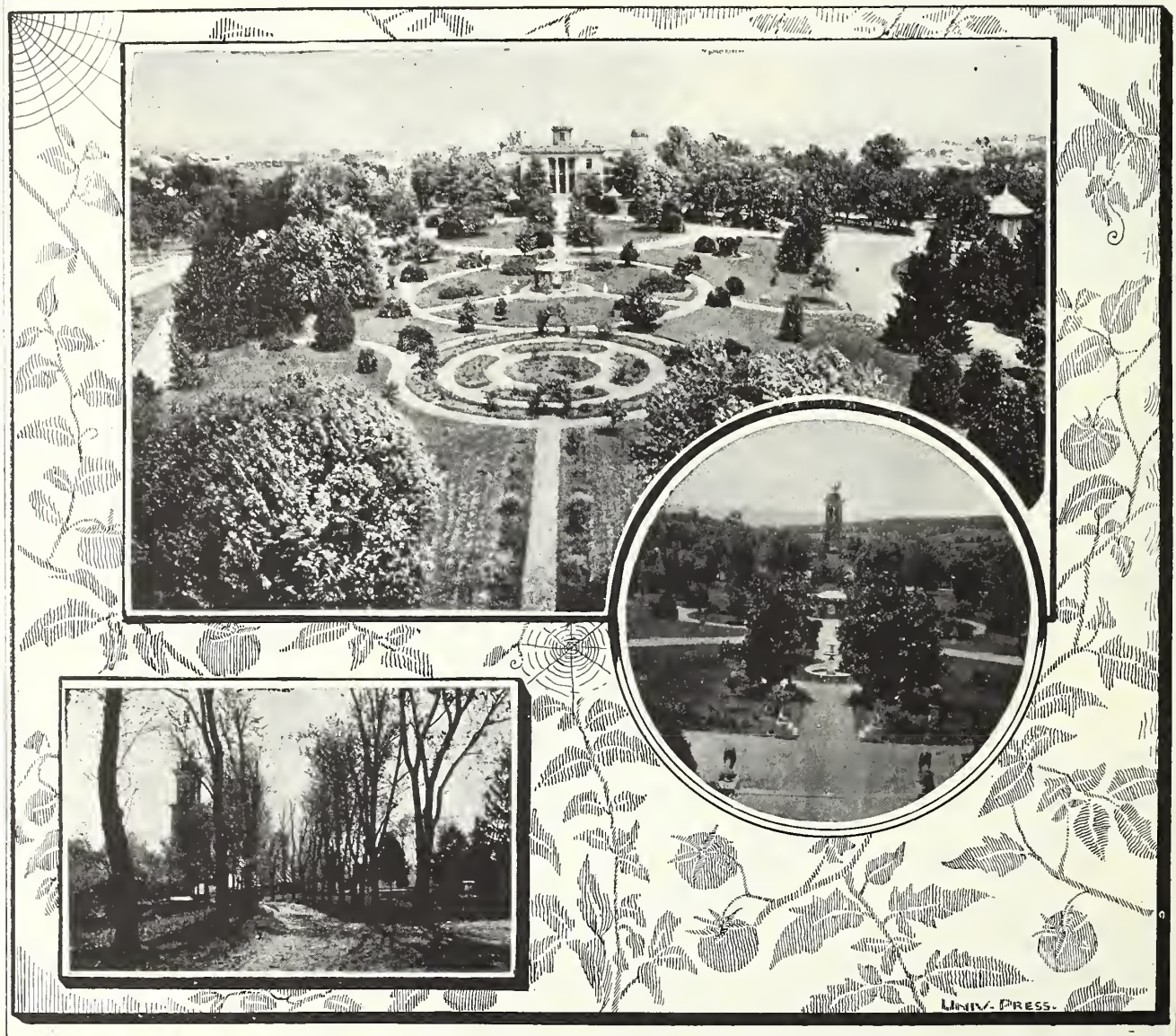
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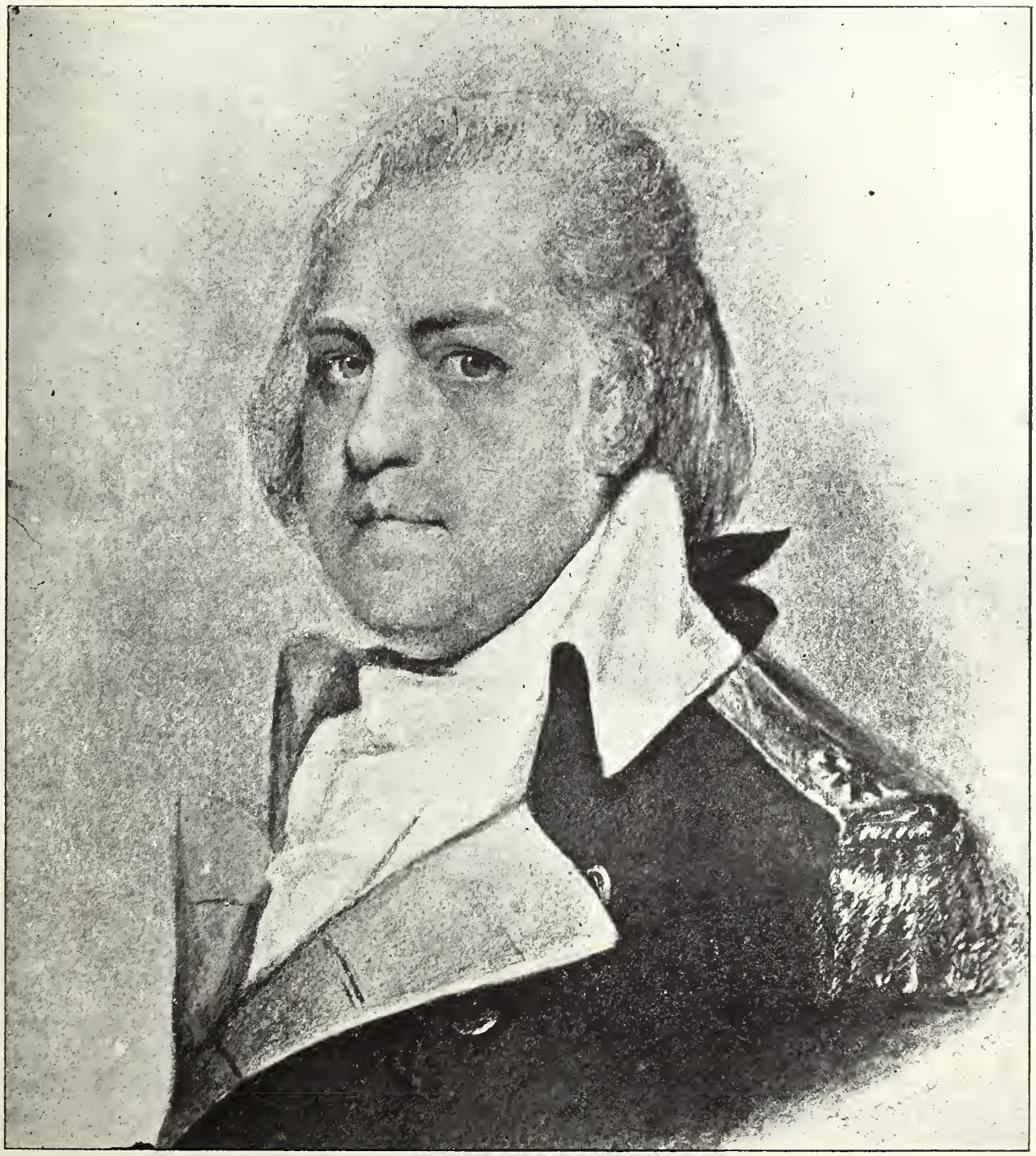
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GEN. HENRY (LIGHT-HORSE HARRY) LEE, FATHER OF GEN. R. E. LEE.—PAGES 201; 214-15.

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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craig, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets of $49,929.76, with total liabilities of $11,045.90, leaving a surplus of $38,883.86, and an actual safety fund of $35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating 18,806.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of $1,300. Policies in force December 31, 900, aggregating $2,100,000. In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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WE PRESENT HEREWITH THE

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Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1895. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

GEN. HENRY (LIGHT HORSE HARRY) LEE.

Away back in 1771, George Washington wrote: "I know of no county that can produce a family, all distinguished as clever men, as our Lees." These brothers were: Philip Ludwell, Richard Henry Thomas, Francis Lightfoot, Henry, and Arthur.

Richard Henry was a well known historian, and he was author of the resolution that "These colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." He and his brother, Francis Lightfoot, were signers of the Declaration of Independence. He would probably have been recorded in history as the author of the Declaration of Independence in place of Jefferson, but for his wife's illness, which caused his absence from council at that particular time.

When a student at Princeton, Henry Lee was reported as a "diligent student, a genius, and strict in his morality." This was by Dr. Wm. Shippen.

He was about to embark for England when the American Revolution began, and he "substituted the sword for the law book." He was distinguished for keeping close to the enemy. In his "Light Horse" command, Peter Johnston, who joined the legion at sixteen, led the "forlorn hope" at Fort Watson, and was publicly thanked. Johnston afterward became Judge Johnston. The interest in this reminiscence becomes intensified in the fact, that these distinguished soldiers were the fathers of Robert Edward Lee and Joseph Eggleston Johnston, and that they were class-mates at West Point.

On February 18, 1780, Gen. Nathaniel Greene wrote to the President of Congress that he was more indebted to Light Horse Harry Lee than to any other for advantages gained over the enemy.

While Gen. Henry Lee was governor of Virginia, 1792 to 1795, a remote section of the "Old Dominion," lying between Kentucky and Tennessee, about Cumberland, Ga., was formed into LEE county.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee was distinguished as a "dashing dragoon" in the war of the colonies against Great Britain. His boldness and chivalry were frequently commended by Washington, and he was ever zealous in his devotion to Washington.

He was a member of Congress when Washington died, and in his address, delivered by appointment, he used the phrase: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens"—not "countrymen" as has been substituted.

When the war of 1812 came upon our country, famous "Light Horse Harry" Lee—a title indelible as Stonewall to Jackson—was made a Major-General of the United States Army, but received injuries in resisting an angry mob, in Philadelphia, which prevented his taking command of the army, but caused him to go to the West Indies and was, ultimately, the cause of his death.

His last letters to his son, Charles Carter Lee, were literary models, and were designed especially to impress education, religion, and morality upon his children. He wrote: "Robert was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever watchful mother." Robert was the youngest.

After five years absence—having given up hope of recovery—he took passage in a New England schooner, bound from Nassau for Providence and Boston. Upon nearing the coast of the United States he became so much worse that he requested the Captain to direct his course to Cumberland Island, where his friend, Nathaniel Greene, had left an estate, and where his married daughter, Mrs. Shaw, resided—"Dungeness, the most beautiful and attractive residence on the Georgia coast." His surroundings there were as pleasant as nature and art could furnish, but his sufferings became intense, and he survived but two months.

The foregoing interesting and reliable data has been culled from Fitzhugh Lee's Life of the son, Gen. R. E. Lee. The picture on front page is copied from one kindly sent by Gen. G. W. C. Lee, President of the Washington-Lee University, having been specially requested this month for the VETERAN.

Capt. B. L. Ridley tells a significant story of Samuel Davis' determination in their school-boy days. They were students at old Jefferson, Tennessee, under Freeman, who afterwards commanded a battery under Forrest, and was killed in battle; and Rufus McLean, now of Lebanon, Tennessee. Freeman had a very serious case in hand, but could not get at the perpetrator, and he undertook to induce young Davis to tell who did it, but as the matter was pressed in an exasperation, he broke into a cry, and said: "You can kill me, but I won't tell!"

FELLOW SCOUT OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

R. B. Anderson, of Denton, Texas, writes about the Samuel Davis tribute in June VETERAN, and much of the operation of scouts in the service. Comrade Anderson is Adjutant of Sul Ross Camp, No. 129, U. C. V. Extracts from his letter are here given:

I was a member of Bragg's scouts at the time, and knew Sam Davis well and loved him as a brother. I do not remember Mr. Brown. Carter and Munk Jobe were shot at Franklin after being captured. Another (his name escapes me now) was killed at Elkton. Ben Douglas was killed near Nashville, and many others went out whose fates we never knew.

At the time of Davis' capture, I remember the following of our scouts: Capt. Henry Shaw, Aleck Gregg, Will Hughes, Sam Davis, Sam Roberts, Newt Vaughn, Billie Moore, and Bob Owen.

When Gen Bragg was at Murfreesboro, there was an agreement formed between him and the commander of the Federal forces, by which each one could send scouts into the other's lines, dressed in their own uniform and armed, who, in case of capture, were to be treated as regular prisoners of war. This was made known to me when I was detailed to report to Capt. Shaw in May, 1863, as one of his scouts. I was a member of Company E, First Tennessee Cavalry. Our service became so efficient that we frequently furnished our army with northern papers before the Federals got them. These things so angered the commander of the Federal forces that he offered a reward for our capture. We frequently had communications in writing, with no name signed, which evidently came from some one high in authority in the Federal Army. None of the scouts knew the author of these dispatches, with the exception of Capt. Shaw, and probably Sam Davis. I know I did not, and I had the word of others that they didn't know who it was.

We had places, some near Nashville, some near Franklin and Columbia, where would be secreted these dispatches in certain hollow trees, under rocks, etc. Our friends, of course, furnished us all the information they could, and northern papers, too. Capt. Shaw invariably took the written communications, revised them, and signed them with the name of Coleman. Our main headquarters was in the hills near Campbellsville, Giles county, all the first part of the winter, and a courier line ran from us to headquarters at Chattanooga, which was required to make fast time.

Just after the battle of Chickamauga, Sam Davis and Will Hughes came in from near Nashville on Monday morning with important dispatches, stating the demoralized condition of the Federal Army. Sam Roberts and I were at headquarters, having come in during the early part of the night; and the courier line having been interrupted between us and Decatur, we started within a half hour after Davis and Hughes arrived, or as soon as Captain Shaw could arrange the dispatches. We were ordered to make all possible speed to the army, and told to impress it on Gen. Bragg, that Rosencrans had said he was at the mercy of the Rebel Army.

We made the distance, about 120 miles, in thirty-six hours on the same horses. Gen. Bragg ordered Shaw and the scouts to move up to the army, which was a mistake, as we were ordered back at once on arriving at Missionary Ridge, and on returning to our old headquarters, near Campbellsville, the men were sent out in all directions. Roberts and I were the first to return, and were sent immediately with our information to the end of the courier line at Decatur, Ala., as we had not been able to keep it going on the other side of the river.

Sam Davis came in two days after we left with most important information and dispatches, and as there was no one at headquarters to carry them on, he started with them himself. He had been up four days and nights, and his bay mare, which was one of the best I ever saw, was all broken down, but he still had confidence in the speed and endurance of his faithful steed, and started out by the way of Bainbridge, as the whole country was full of Federals between him and Decatur.

As to Davis' capture, I will say that he was captured under the bluff at the ferry at Bainbridge. When he saw there was no chance for him to escape he took out a package of papers and threw them away out in the river, and a Federal soldier followed them down until they came near enough the shore for him to get them. (This we got from the ferryman.) Davis was taken back to Pulaski, and at Lawrenceburg the command that captured him divided, part of them going through the hills at Campbellsville, and at the house of one Mr. Schuler they captured an old seedy, awkward looking man in citizen's clothes, who went by the name of Dr. Shaw. He claimed to be an ex-surgeon in the Rebel Army, and they took him to Pulaski and placed him in the same prison with Sam Davis. They had there the man whom the Federal authorities were using every effort in the world to capture, and still they were ignorant of their great prize.

After Davis' death, and Shaw's capture, Aleck Gregg was placed in command of the scouts. We operated on the same line and in the same way until in April, 1864, when Johnston fell back from Dalton, and we went back to our commands. I continued scouting for the army until the close of the war.

On the 9th of April, 1865, I was passing Gen. Wheeler's headquarters on my way to the Federal rear, when an old haggard, emaciated man called me by name. I recognized him after a time as Captain Shaw. He had been exchanged only a short time, and was hunting some of his scouts. I could not help shedding tears, when he told me how Sam Davis died to save his life, and how he had pleaded with him to tell who he was, and save his own life, but Davis would not hear to it, and said that if he were to tell, Gen. Dodge would then murder both. Capt. Shaw was killed in a steamboat explosion soon after the war.

Let us draw a veil over these heart-rending scenes, hoping that in the final day God will render justice to all. But let us ever do reverence to the brave, of which there was none more worthy than Sam Davis.

In a letter to Mrs. John A. Jackson, of Pulaski, Tenn., June 18, '95, Gen. G. M. Dodge writes:

* * * "Davis was dressed in a semi-Confederate uniform, the coat of which was similar to that of our Infantry. He was a man of fine appearance and good address, and I never understood until some time after why he was so determined not to give up any of the names of those who furnished him with the documents that he had.

Part of them were in his saddle and part were upon him. He also had with him some articles for Gen. Bragg. It appears that at the time I also captured Col. Shaw, who was Bragg's chief scout, and also Joshua Brown, who was another scout; but upon Shaw and Brown was found no evidence that they were spies. They claimed to be Confederate soldiers on furlough, and I sent them one to Johnson Island, and the other to Rock Island. It also appears that most of the articles and information that Davis had, had been given him by Chief Shaw.

* * * It was a great relief, as I afterward learned, to Shaw, and while I supposed he was trying to save some citizen or Captain Coleman, he was actually trying to save Bragg's chief of scouts who was then in my custody. If I had known that fact of course things would have been different. However, Davis left me no alternative."

There is much more written in connection with the "Coleman" scouts than can be used in this VETERAN. The model character of Samuel Davis has kindled anew the courage and firmness of the Confederate soldier element, and it points afresh to principles that are more than life. Gen. R. B. Snowden, of Memphis, refers to Gregg, mentioned in the report to Col. McKinstry, just after stating that Davis had returned to their headquarters, and states that he was Adjutant of his regiment, the Twenty-fifth Tennessee:

He was a Scotchman by birth, but lived in Nashville when the war commenced, and enlisted with Company B, Rock City Guards. His name was Alex. Gregg, a relation of old Gregg, the baker and confectioner. He was the most remarkable scout I ever knew, and was constantly doing something startling. If Capt. Blackmore does not do him justice in his article on Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, I will some time give you a short sketch ot this remarkable man. He was with Davis, Joplin, McReeves, Roberts, Brown, and others around Nashville.

T. M. Hargis, Carthage, Mo., writes: My uncle, Samuel Adams, belonged to the Texas Rangers under Hood, having enlisted at Waco, Texas. When last heard from, he was in the hospital at Richmond, Va., badly wounded. He wrote of a John Dillon as his comrade. We would appreciate any information about him.

Under date of June 20, Comrade W. M. McConnell, Adjutant of R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, Texas, writes that at the last meeting the VETERAN was unanimously adopted as the official organ.

CAPT. J. P. BUREM, THIRTY-FIRST TENN.

One of the most interesting events that occurred during the great seige of Vicksburg, was the quick courtship and marriage of Captain James P. Burem and Miss Nettie Greene.



Capt. Burem was a native of Hawkins county, Tenn., born April 18, 1839. He enlisted as a private in Company G, Thirty-first Tennessee Regiment, but rapidly rose to the rank of Captain. His command was in Vicksburg, and on an early morning in March, while returning to camp from picket duty, with another officer he called at a house on the way, where a young lady was playing "Annie Laurie." He fell in love with the beautiful player at sight, and they were married on April 15th. The wedding was a sensation, and in response to a serenade he made a thrilling speech.

After the capitulation of Vicksburg, Capt. Burem called upon Gen. Grant, who graciously gave him permission to take a carriage and servant with his bride through the lines. They visited his home in Hawkins county, where he remained but a short time.

After being exchanged, he reorganized his company, and was soon at the front. Near Piedmont, Va., on the ill-fated Sunday of June 5, 1864, he was killed while resisting an assault by the enemy. Capt. Burem's body was never recovered; but his father erected a handsome monument to his memory in the family burying ground in his native county.

B. L. RIDLEY'S JOURNAL—Continued.

(COMING HOME FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.)

April 28, 1865.—After the famous battle order No. 18, Lieut. R. C. Stewart and I concluded to get ahead of the disbanded army on the way home, so we could find forage for man and beast. We left camp last night with three headquarter wagons (Stewart's, Lauderdale's and Sevier's) and one ambulance. Rode all night and are now in camp, seven miles from Lexington, on the Danville road.

April 29.—Remained here to-day. A great many people visited us to exchange forage for spun thread; that is our currency now. Sent messenger to Gen. Stewart, who waited to see men paroled, and to bring our paroles.

April 30.—Made a Sabbath day's journey across the Yadkin, finding forage scarce. Left a letter for Gen. Stewart, and drove ten miles further before learning that the ferryboat at Brown's Ferry had been removed. Went into camp about five miles from river, and sen tout Capt. Hughes and two others to examine and report a safe place of crossing; also sent courier back to Gen. Stewart. When we cross the Yadkin will await orders for fear of falling in with the "Philistines," who might give

us trouble, without proper papers. Omitted to mention that my father (Chancellor Bromfield Ridley, of Tennessee) joined our company yesterday at Lexington, and will be of our party to Georgia and to Tennessee. Camp to-night in Davidson county.

May 1.—This beautiful day augurs pleasant weather for our long journey homeward. The fact of our surrender will occupy a noticeable place in history, that the "Military Convention," as it is called in Gen. Johnston's order, took place near Greensboro, N. C., in the county of Guilford, within five miles of the battle of Guilford, celebrated in the history of the old Revolution as one of the bloodiest of that war. It was fought by Generals Greene and Cornwallis, with success to the American arms. Aiken, our courier, just returned 5 p. m., reports that the army is being paroled rapidly, but friends will not overtake us before to-morrow or next day.

May 2.—Forage scarce; strike tents; cross the Yadkin at Haiston's Ferry and wait for our friends; in the meantime have the mules shod and mend the ambulance. Are now on the Knoxville road, near Peter Haiston's elegant residence, and, upon invitation, partake of the hospitality of his home. The lady of the house was Miss Fanny Caldwell, daughter of Judge Caldwell, of Salisbury, and a granddaughter of the celebrated Bailey Henderson, of North Carolina. Her husband is a man of wealth, and lives in magnificent style. It is a home for southern soldiers. This Mr. Haiston is the wealthiest man in North Carolina. He was the owner of seven hundred and fifty negroes, and twenty-five thousand acres of land in North Carolina and Virginia. Stragglers made an effort to get our mules last night, but failed, after a few shots from our Irish guards, who are sleeping on this campaign with one eye open.

May 3.—Maj. Lauderdale has arrived with tidings from our General, and our paroles. The troops of different states are to be placed under a general of their states, and transportarion so divided that soldiers can get home. Enough arms were given for guard duty while en route. Gen. J. B. Palmer takes charge of Tennesseans, and Gen. Stewart hopes to overtake us, whenever everything touching his corps is completed.

May 4.—Now for our journey of over two hundred miles. To-day we traveled only fourteen miles, crossing the south fork of the beautiful Yadkin. Camp on another plantation of Peter W. Haiston's, twelve miles northwest of Salisbury. Have fared well; struck forage, eggs, coffee, onions and fish; found a little oasis in the arid desert. While our hearts are heavy over the recent surrender, we are glad that we are going home.

Oh, that word Peace! Peace is the sweetest word I ever heard, except that other word Home!—"sweet, sweet home." Our march hence is through to Lincolnton, forty-five miles. Start to travel now at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. Capt. John Oliver, who dammed Mill Creek under Gen. Stewart's supervision, near Rocky Face Ridge, in January, 1864, and changed Sherman's course, came up with me yesterday, and gave me an elegant Colt's pistol.

May 5.—Stoneman, in his last raid through this part of North Carolina, burnt the bridges, so while striving to go the nearest way to Lincolnton, we changed our route three or four miles. Have traveled twenty-six or seven miles to-day, and pitched tents twelve miles from Beattie's Ford, on the Catawba River. At this ford live the families of the late Judge Burton and Alfred Burton, first cousins of my paternal grandfather.

May 6.—Crossed the beautiful Catawba at Beattie's Ford, one-fourth mile wide. It is full of historic interest connected with Revolutionary times. Our party called to see, and was warmly received by Robt. A. Burton and a number of ladies. Overtook our wagons seven miles from Lincolnton in camp, having traveled twenty-two miles.

May 7.—Started at seven; came to Lincolnton; called to see Mrs. Fannie Hoke, daughter of Judge Robt. Burton, and the mother of Maj.-Gen. Hoke, the hero of the battle of Plymouth. She treated us royally; remembered to have met my father when he was only fifteen. Having lost our coffee pot in camp, she generously provided another. Overtook our wagons at Mr. McGill's, eighteen miles from Lincolnton. Our cook, Jim, made us an excellent pot of coffee in our "Hoke coffee pot." Near camp we found Col. James E. Bailey, of Clarksville, Tenn., Hardee's Command, who was likewise en route to Tennessee.

May 8.—Left our camp this morning at seven, and in a few hours were in the state of South Carolina, Spartanburg district. We passed in view of King's Mountain, N. C., near to which the celebrated battle was fought, Oct. 7, 1770, by Gen. Campbell on the American side, and Gen. Ferguson commanding the British forces. My recollection is that the Americans had a force of 1500, and the British 800 men only, but they were stationed on the cone-shaped mountain almost impregnable; yet, after a hard fought battle, victory perched on the American arms. Col. T. F. Sevier, our Inspector-General, is of the same ancestral line as our first governor of Tennessee, Col. John Sevier, who attained great prominence in that battle. [In the Tennessee Historical Society there is a gold mounted sword given to Col. John Sevier for his achievements at King's Mountain.] We have crossed Broad River at Cherokee Iron Works, owned partly by Col. Campbell, of Chester, S. C. Have gone into camp, having traveled twenty-two miles on the roughest road yet encountered. Near King's Mountain, I saw a woman who was my ideal of a veritable mountain maid. She emerged from a little cabin after a bucket of water, barefooted, bareheaded, and evidently with but a single garment on. She had the pearliest teeth, "eyes like twin forget-me-nots beneath the moonbeam's glint," lips like the cherry, complexion as fair as the lily, feet as beautifully moulded as nature or art e'er made, hair as glistening as black polished ebony, a nose as beautifully carved as that of any fabled nymph. Gosh! she was a beauty. I approached, and with her lily white hand she dipped the bucket in the spring, and gave me a drink. Zounds! she was the top blossom of the mountain, and prettier than any flower in the valley.

We are getting restless about our stock—no organization—straggling soldiers threatening to take

them—they swarm everywhere, some travel fifty miles a day, going to see father and mother, and wife and children and loved ones, and oh, the young bloods going to see "The Girl I left Behind Me." That old song comes impressively before me now. Have sung "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching," "Joe Bowers," "Lorena," "Maryland," "Dixie," and "When This Cruel War Is Over." But light up the campfire, boys, tune up the fiddle and the bow, bring in the old tambourine, and listen, oh! listen! to the tune of "The Girl I left Behind Me." As the spirit-stiring strains fall on old Jim's (our cook) ears, he begins to pat, and the soul-inspiring sound attracts servant Hannibal, who begins to dance, and the welkin fairly rings, when we come to that verse:

"If ever I get through this war,
And Lincoln's chains don't bind me,
I'll make my way to Tennessee—
To the girl I left behind me."

Capt. R. D. Smith, Columbia, Tenn., July 15, 1895:

In the June number of the VETERAN you publish a part of Lieut. B. L. Ridley's Journal, giving an account of the surrender, in which he gives the famous "General Order Number Eighteen," which he states "is the last I shall ever receive from Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, and the last of the organized army of the Confederacy."

In this connection let me offer you for publication the last order that I received, which should accompany the famous "General Order" referred to above, as it will be of interest to the future historian.

"Headquarters Stewart's Corps, A. T., Ordnance office, Near Greensboro, N. C., May 2nd, 1865:

By instructions from Army Headquarters, the circular from this office, dated April 28th, requiring four-fifths of the small arms, accoutrements, and ammunition to be turned into the Ordnance Office, at, Greensboro, is changed so as to require six-sevenths (6–7) of the small arms, etc., to be turned in. The difference between the amounts already turned in and six-sevenths of the ordnance stores on hand on April 26th, last, will be immediately sent to Capt. Jasper Myers, Ordnance officer, U. S. A., Greensboro.

Division Ordnance Officers are charged with the execution of this order. W. D. HARDEN,

Captain and Chief Ord. Officer, Stewart's Corps.

To CAPT. R. D. SMITH,
Ordnance Officer Walthall's Division.

COMMENTS ABOUT "LADY RICHARDSON."

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, Station Camp, Tenn.:

This magnificent and somewhat celebrated cannon belonged to a Yankee battery at Corinth, which was stormed and captured by the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Ninth Arkansas regiments, October 3, 1862. General Rust, then commanding our brigade, was in the immediate rear of the Thirty-fifth Alabama, to which I belonged, when he ordered the charge; and he thought this regiment alone did the work, as the regiment between us and the Ninth Arkansas did not advance. After the fight he brought General Lovell, then commanding that army, around to our regiment and presented us to him as the troops that drove the massed forces of Yankee infantry from their entrenchments and captured their battery. Gen. Lovell remarked: "Well, boys, you did that handsomely." I have thought that General Rust did not observe, in the rush of the battle, that the Ninth Arkansas and Thirty-fifth Alabama touched each other before we reached the battery. The Yankees gave up the "Lady Richardson" very reluctantly, and W. G. Whitefield, a private in Company D, Thirty-fifth Alabama, gave chase to the last one that left it, nearly catching him at the start, but the Yankee was too fleet for him. This incident was the occasion of Whitefield being made first sergeant of his company at my suggestion. He is now a prosperous tobacco leaf merchant at Paducah, Ky.

I have written this mainly to correct a mistake of an honored comrade in the June CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in regard to the capture of the "Lady Richardson" at the Corinth fight. I was acting as Lieutenant of Company D, of my regiment at the time, but it was before my commission had reached me.

W. G. Whitefield, First Sergeant, Company D, Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment Paducah, Ky.:

I have seen several articles about the twenty-pound Parrott gun, "Lady Richardson," but have never seen any account of who captured it. The Thirty-fifth Alabama and Ninth Arkansas captured it October 3, 1862, at Corinth, Miss. One of her shots struck a large tree, just a few feet from my head, and tore it to pieces. One of my company, who was deaf, W. C. Collins, turned his head to one side and looked up as though he heard it. "Lady Richardson" was named for the wife of Senator Richardson, of Illinois, and I understood that it was manned by a Chicago company. I can testify that they stood to their work bravely, for many of them never left their posts. I was the first man, or with the first, to pass by within a few feet of this gun. The Ninth Arkansas and Thirty-fifth Alabama were the two regiments who charged her from the west, passing on and reforming some two hundred yards beyond, when some other troops came, apparently from the north side, wounded one of my regiment and placed their flag on the guns. Our first impression was that the Yanks were flanking us. I suppose we opened fire on the "Lady" at about two hundred yards range and never ceased until we halted some two or three hundred yards beyond. Mr. Henry Hand, Gen. Rust's Adjutant, is living here, and says my statement is correct. Rev. A. T. Goodloe, of Station Camp, Tenn., will, I expect, be heard from, as he had me promoted for trying to catch the last Yank who left the "Lady."

I am of the opinion that the Twenty-second Mississippi really believed she captured the "Lady." I did not do a great deal in the four years in Infantry, but I do want my own, and no more.

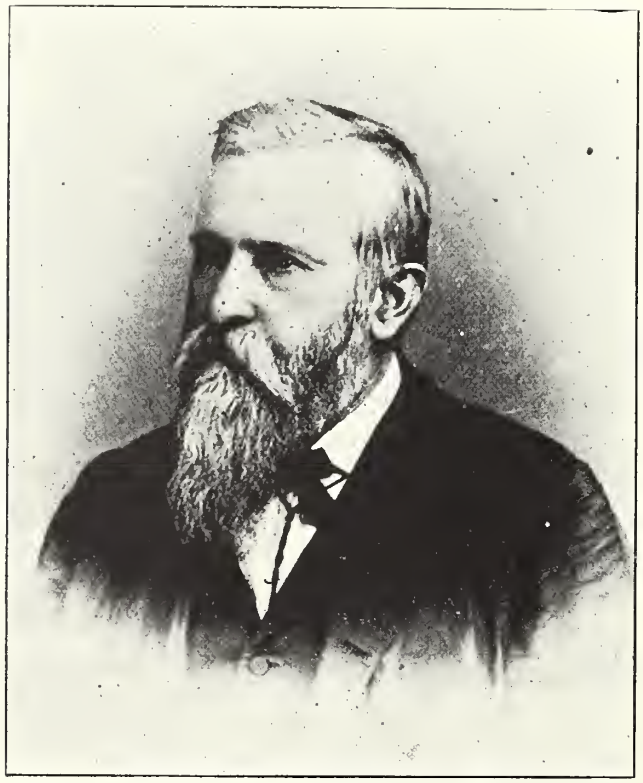
J. Mont Wilson, Springfield, Mo., wrote in Nov.:

I notice in one of the late issues of the VETERAN some mention of the "Lady Richardson," a piece of artillery. It would be interesting to many of us to have a history of this gun, and what became of

it. The first time I saw it was on Sunday evening, after the battle of Corinth, on the 2nd and 3rd of October, '62, after we had the fight at Hatchie Bridge, opposite Pocahontas, Tenn., with Hulbert's division of Federal troops. As well as I remember, it was a 32-pound steel rifle gun, and was being hauled by oxen as we moved down the east bank of the Hatchie River to the bridge at the lower mill. Suppose it was taken on down to Vicksburg.

THE LATE MAJOR WRIGHT OF ALABAMA.

Maj. J. W. A. Wright, who was principal of the Military Academy at Talladega, had an experience in the war that merits record here. His father, Rev. Daniel Wright, a native of Vermont and a Presbyterian minister, went to Mississippi as a missionary to Choctow Indians, and lived at Columbus when this only heir was born July 25, 1834. The minister's wife was Eliza Abert, daughter of a Frenchman who located in Virginia before her birth, and who was an officer in the American Army.



Maj. Wright was valedictorian of his class when graduating from Princeton College, in 1857. In his occupation as teacher, he was associated with Dr. Henry Tutwiler, and in 1859 married his daughter Margaret. He enlisted in the great war, and raised Company H, of the Thirty-sixth Alabama Infantry. After fighting with his command at Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, he was seriously wounded and captured at Missionary Ridge.

In the next spring, 1864, while being conveyed from Camp Chase to Fort Delaware, Maj. Wright made a remarkable escape. Of the three hundred officers closely guarded on the transfer, Wright made as his only confident Gen. Robert B. Vance, of North Carolina. Just before daybreak, March 27, when the train was near Harrisburg, Pa., and running about thirty miles an hour, Maj. Wright took advantage of a moment's inattention of the sentinel, raised a window and crawled out upon the car, having opened one of the ventilators to secure a hold under the eve of the car. As the train passed into the city, he leaped to a freight car unobserved, and was soon free, in a sense, although wounded and in the enemy's country. He was soon with an old Princeton chum, who supplied him with citizen's clothes. Went to another friend in Philadelphia, who had funds belonging to him, but who happened to be a sworn officer of the Government. His friend was horrified at the complication. He really wanted to help him, and suggested that Maj. Wright give himself up. Wright subsequently sent a note stating that he was tired of the war, and that he would not like to remain in the United States, but would go to Canada. That was just the thing, and one thousand dollars of the fund was delivered to him. He reached Canada, and on June 3, thereafter, he entered Cape Fear River, under the frowning blockade, and reported promptly for duty again.

A writer in the Birmingham Age-Herald states:

Now that the life work of this accomplished gentleman has ended, we can best place an estimate upon his varied talents. As a scholar, in the broad sense of the term, he had few peers; as a platform orator, his style was well nigh faultless; and as a writer, he has left behind him papers of the greatest historical value. He was equally at home in language and literature, ancient and modern, and in physical sciences. As a botanist, he made valuable investigations and discoveries—some of his papers on botanical subjects having been printed in European journals of high rank—and only a few days before his death he delivered a lecture on "Popular Astronomy" at the Alabama Chautauqua, which showed his familiarity with the most recent discoveries and speculations in this noblest of sciences.

But Major Wright's most valuable literary work was his contributions to the history of the Civil War. His papers, printed in the Overland Monthly, Philadelphia Times, and other leading publications, have attracted the favorable notice of many of the ablest military critics, North and South.

Comrade Teague, of Barnard E. Bee Camp of of Aiken, S. C., exhibited at the Houston reunion several most interesting relics and mementoes of the Confederate and Mexican wars: The South Carolina state flag which floated over Fort Moultrie during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12-13, '61; a pen which placed the name of a signer to the South Carolina ordinance of secession; a picture of the oldest war horse now living, though once wounded, at Aiken, S.C. ("Old Jim" is a Tennessee veteran); a spur strap once worn by Gen. Sam Houston; and a piece of a serape, once the the property of the Mexican general, Santa Anna. These relics were shown at the "Palmetto" state section, at general headquarters, and are only a few of a splendid collection of the exhibitor.

MISS OMI POLK AND MAIDS, OF COLEMAN, TEXAS, AT HOUSTON.



MISSES OMI AND BESSIE POLK, AND MISS LOMIE BEAUMONT.

The VETERAN takes special pleasure in giving the pictures and sketches of Sponsor Miss Omi Polk and her Maids of Honor for John Pelham Camp, U. C. V., No. 76, of Coleman, Texas, at Houston.

There is no other place in our broad southland where famine has been so disastrious in the last several years, yet the patronage to the VETERAN has been larger from there in proportion than at any other place. Col. J. J. Callan has been continually zealous for the VETERAN; and in return it desires to make record of the patriotism of himself and other comrades in that far away place.



MISSES WILLIE AND MAUD LEWIS, ASSOCIATE MAIDS.

The sponsor, Miss Omi Polk, is the daughter of the late Milam B. Polk, Eighth Texas Cavalry. A soldier who never missed a day's duty, was never a day on the sick report, never asked for or received a pass or furlough during the war. A faithful soldier, an honest citizen.

Miss Bessie Polk is the younger sister of the sponsor.

Miss Lomie Beaumont is the daughter of Dr. G. B. Beaumont, also of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, and the boy who conducted General Prentiss a prisoner to General Beauregard's headquarters on the evening of April 6, at Shiloh.

Misses Willie and Maud Lewis are the daughters of W. B. Lewis, who, at the age of fourteen, was a scout and guide in Walker's Division, in which two other brothers did honorable service.

All five are active members of the Camp of Daughters of the Confederacy, Auxiliary John Pelham Camp No. 76, U. C. V., Coleman, Texas.

In a letter of July 6, Comrade Callan writes:

The drought, which, for the past four years, prevailed in a zone between the 98° and 107°, west longitude, extending from the Gulf of California to the Arctic Circle, was scarcely anywhere more severe than in that portion of Western Texas in which Coleman county is situated. Nothing, in these four years, was produced for market excepting about one-fourth of an average crop of cotton; yet the people bore up bravely, and struggled faithfully on without appealing for aid or abandoning their holdings, for they had faith in the country.

Their confidence has been rewarded. The drought was completely broken up in April; at which time the rest of the country was suffering. The rains came too late for wheat—the principal crop—but in time to save oats, and produce the grandest corn and hay crop ever grown in this section; and there was more of corn and oats planted than ever before.

During the month of June, the rainfall amounted to eight inches; falling so favorably as not to endanger crops and at such intervals as to give, farmers time to keep them clean. The consequence is the best possible results. The oats crop, although not an average of ante-drought years, is far above the average of the country generally, running from forty to seventy bushels to the acre. Corn is safe, and will make about the same average. Millet is estimated at three tons to the acre, and the native, wild mesquite hay at one to one and a half tons, on prairies that twenty months ago appeared as destitute of vegetation as the Desert of Sahara. Cotton is late, but clean, and a good stand.

We have passed through a fiery trial and have come out, if not purified, at least grateful and buoyant in spirit; and with the return of prosperity the old friends of the VETERAN will renew their devotion to it; and Coleman will again become the rival of the great cities in the length of its subscription list.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

Two surprises will come of this VETERAN. Its reception so much earlier than usual will please, while the omission of articles, designed for this number, will disappoint. Reference to a statement on page 189, of June VETERAN, will explain the advance of ten days in this number, and five in August and September numbers, will give the earlier opportunities for deferred articles.

Sketches of several deceased comrades specially appropriate for the VETERAN, but delayed, will appear in the August number.

Readers of the VETERAN will be saddened by the news that Albert Roberts, who furnished three pages on the "war songs and sonnets of the South" in May VETERAN, died July 15. His wife is neice of the late Prof. Huxley. More hereafter.

TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

The VETERAN recognizes the high merit of Confederate leaders, and has ever done great part in their praise. It proposes to continue doing so. It seeks all honorable means, at all times, to solidify the sentiment of all the world in honoring the men and the women steadfast to that Confederate sentiment, whereby sacrifice was made for principle.

Much study of the relations between officials and privates, however, has given very positive views of the honors due to each. First of all, consideration for merit is due the commanders of departments who bore the direct responsibility. In all the war the man whose life was most tried, perhaps, was that of Albert Sidney Johnston, in the organization and equipment of the western army. His pleadings with the governors of the states to call out and equip commands against the frightful conditions that confronted him were as a trial unto the death. Such agonizing as must have been his is hard to comprehend, and to him personally death at Shiloh must have been great relief. Study his history. Later on when Bragg, J. E. Johnston and Hood had charge respectively, the general resources were in process of development. Then Gen. Robert E. Lee—honored ever be his memory—had the benefit of conference with President Davis, who had his associates in the Cabinet and the Congress for conference.

These commanders of departments, however, had such struggles as the world will hardly ever comprehend. E. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department, Stonewall Jackson, Forrest, and other Confederate Generals, were much upon their own resources, and, therefore, deserve the lasting gratitude of all southern people.

In the large armies the subordinate commanders had the advantage of equipage, which was great. and in the time of battle they had only to obey orders just as the privates, and, therefore, had comparatively easy times.

A little reflection will develop that there are hardly any officers living on either side who had the severe responsibility of commanding departments. Yet, we go on praising subordinate generals, and ignoring, in a measure, those who bore the the brunt of battles.

Don't let anybody misunderstand this article. Generals, Colonels and Captains were in the line of promotion and were stimulated by amibition, but many of them were as ready to sacrifice comfort and even life for principle as the privates were. Such men must concur in these suggestions.

Isn't it coming time to even up in these matters? Men of education, wealth and strong characters sought the post of honor, as they deemed that of the private soldier, and maintained it, and after the war, became leaders in the upbuilding of our desolate homes. Many of them secured wealth again, and have been prominent factors in all that glorifies the South. Besides, there are heroes of special distinction who have never had wealth. Why not give these positions in our various organizations? Why not rotate the offices? Our reunions, with all the blessings that come to comrades in meeting again, are not what they ought to be. Let us change methods. The general reunions are, in fact, quite farcical. Comrades go a thousand miles at much sacrifice, oftentimes, to find themselves bewildered in a great crowd, with surging masses to get around a few who are no more worthy of honor than the thousands in the struggle.

Let us do better hereafter. Also, in our organization there are too many delegates in the business meetings. One from a camp, and one additional for every hundred members, wisely selected, would be far better. Then state headquarters should be so isolated that veterans might find each other. Wherever comrades may have scattered to become residents, as a rule, they were with men from their own states in the war, and a real reunion with the men with whom they fought and suffered is what they want. Managers of reunions should ascertain the mistakes of their predecessors and avoid them.

An Employment Committee was appointed recently by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac comprised of representative citizens whose business it is to seek employment for comrades out of work. This note is made as suggestive. Representative men in a community can secure employment for unfortunates often times when the parties themselves would fail. Let the brotherhood of comrades grow as their necessities increase.



JEFFERSON DAVIS—WOODS WHERE CAPTURED—GRAVE AT RICHMOND.

Comrade W. M. McConnell, Adjutant R. E. Lee Camp at Fort Worth, Texas, writes of the grave of Albert Sidney Johnston in Austin, Texas, at which there is no mark of any kind, although reinterred in compliance with a resolution passed by the Legislature of the State. Texas certainly will erect a monument, but every southern man ought to want to help make it larger and grander. Even a Union General said he was "almost God-like."

SERVICES AT OUR CHICAGO MONUMENT.

The principal address in the June VETERAN from dedication exercises at Chicago, May 30, was by General and Bishop Fallows. The presiding officer on that great occasion was General and Rev. Dr. Bolton, also of the Union Army. His was a fitting appointment. He was a tall, genial, handsome man, with an air of authority and independence, and his words were most acceptable to all patriots. In his magnetic way Dr. Bolton said:

To-day we stand with comrades at the graves that are not simply houses for the dead, but vaults in which the nation's power, fame and glory are stored. Thirty years have swept over these graves —the dust of wasting forms—and yet they are centers of sufficient power to arrest a nation in its march and call a generation, born since they were made, from home, hothouse and conservatory, hillside and valley, with flowers gathered, selected, arranged and transported for the decoration of the sacred dead. Every heart in this broad land is made broader and more patriotic by the services of this day in this place. If there were no words spoken or songs sung, an hour among the dead who gave up life for convictions, with muffled tread and silent prayer, would impress us with a sense of self-sacrifice which is most sacred to a nation's well-being. None can move among the distinguished spirits of such men without being inspired for better service. We come not as the soldiers of Grecian and Roman armies, but as brothers of one country. We have had trouble, 'tis true, and every thinking people will have. We entertained different ideas relative to government and polity, ideas that begot convictions resulting in war, and we fought, not to destroy, but to maintain, and now that the Union is preserved, and all men, North and South, cheerfully accept the results, support the government and obey the constitution, why should we be enemies or keep up a line of defense? * * *

Standing here on this beautiful rose-bedded earth, beneath a smiling heaven, let us seek Him who gave Himself for us and now waits with unselfish devotion to bless all men, everywhere. Like Him who scatters the flowers at the hand of the wind on all, may we lose all that is selfish and unkind in remembering the dead who suffered and sacrificed in the conflict. They suffered many days of weariness and pain; shall we not spend one day out of the 365 in respect to their memory? Can we be true to our manhood and withhold? It is only doing what we wish others to do unto us. There is an inherent desire in every soul to be remembered. What mean the mounds of Mexico and the far west? The well tombs of Peru? The memorials of Palestine, and the songs of the poets? The mariner flings his farewell kiss with a "Remember me." The soldier wrote in his blood "Remember me." So say we.

> "Death shall not claim the immortal mind;
> Let earth close o'er its sacred trust
> Yet goodness dies not in the dust."

Our divine Lord silenced the murmuring throng at His anointing with the words of commendation co-extensive with the gospel preached, and He established a memorial service to perpetuate His memory throughout time. In view of this law of desire, history has been, and is being, written; for this the halls and galleries are filled with familiar faces and forms, and in obedience to this claim, we come here with music and flowers to say to our comrades: "We remember thee; thou shalt never be forgotten." To-day we unveil this monument and dedicate it to the brave men who died in our city, while prisoners of war, and who are buried in our midst—men who were as true to their convictions, and as loyal to their leaders, as any class of men that ever put on the uniform, listened to the bugle-call, or marched to battle. * * *

On the next page will be seen the great poem of Col. Henry T. Stanton, read in a clear, musical voice by the author. This poem deserves a record, so that generations succeeding each other may study it with profit and with consolation.

HENRY T. STANTON'S POEM.

Within this closed and darkened earth
All seeds of being lie,
That in good time find light and birth,
To blossom and to die—
To blossom and to fruit and turn
Again to whence they came;
To give their ashes to an urn
Where ash comes back to flame.

Such is the law of life and death,
The law that nature gives—
Man comes from earth to one short breath,
And dies while yet he lives;
For in this universe of parts
One part completes the whole—
With varied minds—with varied hearts,
There's one unvaried soul.

In all our stages of being here,
From summer's dawn to frost;
From dark to light, from birth to bier,
No part of soul is lost;
A system grand goes on and on,
With true untiring wheels.
And that which in our night is gone
Our morrow's sun reveals.

There is no finite mind that solves
This problem of God's plan—
We know not if our life evolves
From mollusk up to man;
We cannot trace an atom's course
Above or under earth;
We cannot find in vital force,
Its secret springs of birth.

Mayhap a thousand million years
Have been since human kind
Came crowding on the sphere of spheres,
With mastery of mind;
We may not tell, we cannot know,
What space has been since then,
Though buried ages rise to show
Their prehistoric men.

A monolith left here and there,
In isolation stands,
An obelisk that spears the air,
Gleams out of drifted sands;
On ancient Egypt's fruitless waste
Vast pyramids are piled,
That prove how perished races graced
A spot that one time smiled.

Throughout this thousand million years,
That may, perhaps, have sped,
At intervals some mark appears
Above their honored dead;
Some mark of issues lost or won
With great men stricken down;
Some proof of sanguine war-work done,
For subject or for crown.

That martial pulse which men now feel,
Throbbed in the cycles gone,
And battle waged with stone and steel
For human pride went on—
We look not back from this new day
For good or ill so wrought,
Sufficient that their granites say:
"Here rest the men who fought"

Whilst yet our Arian race is young
To these long lines of stone,
New hills and vales and plains among,
We proudly add our own—
We leave our marks of contests red,
Of battle fought too well,
And rear our piles to heroes dead
The same sad tale to tell.

Where bright Potomac, in the sun,
A plate of silver lies
Our marble shaft to Washington
Goes out to pierce the skies.

An obelisk that stands and waits
New centuries of sun,
Compiled of stones from sovereign states
He molded into one.

There stands a mark at Bunker Hill
On grand, historic ground,
That proves how in the rebel still
The patriot is found;
And everywhere about this land,
These summer sunbeams slant
On polished marble stones that stand
To Lincoln, Lee and Grant.

For men who fought in all our wars,
And gave their valiant blood
To glow in after-time like Mars,
O'er life's enduring flood;
For noble men on every field
To honor's cause allied,
Whose truth and glory stand revealed
In that they fought and died.

That after years and after man
May find a stone-mark here,
Of strife 'twix northern Puritan
And southern Cavalier;
That centuries anon may see
How man to-day was brave,
This speaking pile is placed to be
A guide-post to his grave.

This granite stands for men who fought
As man heroic must,
Who loves his land and has no thought
But that his cause is just;
This mark is such as valor plans
For spirit such as hers.
Set up by victor Puritans
For vanquished Cavaliers.

It may not be that deathless pile
Of Egypt's brazen clime;
Nor yet that needle of the Nile,
From out the sands of time.
But it will stand while men believe
That glory fits the brave;
While flowers bloom, while women grieve,
Beside the hero's grave.

Six thousand men lie buried here,
Who, from their prison close,
Were borne upon a soldier's bier
To rest among their foes;
No mother's tears, nor wife's bewail,
Nor child's pathetic cry;
No home-friend near to list his tale,
Or watch the soldier die.

At martial hands their graves were made,
Their coffins rudely drest.
And valiant soldiers gently laid
Their foeman down to rest;
And thus the brotherhood of man
Is grandly proven here,
It puts aside the Puritan,
Blots out the cavalier.

This kinship of the hero lives,
Estrange it how you will;
The soldier to the soldier gives
His meed of honor still:
No matter what the cause may be,
If wrongful, or if just,
Chivalric foeman only see,
True valor in the dust.

The coward puts his spurning feet
Upon a foeman's grave;
That base-blood cry: "Revenge is sweet!"
Came never from the brave;
And truer manhood noblest shows
Among ignoble hordes,
When victors to their vanquished foes
Hand back the yielded swords.

This honor done on northern soil
To southern soldier dead,
In days to come shall prove a foil
To blood by brothers shed:
Shall stand before our children's eyes,
A proof that courage shows
The best where it can recognize
The manhood of its foes.

When faction lives and heat begins,
And naught save war avails.
Comes revolution where it wins,
Rebellion where it fails;
And from this rule of wrathfulness,
Where blood-bound people meet,
The patriot is in success,
The traitor in defeat.

When from proud England's iron sway
Our liberties we tore,
Her stigma, "rebel," died away,
Her "traitors" lived no more.
With man to man in conflict met,
And war's great havoc done,
There came an end to epithet,
And rebel-traitors won.

With fast subsiding passion here
From internecine strife,
The Puritan and cavalier
Are lost in newer life;
Our days of perfect peace are on,
Our compact made anew,
And every shade of gray has gone
To mingle with the blue.

No more reproach, the end has come,
The argument is o'er;
In north and south the call of drum
Shall be for us no more—
The banner of St. Andrew's cross
In silent dust is lain;
And what has been a section's loss
Shall prove a nation's gain.

While yon unbelted soldier bends
Above this granite base,
Our land shall be the home of friends
Where peace upholds its mace;
Where martial lines shall never stand
With gleaming sword and gun,
Until in service of our land
We march to fight as one.

Nor Puritan, nor cavalier,
A home grown strife shall see.
While o'er the soldiers resting here
This granite shaft shall be.
With all of bitterness forgot,
With all of taunting done,
Columbia is freedom's spot,
Its sovereign states are one.

We've had our change from life to death,
And back from death to life;
The law of nature gave us breath,
And with it pride and strife.
We came from earth to bloom and fruit,
With mastery of mind;
We've held our kingdom o'er the brute,
As gracious God designed.

And still we keep the atom's place
In this grand system here;
We die and live again through grace,
Immortal in our sphere.
We fall and find our rest in earth,
Where seeds in darkness lie.
Where all things fall and come to birth
And seem again to die.

And granite monuments that stand
Through time's untiring roll,
Are only guide-posts on the land,
To show the course of soul;
For human substance goes to earth,
Whence human passions rise,
But soul with God himself had birth,
And lives and never dies.

HISTORIC DATA OF FAMOUS ALABAMA.

A. F. Marmelstien, Quartermaster of the famous Confederate S. S. Alabama, gives reminiscences:



In the early part of 1862 I left Savannah on a brig, in company with several Savannah pilots, for Liverpool. After a run of about a month we arrived safely, and remained there for about two months. Just at this time Laird & Bros. had constructed a Confederate Privateer, then called the "290," to which I attached myself.

On the 29th day of July, 1862, we left Liverpool under the command of Capt. M. J. Butcher, then late of the Cunard service, with the following: Chief Officer, John Low, Savannah, Ga.; Second Officer, G. S. Fullam, Hull, England; Surgeon, D. H. Llewellyn, Easton, Wilts;. Paymaster, C. R. Yonge, Savannah, Ga.; Chief Engineer, J. McNair, England; and a crew of about seventy men and boys.

We then proceeded to Terceira, and on the 18th of August we met the Agrippa of London, Capt. McQueen, having on board six guns, with ammunition, coals, stores, etc., for us. Then the screw-steamer Bahama, Capt. Tessie, arrived, having on board Commander Raphael Semmes and officers of the Confederate States' steamer Sumter. We took from her two thirty-two pounders, with some stores.

On Sunday, 24th of August, 1862, at 2 o'clock p. m., Capt. Semmes read his commission, and formally took command of the Confederate States' steamer Alabama, eight guns. I hoisted the Confederate ensign at the peak, the English St. George was placed at the fore and the pendant at the main, and a gun fired at the same time. Commander Semmes made a very spirited address, and three rousing cheers were given on its conclusion.

We had cruised about twenty-two months, the incidents of which I need not mention, but on the 21st day of July (Sunday), 1863, having the day before captured and taken possession of the barque Conrad, of Philadelphia, we prepared the prize for commissioning as a Confederate vessel-of-war. We sent on board provisions, coals, and the two brass guns taken from a previous prize, the Talisman, of New York, with a quantity of small arms. At 5 o'clock p. m. she fired a gun, hoisted the Confederate flag and pendant, the crew manning the rigging and giving three cheers. She was then finally declared commissioned as the Confederate States' barque Tuscaloosa, Lieutenant Commanding Low, late junior lieutenant of the Alabama; Acting Master Sinclair, Executive Officer, late midshipman; Masters Mates, J. F. Niner, late seaman, and myself, late quarter-master. The vessels saluted each other and parted company.

After cruising about nearly six weeks we went to Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, and remained there several days making repairs and fitting her generally for service. The English government, not recognizing Commander Semmes' authority to fit up a vessel-of-war, seized our vessel and sent us to England. We reported to our agent at Liverpool, Capt. Bullock, and we were sent on board the Rappahannock to Calais, France, to join the Alabama. We then learned that we would have to join her at Cherbourg, for which place we started and arrived there just prior to the fight between the Alabama and Kearsarge. Owing to the neutrality of the French government, we were not allowed to go aboard our vessel, and from the French shores, like many others, witnessed the sinking of our grand old ship.

After the sinking of the Alabama I returned to England. I remained in the Confederate service until the close of the war, and assisted in rigging up the Rappahannock, Shenandoah, Stonewall Jackson, and other vessels of war.

ERROR IN THE PERCY GREG HISTORY CORRECTED.

Thomas Kleinpeter, who served as Captain of Engineers, writes from Lake Charles, La.:

On page 315, Book VI, of Percy Greg's History of the United States, I find the following erroneous statement, which please correct in the VETERAN:

"The Alabama, therefore, instead of the crowded transports, of which she might have sunk or captured several, found a small squadron of ships of war, nearly all superior to herself, lying off the city. (Meaning, I suppose, Galveston, Texas.) Semmes, instantly appreciating the situation, showed himself, and provoked two or three to start in pursuit. Of these, the Harriet Lane, a converted merchantman, worse armed and constructed than her adversary, proved the swiftest; on the other hand, her crew had been trained, while that of the Alabama consisted almost entirely of English adventurers, who had been but two or three weeks at sea. Luring her pursuer beyond the reach of speedy help, the Alabama turned upon her and after a thirteen minutes' fight, the Harriet Lane, in a sinking condition, struck her flag."

Now, with due respect to the author of that work, I emphatically deny that any such occurrence took place, so far as the Harriet Lane was concerned.

The Harriet Lane, the pride of the Federal Navy, was captured by the gallant Magruder's Horse Marines, under Commodore Leon Smith, in Galveston Harbor, in broad daylight, on the morning of January 1st, 1863.

I am authorized to thus speak; because, not only having been a participant in the capture of Galveston on the night of December 31st, 1862, I was an eye witness to the capture of the Harriet Lane.

MILITARY CHARACTER OF GEN. FORREST.

By Harry W. Rhodes, of the Bluff City Grays.

No soldier of modern times so forcibly impressed his singular and magnetic individuality upon all surroundings as did Gen. N. B. Forrest. Naturally great, nature's God designed him for the accomplishment of great purposes. He was untutored in the arts and sciences, and unlearned in the strategy of war as taught by theory; he followed in battle no chartered precept, but relied always upon the unerring dictates of his own great reason. Possessed of a native strategy all his own, he cared for no chartered precedent. He based his combinations and dispositions of troops on the topographical and geographical surroundings. So great was the almost resistless force of his individual magnetism that he impressed every man in his command with the firm conviction that victory would perch upon his standard ere the battle was fought, and no leader was ever followed to battle with blinder confidence on the part of his soldiery. Having passed through all official grades to that of Lieutenant General, he commanded when the war closed a cavalry corps of twenty thousand men trained to fight wherever and whenever they met the enemy. In moral elan and efficiency as veteran soldiery, they were not inferior to the "Old Guard" of the First Napoleon. Under his leadership and direction the infantry and cavalry arms of the service were combined in one body, which he fought either on foot or horse as the topography of the country and the character of the enemy required, and he moved his large body of horses from place to place with a rapidity never before equalled, and with an ever abiding confidence that the day would be won. He shirked no responsibility however great, and was actuated in all he did by no purpose other than the good of his country. He commanded not only the respect and confidence of his troops, but also that of the citizens of all the states in which he operated. The greatness of his soul manifested itself on all occasions. He never seemed to value his life in a worthy cause. He was ever at the front, and was thereby enabled to detect the first waver of the foe and take advantage of it. Cowardice in either officers or men he thoroughly despised, while few general officers honored the brave man in the private's jacket as he did. There were privates in his old regiment and in his escort for whom he had as much respect, and whom he treated with as much consideration, as he did regimental commanders. No more knightly soul than his ever lived on this earth. In battle it was his greatest pleasure, sabre in hand, to seek hand to hand personal encounter with some foeman more daring than his comrades, and few there were who, thus engaged, escaped his terrible blade.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO GEN. N. B. FORREST.

Loving his native South as the child loves the mother from whose gentle breast it draws its life, there was no sacrifice which he deemed too great to make in her service. Subordinated for the first two years of the war to the direction of his inferiors, he bore this indignity uncomplainingly, setting an example to officers and men worthy of their highest and best emulation. Serving in battle often next to his person, although but a boy, I enjoyed his friendship and confidence to an extent perhaps not bestowed by any other general officer on a private. I know that God never made a man who regretted more sincerely an injustice done to either officer or soldier, and that he suffered most keenly from the consciousness of it, also that he was ever ready to make the most generous reparation. During the first years of the war he was greatly hampered by the military authorities of the Confederate government. The President himself attached too great importance to training of the United States Military Academy. It was only in the last year of the war that Mr. Davis was pleased to recognize the great ability of Forrest and to assign him to high command. Then it was that the country received the benefit of his genius. Like Jackson, he was a soldier of the school Napoleonic, originating his own plans and carrying them out in his own way; like Jackson, he fought battles and won victories. In Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, the theater of his operations, he met his enemy and destroyed him, as did Jackson in the valley of Virginia. The student of military history will search in vain for a figure more worthy of his enthusiastic admiration.

G. W. Barr, Star, Texas, wishes to know the whereabouts of a lady who visited the hospital at Lauderdale, Miss., in 1864. Her name then was Sherfield. She had a cousin belonging to Company H, Nineteenth Mississippi Cavalry. Any information will be thankfully received by him.

STORY OF A CHRISTIAN AND HERO.

James T. Bacon, editor of the Edgefield, South Carolina, Chronicle, sends a copy of a letter written by Rev. J. G. Richards, Chaplain of Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina Regiments, Maingault's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. The letter is reproduced here, not only to honor the hero and to set forth his whole character, but it is so true to the memory of comrades of such occasions that it will touch their tenderest chords of memory.

Captain Chatham's widowed mother had married Edmund Cobb, and during the first year of the war both had died, so the lad addressed by Chaplain Richards was indeed an orphan.

Hospital, fifteen miles West of Marietta, Ga., May 31, 1864.

Jas. M. Cobb—My Dear Boy:

It is my sad duty to inform you that your brother, Capt. R. N. Chatham, was mortally wounded at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, and died at 5:30 p. m.

The Nineteenth Regiment was on picket, and was thrown into some confusion by a charge from the enemy, and your brother, while endeavoring in the darkness of the night to get the men in position, received the fatal ball in the pit of the stomach, which passed out at his back.

I was with him from the time he was wounded until his death. He did not seem to suffer much, and was perfectly conscious to the very last. His last words were: "Mr. Richards, write to my brother. Tell him I have no fears of death. I am sorry to leave him without a protector, but I leave him in the hands of our merciful, heavenly Father. Tell him to prepare for eternity; to live a sober, righteous, and godly life; to meet me in heaven; to remember my instructions, and our mother's dying request."

This message was uttered with difficulty, and we thought all was over with our dear friend, but after a few moments he rallied a little and said; "Tell my Company and my Regiment to put their trust in God, and never desert the glorious cause in which they are battling, until God, in His goodness and mercy, shall give us the victory. As they are noble soldiers in their country's cause, so let them be true soldiers of the cross, and if it is permitted, I will watch over them as a guardian angel."

When he had said this, he turned to the doctor and said: "Loosen the bandage around my body, and I think I will die easier." He then folded his hands and breathed his last. Thus passed away a Christian and a soldier.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

I need not tell you how highly your brother was esteemed by all who knew him. In the army all had confidence in him—all loved him. As Chaplain, I feel that I have lost my best friend, my chief help, for he was always ready for every good word and work. I feel for you in this great affliction, and earnestly hope that you will follow in the footsteps of your now sainted brother.

It was your brother's wish that his body be taken to South Carolina, but we could not do it in the present attitude of affairs. We therefore buried him as decently as possible, under the circumstances, and marked the spot so it can be easily found.

Your brother wished his sword, valise, etc., sent to you, which shall be done as soon as possible.

You must excuse this very imperfectly written letter, for in a "field hospital," amongst the wounded and dying, one cannot write as he would wish.

MEMORIAL DAY IN MARYLAND.

The Baltimore News of June 6:

To-day the men and women in whose memories linger the sacrifices of their kindred in the days when "the storm-cradled nation rose and fell," will strew the graves of the Confederate dead in Maryland with flowers, and recall the deeds and battle-deaths of the heroes in gray. This is Confederate Memorial Day in this State. It is the anniversary of the fight at Harrisonburg, in which the First Maryland Regiment, Col. Bradley T. Johnson, distinguished itself under the eye, and at the moment of the fall of Turner Ashby, "the Cavalier of the Valley."

Maryland sent 20,000 of her best and bravest, the scions of families representing her gracious aristocracy, and her equally honorable yeomanry, into the armies of the Confederacy. They fought and fell on every field in Virginia, and in every great battle in the West; they sailed under the stars and bars on every sea. Beauregard called Elzey his Blucher at First Manassas; Trimble was the anvil at Cross Keys; the infantry of Archer was conspicuous at Gettysburg; Gilmor was "the gallant;" Tilghman, killed in battle at Champion Hill; Little, Mackall, Murray, Brown, Breathed, Winder, Stewart and Herbert are venerated names. Buchanan, Semmes, Hollins and Waddell upheld the glory of their flag, and the prowess of the American sailor on the seas and coasts. The history of the war abounds in honorable mention of the Maryland "rebels." They were of the stock which made the Rebellion of 1776, and the Revolution of 1783.

The loyalty and patriotism of the "southern sympathizers" of this prostrate border State of 1861 cannot be questioned now. They contended then for a principle, and they have accepted the arbitrament of the sword. The energy and industry of the followers of the Bonnie Blue Flag have, in a large measure, produced the post-bellum progress of Maryland.

Information has been received of the death of Comrade J. M. Mills, of Canton, Miss., on the 28th of June. He was an invalid for a year or more. His son writes: "He loved the cause better than life itself, and gave his best days in its behalf."

Camp J. C. Wood was organized at Ringgold, Texas, on the 23rd of June, with a membership of fifty-one. G. G. Buchanan was elected Commander, and David L. Wright, Adjutant. By a unanimous vote, the VETERAN was made its official organ.

"LIGHT HORSE HARRY" LEE'S GRAVE.

With the Tennessee Press Association a brief visit was made in June to Cumberland Island, Georgia. It is on the Atlantic Ocean, and is reached by boat through an inlet from Brunswick in about two hours. On the occasion mentioned, Mr. Lee T. Shackleford, manager of the hotel there, met the party of one hundred at Brunswick, and seemed to look personally after the welfare of every guest. Mrs. R. E. Park and other ladies of Macon were there, and soon the Tennessee ladies felt at home.



SOME ANNEX BUILDINGS OF CUMBERLAND ISLAND HOTEL.

The special object of this veteran being to visit the grave of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, he was soon enroute with C. C. Johnston, of the Atlanta Journal, to the historic spot at Dungeness. The drive of twenty miles along that lovely beach is an indelible memory, and Dungeness is so interesting that space in the VETERAN should be given for a brief sketch of it. On reaching a "red top" bath house, we drove from the beach. There were dozens of bathing suits fluttering in the wind, but nobody could be found to direct us. We drove from the beach through the most weird forest ever seen by the writer. Bonaventur Live Oaks, near Savannah, so noted, had given a conception of what nature could do; but those trees and that long moss were eclipsed. Nature has given illustration of what she can do undisturbed in a tropical clime.

The drive soon took us by the Carnegie mansion, on the spot where Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, had lived for many years. It was built about a decade since of New England granite. The drives among flowers toward the magnificent mansion gave a scene indeed of "fairy land," and the large streams of artesian water, thrown for many feet in the air, added to the fascinating picture. Mr. W. E. Page, who had gone there as tutor seven years ago, and had become manager of the extensive estate, was most courteous and obliging.

Thomas Morrison Carnegie, ten years younger than his brother Andrew, was a telegraph messenger boy when his brother was a telegraph operator. He was born October 2, 1844, and died October 19, 1886. A tablet in the cemetery is to him though he was buried in Pittsburg, Pa. He had accumulated so large a property that his family (a widow and nine children) have as a winter home this almost secluded area of fifteen miles in length. A yacht, requiring the service of seventeen men, is anchored



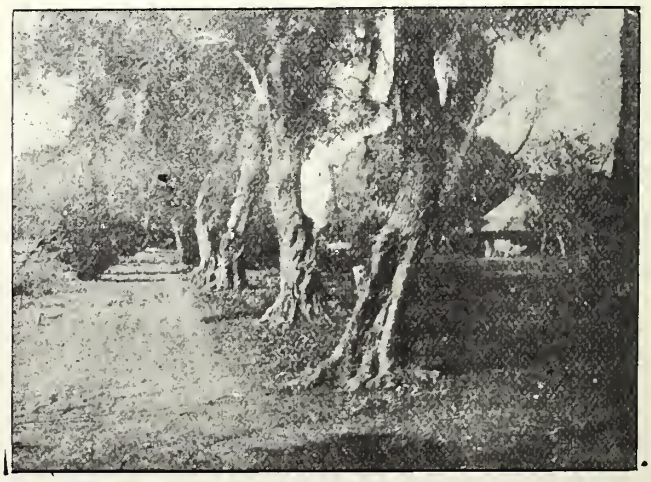
LITTLE CEMETERY AT DUNGENESS.

at the dock, and evidence is manifest of every comfort that money can supply. Mr. W. C. Carnegie, the eldest son of the family, is married and has his winter home at the handsome old Stafford mansion. On the premises there is a tombstone on which is engraved: "Robert Stafford, born on Cumberland Island, December 8, 1790; Died August 1, 1877."

This man Stafford was one of the largest cotton planters in the South, and his sea island staple took the prize over all competitors.

Mr. Carnegie cut from a bound volume of photographs the pictures engraved herein, showing the grave of Gen. Henry Lee, the little cemetery view with tablet in memory of his father, and the grand old olive trees, the largest grove of the kind in America, save one or two in California. All the trees were killed last winter.

It was just sixty years before—1835— that the orange trees on the island were killed by freezing.



OLIVE TREES AT DUNGENESS.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in his life of Gen. R. E. Lee, states that the latter was persuaded to go South for

his health in March, 1870, and that his sweet daughter Agnes, who did not long survive her father, accompanied him. On the trip he embraced the opportunity to see once more his father's grave on an island off the coast of Georgia. Gen. Henry Lee (or "Light Horse Harry"), in returning from the West Indies, where he had been hoping to restore his health, was, it may be remembered, taken ill, and begged to be put ashore at Gen. Greene's mansion, then occupied by his daughter, where he died, and where his remains now lie. From Savannah, Ga., April 18, 1870, the General wrote Mrs. Lee: "We visited Cumberland Island, and Agnes decorated my father's grave with beautiful fresh flowers. I presume it is the last time I shall be able to pay it any tribute of respect."



"LIGHT HORSE HARRY" LEE'S GRAVE.

"Sacred to the memory of Gen. Henry Lee, of Virginia. Obitt 25 March, 1818, ætet 63 years." This would make his birth in 1755. It is said that the stone was placed at his grave by Gen. Robert E. Lee, who visited the place after his father's death.

There is much of historic interest in this little old cemetery, enclosed by a wall of tabby about forty by fifty feet, and four feet high.

It will be remembered to that Gen. "Light Horse Harry" Lee, as the special orator selected by Congress, originated the saying about Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." There are but few others buried here. Charles Jackson, a native of Massachusetts, lies nearest Gen. Lee; Louisa C. Shaw, the youngest daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, died in April, 1831, aged 45 years. Her mother and her husband are also buried there, but the burial spot of Gen. Greene is not known. Savannah has however, erected a superb monument in his honor.

Mr. Fred A. Ober wrote in Lippincott's Magazine some years ago, that Gen. Lee, while aboard ship, having been on a cruise, hailed young Nightingale, grandson of Gen. Greene, and asked him to tell his mother, Mrs. Shaw, that an old friend and companion of her father had gone there to die. He was received at Dungeness as a welcome guest, and lingered for two months.

In this sketch Mr. Ober states that the foundations of the Greene mansion at Dungeness were laid in 1786, the year that he died. His widow married Phineas Miller. It relates that in the war of 1812, the captors offered freedom to the hundreds of slaves, but that only one accepted. The Indian name of this Island was Missac—Beautiful Land—and was changed at the request of an Indian chief, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, and that "Dungeness" was named by him for a favorite place in the County of Kent, England.

The annual outings of the Tennessee Press Association are very enjoyable. This editor has been a member for several years. At Macon, enroute to Cumberland, though the hour was late, his old comrade, Charles Herbst was at the station to greet him, which greeting was prolonged until the departing train was too swift for him to leave it, so he was carried, in his white linen suit, to a crossing a few miles out of town. Returning he created a sensation among some darkies. After a time he was hailed from behind a pile of cross ties, an account of which in the Macon Telegraph concludes:

"Boss, yo's a man, ain't yo'?"

"Why, of course. What's the matter with you?"

"Yo' see, boss, de niggers I met said dere wuz a ha'nt down de track, an' I din't belebe dem tell I seed yo', an' 'fore de Lord, boss, I got so scared tell I couldn' run."



TENNESSEE PRESS IN THE SURF.—Secretary on the Right.

The railroad managements were royal in their courtesies. Passenger Agents were obliging in every way, but they actually sought to capture the prettiest girls in the association. Mr. C. E. Harman inaugurated an addition to the usual courtesies on the famous Western and Atlantic Railroad. He served delicate refreshments enroute, and also added exquisite decorations to ladies in choicest flowers.

One of the most appropriate things done on the trip was the stopping of the train by the lone and unknown soldier's grave by the Altoona heights, to which Gen. Sherman is said to have signaled "Hold the Fort for I am Coming." The party alighted from the cars and the ladies piled their flowers upon the mound, now enclosed by a neat iron railing.

The editor of the VETERAN was gratified by authority to extend a characteristic invitation from A. O. McDonell, General Passenger Agent:

"The Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad will take pleasure in passing free over any portion of its line members of the Tennessee Press Association. Please advise me what members will desire to use our lines and where." The editor felt that he had achieved much for the Association by the drive of thirty miles, and missing the serf bath and a picture(?) to secure unstinted courtesies at Dungeness, but Maj. W. L. Danley, the popular passenger agent for nearly all of Tennessee, was the only person to announce due credit. Confidential it seemed hard to realize that Maj. Danley was a Confederate Veteran. Old Time had manifestly turned backward for him, at least for that trip. It was the best excursion the Tennessee Press ever had.

PRESENTATION OF BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Just before the reunion at Houston a report was circulated through the Texas press that a Birmingham, Ala., woman claimed the authorship of the Bonnie Blue Flag, and that she would sing it at the Houston reunion. Wm. Fort Smith, of Brazoria, Texas, wrote the following thrilling story to the Houston Post:

Well, well, well! For more than thirty years those old fellows have sung and heard that dear old song and tune, and have believed it to be the creation of the gallant little Irishman, Harry McCarthy, and I still believe so.

Memory carries me back to September, 1861, when the Terry Rangers were mustered into the Confederate service at Houston, in the old Bearce hide house, and commenced their long and weary march overland to New Orleans. Companies B, H and K, commanded by Captains Wharton, Holt and Walker, being mounted, arrived in that city some days in advance of the other companies, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel T. S. Lubbock. When we arrived in the city, it was full of Arkansas and Louisiana troops, hurrying to the front. About September 18, I attended the Academy of Music, at that time one of the most popular places of amusement in the city. The house was packed from floor to gallery with the "boys" of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, on their way to the battle front. Harry McCarthy appeared on the stage, accompanied by a young lady, who bore a flag of dark blue silk, with a white star in the center. He commenced singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and before the first verse was ended the audience was quivering with excitement. He sang:

"When our Northern brothers attempt our right to mar,
We will hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star."

(At this point the young lady waved the flag.)

"Hurrah, hurrah, for Southern rights hurrah,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star."

Then the boys rose and yelled and for some minutes Harry waited for the excitement to subside. He then sang the second verse and when he commenced the chorus the audience joined and sang it over and over again, amid the most intense excitement. It was wafted to the streets, and in twenty-four hours it was all over the Southern army, and then caught up by the Yanks and was sung or hummed in every hamlet, town and city in the United States. It was from that night the Marseillaise of the South.

Before the song was ended, "Old Virg," of Company B, was so excited that he rose and gave vent to his pent up enthusiasm in a series of Texas yells, and continued after the others had ceased. A policeman standing in the isle tapped him on the shoulder and ordered him to be quiet. Quick as a flash, "Old Virg" struck out straight from the shoulder and the policeman tumbled. In an instant police rattles were heard in the room and were re-echoed all over the city and were answered by the police and their assistants, who pushed their way into the academy and attempted to seize and carry "Old Virg" to the calaboose.

Then came a scene ever to be remembered. Every Texan in the room went to the rescue and a fierce hand to hand fight ensued. Blows were given and returned, the combatants rolled and tumbled, while the audience left the room in order to give fair play. At this juncture Col. Frank Terry and the mayor appeared. The mayor called off his police and the Rangers, led by Col. Terry, marched sullen and defiant off to their camp.

This is my recollection of the Bonnie Blue Flag, in 1861. Many of the gallant "boys," who were present on that eventful night, now sleep their last sleep in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and North Carolina, but men are in Houston who were present on that night, viz: B. F. Weems, Sam Ashe, A. L. Steele and others. I wonder if those old fellows have forgotten that night and Harry McCarthy. I believe this was the first time it was ever sung. Poor Harry McCarthy was killed at Chickamauga.

Comrade Smith did not give his signature to the article, but the liberty is assumed here. In a note about how to help the VETERAN, he incidentally states that Col. Frank Terry was killed at Woodsonville, Ky., and that his brother, Clinton Terry, was killed at Shiloh. There was no command of the Confederate army more popular in Tennessee than Terry's Texas Rangers.

The H. M. Ashley camp of Pikeville, Tenn., take formal action upon the death of Comrade James Worthington, and requests that his record as a true and faithful soldier be published in the VETERAN.

"I. F. W."—Many an old soldier will recall hallowed and sacred memories at the sight of the above legend, which found its birth in stirring times of 1862. It meant "in for the war."

TRIBUTE TO HENRY DeSAUSSURE FRASER.

Nobly the surgeons of the Confederate army responded to the monitions of these divine sentiments are recorded in history, and behind none other stands the character of Dr. Henry DeSaussure Fraser, surgeon on the staff of Gen. R. H. Anderson. Educated at Columbia College, the Charleston Medical College, with a finishing up at the hospital in Paris, he was well prepared to take up the arduous duties that the profession of his choice required with every prospect of success.

When war was forced on the Southern States by the North, against peaceable secession, his peaceful ministrations to the naturally sick and afflicted were surrendered for the more arduous of sick and wounded, who were suffering unattended on war's ensanguined fields. How heroically he did these things no one can tell, for it is a sphere in which deeds of loving kindness are done with the highest kind of heroism, and no one can tell it, not even the actor himself, for he acts as his heart dictates and therefore the act excites no comment within himself. But I know from the gentle and yet strong nature of this man, there were more such deeds of heroism than ever bound the brow of any Cæsar.

In front of us at Chickamauga lay a field of our enemies, dead and wounded, stricken by our fire. At our further advance over this field we found one of their surgeons, like an angel of mercy, doing what he could for these poor victims of war. He had been there all day under our terrific fire, crawling in and out among the wounded and helping them all he could; the others had all deserted him. He was a New Englander. The chief monument on that particular field ought to be to that "Down-East" surgeon.

From the character of the man, our dear comrade, Dr. Fraser, was often in just such an attitude, and each time he added fresh gems to his unseen, celestial crown. To care for the many wounded who fell at Gettysburg, he remained with them a captive, when we had to withdraw our lines once more to the soil of old Virginia. He did it to share captivity in northern prisons, which he knew was no bed of roses.

Dr. Fraser's life closed, as it had begun, calmly, peacefully, and unflinchingly facing the future. The silvery threads of years is upon the heads of the surviving friends of boyhood's days, budding youth and flowering manhood, and the later serenity of maturity and repose. Their admiration mingles with their grief as they survey a past so full of nobility, so pregnant with all those virtues which a great teacher groups together in a golden shield. Comrades, what a spectacle! friends, what an example! children, what a comfort!

Our flag is furled; the veterans are fast being called in. Soon the bugle will sound its last blast over a departed host, and all that will remain to us will be a memory of the glorious past.

Let us then treasure up these precious grains as they fall one by one, in the sacred storehouse of our minds, cherishing recollections of the illustrious brave, a solace to our own departing years, and a heritage priceless to the generations succeeding us.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. GEN. ABE BUFORD.

Miss Annie R. Gorman, of Montgomery, Ala.:

My father, Maj. W. P. Gorman, noticing the portrait and sketch of Gen Abe Buford, in an old VETERAN, tells a story connected with the General's estimable wife, which showed her affection for a southern soldier. His story to me is as follows:

On the night of the 19th of March, 1863, Chas. Shirer and I cut through the wall of Limestone prison in Lexington, Ky., and made our escape from the yankees. Both of us were sentenced to be shot on the 9th of April as spies.

We followed the pike to Versailles, and from there to Gen. Buford's plantation. We arrived there about four o'clock in the morning, and succeeded in awakening Mrs. Buford, who let us in and prepared a meal for us herself, fearing to let our presence be known to the servants.

After we had eaten, she led us to a stack of straw at the end of the plantation, where we concealed ourselves. During the day of the 20th the whole plantation was searched for us by the yankees, but fearless, like all true southern women, Mrs. Buford came to us about three o'clock with dinner. That night was one of the most disagreeable we had that winter. Shirer and I left the straw stack about eight o'clook and went to the General's house. After we had eaten our supper, Mrs. Buford presented me with one of the best Revenue colts on the place.

After leaving the plantation, where I left Shirer, I went to Frankfort, where I swam the Kentucky River while it was full to its banks, the colt here showing the true blood of its stock. The next morning I crossed the Ohio River at Madison, Ind. A week later, having returned from the North, I recrossed this river at the same point with my faithful colt.

The yankees were after us, and we were chased from Madison through Christianburg, Harrodsburg, Danville, to Lebanon, where the colt died at Capt. Pruett's place on Pop's creek, six miles east of Lebanon, he having out run in one night three relays of yankee cavalry.

I shall always cherish the fondest memory of Mrs. Gen. Buford, also Miss Nanny Curd, of Lexington, who aided me to escape from Limestone prison.

(In a personal note Miss Annie writes:)

During the first year of the war my father served under Gen. Buford. I am a constant reader of the VETERAN, and am greatly interested in the individual histories it contains of our southern heroes. I do not remember the time, in my fifteen years of existence, that I ever felt more honored than when I was selected by the Confederate veterans to sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag," as the opening solo of the great reunion of United Confederate Veterans, held at Birmingham in April, 1894.

PATRIOTIC MRS. ARMAND J. DeROSSET.

This noble character deserves prominent record for her services to the South. She was President of the "Soldiers' Aid Society," of Wilmington, N. C., from the beginning to the end of the war.



MRS. ARMAND J. DeROSSET.

Endowed with administrative ability, which called forth the remark, "she ought to have been a General," gifted with unusual largeness of heart and breadth of sympathy, she was a leader of society, yet ever alive to the wants and sufferings of the poor and needy. Under her direction the Soldiers' Aid Society was early organized, and for four years did its work of beneficence with unabated energy.

The North Carolina coast was especially inviting to the attacks of the enemy, and Mrs. De Rosset's household was removed to the interior of the State. Her beautiful home in Wilmington was despoiled largely of its belongings; servants and children were taken away, but she soon returned to Wilmington, where her devoted husband was detained by the requirements of business, and she devoted herself to the work of helping and comforting the soldiers.

Six of her own sons and three sons-in-law wore the grey. The first work was to make clothing for the men. Many a poor fellow was soon without a change of clothing. Large supplies were made and kept on hand. Haversacks were home-made. Canteens were covered. Cartridges for rifles, and powder bags for the great columbiads were made by hundreds. Canvas bags, to be filled with sand and used on the fortfications, were largely used at Fort Fisher—and much more was in requisition. The ladies would daily gather at the City Hall and ply their busy needles or machines, with never a sigh of weariness.

When troops were being massed in Virginia, Wilmington, being the principal port of entry for the Confederacy, was naturally an advantageous point for obtaining supplies through the blockade, and Mrs. De Rosset, ever watching the opportunity to secure them, had a large room in her dwelling fitted up as a store room. Many a veteran in these intervening years has blessed the memory of Mrs. De Rosset and her faithful aids for the comfort and refreshment so lavishly bestowed upon him. Feasts without price were constantly spread at the depot. Nor were their spiritual needs neglected. Bibles, prayer books and hymn books were distributed. Men still live who treasure their war Bible among their most valued possessions.

Mrs. De Rosset's ability to cope with and overcome difficulties to get all she needed for the men, was the constant wonder of those who daily assisted in her labors. An incident of her surpassing executive power is worthy of record. After the first attack on Fort Fisher, the garrison, under the command of the gallant officers, Whiting and Lamb, was in great peril and in need of reinforcements, which came in Hoke's Division of several thousand men—Clingman's, Kirkland's, Colquitt's and Hagood's Brigades—and with some of the North Carolina Junior Reserves. The wires brought the news that in a few hours they would arrive, hungry and footsore. Mrs. De Rosset was asked if they could feed them. The ready reply was flashed back: "Of course we can:" and she proved equal to the task. Through her energies and resources, and her able corps of assistants, she redeemed her pledge. Alas! all efforts to relieve the garrison failed, and many heroic lives were sacrificed. The Fort fell, Whiting and Lamb were both seriously wounded and carried off to prison, and our last available port was in possession of the enemy.

The harrowing scenes of hospital life followed, and here, as elsewhere, Mrs. De Rosset's labors were abundant. The sick were ministered to by tender hands, the wounded carefully nursed, and the dead decently buried. The moving spirit in all these works of beneficence was the Soldiers' Aid Society, directed by Mrs. De Rosset.

When all was over, Mrs. De Rosset was the first to urge the organization of the Ladies' Memorial Association, for perpetuating the remembrance of the brave soldiers who died for our cause. Though persistently refusing to accept office, she remained a faithful member of the Association as long as she lived.

A sketch of Mrs. De Rosset's work during the Confederacy would not be complete without some recognition of the valuable assistance given her by all of her colleagues, and especially by the Vice-President, Mrs. Alfred Martin. That she was looked up to as their leader does not in the least degree detract from the value of their services, for without strong hands and willing hearts the head would be of little avail, and she never failed to give their due meed of appreciation to all who helped in her work. From her own countrywomen

such devotion was to be expected, but the German women of the city entered into the work, giving their means as well as their time, ever zealously to the call of the President. Were it not open to a charge of invidiousness, a few names might be singled out as specially helpful and interested in serving the country of their adoption, with the unwearied fidelity of true-hearted women of every land.

Her labors ended, Mrs. De Rosset has for years rested peacefully under the shade of the Oakdale trees, waiting her joyful resurrection. The Daughters of the South could have no better, purer model, should their beloved country ever call on them as it did on her, in time of great need.

Of her own sons, one noble boy of seventeen sleeps in Oakdale Cemetery, with "Only a Private" inscribed on a stone marking his resting place.

Her oldest son, Col. Wm. L. De Rosset, of the gallant Third North Carolina Infantry, was wounded nigh unto death at Sharpsburg. He had succeeded his brother-in-law, Col. Gaston Meares, in the command of his regiment, that noble officer having fallen at Malvern Hill.

Her second son, Dr. M. John De Rosset, Assistant Surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, New York, with most flattering offers of promotion in a New York regiment, resigned his commission, came South, and was commissioned Assistant Surgeon, with orders to report to Jackson. With that command he shared the perils of the famous Valley Campaign of 1862. Later he was one of the surgeons in charge of the hospital in the Baptist College, Richmond.

Another son, Capt. A. L. De Rosset, of the Third North Carolina Infantry, was several times disabled by slight wounds, and at Averysboro was left for dead on the field, and owes his recovery to the skill and care of a Federal surgeon, into whose hands he fell.

Louis H. De Rosset, being physically incapacitated for active duty, was detailed in the ordinance and quartermaster's departments, and was sent to Nassau on business connected with the latter.

Thomas C. De Rosset, the youngest of the six, a boy at school, enlisted before the call for the Junior Reserves, and was detailed for duty under Major M. R. Taylor, at the Fayettville arsenal. He died in 1878 from sun stroke when in command of the Whiting Rifles, attending the memorial services at Oakdale Cemetery.

During the night of the first day's fight at Trevillians, Va., Whitfield Brooks and John Green, privates of Company B, Sixth Regiment Cavalry of S. C., were cut off from their regiment, but in the morning of the second day, Sunday, rejoined their command, having captured three Federals, a Lieutenant and two others. Brooks had the squad and the Lieutenant's sword in his possession.

When Gen. M. C. Butler was told of the cut-off of these two men, he replied: "They are from Edgefield, and will turn up all right," which was the case. Late Sunday evening, the second day, Brooks was killed. He was a nephew of Hon. Preston S. Brooks, member of Congress from S. C. He was a mere lad when killed. A braver boy never went to battle.

REUNION OF A COMPANY AS A FAMILY.

W. H. Ogilvie, Secretary of Company A, Forty-fifth Tennessee Regiment writes from Allisona:

Eighteen members of the company surrendered in 1865. Seventeen are living; their average age is about fifty-eight years. At the general invitation of Lieutenant B. F. Jarrell, twelve members, with parts of their families, numbering fifty-one, met June 6, at his pleasant, peaceful home, with his happy, Christian family. We had not all met since we parted in 1865. Some did not recognize our youngest, bravest boy, whose whiskers had grown gray. All are living at or near the same homes to which they came in 1865.

After dinner—a real feast—we repaired to a delightful grove and organized, electing Lieut. A. W. Hatcher, Chairman, and W. H. Ogilvie, Secretary for the ensuing year. "Company A, Forty-fivers" was the name chosen for the association. All honorably discharged members of the Company were made eligible to membership. On petition, Comrade J. W. Sheffield, aged seventy-five, was received. W. H. Ogilvie's home was chosen for the reunion in 1896. A resolution of thanks to Lieut. Jarrell and family for their magnificent hospitality was heartily expressed. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was requested to publish an account of the reunion. The meeting was closed with an earnest prayer by Comrade Rev. T. J. Taylor, thanking God for His mercies to us these thirty years, and invoking His blessings for the future of our lives.

Returning to the residence, our sons and daughters played and sang for us "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," "Mocking Bird Quickstep," etc., bringing back memories of the martial feeling with which we were inspired, as we tramped on the drill grounds, on the march and to the battlefield.

A pleasing feature was the meeting of our families. Even that was as a meeting of old acquaintances. We desire to perpetuate a brotherhood among them.

Boys of the Confederate army, if you haven't had a good time since the war, have a reunion of your company at the home of some member, and you will spend the most joyful day of your lives. The following is a list of the members:

Present—First Lieutenant B. F. Jarrell, Rover, Tenn.; Second Lieutenant A. W. Hatcher, Arno, Tenn.; Sergeant B. F. Hall, Arno, Tenn.; Sergeant R. S. Coles, West Harpeth, Tenn.; Corporal J. P. Ogilvie, Beasley, Tenn.; privates—H. L. Edmonds, Arno, Tenn.; W. H. Graham, Lunn's Store, Tenn.; B. A. Lanier, Allisona, Tenn.; J. W. Nance, Unionville, Tenn.; W. H. Ogilvie, Allisona, Tenn.; J. C. Taylor, Rover, Tenn.; T. J. Taylor, Rover, Tenn.; Private J. W. Sheffield, received on petition, Rover, Tenn. Absent—R. H. Ogilvie, Beasley, Tenn.; G. H. K. McConnico, and T. M. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.; J. H. Sledge, J. M. Gee, Peytonsville, Tenn.

R. S. Maxey, Adjutant, Brandon, Miss., May 4, '95:

Rankin Camp, No. 265, U. C. V., endorses the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and adopts the same.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

Geo. B. Maclellan, Confederate Home, Jacksonville, Fla.:

At the suggestion of Maj. W. A. Campbell, Adjutant of Isham Harrison Camp No. 27, Columbus, Miss., I hereby request any surviving commissioned officer of Company E, Wirt Adams' Confederate Cavalry Regiment, or any regimental officer, to certify to my service in that regiment from March, '62, to May, '65, or on detached duty as assistant engineer at Spanish Fort and elsewhere. I was Sergeant-Major when paroled at Meridian, Miss.. May 8, '65. Lieut. Clark was Adjutant of Wirt Adams' Cavalry Regiment when I was made Sergeant-Major in 1863.

Jack Dawkins, Collinsville, Texas:

I belonged to Company A, Ninth Regiment, Hays' Louisiana Brigade, of which the Louisiana Tigers was a part, and was very conspicuous on account of a hat I wore. It was made in Georgia, very heavy, and when it got wet I allowed it to run up to seed, making it the shape of a sugar loaf, very sharp and tall. The boys used to holloa out, "Yonder comes Petersburg; I see the steeple." "Come down out of that hat; I know you are there, see your legs sticking out." "Hello, hat! where are you going with that boy?"

H. L. Owens, Winfield, Texas:

I belonged to Company G, Twenty-Second Alabama Volunteers, and shared the hardships up to Missionary Ridge. There I was captured and taken to Rock Island, Ill., where I remained sixteen months. I would like to hear from anyone who was with me in barrack No. 33 of that prison.

Capt. W. C. Hearn, Talladega, Ala.:

The Prairie Guards, Company E, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, entered the battle of Gettysburg with thirty-nine men, rank and file. Of this number sixteen were killed and twenty-two wounded. Corporal J. T. Morgan was the only man able for duty the rest of that day. No other proof is necessary to establish the claim to courage and gallantry of this company of noble heroes. Comrade Hearn was Captain of this company during the first year of the war. At the reorganization of the army in Virginia, he was one of the three Captains of that Regiment, chosen as field officers of the famous Forty-first Mississippi Regiment, with which he continued until his health gave down at the close of the second year.

F. M. Stovall, Augusta, Ga.:

The Marquis of Lorne recently stated that several thousand Canadians enlisted in the Union Armies and fought against the South. Old Confeds knew they had to contend with Zulus, Hottentots, Patagonians, Greenlanders, Esquimaux, Parthians, and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and all the other nations of the world, but they had not counted the "Kanucks" until now. Probably, when the returns are all in, it will be found that multitudes of men from other planets came to the earth to help conquer the South! And yet men complain that the Federal pension list is too large!

Schuyler Lowe, Independence, Mo.:

At a regular meeting of Camp Col. E. B. Holloway, No. 533, U. C. V., held on June 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: E. W. Strode, Commander; Thos. C. Caldwell, First Lieutenant; M. M. Langhorne, Second Lieutenant; Schuyler Lowe, Adjutant; Dr. H. P. Wherritt, Surgeon; Jas. T. Darnall, Quarter Master; A. E. Higgason, Chaplain; Dr. N. H. Gaines, Treasurer; W. H. Hardin, Sergeant-Major. Our Camp is in a prosperous condition, and taking in new members at every meeting.

Capt. F. M. Smith, Norfolk, Va.:

I never tire of reading the VETERAN, but am surprised not to see more from my old Brigade, Hood's Texas. I had some very dear friends among them. Could not some of the old boys give me the address of James Robinson, Ordinance Officer, Fourth Texas; J. T. Cross, who held the same position of Fifth Texas; and Billy Harris, Teamster for Fourth Texas, who came from Seguin, Guadalupe county, Texas; also Claudy Buster, who was of (my) Company E, Fifth Texas, and lost a leg at Second Manassas, and to whom I gave my last dollar at the field hospital. I have never heard from him since.

It may be news to the men of the Fourth Texas to learn that J. H. Daring, a scout, was killed by a picket of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry by mistake, while walking leisurely along with two other scouts, and is buried under a persimmon tree some some twelve miles to the right of what was our line in front of Petersburg, Va. A gallant soul! He was twice captured by the enemy and made his escape each time.

I am glad to know the boys are coming to Richmond, one year hence, for a tramp amid the old scenes. Tell them they will not find so many of the good old mothers there, but the daughters are keeping open houses to the old Rebs, just as their mothers did in the times that tried men's souls.

W. C. Parchman, Mt. Vernon, Texas, May 27, '95.:

I am 56 years old. Was born in Tennessee and raised in Texas. Cast my first ballot for Bell, of Tennessee, and went with my country in the events that followed. Served the four years of the civil war in nearly all of the Southern States east of the Mississippi. Was a member of the famous 11th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A. Ours was the only regiment that did not surrender, and we killed the last man that went down in battle.

We have our annual reunions every first Thursday and Friday in August. This year we meet at Clarksville, Red River county, Texas. About fifty out of 1,300 are all that remain of us. I want the photographs of the two boys who held Lee's and Grant's horses during the short time occupied in Lee's surrender to Grant. Of course, if you have them, I know I can get them. I am always glad to get the VETERAN. You ought to have started it years sooner. May the Lord bless you in its perpetuation.



MOSBY AND SIXTEEN OF HIS MEN WHO ELECTED TO STAY WITH HIM UNTIL DEATH

Col. John S. Mosby, 1; Norman V. Randolph, 2; Alfred Babcock, 3; John Puryear, 4; Frank Raham, 5; Walter Gosden, 6; Harry T. Sinnott, 7; —— Butler, 8; Neely Quarles, 9; —— Newell, 10; —— Gentry, 11; Tom Booker, 12; John W. Munson, 12; —— Jordan, 14; Bob Parrott, 15; Ben Palmer, 16; Lee Howerson, 17.

The photograph from which the above engraving was made was taken in Richmond, June, 1865. The seventeen men were a part of the seventy-five who decided to remain with Mosby when they found that he and two of his scouts, Charles McDonough and Nick Carter, were not included in the terms of surrender. Mosby had about seven hundred men, and his command was known as the Forty-third Virginia Battalion. The history of Mosby and his men is pretty generally known, but these final acts are given in this connection.

These seventy-five men remained together and did much desperate fighting until in June, when he finally urged that they also surrender, that it would be the worse with him for them to remain with him, so they reported to the United States authorities on the 13th of June, '65. Their last meeting was in Frederick Hall.

Charlie McDonough and Nick Carter were "bad" scouts. McDonough's father, mother, little brother and sister, were imprisoned in the North for his acts, and he became perhaps the most desperate man in the army. It is believed that he killed as many as three hundred men. He met his death in the yard of Gen. W. H. Payne, at Middleburg. On being attacked he killed three or four, but in dashing off, his horse was thrown by a hog that was crossing the street. As the Federals came upon him, he emptied the last barrel of his pistol against his head. This was soon after his associates had surrendered.

Mosby was pardoned not long afterward through the recommendation of Gen. Grant, and was ever afterward his zealous friend. During the Greely-Grant campaign, he stumped the State of Virginia in the interest of Grant and the Democratic candidate for governor. Through the friendship which was maintained between himself and Grant, it is said that Mosby secured government positions for some two hundred of his men. His Lieutenant-Colonel, Samuel Chapman, is now in the government service at Atlanta.

In January last, the John S. Mosby Camp was organized at Alexandria, Va., and it will hold a reunion at Marshall, Fauquier County, Va., on the 14th of August next. There will be as large attendance as practicable. Mosby's men have ever been steadfastly loyal to each other, and this will be a reunion of special pleasure to the survivors. It is expected that Gen. Mosby himself will be present.

The VETERAN is indebted to Charlie Herbst, of Macon, Ga., for the photograph (it was bought by him in 1874), and to one of these sixteen whose picture is seen in the group, for the reminiscences. Such pictures as this are diligently sought.

NEWS FROM THE CAMPS.

Geo. Doles Camp, U. C. V., was recently organized at Milledgeville, Ga., and the officers elected are C. P. Crawford, President Commander; T. F. Newell and C. H. Andrews, Lieut.-Commanders; D. M. Smith, Adjutant; I. T. Miller, Quartermaster; Drs. I. L. Harris and E. T. Gilmore, Assistant Surgeons; Rev. J. M. White, Chaplain; Richard N. Lamar, Secretary; J. M. Edwards, Treasurer; C. H. Andrews, Historian.

The Bessemer Camp, at Bessemer, Ala., having lost its popular and efficient Commander, W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall was chosen to succeed him, with A. A. Harris and T. W. Huffman, Lieut.-Commanders. Adjutant T. P. Waller sent appropriate resolutions, which were adopted in honor of Comrade Jones. In conclusion, the committee comprised of J. H. Revill, C. McAdony, H. W. Crooks, and A. H. Perkins, says: * * * "That stern duty admonishes us to emulate the noble and Christian example of our deceased comrade, and be prepared for that reward which finds consummation and fruition in eternity."

H. W. McMillan was made Commander of Camp James C. Monroe, No. 574, recently organized at Arkadelphia, Ark., and C. C. Scott, a most zealous representative of the VETERAN, is the Adjutant. There are twenty-eight members enrolled.

J. R. Johnston, Fort Worth, Tex.: I enjoy reading the VETERAN, but do not hear enough of the dear old Tennessee boys, many of whom I remember with loving kindness. I would contribute something to the memory of those who have passed over the river, with a message to those who are still alive. Dear old Dick McCann! I can see him now as he appeared after his escape from the yanks at McMinnville, with his "phiz" all bunged up and both eyes black, the effects of his fight with his drunken captors. Good old Captain Trimble, of Starnes' Cavalry, who smuggled J. Henry Strode and me through Gen. Tighlman's camp of Confederate prisoners at Jackson, Miss.

Capt. Harris, of Dibrell's Cavalry, who had to pass the gauntlet in Nashville, as we were taken to prison. His wife rushed through the armed guards and embraced him before they could catch her. They tore her away, though, and we went marching on to Camp Chase and Johnson's Island.

Frank Petway, of Edgefield; Joe Blackmore, of Gallatin; Major Elliott, of Sumner county; John Shields, of Nashville, and Schultz, a Jew, of Nashville, a good spy in the Secret Service.

A lady makes inquiry as to the author of the poem "The Soldier Boy." It is signed H. M. L., and begins,

In give my soldier boy a blade,
I fair Damascus fashioned well,"

The VETERAN will appreciate any information in regard to it.

Recently an error was published in the VETERAN about the Pat Cleburne Camp at Waco, Texas. The Commander is J. D. Shaw, and Tyler D. Harn, whose daughter was sponser for Texas at Houston, is the Adjutant.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground
The dead and wounded lay;
Amongst them was a drummer boy,
Who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up,
His drum was by his side,
He clasped his hands, then raised his eyes,
And prayed before he died.

"Oh, Mother" said the dying boy,
"Look down from heaven on me;
Receive me to thy fond embrace,
Oh, take me home to thee.
I've loved my country and my God,
To serve them both I've tried."
He smiled, shook hands, Death seized the boy,
Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept then like a child,
Stout hearts were they and brave;
The flag his winding sheet, God's Book
The key into his grave.
They wrote upon a single board,
These words: "This is a guide
To those who mourn the drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died."

Ye angels 'round the throne of grace,
Look down upon the braves
Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain,
Now slumbering in their graves.
How many homes made desolate,
How many hearts have sighed,
How many like the drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died.

—Sent the VETERAN by WM. HODGES.

THE GENIAL, WITTY DICK McCANN.

Some humorous incidents in the career of Dick McCann, a Tennessean were published in the December VETERAN. The article created the impulse upon one of his daughters to write of him during the last week of his life.

He returned from a trip down town without his coat and was asked to explain, which he did. He met an old comrade down town who was "in bad shape for clothes" and he gave him his coat. When rather reproved for his rashness, he said with that genial warmth so manifest in his paternity: "My daughter, have you forgotten the Holy Writ? 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'" A friend had already given him an elegant suit of clothes.

On the night before he died he became very restless and fancied that friends and old comrades were filling the house, and that they were not being hospitably entertained. His son held him as he walked about the room. He asked these imagined friends to he seated and said, "you are always welcome." He drilled his troops as of old. This daughter writes, "I can again hear his feeble voice saying 'Shoulder arms!'"

Soon he said, "Papa is tired now, and must say his prayers." He repeated the lines beginning:

Now I lay me down to sleep.

He afterwards had his children sing to him, and they closed his eyes just at sunrise of the following morning.

FLEMMING DuBIGNON'S PONY.

It will be remembered that an interruption by Gen. Sherman, in a jocose way, just as Henry Grady began his famous speech before the New England Society, a year or so before his death, became its inspiration.

An interesting coincidence is given in the report of a banquet at a National Convention of lawyers out West some years ago.

Mr. Flemming DuBignon, a young lawyer from Savannah, being present, was invited to respond to the toast, "The Young Manhood of the South." He had timely notice, and had prepared his response with much care. His toast was the tenth in line, and the toastmaster had pronounced in distinct tones its title, and added that Mr. DuBignon, of Georgia, would reply.

The young lawyer rose to his feet, glancing down the long double line of expectant faces smiling at him, encouraging him to proceed.

He remembered every planned jesture, every turn and "point" he proposed to make.

"Gentlemen of the bar," he began, "I—"

"Gen. Sherman," delightedly broke in the toastmaster, and "Sherman!" "Sherman!" was echoed all down the table, while dozens of men started to their feet to greet the great soldier as he entered the room.

Gen. Sherman had promised to attend the convention, but had been detained until this late hour, and his advent was hailed with a burst of welcome as he advanced to his vacant chair.

Everyone shook hands with him, creating quite a hubbub.

When it finally subsided, the toastmaster turned again to the young Georgian, and said:

"Will Mr. DuBignon now proceed with the toast: "The Young Manhood of the South?"

The Georgian sat dazed. He was young, and the excitement breaking into his speech had "floored" him.

What was he going to say? Every line of his prepared speech had left him; all of his plan of thought had deserted him. To stand there unable to respond to the toast that involved all his patriotism, when that speech was intended to show the Northerners what the Southerners could do and be. was humiliating; it was agonizing.

All this, however, did not occupy the space of time it takes to tell it. He rose mechanically to his feet, stood still for a second and saw that Gen. Sherman was looking at him with interest. The silence was appalling!

In a quiet tone, in which, however, he felt a quiver, he commenced:

"Gentlemen, I am confounded! The advent of so noted a warrior as Gen. Sherman has made me forget every word of my speech." The men looked anxious and interested—"but I think you can scarcely wonder at my confusion. Georgians are so used to Gen. Sherman following them that it is enough to paralyze any one of them to be asked to follow the General." There was a pause for an instant over the young fellow's audacity, and then the room rang with appreciative applause of his excellent wit.

Men leaned over their plates and immediately fixed themselves into attitudes of interest; they at once perceived that, at least, an original chap was going to speak.

Mr. DuBignon felt the personal magnetism he had excited reflect on himself, and continued with more assurance.

He said that he would tell a story about the very young manhood of the South, including his first impressions of Gen. Sherman.

"The time was the Civil War, the place Milledgeville, Ga. I was only 'a little shaver,' staying at home, taking care of my mother and younger brother. All the men had gone to war. The cry started early in the morning 'Sherman is coming!' It increased from a whisper to a frightened shout. The old negroes who were at home left the field and plow, and gathered in their cabins, exactly as if it had been the judgment day. People stood irresolute in the street, not knowing what to do, or whether it was best to go anywhere. Even the chickens and the cows seemed to understand that portentous phrase that was filling the air—'Sherman is coming!'

"And later on, he came. Soldiers and horses, they began to fill the little town and the people's houses, and fear was the prevailing element.

"I insisted that my Shetland pony and my brother's pet rooster must be saved. My mother equally insisted that I was to stay in the house, or the soldiers would carry me away. I was made a prisoner, but owned a window, and when I saw one of the soldiers go under our house and catch the rooster and wring his neck, I was certain my pony would go next. So jumping out of the window, I ran to the soldier, and, doubling up my fist, cried: 'Dog-gone you old yankee, if you take that pony, I'll report you to Gen. Sherman.'" He stopped for an instant, and then continued, courteously: "General, he did take my pony, and this is my first opportunity to report to you."

Mr. DuBignon, of Georgia, won the day. Men cheered him as he took his seat for his cleverness, and Gen. Sherman, jumping up, said: "Will some one present me to the young rebel?"

MEMORIAL DAY AT WINCHESTER, KY.—Mrs Jennie Catherwood Bean:

Our "Memorial Day" passed off well; quite a crowd; many old "Vets," though the rain poured all the morning. Flowers were abundant. In the afternoon the clouds cleared away, and the veterans marched to the cemetery, a long line of carriages following. At the cemetery they divided ranks, and eighteen Sons and Daughters, each carrying a floral design, filed through to the stand, where Brother Keene offered prayer. Each grave was strewn with flowers. Clouds coming up, the crowd repaired to the court house where Rev. Mr. Keene and Capt. Hathaway made short addresses. One death in our association this year, Capt. B. A. Lacy, an honored citizen, a true Christian and a loyal Southerner. Officers for the ensuing year were elected. The next meeting, May '96.

CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS.

At the beginning of the great war, Captain Dinkins was a cadet at the Charlotte, North Carolina, Military Academy from Canton, Miss. General D. H. Hill, who was President of the Academy, with the rank of Major, organized early in April, 1861, the first regiment of North Carolina, six month troops, which rendezvoused at Raleigh.



JAMES DINKINS.

About one hundred and fifty of the cadets volunteered to accompany this regiment, and young Dinkins, who was not yet sixteen years of age, was of the number. Gen. Hill fought the battle of Big Bethel, after which the cadets disbanded, most of them joining companies from their homes. Young Dinkins enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, stationed at Leesburg, Va., and reenlisted for the war in the same company at the reorganization, which occurred in April, 1862, on the Peninsular near Yorktown, Va. He was in all the engagements the regiment took part in, until Fredericksburg, Va.

He was appointed First Lieutenant of Cavalry in the regular Confederate States Army, April 9th, 1863, and ordered to report to Lieut.-Gen. Pemberton, at Vicksburg, and at his request was ordered by Gen. Pemberton to report to Gen. J. R. Chalmers, who was at that time in command of the Fifth Military District.

Gen. Chalmers assigned him to duty on his staff, in which capacity he served until the battle of Nashville, after which he was assigned to Company C, Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, which was detailed to escort Gen. Chalmers.

He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 9th, 1865.

The unstinted zeal of Captain Dinkins in all Confederate interests merits for him, richly, distinction among comrades.

Gen. George R. Fern, of Gen. Cabell's Staff:

I derive too much pleasure, satisfactiom and benefit from the perusal of the VETERAN to willingly be without it, and thank you for continuing it. May its subscription list continue to increase until it reaches, not only every ex-Confederate, but every one who loves and cherishes the principles for which they fought, and which, although we "were worn out" in trying to maintain them, are yet as bright and fresh in our hearts as when we first took the field.

Life in Dixie During the War, by Miss M. A. H. Gay, is an interesting and true story of her experiences during those eventful four years, and is told in a simple, earnest manner. As Joel Chandler Harris says: * * The chronicle speaks for itself, especially to those who remember something of those wonderful days of war. It has the charm and distinction of absolute verity. * * It will be remembered that Miss Gay is the lady who collected the greater part of the fund for placing the iron fence around the Confederate cemetery at Franklin, Tenn. The book is neatly bound in dark blue cloth, and contains nearly 300 pages. Address the author at Decatur, Ga.



The lady who said, "I had rather have my picture in the VETERAN than in the White House."

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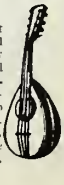


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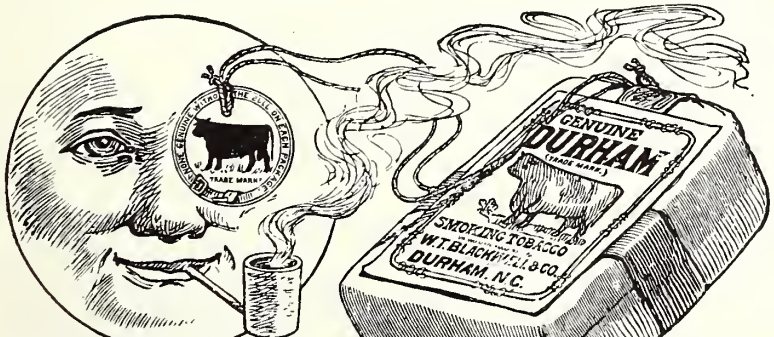
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W. F. BANG, Cashier.

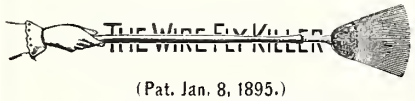
N. B.—A certificate of deposit for the above was published in the daily papers of Nashville, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, and thirty thousand circulars, giving the colleges three months' time to accept.—*Nashville Daily American, April 7, 1895.*

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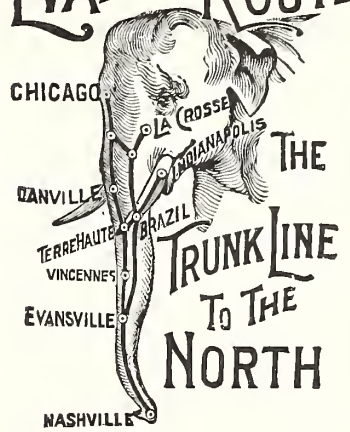
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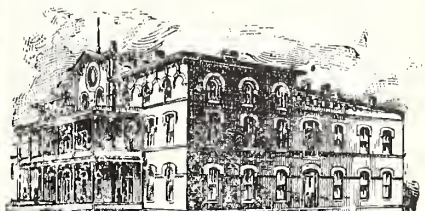
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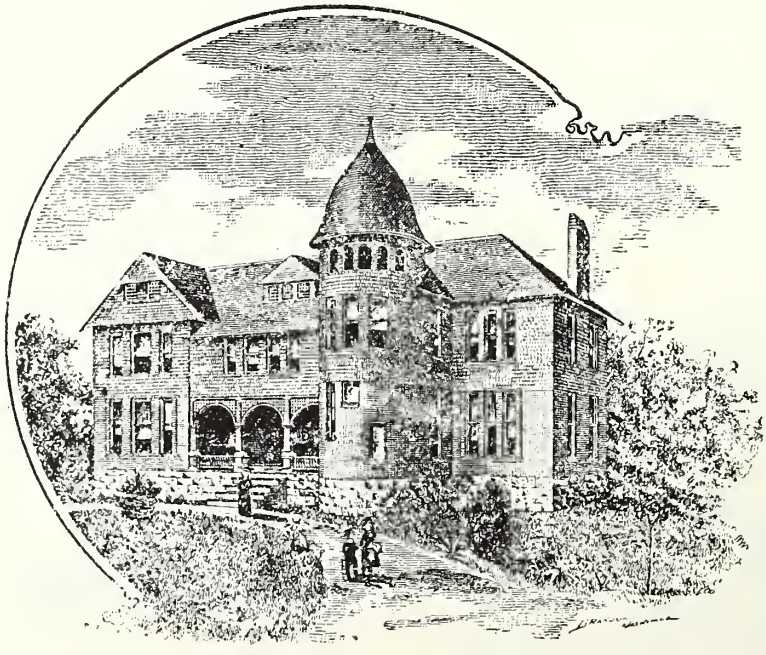
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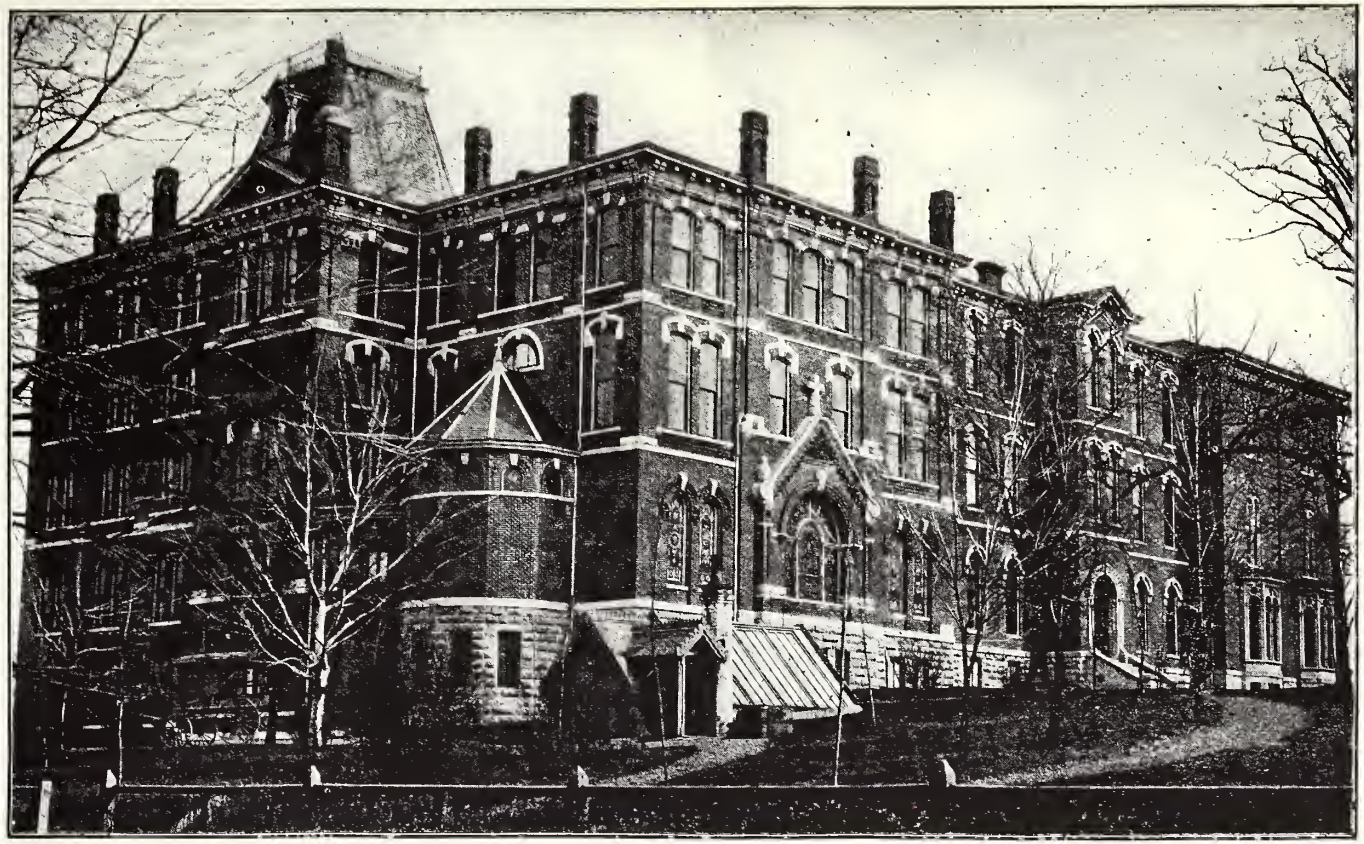
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PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | VOL. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1895. | NO. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM EDITOR.

From an address of Gen. S. G. French, now of Florida; his theme being our unknown Confederate dead:

* * When the war ended the Federal Government, with commendable zeal, very humanely collected most of their dead and removed the remains to their beautiful cemeteries, and there keep green the sod and fresh the flowers on their graves. [He had previously explained how our dead had been so scattered.—ED.]

There was no Confederate Government to collect and care for the remains of the Confederate dead. Along the banks of the Father of Waters for more than a thousand miles the inhabitants tread unawares over the unknown graves of those who battled for the South. Along the shores of the Potomac, the Rappahannock and the James wave the golden harvests on soil enriched by their blood and mouldering dust. From the capes of the Chesapeake adown the stormy Atlantic, and trending around the Gulf, rest thousands of our dead; or go to the heights of Allatoona, to Lookout's lofty peak, or Kennesaw Mountain's top, and you may seek in vain where the dead rest. Time, with the relentless forces of the elements, has obliterated all traces of their graves from human eye; they are known only to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps in "a vale in the land of Moab." So the forgotten are not forgot. the Hand that made the thunder's home comes down every spring and paints with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow over their resting places, and they are bright on decoration day. The rosy morn announces first to them that the night is gone, and when the day is past and the landscape veiled with evening's shade, high on the mountain's top the last rays of the setting sun lovingly linger longest, loth to leave the lonely place where the bright-eyed children of the Confederacy rest in death.



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The biennial report of the Secretary, R. Garth, made to E. B. Craig, Insurance Commissioner for Tennessee, July 31, 1894, shows total assets of $49,929.76, with total liabilities of $11,045.90, leaving a surplus of $38,883.86, and an actual safety fund of $35,899.49, or more than four times its liabilities. The report shows that on December 31, 1893, there were twenty-six claims, aggregating 18,806.20, while this last report shows only one unpaid claim of $1,300. Policies in force December 31, 900, aggregating $2,100,000. In the written report is the extraordinary statement that no claims have been compromised or resisted.

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PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1895. | No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

WHEN SUBSCRIPTIONS EXPIRE.

The printed mail list of the VETERAN has by the name of each subscriber the month and the year to which the subscription has been paid. If a subscription begins with the year 1895, for instance, the date would be "December '95." So with that number the subscription contract has been completed. When it is continued beyond that date another dollar will renew for a full additional year.

VETERAN readers will pardon another reference to our subscription list, as this is directed only to those who are in arrears. There has been considerable loss on account of subscribers allowing the time to run over for several months, some of them for a year, and then having the postmasters to send in a notice that copy sent to Mr. —— was "refused, don't want it any longer." Is this fair? Is it becoming a man who has the honor of having been a faithful Confederate soldier? The arrearage at least should be paid in ordering the paper discontinued or notice sent when the subscription expired. The month opposite name on label shows when that is.

THE FRONT PAGE ILLUSTRATION.

The southern people, with grateful hearts, say "Well done" to the ever faithful women of Atlanta for the magnificent monument illustrated on title page of this VETERAN. The appropriateness of the design will elicit special pride and gratitude. Mr. T. M. Brady, of Canton, Ga., has the honor of having suggested it to the Ladies Memorial Association when they determined upon building a monument. A tall shaft in that cemetery, one hundred yards or so distant, was erected to the Confederate dead there only a few years after the war. The Atlanta press makes it the occasion for praising the character of Georgia marble. It is said that this is the largest block of marble ever quarried in the United States, and that no sculptor ever before attempted to carve half so large a figure from American marble. The dimensions are: length, nine feet; width, five feet; depth, four feet; and its weight is 30,000 pounds. Its color is very white, and the sight is amazing even from the thoroughfare adjacent to Oakland Cemetery, in which it is erected. The figure rests upon a pedestal of dark Georgia marble eight feet high. On one side of the pedestal is a marble slab on which is carved deep the words "Unknown Confederate Dead." The lion is represented as having fallen by a rock on which there is a flag of the Confederacy. He has received his death wound and in his agony is grasping still and drawing the flag towards him. Beneath the lion are several battle muskets and a cavalry sabre. The figure of the lion is eight feet long. The original has Bourbon lilies in place of the flag. It is fitting here to refer briefly to the model from which it was designed and the history of those to whom it was erected.

In 1792, Louis XVI. was King of France, having succeeded his father to the throne. The grievances of many generations had driven the people to desperation and revolution was inevitable. "It was a political hurricane." One of the most awful things in the record of the carnage is the fight to death of the Swiss Guards on August 10, 1792. "Their work on that fatal day was to die, and they did it nobly."

With heroic firmness they remained unshaken in resolution amid the defection of all around them. They succeeded in defeating their assailants, who fled in confusion; but the heroic defenders were few in number and, having no cavalry, did not venture to follow up their victory. The populace gradually regained their courage and made another attack; and the Swiss were mown down with grape shot. The battle was turned into a massacre, and hardly one of the guards escaped. "In its last extremity, it was neither in its titled nobility nor its native armies that the French throne found fidelity, but in the freeborn mountaineers of Lucerne, unstained by the vices of a corrupted age and firm in the simplicity of rural life."

"The Lion of Lucerne is hewn out of the living rock. The figure rests there by the still waters of the lovely Lake Leman, the granite mountains around keeping watch, like a serried column of sentinels."

GEN. N. B. FORREST IN 1864.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, an Alabamian, but who has resided in New York City (27 East Thirty-eight street,) for many years, gives this introductory sketch which will be read with interest and pleasure.

In the light of history there stands out in clear relief the figure of Lieutenant-General NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, the most remarkable man our Civil War developed, and the greatest fighter of which the world has an authentic record. Endowed with a physical frame which resisted fatigue and exposure, a muscular organization developed into athletic proportions by reason of the hard manual labor necessity compelled him to perform from the earliest years of boyhood until he was a man, he possessed that quality of mind which never entertained the fear of personal disaster, nor in the flurry of hand-to-hand combat, nor the excitement or confusion of battle, lost for an instant the calm appreciation of what was transpiring. Quick to perceive in the rapidly shifting scenes of battle the opportunity for a fatal blow, he struck as the lightning flashes, blinding and withering. Before his sudden onslaught, to waver was rout; and in his tireless and unrelenting pursuit, rout became panic.

Without education and absolutely without any knowledge of war gleaned from the study of what others had accomplished, he evolved and put into execution the tactics and the strategy of the most famous generals in history. In his terse phraseology, "The way to whip 'em, is to get there first with the most men," and although his greatest victories were won with forces numerically inferior, he so fought his men that where he struck, he was equal to or stronger than his adversary. He realized the value of boldness even when akin to rashness, and, when possible, he attacked notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. When the enemy was about to charge, or was charging, his rule was to go at them at once. He knew that the excitement of a forward movement inspired even the timid with courage; while to stand in the open to receive the thundering onslaught of a cavalry charge, was a severe test of the courage of the bravest, and demoralizing to the timid. The *active defensive* was in him an intuition. Moreover, he fought his artillery as if they were shot-guns, charging right up to the opposing lines, their double-shotted contents at short range dealing death and disaster. Although his soldiers were called "*mounted infantry*" and "Forrest's Cavalry," they were neither infantry nor cavalry. There was not a bayonet in his command, and early in the war the sabre was discarded for the repeating pistol. They fought on horse or foot to suit the conditions.

It is probable that not a regiment he commanded could have made a correct tactical manœuvre on foot in action; and beyond the formation by fours and the evolution into line for the charge, the cavalry manual was practically obsolete. With the men he led, strict dicipline was impossible; and yet they fought with the steadiness of trained veterans, under the wonderful influence of one who inspired the timid with courage, and the brave with the spirit of emulation.

He said, "War means fighting, and fighting means killing," and when the enemy were not hunting him, he was hunting for them. Ever in the thickest of the fray, it is a marvel that he lived to see the war end. If ever man had a charmed life, such was his. The missile of the assassin, the gun and sabre of the open and honorable foe, turned from their mortal purpose. He was on over one hundred different occasions under fire, and these include the bloody and hotly contested battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Franklin, and Nashville. "Twenty-seven horses were shot under him," states Gen. James R. Chalmers; and a famous writer, himself a soldier, (Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor), says: "I doubt if any commander since the days of lion-hearted Richard has killed so many of his enemies as Forrest." His word of command as he led the charge, was, "Forward, men, and mix with them!" Though torn with bullets, and hacked in countless places with the sabre, or hurled from his horse in death struggle of the melée, his life was spared to serve to the end the cause which no man better served than he.

In a personal note Dr. Wyeth writes that he has for some time been getting up material with a view to writing the life of General Forrest, and adds: "Knowing that there are a good number of soldiers in Tennessee who served under Forrest, and who could give me much valuable information in regard to his wonderful achievements as a soldier, as well as his personal qualities, I have thought that the VETERAN might be the best means of getting at those who served under him and are still living.

I consider General Forrest the most wonderful man in the history of our Civil War, and am sure everybody in the South and every Confederate soldier should be glad of an opportunity to do something toward perpetuating his marvelous achievements."

Protest comes from comrades against the statement in that well written sketch of Gen. Forrest in July VETERAN that he commanded, when the war closed a cavalry corps of twenty thousand well trained men, etc. The response is spontaneous that with such an army he would have "got there first." However, after the battle of Nashville, all cavalry in the Western army was put under him.

BALTIMORE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—It is expected that the Baltimore society will begin its work in the autumn with 300 members. The officers are the following well-known ladies:

President, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright; vice-presidents, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, Mrs. Charles Marshall; treasurer, Mrs. Edward Sinclair Beall; recording secretary, Miss M. Alice Smith; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Frederick M. Colston; managers, Mrs. William Reed, Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, Mrs. Von Kapff, Mrs. B. Jones Taylor, Miss Mary Willis Minor, Miss Dora Hoffman, Mrs. J. Francis Dammann, Mrs. J. C. Wrenshall, Mrs. Hugh H. Lee.

GEN. POWELL CLAYTON, OF ARKANSAS.

Gen. John M. Harrell writes from Hot Springs: "An ancient (sacred) proverb declares that 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' When we consider the place, the occasion, and those to whom addressed, the speech of Gen. Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, addressed to the Twenty-eighth Wisconsin (Federal) regiment, at Oconomowac, in June last, commands attention from Confederate veterans. In politics, after the war, Clayton was bitter and cruel to his opponents, but he was a vigorous and brave commander in war. The brigade to which I belonged (Cabell's), and which I commanded later, fought Clayton at Pine Bluff, under Gen. John S. Marmaduke. Clayton fortified against us and repulsed us there.

"But in political discussion, when he was in his last political death struggle, he was always graceful in his reference to the Confederate soldiers. He indulged in a witty sarcasm in 1872, in his criticism of the "tenth" plank of the Greely platform, which the Democracy had adopted, and which expressed 'gratitude to the Union soldiers and sailors.' He said that after the gallant struggle we had made for four years, it was 'magnanimous in the Confederates to thank those who had thrashed them.'

"Please put in the VETERAN these things Clayton said to the Twenty-eighth Wisconsin at the reunion at Oconomowac. They are creditable to him and to any Union soldier who has the courage to express them, particularly under such circumstances.

'My comrades, although we were actors in that great drama which attracted the attention of the world for four long years, a drama replete with the highest human sentiments, full of the most touching pathos, and marked at frequent intervals by the most bloody and appalling prejudice, although our acts were looked upon by the wondering world, we come not here to-night in any spirit of idle boasting. Nor do we come here in any spirit of condemnation against those who were arrayed against us in that great struggle. Four years of war and thirty years of peace have cooled our heated passion and brought with them the calmer judgments of riper years. We can now, with unprejudiced eyes, look from the Confederate standpoint as well as our own. We can now make due allowance for all the circumstances and conditions that surrounded him; for the deep-seated conviction that he drank in with his mother's milk.

'The heroism of the Federal soldier and of the Confederate alike, are some things that the whole people of this nation may be proud of, for it is the heroism of the American people. When the Confederate soldier laid down his arms, furled his flag, and resolved that henceforth that flag should be his flag; the country over which it waved his country; its cause, his cause; that moment he achieved a greater victory than he ever won upon the battle field.

'I live in a state where I pay taxes annually into the state treasury for pensions to Confederate soldiers; and there is no state tax that I pay more cheerfully. Between the taxes that I pay for the support of our disabled Federal soldiers, and these taxes that I pay the state treasurer of Arkansas, there is a wide difference. In the first place I pay my taxes for the support of the Federal government as a debt I owe. In the second place I pay my state taxes as a worthy charity—to aid in a worthy charity. There is the difference. Every dollar this nation pays to its pensioners is partly to pay a debt. It can never be paid in full. I am not a pensioner myself; therefore I can speak freely on this subject without prejudice or interest. But when we put our hands in our pockets down in Arkansas. and contribute to the state treasury to help along the old Confederate soldiers we used to meet upon the battle field, we say: 'They were unfortunate; they were swept along by the wave of secession; some were conscripted and sent to the front; they were gallant; they are suffering; they are in want of bread; we will contribute to them, and we will do it freely.'"

There are other things which Gen. Clayton said in this connection, concerning the right and wrong of our internecine conflict, to which we must respectfully demur. But we accord to him the same sincerity he conceded to us. Again in this gallant and eloquent address Gen. Clayton said:

'Now, a word to my old companions of the Twenty-eighth Infantry. I think it right for me to say, who had the honor of commanding them for, I think, about eighteen months, it is right for me to report to you from whose midst they went, something about their stewardship. I am not going to tell all. Don't get shaky now, old fellows.'

A voice:—'Go slow.'

'I am going to go slow. I am not going to say anything about those black-eyed beauties down South. I am not going to say anything about those pranks of yours, and I don't want you to say anything about me, either. Let the word be 'mum' between us. I am going to speak about your soldier qualities.'

"His hearers doubtless knew the 'prank' he played. He married one of those "black-eyed beauties down South." He laid his military laurels at the feet of a young lady of Helena, who has made him what he is now. Did you ever see how benign the influence exerted upon all Yankee commanders by southern wives?"

FOURTH OF JULY WITH CONFEDERATES.

Henry Wilson, Adjutant Camp No. 328 U. C. V., Menardville, Texas:

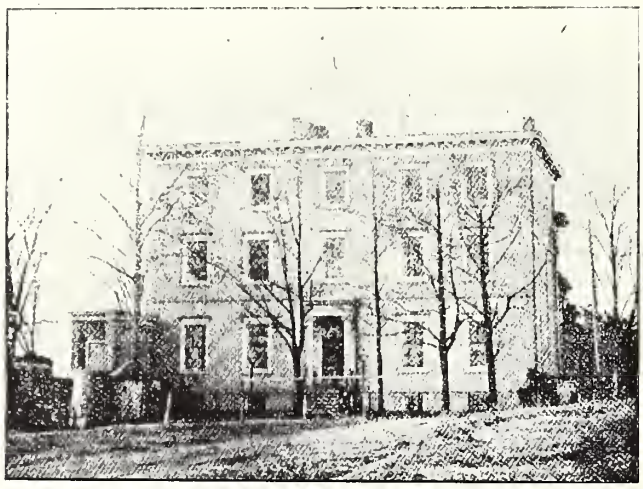
Our camp had a rousing time on the fourth, our national holiday. The people came in great numbers, and we had an old fashioned love feast. We had speaking, recitations, and songs, and the ladies presented the old veterans with a flag. The presentation and reception of same were the most touching events in the day's proceedings.

Our Camp held a business meeting, and adopted the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as our Official Organ.

A feature of interest on this occasion was the address by W. E. Adkins. It was a patriotic Fourth of July oration, quite after the order of those in the olden time, but the speaker did not fail to vindicate the Confederates as fighting for the same principles as did Washington's soldiers.

WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society is an organization of such importance, that a brief history of it is considered essential to the magazine published in "the interest of Confederate Veterans and kindred topics."



PRESIDENT DAVIS' WAR RESIDENCE AT RICHMOND, VA.

Some years ago it occurred to Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Hollywood Memorial Association, that the White House of the Confederacy in this city, then used as a public school, and fast falling into decay, should be restored to its former condition and preserved. Teeming with memories of our most glorious Confederacy—no more fitting use could be made of our President's home than to gather within its sacred walls the relics fast disappearing for want of such a store house, and of inestimable value to historians. Mrs. Bryan communicated her idea to the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, and asked their co-operation. An enthusiastic approval of her plan resulted in the taking of immediate steps to secure their object. A committee of ladies presented a petition to the City Council of Richmond, urgently requesting that the building be given them for the purpose of a Confederate Museum. While the City Fathers were quick to recognize the propriety of the plan, the law's delays incident upon all dealings with corporations, and the necessity of securing another building for the school, resulted in interminable procrastination. At last, however, the new school building was complete—the deed to the Davis mansion property attested, and on the — day of ———, 1892, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society took formal possession of the Davis Mansion.

The grand old building no longer wore its former look of well-ordered comfort. Countless little feet had worn the very marble of the steps thin. Black boards defaced the beautiful drawing room walls. Partitions had been knocked down to make two larger rooms, and the porches even were pronounced "unsafe." Nothing daunted by these deplorable conditions, the devoted women who had inaugurated the movement went about completing it.

In the spring of 1893, a great Memorial Bazaar was held, at which every state that was of the Southern Confederacy was represented. The financial result of this vast undertaking, which was intended to assist the association in charge of the Private Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument as well as the Confederate Museum, was a net sum of $30,000.

With the $15,000 dedicated to the Museum, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society is now busily at work in restoring the mansion minutely to the condition in which President Davis left it, and in making the building fire-proof.

The Society has moved with careful deliberation. In a few months now the building will be ready to receive its precious furnishing. The workmen are busy, and the ladies have perfected an organization which secures to this Museum a *national* character, and have succeeded in gathering from every southern state relics of priceless worth, and whose duplicates are not in existence. When complete, the Museum will present as nearly as possible the appearance the house did in 1861-'65. Every room is in the special care of a separate state. The Regent in charge of each room is a resident of the state to which the room belongs, and exerts herself to secure relics from the locality. She has a Vice-Regent residing in Richmond, who executes her orders, and in her absence represents her. The renovation and fire-proofing are in charge of a committee of which Mrs. Elmore D. Hotchkiss, President of the Memorial Bazaar, is Chairman. The Regent for Virginia is Miss Mildred Lee, and every southern state has a prominent southern woman to represent her in this museum—every detail which might add to the interest or improve the permanent value of this great institution having attention.

The money to start it is actually in hand, and nothing more remains to be done but to secure its permanency by a handsome endowment. This has not been procured; but, assured of its necessity—of the impossibility of securing so great and unique a museum in any other way, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society turns with confidence to the veterans of the Lost Cause, and makes known to them its need—to do more is unnecessary. We *know* they have the *will*, and we feel sure they will find the way.

A "JOHNNY REB" ON PENSIONS TO G. A. R.

I can truthfully say, that the C. S. A.,
Those who dwell in the land of the living,
Begrudge not the pay you get every day,
Which this nation so freely is giving—

That is, to the wounded, or whose sickness was founded
On exposure incurred thro' the strife,
And thus were disabled, for to labor unable—
Provide for them well thro' their life.

But the hale, hearty fellow, who for pensions yet bellows,
Let him hustle as we Johnnies do;
For many got bounties from their States and counties,
And for ducats alone wore the blue.

Then think for a minute, you know we ain't in it.
When scattered around is the swag;
So tell Gen. Palmer, to try to keep calmer,
When he sees that tattered old flag.

'Tis just like a story of heroes whose glory
Will shine on history's pages;
But your flag is now ours 'gainst all foreign powers,
And united we stand through all ages.

THE BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

J. M. Witherspoon, who was Adjutant of the Seventeenth and Twenty-third Tennessee Regiments, writes this sketch:

The twelfth of May, 1864, is memorable on account of one the hardest fought battles of the war, considering the number of troops engaged. Yet no historian, so far as I know, has given an account of that heroic defense of the Confederate capital.

General Beauregard had withdrawn his little army from the outer works on the road leading from Richmond to Petersburg, and occupied the second line of works, his left resting on Drewry's Bluff on James River, and his right on the Weldon railroad.

That morning dawned with a fog hanging heavily over the country, even for miles out from the river; and from the early clatter of courier it was evident that we had severe work to do.

Gen. Bushrod Johnson's brigade, commanded by Col. Fulton, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee Regiment, was in position immediately on the Petersburg road, with Hagood's South Carolina brigade on the left, and all ready for action, when Col. Fulton received orders to move down the road by the flank, as there was a swamp on the right which prevented us from moving in line of battle. When in a short distance of the enemy's line, Maj. Jones of Johnson's Staff rode rapidly forward to advance our skirmish line, but the fog being so heavy he passed it, and rode up to the Federal line and asked for Maj. Lowe, who was then in command of our skirmishers. The Yank told him politely that he knew nothing of Maj. Lowe, but that he would take charge of him. Maj. Jones, however, escaped; and we soon forced their skirmish line back upon their main line, and the fight was on.

Being forced to proceed by the flank, we were exposed to a heavy fire of grape and canister from the fort immediately in our front. While amid the rattle and roar of musketry and cannon we moved forward, our ranks being mowed down without being able to fire a gun, and when within about fifty or sixty yards of the fort, having passed the swamp, the clear voice of the brave Col. Keeble rang out, "Change front, forward on Tenth Company! Charge!" The men leaped forward with a bound, and when within about thirty steps of the works, struck a line of telegraph wire which Gen. Butler had caused to be stretched in front of the works; and as the men struck the wire they were dazed, and many a brave soldier was shot down as he attempted to rise. One company of Hagood's Brigade out of thirty-six men left twenty-two dead at the wire; but the remnant of determined men rushed into the fort, when a hand to hand fight ensued; and we were too much for the blue coats. Those who did not surrender made their way back to the woods. Our men tried to use their own guns, but they had spiked them.

Thus ended the first act, and the second play is on. Because of the swamp, no line came up on our right, and hence the line was still intact on that part of the works. The enemy was quick to take in the situation, reformed their demoralized line, and began to pour a deadly flank fire into our line, and at the same time pushed a heavy force across the works in order to bear down on our right. Here, while bravely defending our flanks, Lieut. Col. Floyd fell, pierced by a minie ball in his left breast. He was standing near me, and hearing the ball when it struck, I reached him in time to catch him as he fell, and to ease him to the ground. I spread my oilcloth for him to rest on, and left him to die. Shortly after this I received orders to report to Gen. Johnson, who asked me if I would volunteer to go and bring re-inforcements to his relief, as they would all soon be captured. I ran nearly three fourths of a mile to the rear, found a North Carolina brigade lying at rest in a field, but fell prostrate on the ground before reaching them, being completely exhausted from having been engaged so long without any water. A couple of soldiers ran to me, raised me up and gave me water. Soon the colonel commanding the brigade came to me and asked what I wanted. I told him the situation, and being revived, he gave me a company of skirmishers under command of a lieutenant, and they followed me through the swamp. The colonel kept his brigade well up with us. When we got through the swamp we struck the enemy's skirmishers on the flank and drove them in, just as two white flags were run up by our men on the right. The brigade came up in fine order and poured a heavy volley into the flank of the Yankee line. And in fifteen minutes we had Gen. Butler and his whole army under full retreat, seeking cover under his gunboats at Bermuda Hundred.

Thus ended the battle of Drewry's Bluff, and Richmond was saved, for there was nothing between us and Richmond but a few raw militia. No historian has ever given a worthy account of it.

Now, who can answer these questions? What was the name of the colonel—what North Carolina brigade was it—who were the two soldiers that ran to me when I fell—and what is the name of the lieutenant who commanded the skirmishers?

Please answer through the VETERAN.

A writer in the Century gives an interesting account of Mr. Lincoln and his surroundings upon the news of Gen. Lee's surrender. The President claimed that they had captured Dixie—the song:

When Lincoln came to the window shortly after, the scene before him was one of the wildest confusion. It seemed impossible for men adequately to express their feelings. They fairly yelled with delight, threw up their hats again and again, or threw up one another's hats, and screamed. From the windows of the white house the surface of that crowd looked like an agitated sea of hats, faces and arms. Quiet being restored, the President said that as the good old tune of "Dixie" had been captured, he had submitted the question of its ownership to the attorney general, who had decided that that tune was now our lawful property; and he asked that the band should play it, which was done with a will.

HIGH HONOR TO THE "TAR HEELS."

Special attention is given in this VETERAN to North Carolina. Statistics are given that should elicit the praise of every American.

Devotees to the Union should not forget that the Declaration of Independence was made in Mecklenburg county, May 20, 1875, and all who believe in the principle of States rights should recall with pride that while the voting population of that state in 1860 was but 120,000, the soldiers furnished to the Confederate army aggregated 125,000. Then the record of these soldiers, according to statistics in Washington and published North, is a remarkable showing.

B. F. Sugg, of Greenville, sends from the North Carolinian of recent date an account of soldiers from that state in the great war, which demonstrates that the "Tar Heels" suffered more even unto death than the soldiers of any other state on either side. It copies from the New York Times:

"The table of deaths and wound that is given, measures the actual fighting as nothing else can. One thing clearly shown, is the overshadowing importance of the battles of Gettysburg and Chickamauga.

The heroic valor of the North Carolina troops excites the highest admiration, and Pennsylvania, which lost more in killed and wounded, in proportion to the number of its troops, than any northern state, can well send greeting to North Carolina, whose soldiers at Gettysburg did the hardest fighting on the other side."

The Official War Record, says the Times, is the book of revelations as to both sides of the Civil War. On the Confederate side, North Carolina lost more soldiers killed than any other southern state. The following was the total loss in killed and mortally wounded of several of the southern states: North Carolina, 14,522; Virginia, 5,328; South Carolina, 9,187; Georgia, 5,553; Mississippi, 5,807; Louisiana, 9,714. North Carolina heads the list in the number that died of wounds, and 20,602 of her sons died of disease. North Carolina's military population in 1861 was 115,369, but she furnished 125,000 to the Confederate cause. The percentage of lost, killed and wounded was greater in the Confederate armies than in the Union armies. At Gettysburg, the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, of Pettigrew's brigade, went into action with over eight hundred, and lost five hundred and fifty-eight in killed and wounded. That same regiment had only two hundred and sixteen men left for duty when it went into Longstreet's assault on the third day, and on the following day but eighty were left. On the first day, Captain Tuttle's company went into action with three officers and eighty-four men. All of the officers and eighty-three of the men were killed or wounded. On the same day Company C, of the Eleventh North Carolina, lost two officers and thirty-four out of thirty-eight men, killed or wounded. Captain Bird of this company, and the four remaining men then went into what is called Picket's Charge. The flag bearer was shot, and Captain Bird brought out the flag himself. This was the severest regimental loss during the war. The percentages of the regimental, brigade, and divison losses of the Confederates were terrible.

Mrs. S. M. Wilson, of San Saba, Texas, illustrates the extent that North Carolina served in the army by mentioning that seven of her eight brothers were Confederate soldiers, and that she was twice married, and that both of her husbands were Captains in the Army.

THE OLD NORTH STATE IN THE REVOLUTION.

Wm. E. Anderson, of Camp Ward No. 10, U. C. V. Pensacola, Fla., writes:

The object of the VETERAN being to preserve the history and incidents of the war between the states, its mission should go back of that. Every event in the history of our southern land which increases our pride in it, should be kept from oblivion for the inspiration of our children.

The first armed resistance to the oppressions of Great Britain occurred on southern soil. Few are familiar with this page of history, yet long before Concord or Lexington, the men of North Carolina, after vainly endeavoring by petition and protest to get relief from extortionate taxes and imposts, which amounted to confiscation, met the British forces in battle and were defeated. Had the result been different, the fire which afterwards blazed up at Lexington, and "kindled the land into flame with its heat," would have started the conflagration on the banks of the Alamance River. But the spark was quenched in blood; and the Revolution was postponed four years. The cause of the outbreak was essentially the same North and South—unjust taxation. Under the protection, and with the countenance of Gov. Tryon, the officers of the Crown, especially in the counties of Orange and Granville, oppressed the people with the most iniquitous fees and charges. Petition after petition, praying for relief in respectful terms, brought no redress. The Colonists then called a convention which met at Maddock's Mill in October, 1766, to consider their grievances.

In April, 1768, they again met and formed an association "for regulating public grievances and abuse of power." Hence they were called Regulators. Their formal resolution bound them "to pay only such taxes as were agreeable to law, and to pay no officer more than his legal fees." Their action was regular, their resolution was published, and a respectful protest sent to the Governor.

The history of the following three years is one of continued unrest. Petitions sent to Gov. Tryon were continually disregarded. On the side of the colonists the Royal officers were beaten, the courts broken up by force, and prisoners taken from the hands of the sheriffs.

Finally, in April, 1771, Gov. Tryon marched from Newbern with 300 men; and being joined by various bodies of Royalists, encamped on the 14th of May on the banks of the Alamance River, where the Regulators were assembled in force. The Royal forces were 1100 strong, the Colonists about 2000. On the 15th a petition was brought to the Gover-

nor from the Regulators, praying a redress of grievances, as the only means to prevent bloodshed. They were warned to disperse; but returned a defiant reply; and on the 16th of May the Royal troops advanced upon them, and a battle followed lasting two hours. It resulted in the defeat and dispersion of the Regulators with the loss of twenty killed and many wounded.

The loss of the Royalists was 61. The prisoners taken were tried in Hillsboro by special court for high treason, and were convicted and sentenced to death. Six were respited to await the King's pleasure, and six were hanged. The spot of their execution is now marked by a plain, unlettered slab.

Thus upon the banks of the Alamance River and in the town of Hillsboro, in North Carolina, was shed the first blood of the Revolution, four years before Concord and Lexington. The records in the Court House at Hillsboro, the published book of Herman Husbands, the leader of the Regulators, and Gov. Tryon's official reports, now on file among the state papers in London, are the sources from which this sketch is drawn. Now that North Carolina has built a monument in Raleigh to her Confederate dead, she should build one on the banks of the Alamance River to those of her sons who fell there first in the great struggle for independence.

As a son of the "Old North State," and one who is proud of her history, I commend this duty to the "Sons and Daughters of the Revolution."



MONUMENT AT BENTONVILLE.

Much credit is due to the Goldsboro Rifles for having achieved the important work of procuring and erecting the Bentonville monument. The occasion, March 20, 1895, is memorable. In the introductory services, Rev. J. J. Harper, son of the venerable couple at Bentonville, who nursed to the end, and who as a lad helped them to care for the last of Confederate dead to die from home, at the dedication of monument, March 20, 1895, made a prayer so comprehensive and so patriotic that extracts are here given from it.



MONUMENT AT GOLDSBORO.

* * "May Thy richest joys come into the experiences of Thy aged servants who tenderly and faithfully ministered to them in their sufferings, so lovingly soothed them in their last moments, and so affectionately buried them when they were dead. And, O merciful God, grant that Thy tenderest ministrations may follow the multitude of women left widows, and children left orphans, who listened long for the welcome step, and watched through the evening twilight of years for the familiar form of the loved and lost, 'till eyes grew weary with watching, and dim with age—but longed and listened and looked in vain. May Thy fatherly care and kind providence follow them through this life into life eternal.

And grant, O Lord, that the light of Thy presence, and the warmth of Thy love, and the strength of Thy almighty arm may ever be present and manifest to the brave sons of the South, who by Thy providence were preserved through the dangers and carnage of war, and the eclipse of the cause they loved, and who still linger on these mortal shores.

And, O merciful Father, grant the strength of Thy guiding hand to this great nation. Give us wise, conservative and honest rulers. Give to all in authority Thy wisdom, that they may legislate wisely and execute fearlessly, fearing God. Preserve us from complications and internal strife and from war. Give to the American Republic contin-

ued peace and prosperity and greater purity. Enlarge her influence for good among the nations of the earth."

The thirteen young ladies representing the southern states, in military dress, as an especial escort of honor, and the committee of veterans, accompanied General Hampton to Bentonville. The monument bears on the four sides of its main shaft, these explanatory inscriptions:

In Memory of
THE CONFEDERATE DEAD,
Erected under the auspices of
The Goldsboro Rifles,
March 20, 1895.

"Nor shall you be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot,
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

On this spot and in this vicinity
was fought the battle of Bentonville,
March 19, 1865.

Twenty-three of those buried here had
their last hours soothed by the
loving care of John Harper
and his noble wife Amy A. Harper.

The monument is of white marble, fifteen feet high, with a burnished marble cannon ball cap. It has an octagonal slanting base, also of burnished marble, on which are inscribed the names and commands of those who died in the Harper house, together with other names as could be obtained of those buried there who fell on the field. There are 360 in all, and the remains of most of them were gathered together from their burial places on the field, now a wilderness of pines, by the members of the Goldsboro Rifles with their own hands, and reverently buried in the square marked by the monument, generously donated by Mr. Harper for this purpose.



CAPT. T. H. BAIN.

Lasting gratitude is due, and will be awarded to Capt. T. H. Bain, whose services never flagged in procuring both the monuments at Bentonville and at Goldsboro.

B. B. Raiford, of Mt. Olive, N. C., gives the Confederate Veteran an acrostic, which he dedicates to Capt. Bain.

This is the day we celebrate,
Honoring both the small and great—
Every dead Confederate.
Causes which once were lost are won,
On southern lands, by southern sons.
Nobly fighting side by side,
For us they fought, and bled, and died,
Every veteran true and tried.
Dead tho' they be, they did not die in vain:
Each hero's mem'ry has come again.
Right here on Bentonville battle plain,
As heroes they fell without a stain.
True to the cause for which they fought,
Each soldier's life was dearly bought.

Veterans, we who wore the gray—
Each were clad in battle array,
That met the foe from day to day,
Erect a monument to stay,
Round which we all have met to-day
A mound, indeed, which is no trifle
Nobly done by Goldsboro's Rifles.
March 20, 1895.

FIRST AND LAST SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE WAR.

A Goldsboro exchange states that the first Confederate soldier killed in the war was named Wyatt, a member of the famous Edgecombe Guards, commanded by Col. Bridges.

The Petersburg Index makes the following interesting mention of the last devoted North Carolinian: "There is buried here one soldier—a North Carolinian—who on the night of the evacuation was left at Pocahontas bridge to fire it, and was killed there, the last man of the retreating army. He was found dead by the Federal forces in advancing, and by them interred, a blanket his only coffin, and the apron of a weeping woman his only shroud."

A correspondent states that his name was Cummings Mebane, of Madison, N. C., and adds: "On the night of the retreat of Gen. Lee's army, Pocahontas Bridge was left in charge of a Lieutenant and a small body of infantry, with instructions to burn the bridge as soon as the troops crossed. Before all the troops had crossed over, the enemy had commenced shelling the bridge, and it was exceedingly dangerous for any one to approach it. At this juncture volunteers were called for to fire the bridge, when Mebane and Lindsey Wall, of Rockingham, stepped forward offering their services. Young Mebane, while shot and shell were raking the bridge, reached the middle, and was applying the match, when he was shot through the body with a grape shot. He walked back to the bank, but expired in a few moments. Although only sixteen years old, he was as cool, intrepid and daring as a veteran of fifty summers. A monument should be erected to his heroic memory."

J. E. Dean, Avalon, Texas: I have attended reunions at New Orleans, Birmingham, and Houston; but have met with only one of my regiment, the Second Georgia State troops Company E., so write this in the hope of getting up correspondence with some of them. We were better known as "Joe Brown's Pets." Should any of the old boys, or Dr. Brown, the Governor's brother, see this, I will be glad to hear from them.

McKENZIE BIVOUAC'S REUNION AT HICO.

Stonewall Jackson Bivouac (Camp 42 U. C. V.) held its fifth aunual reunion at Hico, Tennessee, on July 20th. The McKenzie Cornet Band furnished music. The chaplain, Rev. G. W. Rogers, prayed, and Capt. W. J. Fuqua gave a welcome that was appropriate and pleasing. Hon. A. G. Hawkins delivered the oration; after which dinner was served, abundant in quantity and excellent in quality. "Wearing the Gray" was recited happily by Miss Brooxie Nowlin, of McKenzie, and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" was sung by young ladies assisted by young men and veterans, and then was played by the band. "Recollections of the war" was given in fine voice and spirit by Miss Madge Cannon, daughter of Dr. J. P. Cannon, Commander of the Bivouac. "The Dying Soldier" was another excellent recitation by Miss Arba Lee Beck, of Henderson, Tenn.

After the above program, calls were made for short speeches and responded to by Maj. Cooper, of Puryear, Dr. Wingo, of Trezevant, and Capt. Fuqua, of McKenzie, who entertained the immense crowd for an hour or more with a recital of some of their experiences during the war. The latter delivered a peroration to woman.

Stonewall Jackson Bivouac was organized November 20, 1889, and has had regular meetings once a month since that time. It now has fifty-eight members.

At the June meeting, 1890, it was resolved to have a reunion at Hico, on July 21st, every year as long as the members survive. [This year the 21st falling on Sunday the reunion took place on Saturday, 20th.]

The day is the anniversary of the great victory at Manassas, and the day on which Gen. T. J. Jackson, since so distinguished and famous, won the title of "Stonewall."

July 21st is looked forward to as a gala day by all the people of the surrounding country, and each year the crowd increases. Here comrade meets comrade, and the Confederate gives the Federal a hearty welcome.

The McNeill brothers have kindly given control of the grounds on this day as long as the land remains in their possession. In addition to the regular program of entertainment, stands have been erected for the sale of lemonade, the profits of which go into the treasury of the Bivouac as a fund strictly for benevolent purposes. In this way they have previously raised and disbursed more than $200, and this last day added $164 to the fund. So business is combined with pleasure; and while all enjoy the recreation and reunion, almost every one contributes something to a fund which is intended to relieve distress of unfortunate comrades and their families. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was the subject of universal indorsement and pride.

Col. J. J. Callan, of Coleman, Texas, wishes to procure the Gipsy poem, "Wild Zingarella," and also the words of Gen. Albert Pike's "Dixie," not the old negro version. Who can supply them?

SCOUT SERVICE.

Mr. H. H. Smith, of Atlanta, Ga., gives interesting historic data about scout service for the army.

I am just in receipt of your June issue of the VETERAN, sent me by Joshua Brown, of New York. I read with care his letter on the death of comrade Samuel Davis.

After I recovered from my Chickamauga wound on March 15, '64, I reported to Gen. Jos. E. Johnston at Dalton, Ga., for duty. He requested that I form a courier line from there (Dalton) to the Tennessee River, and keep him posted as to the movements of Gen. Dodge, then stationed at Athens, Ala. I formed the line, and soon had it in working order. On my arrival at Florence, Ala., in the night of March 22, in company with Ed Pointer, Joe Buford and John Siddens, we crossed the Tennessee River, and went together as far as King's Factory on the Old Military Road leading from Nashville by Hillsboro and Williamsport to Florence. At King's Factory, Pointer and Buford took the left hand road, agreeing to meet us at Lawrenceburg next morning, while Siddens and I kept the main road. About five miles this side of Lawrenceburg at three o'clock in the morning, we stopped at a country house for something to eat and information, and while in the house we were captured by the Tories. We were robbed, tied on our horses, and started back towards King's Factory. En route we were recaptured by the Seventh Illinois Mounted Infantry, in command of Col. Esterbrooks. He took charge of us, turning the Tories loose. The Tories went on in the direction of Pointer and Buford, and captured and killed them. Siddens and I were sent to Athens, Ala., to Gen. Dodge, where we were put in irons and placed in jail, remaining there some ten days; then sent to Nashville and put in the penitentiary, I occupying the cell with Capt. Gurley of Forrest's command, who was at that time under death sentence. I was confined in the penitentiary in shackles until the first day of June, 1864; was thence sent to Louisville, Ky., and confined there one week; and from there sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where I remained until March, 1865, and sent through the lines to Richmond and exchanged.

Hugh H. Colquitt, of Atlanta, writes that in connection with the Cotton States Exposition he is arranging to establish an encampment to extend throughout the "hundred days." That will be recalled as the exact time of the great Dalton-Atlanta campaign and the distance one hundred miles.

Comrade Colquitt contemplates a hotel restaurant with tents near, where the veterans of both armies may find comforts at low rates. The plan, moreover, is to provide for United States companies and regiments, and all military organizations that may attend in bodies. This national encampment feature has the official endorsement of the exposition management.

Mr. Colquitt has been the vice-president of the Atlanta camp and was the first adjutant general of the State Division United Confederate Veterans.

Such a plan of encampment may be very pleasant and useful to veterans.

COMING HOME FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

B. L. RIDLEY'S JOURNAL.—Continued.

Tuesday, May 9, 1865.—Have halted here at Cherokee Iron Works, in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, to have mules shod and clothes washed. Works extensive on Broad River, which, after receiving the Pacolette a few miles below, is navigable for flat boats to Columbia, 110 miles distant. We are fishing and bathing and will our journey pursue to-morrow.

Had the war lasted a few weeks longer, the staff, by special act of Confederate Congress, would have been promoted. Lieutenant General's Aides would have been Lieutenant, Colonel and Major. Well, Caruthers Stewart and I have lost that glory. The staff was not in the line of promotion, hence Congress, on account of the efficiency of this arm of the service, was endeavoring to recognize it. I often reflect how I got picked up on this staff duty. As a private in Company F, Ward's Regiment, Morgan's Cavalry, I caught the enemy's fire at and over my line, but horrors! instead of being far enough in the rear to escape minies, I have found that the staff had to go where the fighting was, in a battle and out, and take the fire, crossfire and enfilades at the whole corps, and was always a target for batteries and sharpshooters. But with the military courtesy of being called a grade higher than our real rank, the staff (whose loss quadrupled any other branch) had to content itself.

May 10.—Left camp this morning at seven, and have traveled twenty miles, having crossed Thickelty Creek and Pacolette River. We have passed within a few miles of the Cowpens, a notable place in the history of the old Revolution as the locality of a bloody battle between Gen'l. Morgan and Col. Tarleton; also passed the scene of another battle field on Pacolette River—believe it was Eutaw Springs, but may be mistaken. We passed through Spartanburg and are now in Union District, ten miles west of Unionville. The road is full of returning soldiers. Feed is scarce, but the people are very kind to us. A Mr. Jones invited Maj. Lauderdale and my father to breakfast with him a half mile off. Some one tried to steal a mule last night, but we were on the alert. A fellow came to our camp, and by false pretenses got a bunch of spun thread from us, promising to bring corn, but he decamped and we never heard of him again. Our circulating medium, cotton yarns, tobacco, and hams, is about to give out. But as Jacob Faithful in one of Marryatt's novels used to say:

> "Life's a river, and man is a boat,
> That over its surface is destined to float;
> But joy is a cargo so easily stored,
> That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board."

May 11.—Have traveled twenty-five miles to-day; camped on the east bank of Tiger River. The country is sterile, and the contrast with Tennessee lands is striking. Road jammed with soldiers. Expected to meet Gen. Stewart at Cross Anchor, but found he had passed on with his corps, though our informant said he had disbanded them.

May 12.—Are now in camp at Laurens Court House, South Carolina. Stop at two o'clock to have broken wheel repaired.

May 13.—Have traveled rapidly to-day over a smooth road, and are now seventeen miles from Laurens' Court House at half-past one. Write this hasty memorandum on the south bank of the Saluda River, Puckett's Ferry. Whilst we are crossing, it was rumored at Lawrenceville, and the report is rife all along the way, that Bob Lincoln had killed Andrew Johnson at Washington. A man said he had seen a gentleman who informed him that it was reported in the Knoxville Whig and the Augusta Chronicle. Don't believe it, yet am "prepared now to believe anything." Have also heard another rumor that a French fleet is in sight of Wilmington. Don't I wish that President Davis could get on it! Mr. Puckett's ferryman says that President Davis, with his Cabinet, crossed the river here on Monday, May 1st, and also his escort, Dibrell's Division, together with Vaughn's Brigade from East Tennessee. President is in good health. Escort was disbanded at Washington, Ga. The last Cabinet meeting was held there in a bank building. Have found a returning soldier of Vaughn's Brigade who says there are forty or fifty Yankees at Abbeville Court House, a few miles ahead of us. If so, we will probably fall in with them to-morrow. Have not seen one since the surrender. We are twenty-two miles from Abbeville. Passed to-day Ninety Six, a place which has become historical from the fact that it was a station during the Revolution for the British, and the surrounding country of Laurens and Abbeville being distinguished for Tories. The British General Cruger commanded it, when Greene attempted once unsuccessfully to take it. It was at this place that the brave Kosciusko, who afterward became Dictator of Poland and filled so large a place in European history, directed the siege for Gen'l. Greene. In camp now after traveling twenty-five miles.

May 14.—Passed through Cokesbury twelve miles from Abbeville, a village distinguished for its excellent schools. Passed Abbeville at half-past twelve; the town full of soldiers. Saw my friend, John Young, of McMinnville, who came near being hanged by Andrew Johnson in Nashville, charged with being a spy. Gen'l. Loring's wagon train had stopped one mile south of the town for the purpose of avoiding the crowd en route for Washington, Ga. We have taken a road leading across Savannah River at Barksdale's Ferry. Yankees occupy Washington, hence to avoid them, we will go directly after crossing river to Warrenton, thence to Sparta. Gen'l. Stewart sent forward a courier to say that he was in the rear, and to wait for him. Courier missed us and went to Washington, we suppose. Have pitched tents four miles south of Abbeville.

May 15.—Have decided to wait; and sent Gen'l. Stewart's son back to meet him. An accident occurred in camp last night. Mr. Hill, of Tennessee, who is one of our company, lost his mule. He is a poor soldier, and the loss is severe to him. Lieutenant Stewart and his brother Alphonso, have returned and bring no tidings of the General. We are in trouble, not knowing what to do, but will go on in

the morning. I went back to Abbeville last night and got a supply of commissary stores, bacon, hams, flour, salt, sugar, etc. Camped near Mr. Tolmand's.

May 16.—Returned from the village last night, where I saw twelve Yankees, who looked scared. Their mission, I hear, is to take charge of the commissary stores there: also heard that the Yankees had captured President Davis on his Mississippi tour. The rumor is pretty well authenticated, therefore I mention it. Our faithful man Jim gave us a poor breakfast this morning—the coffee and biscuit were both badly prepared; but he said he was all the time "thinking of his wife and how she would receive him." He promised next time to put more beans and less water in the coffee-pot. And now as I am about to leave South Carolina, and strike for the Georgia shore, I must give my impression of it. The rivers first attracted me. Their beautiful names, the Saluda, the Enoree, the Congaree, the Wateree, the Pacolette. The people clever, high-toned, warm-hearted. On going from Augusta, through South Carolina to get to Smithfield, our first headquarters was at the house of a good old farmer near Edgefield, next at the house of Governor Pickens of Newberry. He had a young wife, and said that he ordered fired at Sumter the first gun of the war. We then stopped at Ex-Gov. Gist's after crossing the Enoree. At Chester, we stopped at the house of a prominent lawyer. It was in Chester that we were highly entertained by a party of elegant ladies, and during the evening Maj. Porter, of Cheatham's Staff, entertained us with fine singing. We stop with all classes and they treat us well. If a soldier wants royal treatment, go to the good liver; the rich man's, is not generally the place to get it. I like South Carolina—the land of Rutledge, of Calhoun and of Hayne, in the days that are gone, and of the Rhetts, the Pickens, the Gists, the Hamptons, and the Prestons of today. When I look over this old land, I wonder at the changes to come. Slavery is dead, and a new system, social and political, is staring us in the face. The system of labor deranged—ole massa and ole missus cannot be re-educated. "The little old log cabin in the lane" must give way before the sun of a new idea. The generation of negroes growing up will fall back into a state of laziness and improvidence, and the generation of whites, all on an equality in the poverty line, must meet the crisis of events. No more can we linger with the old love; we must try to gain the respect of the new. So:

"Look forward, toil onward, and when in the end
Well merited honors you've won,
Be proud that your claim to the prize did not lie
In being a somebody's son."

Here are some of my episodes connected with South Carolina. On marching from Augusta and crossing the Enoree, at Jones' Ferry, the river was swollen and rising, the milldam just below us. Col. Sevier was crossing with a common ferry boat full of soldiers. They lost their paddles, and a most exciting scene took place. It was viewed by the Corps with horror. This crazy little craft was approaching that milldam, without rudder or sail, chart or compass, with the water in about two feet of level of dam. Ugh! our hearts sank; but they went over safe, and after a journey of four miles down the river, made a landing.

The accent of some of the natives is so broad, and the outlandish pronunciation of some of the negroes so marked, that the soldiers say, "They have the English language turned clean wrong side outwards."

And, now, since I am closing my journal for today, Jim Rawlings and Roulack and Hughes and all of our camp are singing the "Bonnie White Flag," to the air of "Bonnie Blue Flag," to appease the sorrow and calm the tempests of surrender. As it was written by Col. W. S. Hawkins (Gen'l. S's. nephew), while a prisoner in Camp Chase, and is so significant and soothing as a lullaby, I'll try to remember this verse:

"Our battle banner furled away
No more shall greet the eye,
Nor beat of angry drum be heard,
Nor bugles' hostile cry.
The blade no more be raised aloft
In conflict fierce and wild,
The bomb shall roll across the sward,
The plaything of a child.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! for peace and home hurrah!
Hurrah for the bonnie white flag, that ends this cruel war."

THAT LONE GRAVE AT ALLATOONA, GA.

L. C. Martin, editor of the Loudon County Record, who was of the Tennessee Press excursion to Cumberland Island, and to "Light Horse Harry" Lee's grave, comments upon the trip and sends an editorial from his paper in which he gives this story from his father-in-law, O. S. Crandall, now living at Loudon, but who served the Union cause in a Minnesota regiment:

On the day of the fight, Mr. Crandall was stationed in the trenches on Allatoona mountain, with 2,000 other Union soldiers. Across the track at the foot of the mountain was located a large railroad wood-shed filled with provision for the federal army. About three o'clock, after the battle was over, a soldier was seen emerging from the Confederate lines. In his hand he bore aloft a blazing pine knot torch. He started for the provision house with the intention of firing it. He had hardly got in sight when 2,000 Union soldiers opened fire on him, as he was in full view of them. On, on he went, with his flaming torch, until he had traversed about 1,500 feet, and was within a few rods of the provision house, when he fell dead beside the track. He was a member of Gen. French's command. He was about thirty or thirty-five years of age. The second day after the battle, Mr. Crandall assisted in making a box coffin and in burying him on the spot where he fell. The bravery and daring of this soldier in facing death in order to burn the provision house commanded the attention and respect of the thousands of Union soldiers who saw him, and they gave him a special burial.



COMPANY A. UNIFORMED RANK UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

At the Inter-State Drill at Memphis, last May, prizes were offered for the best drilled company of not less than 32 men, with the regular complement of officers, drilling Hardee's tactics, to be contested for by commands made up of ex-Confederate soldiers. Company A. Confederate Veterans, of Memphis, were awarded the first prize of $1,000 in that class. Readers of the VETERAN will be interested in the origin, the history and achievements of this Company.

In the Spring of 1894, the Chickasaw Guards, of Memphis, in the interest of a local charity, got up a drill contest between three teams from their organization. One team was made up of veteran members of the company who had drilled with the Chickasaws in their celebrated victorious campaign of 1879. A second team was selected from the members who were in the last Inter-State drill participated in by the company under Upton's tactics, at Indianapolis, and the third team was chosen from the new members drilling the army regulation tactics of the present day.

During the preparation for the contest great interest was aroused and much speculation as to which team would win. In connection with the enterprise, one of our citizens suggested that a company of old Confederate Veterans be organized to challenge the winning team of the Chickasaws.

The contest between the three teams of the "Chicks" took place in our large Auditorium before an immense audience. The two older teams drilled Upton's tactics, and the new members the present regulation tactics, the decision to be made on points of excellence in their respective styles of drill. The decision was in favor of the Veteran Chickasaws, who under their old Captain, Sam T. Carnes, showed they had not lost their old-time precision in manual and manœuvre.

This victory of the Veteran "Chicks" gave renewed interest to the suggestion to organize a company of war veterans to challenge them, and a meeting of ex-Confederates was called for the purpose. More than twice as many as were needed enrolled at once. Officers were chosen and preparatory drills commenced. The choice for Captain fell upon W. W. Carnes, an experienced drill officer. He modestly suggested that his selection by the Confederates was no doubt due mainly to the fact that he was an elder brother of S. T. Carnes, commanding the Veteran Chickasaws. It was considered a big joke to put any team of old soldiers against the famous drill team of the Chickasaw Guards, and added interest to have the two brothers as opposing captains.

After a formal correspondence, embracing a challenge on the part of the Confederate Veterans and an acceptance by the Chickasaw Veterans, the second day of May, 1894, was fixed as the date on which the drill would take place for the benefit of the Forrest Monument Fund. The Chickasaw Veterans selected (our Confederate) Gen. Geo. W. Gordon as their judge, while the Confederate Veterans selected Gen. R. F. Patterson, formerly of the Federal Army, to represent them; and these being authorized to name a third judge, selected to act with them Col. M. C. Gallaway, who had served with Forrest.

The Confederates were drilled behind closed doors in a cotton shed, and it was not known what they could do till they appeared on the drill ground. They drilled Hardee's tactics of course, while the "Chicks" drilled Upton's tactics—each to be judged, as in the preceding contest, on the merits of its performance in its own style of tactics. An immense throng of our people attended the drill in Citizens' Park, and it would be difficult to describe the enthusiasm of this assemblage when the contestants entered the enclosure, escorted by the other Memphis military. The Confederate Veterans drilled first, and one of the happiest features of the entertainment was the surprise caused by their performance. They showed the young soldiers they had not forgotten the march or the manual, and they amazed their competitors and the spectators. The Chickasaw Veterans then followed with a perfection of drill that would have beaten anything except our Confederate Veterans.

When the drill was over the judges decided the Confederate Veterans were entitled to the prize. The decision occupied three typewritten pages signed by them all. That decision is interesting but cannot be given here for lack of space. So the Confederate Veterans downed the Chickasaw Guards.

After the drill programme was ended the Chickasaw Veterans escorted the Confederate Veterans to the Peabody Hotel, where both companies were entertained by Col. R. B. Snowden.

The result of the drill was a very handsome addi-

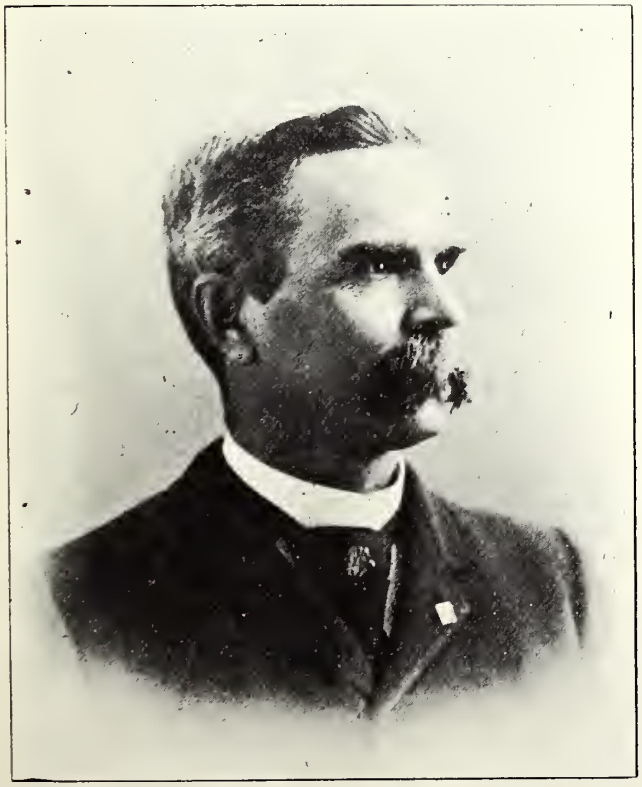
tion to the Forrest Monument Fund. Afterwards it was suggested to continue the company of Confederate Veterans, and later on by-laws were adopted and the company was reorganized. Under its by-laws no one will be admitted to its ranks unless he be a member of the local Confederate Bivouac, so that his Confederate record shall be unquestioned. When the Inter-State Drill at Memphis was planned the Veteran Chickasaw Guards took the first step and appointed a committee to confer with a similar committee from the Confederate Veteran company. This joint committee made up the progamme for the big drill, which, through the aid of certain of our prominent business men, was most successfully carried out, even to the satisfaction of the visiting military.

The officers of Company A. Confederate Veterans, of Memphis, are Capt. W. W. Carnes, First Lieut. Kellar Anderson, Second Lieut. Jas. Dinkins and Junior Second Lieut. Edward Bourne. The organization and drilling of this uniformed company of Confederate Veterans excited new interest among war veterans who had not heretofore united with our local organization, and greatly added to the membership of the "Confederate Historical Society" of Memphis, which is Bivouac No. 18 in our State Association of Confederate Soldiers and Camp No. 28 United Confederate Veterans.

NOT MUCH DANGER FROM CONFEDERATES.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, was asked whether these are the only Confederates that have been so organized, and he replied:

"No other veteran companies have engaged in a drill since the war. I have been associated with the military all the time, and know of no organization of a company of veterans till ours was made for the purpose stated. If there was any veteran company in existence at the North (as I have heard it stated), there has been no appearance of such company in any drill contest. The ages of our company range from fifty to fifty-six years—two or three of them a shade under fifty. The oldest members drilled as 'spry' as the youngest—and all say they were benefited by the exercise."



CAPTAIN W. W. CARNES.

MISSING.

In the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old sward,
And the winds, and the birds and the limpid brook,
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross,
Thro' the flickering fringe of the willow?
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill in the whispering grass?

A soldier, clad in the zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies there in the shadow, cool and dim;
His musket swept by a trailing bough,
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,
And a wound on his manly brow;
A wound, alas!
Whence the warm blood dripped on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of sad surprise;
And the lizard darts thro' the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary,
Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory;
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While her lover is walking in Paradise:
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long dreary nights of her vigil follow.
No bird, no moon, nor a whispering wind,
May breathe the tale of the hollow;
Alas! Alas!
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

The above lines were written just after the battle of Seven Pines, being suggested by the report of the missing after that battle. Can any one give the name of the author?

Rev. John R. Deering, now of Harrodsburg, Ky., ever faithful as he was steadfastly valiant in our great struggle, adds a note with subscription:

Comrade J. D. Sprake is a good man and true. He had never seen a copy of the VETERAN before the one I showed him, although he lives near a city and in one of our best counties. Whose fault is it? Mr. Sprake belonged to the Eighth Kentucky (Col. Ray S. Cluke's) Cavalry. Perhaps you never knew just such a soldier as Sprake. He was ready, cheerful, brave, efficient, and very handy with a gun, although he had only one hand. Some men were willing to get out of the army when they had lost a hand; but Sprake had lost his before he enlisted I want him to read the VETERAN the rest of his day

FINANCES OF THE C. V. A. OF KENTUCKY.

The following statement was furnished promptly after the publication referred to by Gen. John Boyd:

I thank you for the very complimentary notice of the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky. Pardon me for asking you to correct a probable typographical error in your figures. The report shows that we have received since the organization of the Association the sum of ten thousand and seventy and $\frac{42}{100}$ dollars, ($10,070\frac{42}{100}$), and not one thousand and seventy $\frac{42}{100}$ dollars ($1,070\frac{42}{100}$) as printed. While the balance in cash shows only $183\frac{44}{100}$, the body of the report shows that we have invested in bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars ($3,500.00). We have expended some three thousand dollars ($3,000.00) in caring for the living and in burying the Confederate dead. A merciful God has certainly blessed the efforts and guided the hands of those who have given many hours of toil to build up this Association. If my humble efforts have been in any way conducive to these results, I ascribe to that same good Father all praise. To the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, and to the camps composing the Kentucky Division, for their kindness in honoring me with the highest office in their gift, I have only feelings of the deepest gratitude.

Gen. Custer's Tribute to the Conquered Foe.—Speaking of Custer's charge on the evening of the sixth of April, '65, and its repulse, the closing of the Federal lines around the Confederates, and the last conflict at Sailors Creek, a Union soldier states:

"Every cloud has its silver lining. The next morning, after a refreshing slumber on the sweetest of all beds—the bare ground—we were again marshalled in line, and down that line came General Custer, his yellow hair and boyish face well-known to all of us. Near the center of the line he turned to his band, and ordered it to play "Dixie." As the marvelous strains of that Confederate war song floated in liquid sweetness around us and over us, we broke into tumultuous cheering. General Custer waved his hat, and a thousand gallant soldiers in blue dashed their caps in the air."

Such was General Custer in the presence of a conquered foe. Here might the artist have found his inspiration for "Custer's last rally," and the Southern poet who wrote,

> "The nations of the earth shall know,
> That love, not hate, alone can glow
> In soldier hearts by valor tried,
> On many a field, and this our pride."

Since publishing in the May Veteran that Rev. P. T. Martin was the possessor of the first parole given by Brig.-Gen. E. S. Canby, at Gainesville, Ala., dated May 11, 1865, information has been received from J. H. Womack, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., that his parole was dated on the tenth, so he has the precedence. W. W. Harrison, of Gainesville, Ala., reports that his parole is dated the eleventh, and marked "No. 1."

A BATTLE CALL TO KENTUCKY—1861.

MARY WALKER MERIWETHER.

> Arouse thee, Kentucky! the graves of thy sires
> Are pressed by the foot of the foe.
> Has terror or avarice smothered the fires
> That were wont in thy bosom to glow?
>
> Arise! shall the voice of Virginia in vain
> Call aloud to the child of her pride?
> Thou shouldst rush like a storm over mountain and plain,
> To conquer or die at her side.
>
> Alas! shall the rifles thy forefathers bore
> Hang rusted and cold in their place?
> Has the spirit that kindled their bosoms of yore
> Forever deserted their race?
>
> Awake! there is scorn in the beautiful eyes
> Of thy maidens and mothers and wives:
> "Have we given," they ask with indignant surprise,
> "To cowards our loves and our lives?"
>
> Awake and redeem us! Arise in your might!
> Or forfeit to manhood the claim.
> The arm that refuses to strike for the right,
> Let it wither and perish in shame.
>
> And he who would hasten to cringe and to crawl
> At the feet of the ruthless invader,
> A spirit so base it were flattery to call
> A craven, a serf, or a traitor!

This copy is made from the original manuscript. The author was a Virginian by birth, but married Capt. Darwin Bell, of Christian county, Kentucky, a brave and gallant soldier.

The Camp at Cleveland Tenn. organized auspiciously. The officers are:

Dr. S. H. Day, Commander; J. G. Stuart, W. G. Hayes, and J. R. Taylor, Lieut. Commanders; Liv. Shugart, Adjutant; J. V. Jordan, Quarter Master; Dr. J. C. C. Garner, Surgeon; Dr. David Sullins, Chaplain; G. B. Hayes, Officer of the Day; R. J. Wilson, Treasurer; C. Appison, Sergeant Major; W. F. Barrett, Vidette; James Epperson, Color Sergeant; W. H. Russell and Jas. Culton, Color Guards.

The Memorial Committee are:

Judge John B. Hoyle, Hon. John G. Carter, Dr. David Sullins, Dr. Garner, and Capt. W. G. Hayes.

The wives, widows, and daughters of the comrades are co-operating for the generally benevolent purposes of such organizations.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee at the Chicago Banquet said:

"The country seems to be safe to-night. I find myself surrounded on every side by the flag of the United States. I had a similar experience about thirty years ago (laughter) at the little village of Appomattox, and I remember sleeping that night after I had received my parole between two major-generals of the United States army. I had not felt so safe for many of the preceeding days—both my flanks were well protected. (Continued laughter and applause.) History in a measure repeats itself. To-night the mayor of what he terms the greatest city in the world—it is evident he has never been to Richmond, Va.—sits here quietly, serenely smoking his cigar, between two rebellious rebel generals of cavalry, Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, and he is not afraid." (Laughter.)

WHAT COMMAND WAS IT?

In publishing the following the VETERAN entertains the parties directly interested without motive of conveying the impression that either side designs discipline in the least.

Capt. F. S. Harris, Nashville: In reply to inquiry from Texas, as to who was the "Spaniard" who brought the Tennesseans "out of the Wilderness in good order," May 6, '64, I think it must have been Col. S. G. Shepard, of the Seventh Tennessee. He was in command of that famous old regiment that morning, and was just the man for such work

However, I admit that I was not one of those so brought out. I got out of the Wilderness in quite a demoralized manner, and just the once from the body of men commanded by the "Spaniard," Col. Shepard.

(Capt. Harris is the author of article in April number about "Sharp-shooting in Lee's Army.")

J. K. Miller, Gallatin, Tenn: Well, Old Comrade, there was an inquiry in May VETERAN from a Texan, in reference to a Colonel who got out "in order" on the morning of May 6th, '64, at the battle of the Wilderness. Col. Shepard, of the Seventh Tennessee, spent the night with me recently, and as it was thought he might have been the "Spaniard," I asked him if he was in command and if his men were in order. He said they were, and went on to speak of the morning surprise, and that as he came out the Texans were deploying, and he passed through their middle. So, you see, he was the man in command of the Tennesseans.

J. K. Cayce, Hammond, Tex., June 14, 1895: In your May issue you speak of only one command of Heth's division retaining its organization when that division was surprised by Warren's corps at the batte of the Wilderness, and you ask if the officer in command thereof was not Lieut.-Col. Shepard of the Seventh Tennessee, Archer's Brigade. The officer was not Col. Shepard, but was Col. J. M. Stone, present governor of Mississippi, commanding that morning the Second and Eleventh Mississippi, Davis' Brigade, Heth's Division. These men saved the army.

Shortly afterwards Gen. Lee rode up, and Gen. Longstreet introduced Col. Stone to him as the man who saved the army. This title Col. Stone modestly declined, saying "My boys did it."

Col. Stone was afterwards rewarded for his bravery by an appointment as brigadier-general, but refused the honor, as he "could not take his boys with him" to his new command.

This bit of history was given me by my father, who was a member of the Second Mississippi, and helped "save the army" on the morning of May 6, 1864.

Miss Kate Korff, who served the Confederacy as nurse in hospitals at Richmond, Washington, Staunton (after the battle of Gettysburg), and Cassville, Ga., and was also a signer of Confederate money during the last year of the war, would be glad to hear from any soldiers who remember her. She is now Mrs. LeGrand Sexton, and her address is Marion, Smythe County, Va.

REMINISCENCES FROM MURFREESBORO.

J. E. Manson relates the following vivid story:

A sketch in the June VETERAN by Dr. Hickman reminds me of a pathetic incident. Maj. Frank B. Ward of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Calvalry, of whom he speaks, was carried mortally wounded to the house of my father, Dr. J. E. Manson, on the first day of the battle. Maj. Ward had a brother on the Confederate side, who was in this battle, also; and they had been having some amusing correspondence, each saying the other would be his prisoner. The major lay wounded for several weeks, when by a sloughing from the main artery of the leg, he bled to death. His brother, the Confederate, came to see him on the day that he died, and they held each other by the hand and recited the Lord's prayer just before the major expired. A brother and sister came down from Michigan, and were at his death bed. I was quite a youth, but recall it vividly as one of the saddest deathbed scenes I ever witnessed. Maj. Ward was a very handsome man, and he bore his suffering with Christian submission. Dr. Hickman is at some fault in his recollections. Maj. Rosengarten was killed instantly, struck on the head by a cannon ball. His remains were left that night in an ambulance in front of our house. The vacated house on Manson pike was that of Mrs. Gresham, which family was trying to keep inside of the Confederate lines. This house and the negro quarters in the yard, together with several tents, were all used as a hospital for several months.

THE MEN WHO WORE THE GRAY.

Read to the Charleston Delegation, at Houston Reunion, by Mrs. Lee C. Harby.

Oh, "The Men Who Wore the Gray,"
Oh, the men who dared the fray,
Upholding the grand principles for which our fathers fought;
Fame's resounding voice shall tell
How they strove and how they fell—
A monument of glory their high sacrifice hath wrought!

Let inspired pens portray
How these "Men Who Wore the Gray"
Came back, the struggle ended, every hope of justice fled;
All the future dark and void,
Maimed and poor, their homes destroyed,
Their wives and children weeping o'er the memories of their dead!

But affliction could not stay
Those brave "Men Who Wore the Gray"
From gathering up courageously their broken ends of life;
As they battled, so they worked—
Never yet had Southron shirked
The field where love and honor gave command to face the strife!

They are victors in that fray;
Now these "Men Who Wore the Gray,"
Exult in their achievments for the land they love so well;
It has vanquished many foes—
It has blossomed like the rose—
The story of their proud success, its smiling homes can tell.

May God's mercy, day by day,
Bless "The Men Who Wore the Gray"—
Those fearless, peerless heroes, who waxed stronger as they strove;
While the people, heart and soul,
Grant to their decreasing roll
A Patriot's best recompense, the country's reverent love.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

MONUMENT TO GEN. HANCOCK.

This Editor had an inspiration at the Chicago dedication of our Confederate monument. It came of a brief story by a young lady, who said in reciprocal spirit for magnanimity that had been so richly bestowed: "I WANT TO GIVE THE FIRST DOLLAR TOWARDS A MONUMENT TO GENERAL HANCOCK IN NEW ORLEANS." She then gave the reason why she would even be a leader in the movement.

Gen. Hancock and her father were fellow officers on the western frontier just before our great war. Hancock asked him, in the wise comradeship of his nature, to let him have two months of his pay, and he would invest with some of his own money in certain lands of promised increase of value; and he complied. The war came on and the two officers served under different flags.

After the war Gen. Hancock called upon Gen. Harry Heth and asked of his financial condition. He, of course, was destitute. Hancock then said: "I have a thousand dollars for you." Having no thought of why such should be the case, the Confederate instinctively demurred to the assertion. Then Hancock reminded him of the time he gave him two months of his salary, told him of how he had kept the taxes paid, of the advance in the realty, and that he had just sold it, and Heth's part was $1,000. Worthy thought of the daughter of Gen. Heth! The liberty of giving such prominence to the fair lady is assumed through zeal for this cause.

What say you, comrades and friends of New Orleans, and you other comrades, and other southern people? Can you conceive of anything more appropriate, than to return the compliment to Chicago, and to the North, who did so nobly respond to the diligent appeal of Gen. John C. Underwood in erecting a Confederate monument there? American citizens, what do you think of it? Would you like to see a monument to Gen. Hancock in New Orleans?

Who of the United States Army could be more fitly honored than Gen. Hancock—who *knew* the war was over in 1865 and ever acted accordingly! Remember his firmness as a national patriot when in command of the forces at New Orleans in that bitter, bitter period!

HOW SHALL SAMUEL DAVIS BE HONORED?

The VETERAN must give expression to the spontaneous appeals for a monument to be erected at the capital of Tennessee in honor of Samuel Davis, whose heroic sacrifice in deliberately giving his life on the gallows has never been excelled in the history of man. In faith to principle it is almost divine, and recalls even the sacrifice of the Galilean whose hands and feet were nailed to a cross. He had been offered extensive possessions if He would prove traitor. While nothing human may be compared to Deity, we may lay claim to kinship, and such sacrifice must meet His approval and have eternal reward. He commended likeness even unto Himself.

Shall a monument be erected to Samuel Davis at the capital of his native state? Let those who may not be familiar with the considerations that induce the inquiry, read the three preceding issues of the VETERAN. Well might the United States government commemorate the character, relying solely upon the testimony of its officials and soldiers, who after the third of a century volunteer tributes without stint. Such a monument would be the pride of every noble soul regardless even of nationality. The VETERAN does not yet make the appeal. The object is too sacred to be undertaken without mature deliberation and determination.

Suggestions are invited upon this theme. Let them be concise and strong. They need not be confined to Tennessee or Tennesseans. A note at hand from a Kentuckian, now living in Georgia, states: "I hope Nashville will some day erect a monument to that REAL HERO, Samuel Davis. I would like to add a dollar or two."

Such a monument embodying a history of that character would ever convey exaltation of mind and an influence that would strengthen manhood. Men or women who would make bequests could hardly as well do any service to all that is noble here, and undying for the future. Give your views comrade, southerner, northerner, man, woman.

The VETERAN would commend a study of the character of this young man. He went from his country home into the Confederate army, and for his excellent character, courage and judgment he was engaged as a scout for the army. The publications referred to are a vivid, thrilling and awful account of the determination on the part of the Federals to induce him to divulge sources of information in his possession, but he would not, and finaly when appealed to, as threats had not availed, he said, if he had a thousand lives he would sacrifice them all before he would betray the trust. He was hanged at Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1863, in his 22nd year.

TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES NEXT.

The VETERAN for September will be a valuable historic publication and a rich souvenir. Eight thousand copies extra will be sent to T. H. Payne & Co., Chattanooga, who will control its sales at dedication of the parks there and at Chickamauga. There will be many attractive scenes from those places and Lookout Mountain, with sketches of comrades, etc.

This September VETERAN will contain the finest relic procurable, and which will give it lasting importance. That relic is the photo engraved copy of the original "Dixie's Land" written, music and words, by "Uncle Dan" Emmett, on that rainy Sunday in New York in 1859, together with his autograph letter written July 31, 1895, and an excellent photograph with an account of a visit to his humble home near Mount Vernon, Ohio. Diligence will be exercised to make that issue of the VETERAN a credit to the South, editorially and mechanically.

CHATTANOOGA-CHICKAMAUGA PARKS.

The VETERAN calls attention to the coming events of formally dedicating the Government parks at Chickamauga and on Mission Ridge. It would electrify the Southland with its importance. The Government at Washington has enacted such laws as to give the South equal advantage in every way. Of the three commissioners, one is the eminently capable and beloved Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, who has been the member in charge of the improvements nearly all the while. The spirit of Union veterans taking an interest in these parks, has been most fraternal. As a rule they are men, who boast of Confederate valor. They will come, doubtless, by the tens of thousands, and will be sorely disappointed, if they don't meet many of the men, they fought on those sanguinary fields.

Northern states have given hundreds of thousands for monuments, and the Government has expended about $600,000; while the South has been too slow of action. The Government appropriation of $20,000 to provide accommodations is as much for Confederate as Federal. And now, true comrades, do be on hand and act as host! The location makes such action proper, and you will do patriotic service by attending. Defer some other trip, but not this one.

The Railroads generally have made a one cent per mile rate, and some of them are getting out "folders" filled with illustrations and historic interests. The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis system will be successful rival, doubtless, in the richest of these.

THE Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers have their annual reunion at Columbia, September 11th and 12th. A large attendance is expected.

"OLD HICKORY" JACKSON NAMED HIM.

Governor Turney, of Tennessee, a Confederate who carried the first regiment from this state to Virginia, chatted with some friends when he gave this reminiscence: "Two years ago I was in the house by Dixon Springs in Smith county, where my father was born. It was a log house of two rooms. I recognized the locations from a description that 'Old Hickory' Jackson gave me when a boy of fifteen in 1843. I had gone to the Hermitage with Mr. Titterton. of Louisiana, introduced myself and then the gentleman, when Gen. Jackson asked me whose son I was. He was manifestly glad to see me, and said: 'I named your father.' He told of going to my grandfather's when my father was an infant and saying 'Peter, I want to name your boy,' and that my grandfather replied he would 'see Frankie about that.' Request was procured for Gen. Jackson to go in the other room to see the mother and infant, and he said when there: 'Frankie, I want to name your boy Hopkins Lacy—Hop and Pete are intimate friends. He is a good fellow and would be proud of it.' She replied 'He is named.'"

Lacy's name was thus honored in an eminent jurist and in an United States senator. Lacy was clerk to the first Legislature of this state.

The following is the first Confederate States order ever sent to Tennessee. Gov. Turney has the envelope still, with "Confederate States of America" printed on the corner of the official envelope. It is a coincidence that it was exactly four years to the date of Lee's surrender at Appomattox:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.
WAR DEPARTMENT.
MONTGOMERY, April 9, 1861.

Capt. Peter Turney, Winnchester, Tenn.—Sir: I am instructed by the Secretary of War to imform you, that, while the department cannot even yet accept absolutely the offer of the Regiment of Volunteers made by you, he trusts that you will hold it in instant readiness to move at the call of this Government. The indications are very strong that its services will very soon become, if not necessary, highly advantageous to this Confederacy. Respectfully your obedient servant,

I. I. HOOPER, Private Secretary.

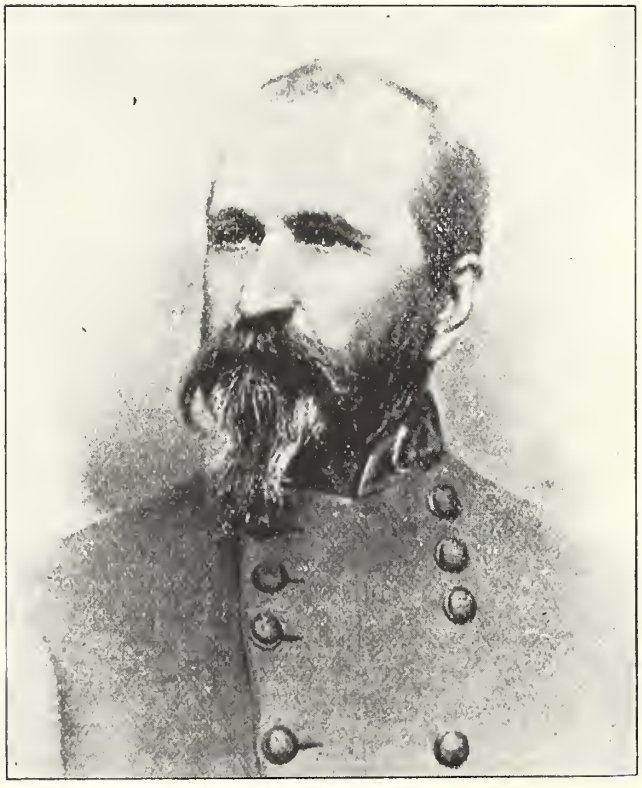
Two public industrial enterprises in the south merit attention from the VETERAN. The Interstate Cotton Exposition to be held in Atlanta, Ga., beginning Sept. 18, of this year, and the Tennessee Centennial celebration, to occur in 1896. The former is well under way and promises success.

To celebrate the centenary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is highly important, from patriotic and historic considerations—but so many failures to raise funds disheartened friends, and the purpose was about to fail; when, with much unanimity of sentiment, representative men in business and in financial affairs, resolved upon it. The President, J. W. Thomas, and the Director General, E. C. Lewis, are never identified with failures, and they are capable leaders in all they undertake.

GENERAL JOHN C. BROWN.

Judge Jno. S. Wilkes, now of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, long a law partner and business associate, pays the following tribute to Gov. Brown:

Jno. C. Brown was born in Giles county, Jan. 6, 1827. On the side of both father and mother, he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and was one of a family of nine children. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances and gave to his son a preparatory school education, finishing with graduating at Jackson College, Columbia, about the time that his older brother, Neill S. Brown, was a central figure in state and national politics, defeating Aaron V. Brown for governor in 1847, and afterward taking an active part in the election of President Zachary Taylor, who appointed him Minister to Russia.



Jno. C. Brown began the practice of law in 1848, and continued in it until 1859. Then, being in poor health he visited the East, making a tour of Great Britain, the continent, Egypt, and the Holy Land. In 1860, he was elector on the Bell and Everett ticket. The election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency and the secession of the southern states brought on the Civil War.

Jno. C. Brown entered the service of his state as a private, and was elected at once captain of his company, and immediately thereafter, colonel of the Third Tennessee Infantry Regiment.

At Fort Donelson he was in command of a brigade as senior colonel, and took an active part in its defense. Hew as captured and sent to Fort Warren; was exchanged in 1862, when he was promoted to Brig.-Gen. and assigned to duty with Gen. Bragg. He participated in the battles of Perryville, and other places in Kentucky. He was afterward with Gen. Joe E. Johnston in the Georgia campaign, and engaged in the battles of Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, that hundred days fighting between Dalton and Jonesborough, and all the engagements incident to the retreat. He was promoted to Major General; was wounded at Franklin, which finished his military career.

At the close of the war he returned to the practice of law at Pulaski, and continued in active labor until 1870, when elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, of which he was made chairman. In 1870, he was elected Governor; and in 1872, was re-elected to that office. His administration of state affairs as the Executive, was upon a vigilant business basis. He reduced the bonded debt of the state from forty-three to twenty million of dollars, besides paying some three millions of its floating debt.

In 1876, he was elected vice president of the Texas Pacific Railway; and under him the great transcontinental route was built. In 1881, he was appointed general solicitor and attorney for the entire Gould system of railroads west of the Mississippi River. In 1885, he was made receiver of the Texas Pacific Railroad; and under him it was rebuilt and thoroughly reconstructed. Then in 1888, he was elected its president. In 1889, was elected president of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co.

He died on August 17, 1889, and was interred at Pulaski, Tenn., among the people he loved so well and who honored him so highly. A life size statue stands on a commanding spot in Maplewood cemetery presenting a lifelike figure of him in his soldier's garb, with his hand upon his sword, his head bowed, and his gaze to the South, that he served so faithfully and loved with such ardent devotion.

As a student, he was ambitious, quick, active, and studious; as a lawyer, he stood in the front rank. He was in no sense a case lawyer; but thoroughly versed in its general principles, especially as they affected the history, policy and business interests of the state. He was not an orator, but a man of much force before a jury or an audience. His personal presence was majestic and commanding. I have seen him in many assemblies of distinguished men, and he was ever the center of observation. He was a born leader; in private life an honest and just man, broadminded, full of charity and toleration. He never spoke harshly of even an enemy in his absence. I knew him intimately; and in his most confidential mood, no word of bitterness ever escaped his lips. But he he was quick to resent an affront, and to maintain his right. As a soldier he was a strict disciplinarian, firm but kind, always ready, friendly, and he knew no such word as fear. His officers and men loved and respected him.

A short epitome of Gov. Brown's life appears upon his monument at Pulaski. It is as follows:

"He was a Master Mason, Pulaski Lodge 101, in 1851; Royal Arch Mason, Pulaski Chapter 20, in 1871; Knight Templar, Pulaski Commandery 12, in 1871; was Secretary, Treasurer, Junior and Senior Warden, and Worshipful Master of his lodge, and was more Worshipful Grand Master of Masonry in Tennessee, in 1870.

He enlisted in the army in May, 1861; was elected Captain of Company A, Third Tennessee Infantry, May 1, '61; elected Colonel of the the regiment May 15, '61; appointed Brigadier-General Sept. 30, '62; Maj. Genl. Aug. 4, 1864; paroled May 16, 1865. He was wounded at Fort Donelson, Perryville, Chickamauga, Atlanta and Franklin. In civil life, prominent for personal integrity, business capacity, and social qualities; a profound lawyer, distinguished statesman, and an able financier, president of the Constitutional Convention of 1870, twice Governor of Tennessee, for many years chief counselor and president of extensive railroads and industrial properties in the west and in Tennessee. He was successful in every undertaking, and faithful to every trust."

A lady who chatted about Gov. Brown while developing Texas in the building of the Texas and Pacific railroad, said with pride: "He is our own Tennessean." She was then a resident of the Lone Star, but from the Volunteer State.

A group of prominent railroad men, who came from St. Louis to the funeral of Gov. Brown, concurred in the sentiment that in whatever assembly he at once became the center of attraction. He was honored in his ability to organize and execute, and for his integrity of character. While proud of his career as a Confederate, he was so considerate of gentlemen, that Union Veterans who had occasion to know him well admired him ardently.

THE BURIAL OF GEN. HENRY LEE.

Robert L. Rogers, of Atlanta, Ga., copied for the VETERAN from an old Savannah Republican extracts about the burial of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, from which is taken the following extracts:

I have seen the body of General Lee receive all the honors, that could be given by feeling hearts. * * * He was buried from Dungeness house. Mr. Shaw and family strove all in their power to keep the lamp of life burning; and althoughthe oil was expended, they still blew the gentle breath of affection and attention to preserve the wick alive.

Commodore Henley superintended the last sad duties. Captains Elton, Finch, Madion, Lieutenants Fitzhugh and Richie, of the navy, and Mr. Lyman, of the army, were pall-bearers. As the procession moved, the swords of the two first crossed the old man's breast—they were in their scabbards. The other officers of the navy, and Captain Payne, of the army, followed. The mariners of the U. S. ship, John Adams and brig Saranac formed the guard, and a band from our army assisted. A Mr. Taylor performed the last ceremonial duties. A long train of sailors, cleanly dressed, their respectful deportment and rough, but independent, looks, interested my feelings. I was immediately absorbed in contemplation. Once a fine orange grove had flourished. An invader of our country had destroyed it. Admiral Cockburn had been there, 'the last of his name,' and a far greater scourge to mankind than the locusts of Africa. A volley of musketry was fired over the grave of General Lee.

HEROIC CADETS AT NEW MARKET, VA.

The following appeal will be read with interest:

Among the many exhibitions of gallantry that distinguished the great war between the states, there was none more conspicuous than the battle of New Market. The unflinching fortitude, the daring and the steady discipline displayed by the corps of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute on that occasion, are almost without a parallel in history. The story is too well known to need repetition.

Not all of these brave boys survived their baptism of fire. Eight of them died for their country,—gave their lives for it before they were old enough to raise their voices in the administration of its affairs; and five of these sleep, under the shadow of their Alma Mater, in graves almost uncared for. No memorial of bronze or granite is needed to keep alive their memories or preserve their noble example of patriotism and devotion to duty for coming generations. These are firmly enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, but we of the South—whether we fought for the Lost Cause, or only treasure it as an undying memory—owe it to ourselves to erect an enduring testimonial for the noble record they bequeathed to our boys.

It is but lately that a movement has been set on foot to erect a monument over the graves of these cadets. The alumni of the Institute are already responding to the appeal made to them in this behalf; but neither the burden nor the honor should be theirs alone. There are many whose sons sleep in unknown graves, where they may never hope to set the mark of their affection and remembrance. What they would, but cannot, do for their own dead, it is alike a duty and a consolation to do for these, who were equally loved by their bereft parents and who are equally worthy. But such an object as this should find an answering chord in the heart of every southerner who is able to give a mite. For in this day when monuments and memorials of every sort are being dedicated to those who fell on both sides whether in the performance of deeds of daring or in the simple discharge of their duty, we may well feel a sense of shame at the neglect which has been visited upon the graves of these martyred heroes.

Contributions for a granite shaft to be erected over the graves of the cadets who fell at the battle of New Market and who are buried at Lexington, will be received by Miss Margaret W. Freeland, Lexington, Virginia, who will also furnish any information that may be desired on the the subject. No sum is too small; and the size of the gift should be determined solely by the ability and good will of the giver.

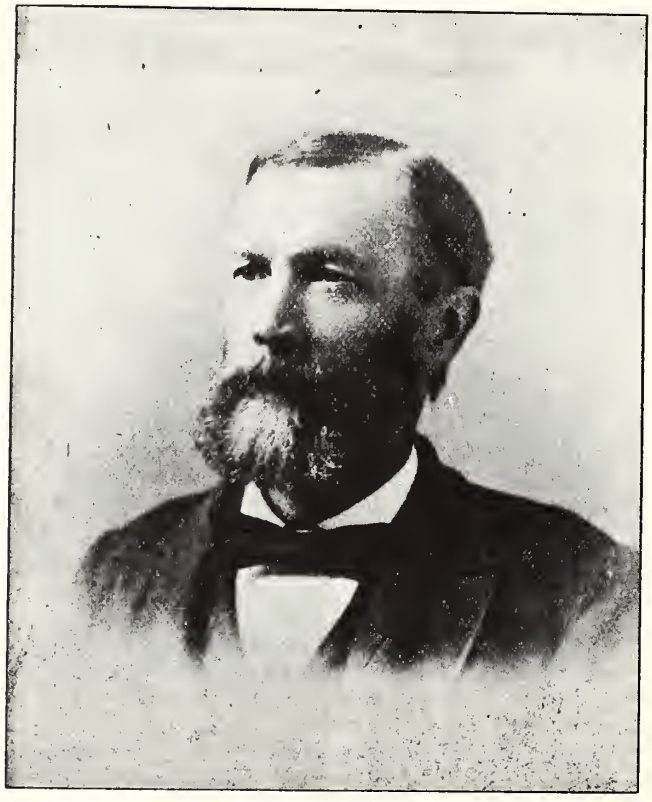
James Moreland, Denison, Texas: I was a prisoner at Johnson's Island in 1863-4, and was with my comrades transferred to "Point Lookout." I would like very much to learn, if possible, the address of any comrade who suffered with me at those prisons. I was in Company A, Eighteenth Division, at Point Lookout.

R. Q. Mills Camp, No. 360, U. C. V., Aurora, Tex., re-elected officers on the 20th inst., to-wit: Jno. P. Perkins, commander; P. F. Lewis, adjutant.

MR. ALBERT ROBERTS—"JOHN HAPPY."

The delightfully familiar signature "John Happy" to veterans who enjoyed humor of the southern press a third of a century ago, will make the picture of Mr. Albert Roberts in his mature life of special interest. The sketch of his career should be preserved, too, for no other journalist in its desolated area from '65 on to days of prosperity was so able an advocate of the cause of our entire people as Albert Roberts in the Nashvile Republican Banner.

The editor of the VETERAN has ever recalled his broadly national appeal in behalf of the southern people with gratitude and pride. The character is in no sense local. He belonged to all of our southland. The VETERAN gives pathetic tribute to his noble life. Reread his "Songs and Sonnets of the South" in the May VETERAN.



Mr. Geo. E. Purvis, of Chattanooga, who was an intimate friend and associate, sends the following:

It can never be known how general and deep is the sorrow caused by the death of Albert Roberts. Men will speak of his loss—I mean their loss in his death—long after the grass and flowers have overgrown his grave.

Modest and retiring as his nature was, he yet was well and widely known by people in all ranks of life. Those who knew him intimately find it difficult to realize fully that he is gone, never to be seen again among us. It is almost impossible to associate the idea of death with him at all. His nature was a bright and sunny one; his sympathies were genuine, deep and broad, and he was the very life and joy of every circle about him.

And this was characteristic of him away back in his youth and mine. Many a time when we would be setting type side by side, he would convulse the whole force of compositors, including his father, who for the time would be our foreman or co-worker, albeit, he was a sober, somewhat stern man of the solid English type, not often given to levity.

I remember a night in the winter of '65, just after the war, when his father, he and I, all occupied the same sleeping appartment on Rue Deaderick. The old gentleman had preceded us to the room and we supposed him sound asleep. One of us was just about being married and the other seriously considering it, when Albert, in the most ridiculously humorous manner, began discussing THE BANNER'S ability to support so many new additional business partners with so light a bank account, and made some very funny allusions to his father who had been, and was then, our capitalist and financial stay. A snort of suppressed laughter from his bed made us aware that he was wide awake, and had been listening and laughing all the time. He had not the power of resisting Albert, and grew to rely upon his judgment in business matters, and at the last came to be of all his most sincere admirer. Looking back over the ten prosperous years we were so intimately associated in business, many reminiscences of him and his speeches occur to me that would make good reading for his friends. He carried his sunshine into every transaction, and it was a pleasure to meet him always.

One morning during the life of the old REPUBLICAN BANNER, of blessed memory, our mutual friend and modest gentleman, Maj. Falconnet, called, as was his habit when in the city, for we were all fond of him. When about leaving, Albert asked him to call again. He turned, with a shade of annoyance on his face, and said:

"Mr. Roberts, I wish you could prevail upon the reporters to cease making personals of me. If you do not, I will not come here any more."

Albert instantly replied: "Well, Major, there are plenty of people who are willing to pay to have those things go in; and when we find a man who does not like it, he will have to pay to keep them out!"

One of the greatest pleasures Albert had in life was to give pleasure to others. I believe at times he was as often surprised into laughter at what he himself would say, as any of his hearers, and would join as heartily in the mirth that would flow at his witty and humorous speeches. I have seen him for days with Artemus Ward, the funniest man it has ever been my fortune to meet, and the two would laugh with and at each other until our sides were sore. Albert was always much wittier and more charming in his talk than with his pen. Somehow the conscious presence of the public when writing, caused a sort of veil to be drawn between them which dimmed his wit and made it more timid, checking its flow.

He illustrated in his own person, however, the truth of the saying that the home of laughter is close alongside the fountain of tears, for no friend in distress ever sought or needed his sympathy,

without finding it as ready and generous as he could desire.

Ah, what a pity but that such a man could outlive all his friends and intimates, brightening and cheering their lives to the last!

How quickly and entirely he responded to all demands of whatever character made upon him, from seeing a friend through a duel or difficulty, to writing a humorous travesty with a view of raising revenue to "buy all the cork legs in Cork" for his unfortunate fellow-Confederates! My mind reverts to the Old Adelphi when it was crowded night after night from pit to dome, ringing with laughter and applause invoked by his genius and fancy! Some of the boys who were the actors on that memorable stage yet live to remember and laugh; and many others of them have preceded him to that dim, unknown, undefined, undiscovered land to give him cordial greeting and loving welcome, if such things are allowed. And who shall say they are not? The hope of an immortality—an intellectual existence beyond—"springs eternal in the human breast;" and I believe if it exists for any man, it exists and is a fact for Albert Roberts.

He was a true man in every relation of life—a dutiful, faithful son, a true brother and friend, an affectionate husband and father, and a devout lover of his country.

"I'M CONSCRIPTED, SMITH, CONSCRIPTED."

This is one of John Happy's humorous sketches "not by Gen. Wm. B. Lytle, 'or any other man.'"

I'm conscripted, Smith, conscripted—
Ebbs the subterfuges fast,
And the sub-enrolling marshals
Gather with the evening blast—
Let thine arms, O! Smith, support me,
Hush your gab, and close your ear,
Conscript-grabbers close upon you,
Hunting for you—far and near.

Though my scarred, rheumatic "trotters"
Bear me limping short no more;
And my shattered constitution
Won't exempt me as before;
Though the provost guard surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must to the "front" to perish,
Die the great conscripted still.

Let not the seizer's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low—
'Twas no fancy drink that "slewed" him—
Whisky straight-out struck the blow.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere he's hurried quite away,
Him, who, drunk with bust-head whisky,
Madly threw himself away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
Dare assail me as I roam,
Seek my noble squaw, Octavia,
Weeping in her widowed home;
Seek her, say the guards have got me
Under their protecting wings,
Going to make me join the army,
Where the shell and minie sings.

I'm conscripted, Smith, conscripted—
Hark! you hear that grabber's cry—
Run, old Smith, my boy, they'll catch you—
Take you to the front to die.
Fare thee well! I go to battle,
There to die, decay and swell.
Lockhart and Dick Taylor guard thee,
Sweet Octavia—Smith!—farewell.

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE-FLAG.

Kate Field wrote from Washington, stating:

Speaking of Gen. Johnston, I am reminded of the explanation he once gave me of the origin of the Confederate battle-flag: "At the battle of Bull Run, the 'stars and bars' proved a failure because they were so much like the Union colors. Indeed, both armies mistook their enemies for friends, and *vice versa*. After the battle I resolved to discard this flag, and called for each regiment to procure its state colors. This they were unable to do, and I asked the army for new designs. Among those presented, one by Gen. Beauregard was chosen, and I altered this only in making it square instead of oblong. This flag was afterwards adopted by the Confederate armies generally. It was a Greek cross of blue with white stars on the blue bars." This flag, by the way, was designed by Col. Walton, of Louisiana, and presented to Gen. Beauregard.

THAT SILVER MOON BANNER.

Dr. J. S. Carothers, Shannon, Miss., replies to the inquiry of comrade J. M. Arnold, of Newport, Ky., as to why Cleburne's division bore a different battle-flag from all other commands in the army:

We repeatedly heard during the war that among the many designs submitted to the War Department for battle flags, this one, the full orbed silver moon in a blue field surrounded by a white border, was designed by Brig.-Gen'l. W. J. Hardee, who organized and commanded the troops, afterwards commanded by Major-General S. B. Buckner, and better known at the close of the war as Cleburne's Division, and that it was by him adopted as the ensign of his chivalric troops, this right being a special grant by the authorities at Richmond for his Division only.

I was among the oldest soldiers of that command, being a member of Company B, Third Battalion, First Brigade of First Division, Army of the Cumberland, C. S. A.," as our orders read in camp at Bowling Green, Ky., in 1861-2, and remember during the war to have heard Lieutenant-General Hardee speak most kindly of the boys who marched and battled under the folds of this old banner.

Cleburne's and Cheatham's Division were the *Eng* and *Cheng*, Siamese twins, of this Army of Tennessee. I well remember the devices used on the retrograde movement in Georgia, by the officers in these two commands to control the men and disabuse their minds of the demoralization of a retreat. They would come quietly down the trenches at night, arouse the men and tell them we were going to relieve "Mars Frank's" boys who had been roughly handled, probably repulsed, and our place would be filled by other troops. Gen'l. Cheatham's boys were told that they were to go to retake works we had been driven from, etc., and we would not learn the true facts until a new line or complete swapping of our flanks, to checkmate a flank movement, was effected.

Doubtless "Mars Frank's" boys, who marched under the cross of St. Andrew, and Pat's boys, under the full silver moon, will recall these ruses.

WORK OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

The wife of Col. John Milledge, of Georgia, through whose administration the handsome monument on first page was erected in Atlanta, deserves tribute in the VETERAN.



MRS. JOHN MILLEDGE.

In connection with the sketch of title page monument in this August VETERAN, brief account is given of Mrs. John Milledge, who was President of the Ladies' Memorial Association for about eleven years, and who was transferred to her reward April 25, '95. The VETERAN then failed of proper notice.

There was no other service to her so agreeable and so sacred as to honor Confederate dead; and she was blessed with the sight of the magnificent structure, that she did so much to secure, at its formal dedication in 1894.

While the enterprising press of Atlanta gave in connection with the occasion pictures of many of her lady associates, no presentation of her picture was ever given to the public before this; and it seems fitting in this enduring form to portray the gentle, genial features, and so to supply them to those who will cherish her noble deeds throughout our beloved Southland, to all the other states of the Union, and to devoted Confederates abroad.

There was never, perhaps, in the history of Georgia so much honor by the press to any woman.

Mrs. Milledge was a native of Richmond, Va.; and was in fair young womanhood when the great struggle of the South for separate independence was made. In a letter to Mr. J. D. Carter, who carried to her mementoes from the grave of Jefferson Davis, while expressing her gratitude, she wrote:

"In my girlhood I lived in Richmond, and was present at the inauguration of President Davis there. I met him in his own home, and worshipped God, Sunday after Sunday, very near to him. I always admired him greatly, and most in his days of adversity, after failure blasted all of our prospects.

* * * We have thousands of names of men, who died in the hospitals here in Atlanta and were buried in Oakland; yet the graves of only about nine hundred can be identified. There was no money to keep even the wooden headboards in place for years, until recently, when our City Council appropriated $200 a year for ten years, for the Confederate cemetery. That, with the proceeds of the veterans' fair, enabled us to supply marble headstones.

* * * I deserve no credit for what I have done. I was in Richmond, when Gen. Lee surrendered, and heard the wail that went up from the cots of the poor fellows maimed for life; and have ever felt that the least we can do is not to forget them."

In his address at the dedication of the monument, Hon. H. H. Carlton said:

* * * "When but a girl, with the warm heart of youth, which went out in immeasurable sympathy and never-tiring devotion to our southern heroes, living in close proximity to the battle fields of Virginia, where she, daily and almost hourly, witnessed the trials and tribulations, the sickness and sufferings of the Confederate soldiers, she made a silent and solemn vow, that so long as she lived and so far as she could contribute, these brave men should never be disowned, dishonored or forgotten. Ah, how true and how faithful she has been to that vow, not only in giving her best energies to her noble work, but evidencing in the highest degree her never-ending love and devotion to the Confederate soldier by giving her heart and her hand to as gallant and knightly an ex-Confederate soldier as ever bore arms or drew the sword of combat, the splendid Marshal of this day."

The funeral of Mrs. Milledge was, perhaps, the most noted occasion in the records of the state to her many honored women. The Governor, the Judges of Supreme Court and statehouse officers were honorary pall-bearers. The military of the city attended as a special escort.

At a meeting of the Confederate Veteran Association for the formal reception of the portrait of Mrs. Milledge impressive services were held. Col. Albert Cox, Judge R. L. Rogers, Gen. C. A. Evans, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, and others made interesting speeches.

An Atlanta friend, who has been from the first an earnest advocate of the VETERAN, writes: "While the beautiful tribute was being paid to her by the orator of the day, every one felt it would be the last time on earth that she would take part in such a scene; and our fears were realized, because the day before the anniversary of that day, she went to sleep.

* * * * * * In 1884, when she was elected president of the Ladies' Memorial Association, there was not a dollar in the treasury, and the wooden headboards which had been put up about fifteen years before were rotting down. These head-

boards simply marked the graves that could be located of the thousands who were buried in the Oakland Cemetery. There was a second class, whose names and commands were known; but there were no headboards to them. Then there was a third class composed of men who had been killed around Atlanta just before its evacuation and who had been buried a number, perhaps, in one grave. After the war the bones of these men had been disinterred and placed in three blocks along with the others. Of them there was no record of name or command. Mrs. Milledge immediately went to work; and through her leadership and by her magnificent management, without raising a dollar by direct contribution from anybody, except such little money as was taken in by boxes at the gates on Memorial Day, she raised enough to erect marble headstones at every spot where wooden ones had been before, and two slabs with the names and commands of the others, whose graves could not be located; and then she addressed herself to the building of a monument to the unknown dead, and the Lion was selected upon her approval of the suggestion of Mr. Brady, the sculptor. In fact, while she was the leader and manager, she always had the support of the officers and members of the Association in all she undertook. When the Lion was finished, and she unveiled it with scarcely strength enough to pull the cord, just as the slanting rays of the setting sun brought out the beautiful white figure of the Lion, I know that she felt that her work was done." A note from her husband states:



DECORATIONS AT THE GRAVE OF MRS. MILLEDGE.

"She was a Virginian by birth, her name was Fanny Conway Robinson, the daughter of Edwin Robinson, of Richmond. I first met her in winter quarters at Frederick Hall, in Virginia, in the early winter of 1863. She was the adopted daughter of her cousin, John Thompson Brown, who was in command of the artillery corps at that point, in which artillery corps I commanded a battery. We were married on the eleventh day of July, 1865; and she was a confirmed invalid for twenty-nine years of her married life, but with an energy and will power that enabled her to do wonders."



LIEUTENANT.-COLONEL JOHN MILLEDGE, OF GEORGIA.

There was in the VETERAN for March, 1894, a history of the John Milledges, of Georgia, beginning with the one for whom the old capitol was named. The last one, a valiant Confederate, and husband of the eminent lady whose memory is herein honored, has contributed a song that richly belongs with Confederate literature. It is just now a sensation in Georgia, and will be sent by the VETERAN, music and words, on application, with two or more subscriptions. The words are as follows:

THE BUGLE CALL.

I love to feel on my bridle bit
The champ of a thoroughbred,
When the bugle call and the ringing hoof
Tell of a charge ahead.
There is no sound, there is no song,
That stirs a soldier's soul,
Like the bugle call and the ringing hoof
In the charge of his Brigade.

Refrain:

There is no sound, there is no song,
That stirs a soldier's soul,
Like the bugle call and the ringing hoof
In the charge of his Brigade.

In squadron front, with closed ranks,
Together side by side,
With bounding steed and sabre raised,
Straight to the front we ride.
There is no fear, there is no doubt,
But every man responds
To the bugle call and the ringing hoof
In the charge of his Brigade.

When the battle's o'er, and the roll is called,
As in the ranks we stand,
There's many a horse that finds his place
Without a guiding hand.
His rider's gone, and all alone
He rushes to respond
To the bugle call and the ringing hoof
In the charge of his Brigade.

There's many a horse, and many a man,
Who, charging in the fray,
Together fight, together fall,
Together pass away.
In years to come the mem'ry of these scenes
Will still remain,
Of the bugle call and the ringing hoof
In the charge of our Brigade.

The foregoing was prepared and dedicated to the Governor's Horse Guard of Atlanta, which company was organized by Col. Milledge.

GRAVE OF A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

The monument erected above it by "Xariffa," the sweet southern poetess, of the Crescent City.

The Richmond Enquirer soon after the war contained the story in a letter from Stribling Springs, Va., July 19, '71:

"In a secluded vale, a mile from Stribling, sleeps in eternal repose one of that gallant Twelfth Georgia Regiment, commanded by Colonel, afterwards that brave Major-General, Edward Johnston. The hand of piety and patriotism neglected to remove the remains with others of the heroic dead to Staunton. In an excursion this morning with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, the grave was discovered by "Xariffa," Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, of New Orleans, whose charming, piquant pen has so often illuminated the sunny, southern hearth with 'Thoughts that breathe.' Above this lonely grave her gifted pen impromptu sketched these beautiful lines, which will find a thrill in every southern heart. These stanzas form such a rare exception to the common newspaper poetry, that I know you will give it to your readers without hesitation."

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

Far up the lonely mountain side,
My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead;
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lonely mound;
The simple headboard rudely writ
Had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these,
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled coverts start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed in sleep profound,
Unheeding, there he lay,
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below;
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Towards the realms of snow;
The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind,
Its leader's name —— and then,
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say?
What tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What sad eyed maiden braids her hair—
Her hair which he held dear,
One lock of which, perchance, lies with
The Georgia Volunteer?

What mother with long watching eyes,
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up,
But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war!

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
And all unknown to fame;
Remember on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well, and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
We know, else he had never been
"A Georgia Volunteer."

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.
He weilds no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust—
Who, but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown thy rocky glen!
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men!
Beneath the cedar and the pine
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten lies
"A Georgia Volunteer."

A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

FROM THE PYTHIAN PERIOD, NASHVILLE.

With one bright lane of native pines
Mild art is here content;
A simple slab each grave defines—
No more has beauty lent.

But some one, filled with southern pride,
Among the rest has led
A shaft with this sweet thought supplied:
"To the unknown dead."

The soldier who this grove supplied,
That buried here might be
The southern dead, now sleeps beside
His "buried chivalry."

Hon. A. G. Hawkins, Huntingdon, Tenn.: During the war, while fording the Tennessee River at Mussle Shoals with Col. Green's battalion of cavalry, my horse became muley and fell, leaving me standing in the midst of the river. He went hastily back to the shore, from which we entered. I forded the river on foot, walking between and holding on the stirrup of a soldier friend on each side. The favor of their addresses will very much oblige me.

CAPTAINS R. L. COBB AND F. P. GRACEY.

The VETERAN notes peculiar sorrow in the deaths, occurring recently, of two heroic, noble Confederates, who were brothers-in-law and lived together. They were Captains F. P. Gracey and R. L. Cobb. They are remembered, not only by Tennesseans, but by comrades throughout the South, who will recall many of their heroic deeds. The first recklessly daring deed by a Confederate in the great war was the sagacious and manifestly fearless actions of Capt. Cobb with the heavy guns at Fort Donelson.

Again, near its close, he was building a pontoon across the Tennessee, right under the fire of the enemy; and his perfect composure of manner gave courage and assurance to the men working under him, and it is doubtful, but for such a leader, whether the bridgeway would have been secured.

Major H. N. Pharr, of La Grange, Ark., writes a thrilling story of how Capt. Cobb "saved the Army of Tennessee." He says: "Cobb was the Junior Captain, a man of courage, of intelligent enterprise, and many agreeable traits of character, with a high sense of honor, and faults enough to make one like him. * * *

After Hoods disastrous defeat at Nashville, we put him over Duck river at Columbia. We were there informed that the General had selected Bainbridge as the point at which he would attempt to recross the Tennessee, and were ordered to hasten forward with the battalion. At the same time Capt. Cobb was dispatched with his company of pontooniers, mounted on mules, to Decatur to bring down if possible, several pontoon boats that had been captured there, as we did not have enough. The whole corps of engineers felt that upon his success depended the fate of the army, and we all knew that to run the mussle shoals at that stage of water, in such frail boats, was a hazardous task.

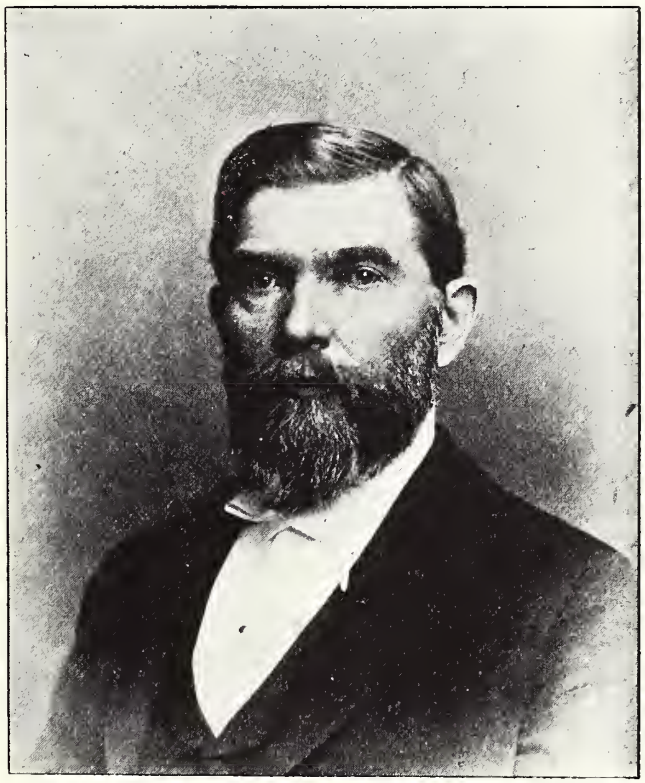
We approached the river late on the second afternoon, with that grand old army disheartened, disorganized, wrecked, behind us, and the broad Tennessee river before, while the roar of artillery in the distance told plainly that the rear guard was being pressed by the victorious foe.

Just then the chief engineer rode rapidly up, his face all aglow, his fine gray eyes sparkling, and exclaimed, 'Cobb has come! Cobb has come!' A wild cheer for Cobb went up from the old batallion, for all felt that the army was saved.

May the angels that guard the other shore of the silent river he has crossed catch up the echo and pass the exclamation, 'Cobb has come.' on up the line to the throne of heaven."

A letter from R. Cobb, of Wichita Falls, Texas, Brigadier General, U. C. V., corrects an error, and comments: "I should sooner have called attention to the error in noticing the death of my faithful and gallant successor, Capt. Frank P. Gracey, as captain of Cobb's Kentucky Battery.

"Capt. R. L. Cobb is my double cousin, our fathers being brothers, and our mothers, sisters. Capt. R. L. Cobb was Captain of Engineers in our army, and won distinction and was rewarded by successive promotions from private in a Tennessee infantry regiment to captaincy of Engineers. He was at Fort Donelson with Dixon, and after the fall of that gallant officer, commanded the heavy water battery at the river line, which held the Federal gunboats at bay. He was also, having made his escape from Donelson, with me in the battle of Shiloh, where he was slightly wounded. He was thereafter constantly in the Engineer's Department, mainly under Col. Pressman, Chief of Engineers, Army of Tennessee, but also with the army, which, under Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, marched to the *rescue* of Vicksburg in 1863, but which went down July fourth.



CAPTAIN ROBERT L. COBB.

"I am not writing this for publication, but hastily to correct an error growing out of the confusion consequent upon the similarity of names, and patronymic of Capt. Robert L. Cobb and myself, although mine is simply R. Cobb."

After the war Capt. Cobb engaged in railroad service, having charge of various extensions for the Louisville & Nashville; and he was in Ohio, extending the Ohio Southern, when he became paralyzed. He was brought to Clarksville, and was in the home of his sister when Capt. Gracey, who had been eminently successful, died very suddenly.

Personal intimacy with Capt. Cobb, obligations for his constant zeal as a friend, and remembrances of his open purse to every sentiment for honoring his comrades, suggests the propriety of a more extended tribute to his memory by the VETERAN.

Capt. Gracey was a large contributor to the magnificent Confederate monument at Clarksville, Tenn.

E. B. Ross writes for Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle:

ROSSVIEW, TENN., May 20: I had a personal knowledge of this brave man whom we are called to mourn, and feel that I ought to say a word in his honor, for he richly deserves the praise of his old comrades and his fellow citizens.



CAPT. FRANK P. GRACEY.

Frank Gracey was one of the most gallant men of the Confederate army. He had the same sort of individual courage that distinguished Forrest, Stuart, Morgan and Ashby. He was a born leader of men, and he allowed none to go before him into danger; and he was as generous as he was brave.

I first met him at Camp Boone in 1861, where he was mustered into the service. He soon became first lieutenant of Cobb's battery, which was manned by a company of General Tighlman's old regiment, the Third Kentucky Infantry. He became captain and commanded this famous battery on many hard fought fields. Before the war ended he was promoted for his distinguished bravery by the government at Richmond to the rank of colonel, and was commissioned to raise a regiment of cavalry.

Here is an incident exemplifying the conspicuous courage of Frank Gracey. In the fall of 1864, Gen. Forrest posted a part of his command at old Fort Heiman, on Tennessee river. Soon a large transport steamer, (I think it was the "Mazeppa") loaded with supplies for the Federal army at Nashville, and towing a large barge loaded with supplies, attempted to pass up the river. She was soon disabled by a cannon shot. The crew ran her ashore on the opposite side of the river from us. The river was very wide, with a strong, deep current. There was the greatest anxiety among our men to get possession of the rich prize, for the men were sadly lacking in both the food and clothing with which the steamer was loaded down.

Captains Gracey, John Horn and I built a small raft to carry us over to capture the steamer. We had no nails to make the raft strong, and before it was ready the current tore it to pieces.

There seemed nothing to do but make another raft, but Captain Gracey would not wait. He caught two of the largest pieces of the old raft, brought them together and put his legs over them to hold them. Thus mounted on this strange craft, with a piece of plank for a paddle, he started alone across the wide and deep river. There was no knowing how many enemies he had to encounter on the other side. Of course the current carried him down stream, but he rowed hard and finally landed alone in the enemies territory far below the disabled steamer. He then made his way up the river, and just before he reached the prize he came upon some of the crew hiding behind some brush. He charged them, pistol in hand, (it is doubtful whether the pistols would have fired, because they had been in the water) but the crew of the Mazeppa did not know that and surrendered. In the words of the Irishman he "surrounded" them, and made them man one of the boats of the steamer and crossed over for re-inforcements. On the way across they picked up Captain Horn and the writer, who had made another raft, and were crossing over. By means of a cable we hauled the huge steamer and barge to our side. Then we had a high old time. The words of Gen. Buford on that occasion were: "Boys, there is plenty to eat and plenty to wear for every soldier, but only enough whisky for the General." In a few days General Forrest captured one of the enemy's gun-boats. He put Capt. Gracey in command of his fleet, and soon afterwards attacked Johnsonville and destroyed several million dollars worth of army supplies. There was but one braver man in our army, and that was Gen. Forrest.

A short time after, Capt. Gracey was promoted for his distinguished services; but for the close of the war he would have risen rapidly to high position, for he had the qualities of a great soldier.

It is good to give honor to whom honor is due. We ought especially to honor our dead.

In the case of Frank Gracey, I speak from what I know myself, and not by hearsay. As a soldier we had none of higher courage. He offered his life and services freely for his people, and for what he thought was right.

In time of peace he was as distinguished a leader of men as he was in war. He was perhaps the most useful citizen of Clarksville.

As a friend and comrade he was frank, generous and genial. To the poor and unfortunate his heart and his pocket were both open. Many times did he feed and clothe the needy comrade. His power of enduring fatigue was very great. Returning from Richmond in 1864, he had to "foot it" over Sherman's track. I knew him to march fifty miles per day and not seem to mind it. Take him all in all, for heart, honor and brain, there were few such as Frank Gracey. The sympathy of every true southern heart is with his bereaved wife and family.

GRACEY—CHICKAMAUGA—WHITAKER.

Maj. Chas. W. Anderson, who was of Gen. Forrest's staff and by his side in nearly every battle from beginning to end, writes:

The death of Capt. F. P. Gracey, of Clarksville, brought to mind a tragic incident of the battle of Chickamauga.

Capt. Gracey was then a lieutenant in command of a section of Napoleon guns of Cobb's Kentucky Battery, attached to Breckenridge's Division. On the last day of the battle, this division was the extreme right of Bragg's Infantry, while Forrest, with Armstrong's division of his Cavalry, fought the day out dismounted, "touching elbows" with Breckenridge during the morning, and in the evening with a portion of Walker's reserve corps under Generals Walthall and Govan.

Before the battle began, Breckenridge and Forrest were riding together to the front. On nearing the line of battle they found Gracey's section of artillery in reserve in the rear, the nature of the ground preventing Gen'l. Helm from using all of his guns. Forrest (who believed in putting every man and gun in the fight) applied for the loan of Gracey's section; and it was ordered at once to the front and into position. Skirmishing soon began, and as the Generals were separating, Breckenridge reined in his horse, and said: "With you on my flank, Gen. Forrest, I shall suffer no uneasiness as to my right being turned by the enemy to-day. But mind you, General! don't lose Gracey and my Napoleon guns."

The battle soon waxed hot—the enemy was driven back, and about ten o'clock Armstrong swung his right brigade under the brave and gallant Dibrell to the left and front, capturing the Federal Hospital at Cloud's Spring, thus gaining the enemies rear, and also possession of the Lafayette road, upon which Grainger's corps was moving to the assistance of Gen'l Thomas, but whose advance was greatly retarded by our mounted division of Cavalry commanded by Gen. Pegram unsupported by any Infantry.

Forrest withdrew from this road, but massed his artillery, consisting of Morton's, Huggin's and Huwald's batteries, and Gracey's section, upon a glady ridge running parallel with and about six to eight hundred yards from it. Waiting quietly until Grainger's column was fairly in his front, every gun was put into action, and so severe and telling was their fire that Grainger was compelled to abandon the open road, change direction, and seek shelter behind the foot hills of Missionary Ridge, between Cloud's Spring and McDonald's.

Towards sundown, artillery firing had ceased on our left, and occasional rapid discharges of musketry was all that could be heard in that direction. An artillery duel, however, had been going on for some time between Gracey's section—a section of Morton's rifle guns, and a Federal battery on a hill near McDonald's. About six p. m., with no enemy in his front, Forrest considered the battle ended for the day, and directed me to order Morton and Gracey to cease firing, also to thank Gracey for his gallant and efficient services, and order him to limber up his guns and report back to his command. Reaching Morton first, his guns were silenced. I then rode to Gracey's position and gave him the same order, and delivered the General's complimentary message. After thanking me, he remarked that one of his pieces was loaded, and he would like to get permission to discharge it, as it was unsafe to move with it, the gun being hot. I took the responsibility of ordering him to change the direction of the piece, so as not to invite a renewal of the engagement with the yankee battery, elevate it as high as possible and discharge it, which he did.

As is well-known, Gen. Thomas withdrew his command through McFarland's Gap to Rossville, beginning the movement as early as 5:30 p. m., and completing it before eight o'clock, of which fact, Bragg was entirely ignorant until the next morning. On that morning the—21st of September '62—Forrest was ordered to mount his command and push the enemy on to Chattanooga on the Lafayette road; but before starting, he directed me to take a detachment of Cavalry and a detail from the escort to act as couriers—cross Missionary Ridge, and get on the line of the Federal retreat, and join him in the direction of Rossville. Unwilling to lose time by going back to McFarland's Gap, I determined to make the crossing at the depression above Cloud's Spring. In ascending we soon approached the Cloud house. There I saw that a cannon shot had gone through the left front room. It had entered two or three feet above the floor level. In an instant it occurred to me that Gracey's last shot did it. Halting for a moment, inquiry was made of the Assistant Surgeon in charge. He said that the shot struck the building about six o'clock—that it came from the last cannon fired the evening before, and in its passage through the house it killed a wounded officer; and he pointed to the shattered relics of a cottage bedstead on which the officer lay at the time The church at Cloud's, and the grounds around the Spring were filled with Federal wounded, and were plainly in view from the position of our batteries, but the Cloud mansion was above the spring and completely hidden by a grove of trees.

This discharge from Gracey's gun causing death, induced Gen. W. C. Whitaker of Grainger's Corps, to incorporate in his report of the battle of Chickamauga this erroneous and unjust charge.

"With alacrity and enthusiasm, the men marched under a hot sun, and through clouds of dust up the Lafayette road until they found the Rebel mounted Infantry drawn up in line of battle to intercept our progress. They had already reached the rear of Thomas' command, and had possession of his field hospital, which they had inhumanly shelled while filled with our wounded, killing my personal friend, the gallant Dick Rockingham, Lieutenant-Colonel of my brave old regiment, the Sixth Kentucky, who was lying wounded in it."

If Gen'l. Whitaker is still living, it may interest him, as well as the surviving friends and comrades of Col. Rockingham, to know that his death was caused by the accidental destination of a ball from an elevated unaimed gun, fired solely to render it safe for removal from the field, and not from

any "inhuman shelling", as charged in his report.

In using the past tense ("had inhumanly shelled"), Gen'l. Whitaker charges that such shelling had been done, and his friend killed before he and his command reached the hospital grounds on their way "almost at a double-quick" to the relief of Gen. Thomas. In justice to my old commander, and the brave officers and men of his batteries, I must say that the charge is untrue. When Dibrell swung his brigade on to the Lafayette road and captured the hospital at ten o'clock in the morning his batteries were in the rear of the division, and not a cannon shot was fired during the movement.

* * * * * * * *

With the record of the splendid fighting done by Gen. Whitaker's brigade that same evening on the flank of Thomas, and his own gallant conduct on the field, as attested by his division and corps commanders, he cannot, if he be as just as he was brave, fail to make a manly withdrawal of the charge, which does great injustice to a brave commander and as gallant troops as ever formed in line of battle. But whether this be done or not, as a staff officer of Gen. Forrest, and with him, too, from "start to finish" in this great battle, and knowing, also, the facts of Col. Rockingham's death to be just as I have stated them, I cannot permit the charge to go into history uncontradicted.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

J. M. Beasley, Bentonville, N. C.: I would like to have the address of any relative or friend of J. W. Beasley, Tenth Georgia Regiment or Battalion. He was killed near Bentonville, N. C., March, '65.

J. J. Ikirt, East Liverpool, Ohio, makes inquiry of a young man, a member of Gen. John Morgan's command, who was wounded in a fight in Ohio, called the "Monroe Scrimmage." This was in July, on the morning of the day that Gen. Morgan was captured. As soon as able, the young man was sent to Columbus, Ohio.

J. C. Witcher, of Bells, Texas, in sending a nice list of subscribers, writes that he "would like to hear from two boys who joined Maj. Shannon's Texas Scouts in Tennessee. Thinks their names were Bob Gregory and ——— Bowman.

C. E. Woolverton, Altoona, Fla., makes inquiry of Telemeus Jones, a classmate of his in Madison University, at Hamilton, N. Y., over fifty years ago. If living, Mr. Jones would be about seventy years old. A word from him, or any of his descendants, would be appreciated.

A. J. Reynolds, of Welaka, Fla., writes: I intended to go to Houston, Texas, to meet and renew my acquaintance with many old comrades; but the loss of my orange grove by the freeze and damage to other business prevented me. I can't do without the Veteran. I served the first eighteen months with the Fourth Tennessee Infantry; was discharged, and served the remainder of the war with Company A, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry. I would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades.

Louis Walburg, Columbus, Miss., writes that "an old messmate of John Emmet Weaver, Sergeant-Major Ninth Mississippi Battalion of Sharp Shooters, and Sergeant McBride, of Company B, same Battalion, would be happy to hear from them."

H. D. Hawks, Sac, Tenn., remembers kindnesses. I would like to know what has become of two young ladies who were so kind to me while lying wounded in the basement of the Court House at Franklin, Tenn., from the time the battle occurred until our forces fell back from Nashville. I will ever remember Miss Sue McEwen and Miss Sallie Jordan. Miss McEwen was sent in by Dr. Plunkett, her cousin, the second day after the battle. She visited me nearly every day of the time, often bringing me clothing and always something good to eat. Miss Sallie Jordan took my coat, torn with bullets and saturated with blood, and washed and patched it with her own hand. Such things will not be forgotten.

Hearing that our army was falling back, I, although unable to walk, with twenty-two other wounded of our regiment, undertook to make my way South. On that memorable morning, about two o'clock, some of the boys brought a horse to the door. They then picked me up, put me in the saddle, and placed a pillow under my arm. We made our way out safely to Corinth, Miss., without any medical attention whatever, or anything in the way of rations except the little found by those who could "forage." I do not know how many of those boys are living yet, but several have passed over the river.

An amusing story is published of some ladies' embarrassment at the Bentonville reunion. Of course the village was very much crowded. Wade Hampton was favored with a bed in the parlor at Mr. Blanks. A group of ladies, having finished some preparations for the next day, returned to this residence and entered the parlor promptly to avoid a chill atmosphere. Some one remarked that the children of the family were sleeping there; and an admirer of one of the children went to the bed to caress it—but she didn't. She rushed from the bed and excitedly whispered to the other ladies: "It ain't a baby; it's a man! a man! and it's General Hampton, too!" The way they got out of that room is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. General Hampton told them next day that he wasn't asleep; and that he heard all they said, and it was all he could do to keep from laughing out.

FAREWELL TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Hoarse sounding billows of the white capped lake,
That 'gainst the barriers of our hated prison break,
Farewell! Farewell! thou giant inland sea:
Thou, too, subservest the modes of tyranny—
Girding this Isle, washing its lonely shore
With moaning echoes of thy melancholy roar.
Farewell thou lake! Farewell thou inhospitable land!
Thou hast the curses of this patriot band,—
All, save the spot, the holy sacred bed,
Where rest in peace our southern warriors dead.

Penciled by an unknown hand upon a wall of one of the prison buildings of Johnson's Island.

Distress in the Stomach

"I had trouble with my stomach for a long time and could not get anything that would do me any good. Last February I had



Mrs. E. Champlin

Inflammation of the stomach, and was so bad for a week, that even light food would cause **Great Distress** and vomiting. The doctor's medicine did me no good and so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I could eat anything without having the least bit of distress. I have only taken five bottles and my general health is much better." ED. CHAMPLIN, Groton City, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills should be in every household.

THE SUN'S GOAL.

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Where mighty waters roll,
To rest beyond the mountains,
The sun flees to his goal."

These words of a great and lamented musician describe not more fittingly the chariot of Phœbus than they do the swift-flying "Sunset Limited," the greatest modern railway chariot that "pursues the King of Day adown the West." This sumptuously appointed and solid vestibuled carrier of human freight, over the now celebrated Southern Pacific Sunset Route, is not surpassed or even approached by any other passenger train in service on any road between the Mississippi and the Pacific slope. The speed with which "Sunset Limited" covers the distance—only sixty hours—would have seemed to our fathers simply a fanciful figment from some wild visionary's imagination: yet, notwithstanding this, almost absolute safety is assured every passenger who mingles delight with necessity in finding the Western waters over this equatorial belt line. Perpetual sunshine kisses the landscape over every mile of this scenic route, the course lying so far below the snow and ice line as to offer entire salubrity and comfort even in midwinter to every traveler and tourist and to every seeker after health in milder climes. Not speed only, but safety, and not safety only, but luxurious ease, coupled with all the beauties of the marvelous and changeful scenery, makes a two days' journey by "Sunset Limited" a most pleasurable event in any life. Drawing-room, sleepers, dinner and composite cars. Leaves New Orleans and San Francisco every Thursday on and after Nov. 1.

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NEURALGIA cured by Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose." At all druggists.

A MODEL SCHOOL AT DALLAS.

Three miles distant from the hum of the city of Dallas, Texas, stands St. Mary's Institute, a spacious and handsome building, surrounded by extensive grounds and fanned by the healthful breezes from the prairie. It would be well to draw the attention of all to the character and scope of the work done at this college. Founded by and under the supervision of the Rt. Rev. A. C. Garrett, whose scholarly attainments are well known. Miss M. K. Torbert, principal, a reputation has already been achieved which secures St. Mary's a position in the future as the center of an influence, moral and intellectual, which will be felt throughout the state. A college whose ideal combines the purest moral and religious tone with the highest scholarship appeals to the best element. It is to be noted that St. Mary's will make the coming year a distinct advance in her standards, the department of science being under the direction of a graduate of Smith College, who has supplemented her work there by a post-graduate course at Yale University, taking the degree of B.S., while the department of modern languages will offer the best advantages for the study, not only of French and German, but of Spanish and Italian. The school of art, in which none but the truest principles and methods have been recognized, will be under the direction of an artist who has won distinction in Paris, France, having been awarded the first medal in a class of sixty, in the Academy Delecluse. Illustrated lectures on the history of art will be delivered by a member of the faculty, a woman of broad culture and extensive travel. China painting will be taught by a student of the New York Art League, a pupil of Profs. Fitz and Aulich. The collegiate course includes advanced work in mathematics and ancient languages. The A. L. course, elastic and comprehensive, to meet the special needs of pupils, includes as its main features, modern languages, history and literature. A scientific course also has been arranged, offering special advantages for advanced work. The best talent of the New England Conservatory is secured for the school of music, and for the advanced students a graduate of that conservatory, who has had subsequent training in Germany. St. Mary's Institute has successfully completed her sixth year.

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Tourists and others contemplating a trip to Texas, New or Old Mexico, Arizona or California should purchase their tickets via New Orleans and the *Sunset Route* of the Southern Pacific Company. From New Orleans the *Sunset Route* affords to the traveler incomparable climate, balmy atmosphere, beautiful, historic and romantic scenery. The palatial train *Sunset Limited*, comprising latest design Drawing Room Pullman Sleeper, Dining Car (all meals served a-la-carte) and Composite Car with Bath Room, Barber Shop, Smoking Room and Buffet, will be re-instated early in October with faster time most luxuriant equipment to be obtained and all modern appliances conducive to the safety, comfort and pleasure of the traveling public.

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BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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If you have a bill to be filled in the dry goods line, there is no place where it can be done to better advantage than at the New York Store, on North Summer street. Their large stock covers every branch of the dry goods business, and there is nothing that they do not keep and always the best at that. The thousand who are trading there, say that they do so because they can get supplied at about two-thirds the price of other houses.

HISTORIC ST. MARY'S.

It may be of interest to the readers of the Veteran to know that St. Mary's School, whose advertisement appears in this number, was a place of refuge during the late war for the wife and children of President Davis, and that the daughter of Gen. Lee was educated there. In fact, many were the daughters of the South who were entrusted to the care and protection of Dr. Aldert Smedes, the beloved founder and rector of the school It is interesting to know also that for six weeks the Federal soldiers were encamped in St. Mary's grove and that throughout this time the order of the school was not interrupted. So rare indeed was Dr. Smedes' tact that no unpleasatness of any kind occurred, even though it was well known that four of his sons had served in the Confederate Army. Two of these fell upon the battle-field; and one, a chaplain, the present Rector of the school, was for sometime imprisoned in the old capitol. It will give pleasure to many who see this notice who have perchance had mothers, sisters or wives educated at this institution, to learn that under the present guidance the school in point of scholarship has fully kept pace with the demands of the times, its pupils being now allowed to enter Vassar on certificate, and in point of training its girls to be refined and noble women, it has in all respects fulfilled the hopes and ideals of its founder.

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The Veteran cannot add anything to the already strong indorsements this standard school has. It fits men for business. It is thorough. We know this, because our head book-keeper, Mr. G. C. Aycock, for the Southwestern Publishing House, came to us five years ago from Jennings'. That he has held his position and given entire satisfaction, is proof of the high standard of this school. This is an old school of established reputation.

ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE.

A boarding and day school for young ladies and girls, College Hill, Dallas, Tex., 7th year. Founded by the Rt. Rev. A. C. Garrett, bishop of northern Texas, and under his supervision, with a faculty of 17, will open Sept. 12, '95. Classical, literary, scientific and preparatory courses. Classics and higher mathematics in charge of graduates of Smith College, University of Toronto and Mt. Holyoke; department of music and art under direction of best instructors trained in Germany, Paris, France, and New England conservatory. Department of modern languages includes French, German, Spanish and Italian. Teacher of French, a native of France, and graduate of an old established French peesion. Course of lectures on music and art. Trained nurse in charge of infirmary. Terms for tuition, including ancient and modern languages and all English branches, board, fuel, light, washing, $300 per annum. Music, art, elocution extra. For catalogue and information, address Miss Torbert, Principal, St. Mary's Institute, Dallas, Tex.

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He Attends a Business College and Gets a Good Position.

Board of Underwriters,
Nashville, June 12, 1895.

I take pleasure in stating that I attended Jennings' Business College and found it in all respects what it is claimed to be, a school of thorough instruction and perfectly equipped to prepare a young man for a bnsiness life. From the responsible positions held in this city by its graduates, I know this school to stand in the highest favor with Nashville business men. The best advice I can give to a young man entering business is to take a course under Prof. Jennings. Patton R. Cheatham.

(Mr. Cheatham is a son of the late Gen. Frank Cheatham, a hero of two wars. The position of Assistant Secretary for the Nashville Board of Underwriters, which he now holds, was given young Cheatham as soon as he left Jennings' College.)

Write to this college for free catalogue. School open the year round.

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To advertisement of the University Press Co., in this number, of letter heads for Camps, we call especial attention. We know this company, and any business intrusted them will receive prompt and courteous attention.

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160 Pages, Bound in Confederate Gray Cloth
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[Notices under this heading will be inserted at 20 cents per line each insertion.]

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Mr. Givens is a born clothing merchant and his good judgment has been praised in every eastern market. He knows a piece of goods by the mere touch, and his guarantee of an article means that it is alright in every particular. Retail clothing merchants everywhere could save big money by buying of Mr. Givens; and he invites inspection of his stock by one and all of them.

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For Boys and Young Men. No saloon in twelve miles. Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, says: "The examinations recently stood by pupils of the Woolwine School for entrance into Vanderbilt University were in every way creditable, and give proof of the thorough nature of the work done in this school. In Mathematics the records made are almost phenomenal, and in Latin are worthy of high praise. I do not believe we ever had finer grades in Mathematics.—J. H. KIRKLAND, Chancellor."

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$80 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell goods. $40 a month to distribute circulars, salary paid monthly. Sample of our goods and contract free. Send 10c. for postage, packing, etc. WE MEAN BUSINESS. UNION SUPPLY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Under entirely new management and greatest improvements in every department. For pamphlets and further information apply to EUBANK & GLOVER, Proprietors White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, W. Va.

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The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. J. W. Johnson, who is so well known to the patrons of the Market House, has leased the Southeast corner of that building in addition to his regular stalls, and will in the future keep a stock of fresh meats, hams, sausages, etc., unsurpassed by any. The Nashville Packing House supplies him, which fact tells that everything will be first-class. Free delivery, urbane salesmen, low prices and the best the market affords will be the motto of Mr. Johnson. may 1y

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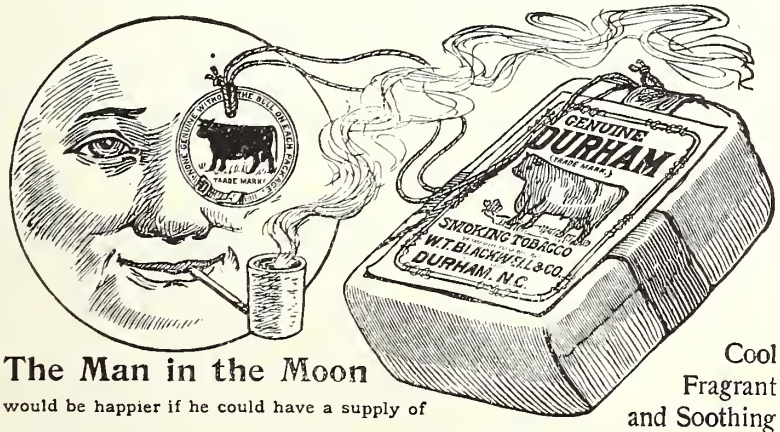
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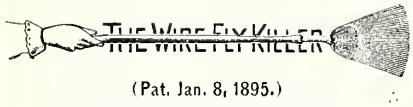
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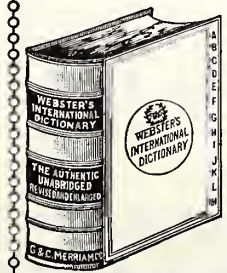
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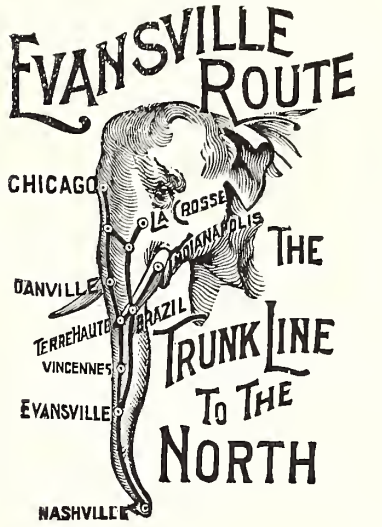
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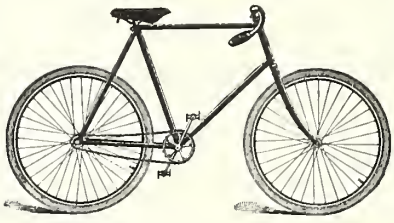
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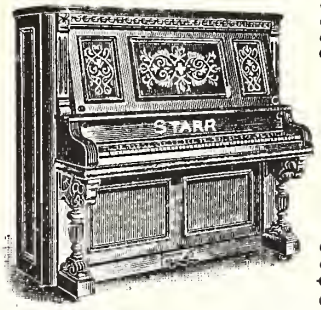
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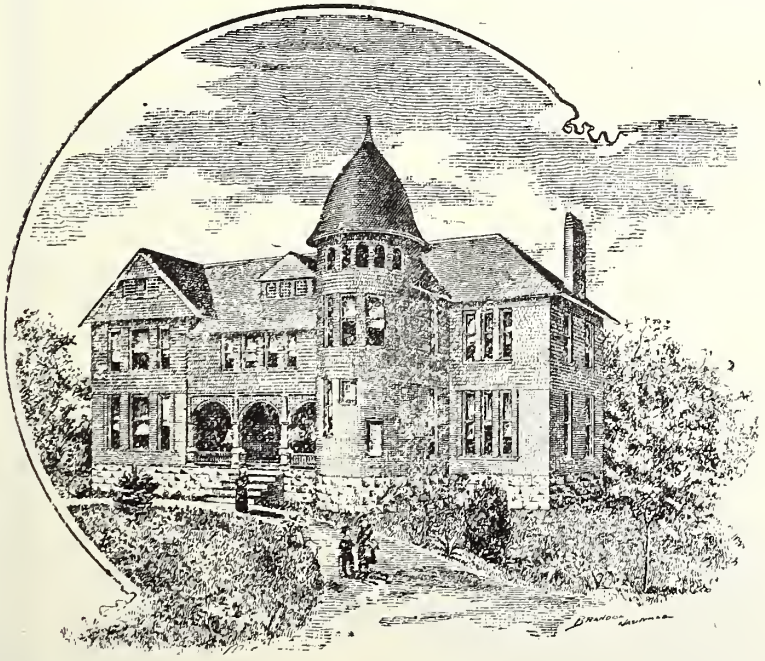
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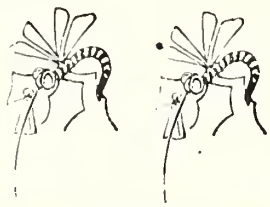
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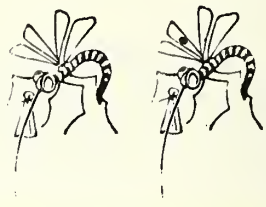
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DR. KOLLOCK IN NASHVILLE.

The attention of the reader is especially called to the card of DR. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK, which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as standard authority by the "Encyclopœdia Britannica." Vol. X, page 135, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of *gelseminum*, a specific for neuralgia of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

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In the June VETERAN the opening date of Dr. Price's College was given erroneously as Sept. 21st. The fall session begins Sept. 2nd, and from assurances already had bids fair to be a most successful one. The history of this college, beginning in a single room a few years ago, until it occupies a number of large four-story buildings, all its own, on one of the most prominent corners and adjacent to it, of this rich city—"the Athens of the South"—emphasizes its high merit.

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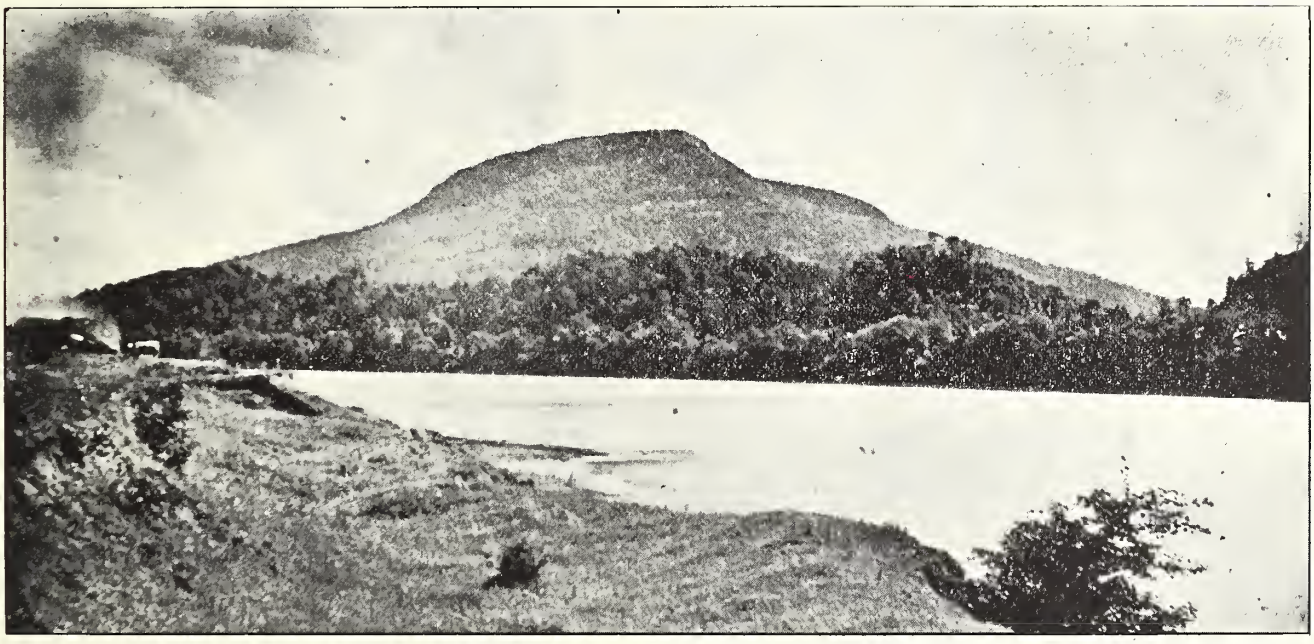
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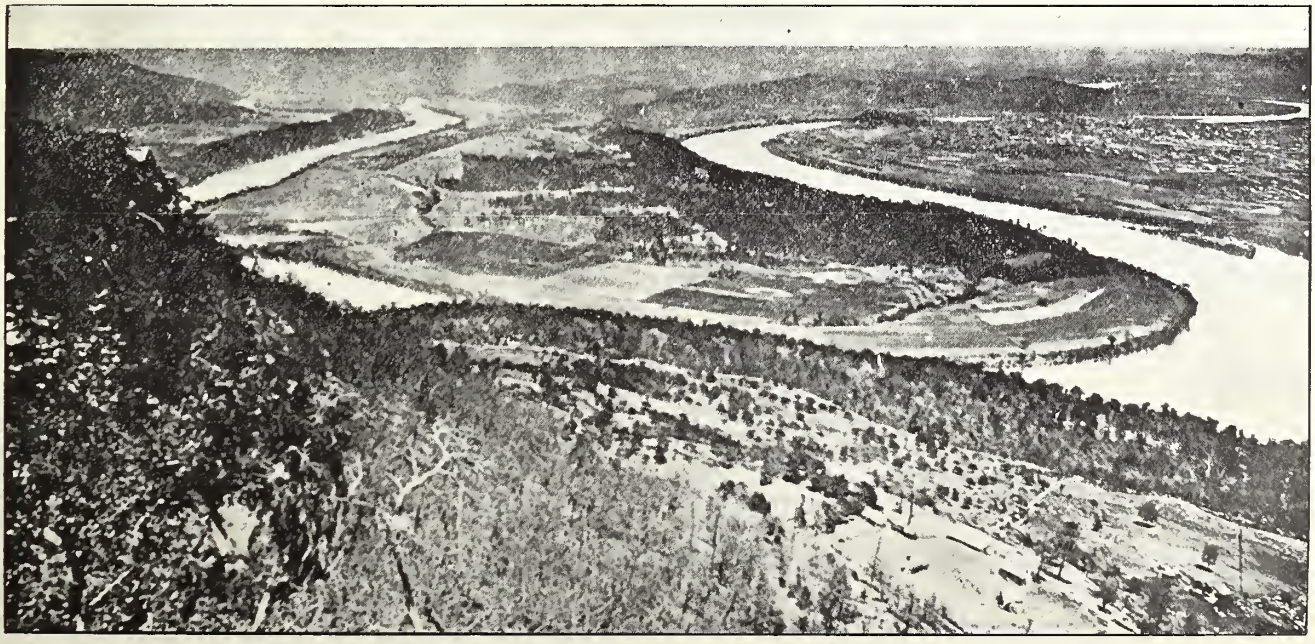
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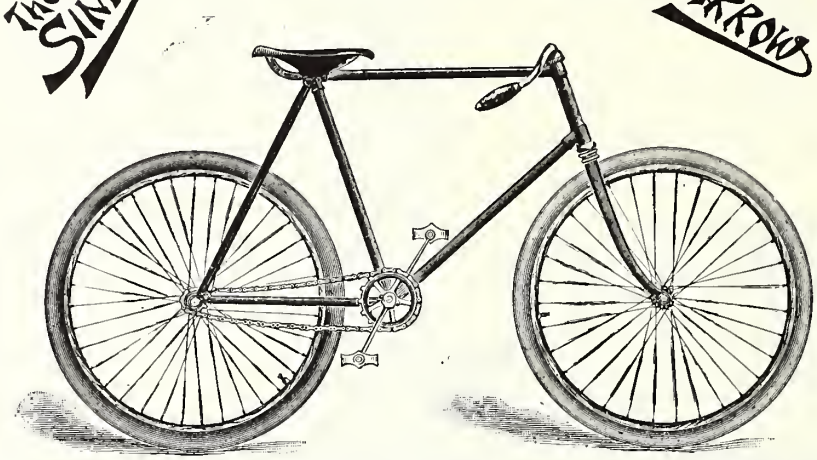
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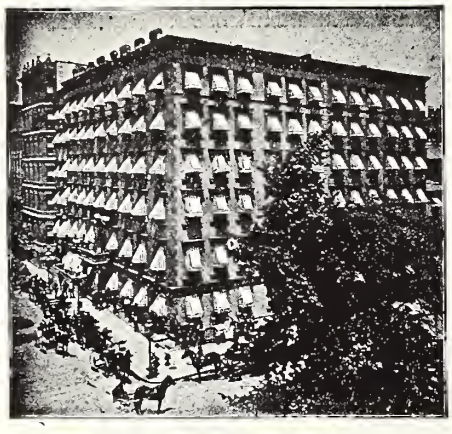
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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III | NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1895. | No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

THE VETERAN AMONG STRANGERS.

Many of the thousands who come from the North to Louisville, and on to Chickamauga and Chattanooga Parks dedication, are expected to take home with them copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. They will see that it is indeed "patriotic and progressive," that it is as zealously loyal and patriotic as were the founders of the Republic. They will find that it honors the Union veteran who fought in the spirit of him whose declaration was that "the Union, it must and shall be preserved." The one government and the old flag are accepted as the result of that great war, and the patriotism of those who sought to maintain rights that were guaranteed by the constitution at every peril still lives, guaranteeing unquestioned loyalty.

There is much more the spirit of our fathers who were conspicuous in the rebellion of 1776 than may be supposed, and we are Americans still without alloy. As their advocate, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is firm as the granite mountain. It has faithfully given expression to their sentiment, and it will maintain it. It worthily possesses the confidence of the southern people, a trust absolutely sacred.

To be certainly steadfast in its loyalty to the government, which is the only hope of our people, it is ever diligent to recognize and respond to fraternal considerations from those who were victors in the fight. However, it cannot be unmindful of the large element of men whose bitterness has been manifested all through the past thirty years, during which time we of the South have been unceasing in our efforts to have the government completely restored for the future welfare of the people who are to live in it. In this connection, it is well enough for the world to know that the farther we get from that bitter period of '61-'65, the less we are inclined to apologize. We do not concede that "might makes right," and, fellow-countrymen, we will never fawn for favor.

We do not murmur at the methods of reward for Union veterans. Southern men, and particularly the Confederates, as members of Congress have been notably liberal in voting pensions to them, and we respect the patriots who fought for the Union solely that it be maintained. But when we surrendered, that was enough. Persecutions should have ended—Ah, the shame of "the bloody shirt!"

Veterans of the Union Army, while on your visit South, investigate us. You wont require guns and official orders. See for yourselves whether there is any danger to the government in our section, and when you return to your Northern homes, and kneel for prayers with your wives and children, consider with clean hearts whether the time has not fully come for awarding to your fellow citizens of the South as patriotic impulses as you claim for yourselves.

BUILD A MONUMENT TO SAMUEL DAVIS.

Tennesseans and other southern people can do no nobler thing than to erect a monument to Samuel Davis, the Confederate scout whose heroic sacrifice in giving up his life rather than prove faithless to his word is unexcelled, if equalled, in history.

The inspiration created by Union soldiers who were present at his execution, and "grieved in his death," induced the investigation that resulted in the accounts by Joshua Brown and others. Contemplation of the subject has created afresh all the higher characteristics of manhood, and the VETERAN will undertake to raise a monument fund for that purpose. Whatever may be the result, the effort is worthy. It would do good if only enough money was raised to carve his name on a curbstone on Capitol Hill. Appeal is made to the heart of every man and woman who has read the story. Let us consider that noble life and leave to posterity in the South testimony, lasting as granite and bronze can make it, that he did not die in vain. A deposit account will be made with one of the Nashville banks, and all contributions of one dollar or more will be published in the VETERAN. In next number the subscription will be started. How many could raise a dollar by asking dimes from friends!

ABOUT A MONUMENT TO SAMUEL DAVIS.

Mrs. M. M., a well-known southern writer:

You can do your state and country no better service than to rescue from oblivion the name of Sam Davis. The thought of him brings back to us, who are old enough to remember the years between '61 and '65, the flaming spirit of self-reliance and self-sacrifice which made those years vivid with a glory deathless as man's love of virtue. Those were times of agony, strongly mingled with an elation and exaltation of spirit that orators, poets, and artists have striven in vain to convey to a generation of pleasure and money hunters; but we, who lived through that period, so grand and so solemn, can recall, with throbbing hearts and swimming eyes, the old, all-powerful feeling that steadied the men in battle's dreadful line, and upheld the women in poverty, loneliness, uncertainty and bereavement. It was a baptism of blood and fire, which scorched out all sordid ambitions in souls capable of self-forgetfulness, capable of love of country—that emotion, second only to the love of God in the human breast, far and away beyond all the natural ties which bind the heart to family and to life. But human nature is not always keyed to this high pitch. Many men made gallant records during the war, spurred by mixed motives—love of country, desire for excitement and the approbation of applauding multitudes, the hope of military promotion and the sweet rewards of political preferment when the triumphant peace should come—they took their chances, borne forward on the wave of popular feelings.

But Sam Davis was not one of these. Think of him, a country boy, volunteering for the Confederacy at nineteen, in the First Regiment of Tennessee. While others hesitated or delayed, he took his place, a private in the line, with knapsack, gun and canteen, without a thought of fame, carried away by a passionate love for the South and Tennessee—so distinguishing himself during two years of faithful service as to be selected for most difficult and dangerous enterprises. When the fortunes of the Confederacy were sinking, and hope relied upon strategy to overcome numbers, to this young man the commanding General appealed, and not in vain. Readily he consented to enter the Federal lines and bring back all possible information. Follow him as he once more steps upon the soil of Tennessee—the hills and valleys, the trees, the highways, the very footpaths familiar to his eyes and dear to his heart—danger was everywhere. From one and another he had gathered facts invaluable to his dying country. To his informants he had pledged his honor that the sources of his knowledge should never be known. He secured information from one wearing the blue uniform of the United States. Others who could not, or would not, leave their farms or shops; colored people, perhaps, weary of their new masters, and trusting the honor of the heroic youth, whose fearless eyes assured their safety in telling him what they knew. How his heart must have beat with triumph as he turned his face south, with a mother's kiss on his lips, carrying maps and much specific data for the Confederacy!

One peril after another was passed; but even his coolness and sagacity, his wit and devotion, could not save him, and at last, on a bleak November day, he was captured. From the first he knew the danger and the penalty, if captured, in being condemned as a spy; but not for a moment did his courage falter. * * * While his enemies kept the death watch, his thoughts dwelt upon home and loved ones. The joys the future holds for the young were viewed, but not considered with any thought of dishonor. He knew not that his sacrifice would ever be known or even that it was extraordinary; but with simple, elemental love of country filling his soul, Sam Davis mounted the scaffold, looked for the last time at the skies of Tennessee, refused for the last time the offer of life and safety, closed his eyes and swung off into eternity to meet that God who has said, "whosoever loseth his life shall find it," and leaving to all generations an example as priceless as it is unique. He belongs, it is true, to the world, to humanity, to all time, but how much more to Tennessee, who should clasp his memory to her faithful breast and cover it with all the honor her statehood can yield.

But, alas! poor Tennessee has been so robbed and plundered, so covered with shame and immersed in debt by her sons, who love her not as Sam Davis loved her, that from her depleted treasury it is useless to ask now for one dollar, for any cause however high or noble.

For the building of a monument to Sam Davis, the appeal must be made to individual hearts in Tennessee, and beyond her borders, to those who love honor, and cherish patriotism in their souls. It should be builded for the sake of the living, and for the generations yet to be born, to tell them in letters of stone the story of his life and death. It should be located in Nashville, the capital of his native Tennessee, where congregate the men sworn to protect her interests, where young men and women from all over our land come to receive educations to fit them for the battle of life. A shaft to commemorate the deed of this young man would many a time lift and stir hearts, ready to sink, to a higher conception of the true meaning and value of life.

All nations have delighted to honor their heroes by enduring records of their virtues, at once a tribute to the dead, and an inspiration to the living. Nashville is peculiarly proud of her crowded schools and her learned professors; but education is not altogether a matter of books and lectures—the subtlest, strongest influences in moulding character are often the least noisy. A monument to Sam Davis, erected, let us suppose, in the triangle in front of the Vanderbilt University, would teach a lesson to the youths who throng its classic halls, with an eloquence, mute, tho' powerful, which no orator could equal, and a persistency not dismayed by political upheavals, by storms nor sunshine, by time nor change.

Nashville is not rich in monuments to great men; one equestrian statue of Gen. Andrew Jackson ornaments Capitol Square. Let the next one be erected in honor of Private Sam Davis, who loved his country not less than did the lion hearted hero of the Hermitage, who pushed from his eager lips the brimming cup of life, and deliberately accepted death for his honor and his native land.

"TRUE LOVERS."

Hon. Joseph B. Cumming of Augusta, Georgia, on the last Memorial occasion at Augusta, standing by the graves of the Confederate dead, said:

Where in all the world is presented such a scene as this? When in all time shall we look for such an occasion? Some with broader knowledge or richer memories may find a ready answer to this inquiry. My own limited vision discovers nothing like it elsewhere than in this Southern land, or in any other time than in these years which have followed the great War between the States. It is true that in a few weeks our brethren of the North, when their loitering spring-time shall have reached the stage where ours is to-day, when for them then as for us now—

> "Spring rolls in her sea green surf
> In flowery foaming waves,"

will assemble in like places and for like purposes; and some on-looker with vision only, but without reflection or memory, may deem the occasions altogether similar. But indeed, indeed how wide apart! The difference between victory and defeat; the difference between success and failure; the difference between a cause that is won and a cause that was lost; the difference between the swelling strains of triumph and the minor chords of a requiem.

How common in all times and in all countries has it been by anniversaries and celebrations to keep alive the memory of national triumph. But when before us has a people given its work of hand and heart to perpetuate the story of its conquest? When did Frenchmen weave garlands and floral wreaths for the anniversary of Waterloo, though coming when the gorgeous month of June carpets their fair land with flowers? When did Prussia ever establish celebrations in the rich autumnal harvest time in memory of Jena? When did the Conscript Fathers decree "a Roman Holiday" for the fatal day of Cannæ? Nowhere, methinks, save in our land, and never save in our time has a people busied itself to preserve the memory of its defeat. Why is this? Permit me to answer in part in language which I used more than twenty years ago:

"Strange spectacle, and yet not strange! We were conquered, but our cause was just. We were fallen, but not dishonored. Our efforts had failed, but they had made the world ring with our praises. We had the irreparable and the irrecoverable to lament: to blush for, nothing."

But this answer, considered sufficient then, has ceased to satisfy. The reasons then given were negative in their nature—sufficient, perhaps, to explain why for a season we were not ashamed to keep alive the memory of our failure, but inadequate to account for the continued survival of an active living spirit, which at the end of thirty long years still refuses to die.

I think I find the true reason in my own heart, and I believe I would seek it successfully in yours. Indeed, strange as the declaration may sound to some, that great war was fought on the part of the South more on a sentiment than any other war in all history. We went to war not for conquest, not for glory, not to escape oppression. But a proud and high-spirited people flew to arms to defend what they considered their sacred right, from high-handed and presumptuous interference, albeit the right itself was little better than an abstraction. Nothing sordid mingled with our motives. No vulgar ambition stained our high resolve. No selfishness tainted our lofty aspirations. We embraced the cause in the spirit of lovers. True lovers all were we—and what true lover ever loved less because the grave had closed over the dear and radiant form?

And so we—we at least, who as men and women inhaled the true spirit of that momentous time—come together on these occasions not only with the fresh new flowers in our hands, but with the old memories in our thoughts and the old, but ever fresh, lover spirit in our hearts, and seek to make these occasions not unworthy of the cause we loved unselfishly and of these its sleeping defenders.

GEN. SHERMAN ON BISHOP POLK'S DEATH.

Mr. F. M. Colston, of Baltimore, Md., reports that in Bishop Clark's "Reminiscences," page 149, he wrote: I once asked Gen. Sherman if he had ever met with Bishop Polk, and in reply he said he never saw him but once, and then proceeded to give the story of his death, substantially as it appears in the life of the Bishop recently published by his son.

"While the hostile camps were quite near each other," he said, "and we were taking observations of the movements of the forces, I saw three men standing together on an eminence, and I told the gunner by my side to send a shot into the midst of the group. As soon as the ball struck the ground two of the persons retired from the scene, while one man remained quietly standing in his place. I then ordered another shot to be fired, and he fell. In the afternoon I learned from the telegraph signals, 'Send coffin for Gen. Polk's body,' whom it was that I had killed."

From Browne's "Wellington," page 112—When asked, "Were you close enough to see Bonaparte at Waterloo?" the Duke of Wellington said: "Why, we were close enough to see, but not to distinguish. In the morning, before the battle began, I could see a body of officers moving along their lines, and we had no doubt that this was Bonaparte and his staff. I think we heard the cries 'Vive L'Empereur,' but I can't say that I distinguished his person. A battery near me had a mind to fire upon this assemblage, but I stopped them."

When asked was not this over nice, as one that would have saved thousands of lives—the Duke said: "It may be so, but that was my way of carrying on the war throughout. I discouraged surprises of outposts, and the firing on sentries and videttes; the death of a few poor fellows thus picked off does no service. To be sure, when the fate of those two great armies, and, indeed, of all Europe, was concentrated on a single man, as in this case, the general rule might not apply, but I felt at that moment about Bonaparte as I should have done about any General of his staff."

LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. STEWART.

B. L. Ridley's Journal.—Continued.

Brief notes of the military history of my General, Alex P. Stewart, will be of interest to the readers:

Gen. Stewart is a native Tennessean, born at Rogersville and reared near Winchester. He entered the class of 1838 at West Point (an appointee of Congressman Hopkins L. Turney) was graduated in 1842 and assigned to the Third Artillery. In 1843 he was sent back to the Military Academy as an assistant to the Professor of Mathematics. He resigned in 1845 on account of bad health, and went to Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn. He married Miss Hattie B. Chase in Ohio.



GEN. ALEX. P. STEWART.

Prof. Henry L. Eustis, of Harvard University, Gen. John Pope, Gen. John Newton, Gen. Wm. S. Rosecrans, Gen. Abner Doubleday, (the foregoing were Federals), Gen. G. W. Smith, Gen. James Longstreet, Gen. R. H. Anderson, Gen. Mansfield Lovell, Gen. Lafayette McLaws and others, were West Point graduates in his class. In the last two years of his cadetship, Gen. Stuart, Gen. John Pope and Longstreet roomed together.

At the outbreak of the war, Tennessee first organized an army of her own. The Governor (Isham G. Harris) had an artillery corps, the field officers and captains of which were the West Point graduates found in the state, who were appointed in the order of the dates of their graduation, with an exception or two. John P. McCown was Colonel, Milton Haynes, Lieutenant-Colonel, and A. P. Stewart was Major. After Tennessee voted on the ordinance for "Separation and Representation," this corps of artillery, with balance of Tennessee army, was transferred to the Confederate service.

In the early summer of 1861, he was first employed in Middle Tennessee establishing camps, then he was sent to Randolph, on the Mississippi River, and passed the time in drilling troops and constructing batteries, and was the first to occupy Island No. 10 and New Madrid, Missouri. He was afterward sent to Columbus, Ky., and put in command of the heavy artillery and water batteries.

He held this command when the battle of Belmont was fought (November 7.) A shot from the big gun, the "Lady Polk," which burst a few days afterward, killing eleven men and injuring others, was fired by Maj. Stewart's orders at Grant's line of troops, then in plain view from the bluff where it was mounted, followed by other shots, causing Grant's forces to face to the left and move off soon at a double quick. This done, our steamboats carried over the troops and field artillery, and pursued them to their gunboats.

Soon after this, Maj. Stewart was appointed a Brigadier General on the recommendation of Albert Sidney Johnston. He commanded a brigade in Charles Clark's Division, Polk's Corps, at Shiloh; in Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, in Kentucky Campaign, in the Battle of Perryville, and in the battle of Murfreesboro.

After we fell back to Shelbyville, he was assigned, temporarily, to command the Division of John P. McCown. In the summer of 1863 he was appointed Major-General, and took command of a division in Hardee's Corps. His division held Hoover's Gap, through a hard fight, and resisted the advance of Federal troops at that place. (At Tullahoma I joined him; and followed him through all the battles of the Army of Tennessee until our surrender at Greensboro, N. C.)

Near Marietta, he was commissioned Lieut-General, and took command of Polk's Corps, Gen. Polk having been killed at Pine Mountain. He won his last promotion at New Hope Church. Stewart's Division in one line of battle all the evening mowed down fighting Joe Hooker's Corps, composed of three division lines, and thereby saved Stevenson's Division from capture. His command there comprised Gibson's Brigade from Louisiana, Clayton's and Baker's Brigades of Alabamians, Stovall's of Georgians, Brown's Brigade of Tennesseans with Eldridge's Battalion, and Fenner's New Orleans Battery of Artillery. It was a desperate fight, and Gen. Johnston was so gratified that he said to Gen. Stewart, "If I can make you a Lieutenant-General for your management, you shall have it." In a few weeks, Old Joe came out to where Gen. Stewart was superintending a redoubt, bringing his commission. General Stewart's promotions came rapidly. He won his spurs by satisfying his commanders that he was deserving. Quiet, modest, but withal a positive soldier of high moral character, his command was properly managed, yet scarcely did he give an order. When other commands found that Stewart was supporting them, on right or left, all was well; and when he struck the enemy, there were frequently heartrending scenes of carnage and

of blood. At Resaca he had three horses shot under him; at Chickamauga he was slightly wounded; on the 28th of July, near Atlanta, he was struck in the middle of the forehead, the ball making a wound in the shape of a v. He had so many boys on his staff that some one asked him the reason. In reply, he said: "Because when I send a message it is apt to get there." The only unnatural thing about Gen. Stewart was that he never dodged a bullet—(any natural man was bound to do it). As kind as a father to his command, and possessing their confidence that he would not willingly sacrifice them, whenever he said to do so, they would leap into the very jaws of death. His counsels were so much looked to that the soldiers nicknamed him "Old Straight," as significant of their respect. This old battle-scarred veteran is now one of the Chickamauga Commissioners, and is absorbed in arranging that Park. In that battle, his Command, composed of the Brigades of Brown and Bate from Tennessee; Clayton, from Alabama; and Eldridge's Battalion of Artillery comprised of Dawson's, Humphrey's and the Eufala Batteries, went in 4,040 strong, and lost 1,733 in killed and wounded. As Corps Commander, the three divisions of Generals Loring, Walthall and French, were his pride.

As one who espoused the southern cause, history will record as a Gen. Stewart devotee to his people, that he fought the good fight, and kept the faith.

His staff as a Major General was as follows: R. A. Hatcher, A. A. G., New Madrid, Mo.; John C. Thompson, A. I. G., Nashville; Cross, Commissary, Nashville; Lauderdale, Quartermaster; Hickman, Kentucky; G. B. Thornton, Medical Director, Memphis; J. W. Stewart, (his brother), Ordinance Officer; Wm. Sykes, Provost Marshal, Murfreesboro, Tenn. The boys from seventeen to nineteen: Lieut. Terry Cahal, Tennessee; Scott, Louisiana, (killed in battle); Matthews, East Tennessee, shot at New Hope; R. C. Stewart, and myself. Capt. Fowle, commanding escort, was killed at Chickamauga. Afterward Wyatt of Georgia commanded his escort.

W. T. Wilson, Secretary, writes from Tullahoma, July 3, '95: A meeting of the Coffee County Confederate Association, an organization of several years standing, met at the court house in Manchester Monday, July 1st. President B. P. Bashan was in the chair. A reorganization was had by the election of the old officers. It was decided to hold a reunion in September at Manchester. Various committees were appointed to make arrangements. This association has been engaged for the past two years in making a complete roster of all soldiers that enlisted from Coffee county, together with all others now living in said county, with a brief biography of each. Said roster is in a neat, well bound book, gotten up with the proper headings for that purpose, and is about complete. This history will be of great value, as well as interest, to survivors.

The Indiana Territory Division, U. C. V., on the 28th of June, unanimously elected Adjt. Gen. R. B. Coleman as Major-General for this Division vice N. B. Guy, time expired. All the Camps reported except John H. Morgan Camp.

INCIDENTS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Capt. F. S. Harris gives this thrilling reminiscence: Sunday, A.M., the second day of the battle of Chancellorsville, (May 2, '63), Jack Moore made a mistake and caused Archer's brigade to win a brilliant victory.

After driving the enemy some distance, they ran against a heavy line behind splendid works. Retiring behind a low ridge, we rested while Pelham peppered them with his horse artillery. When the artillery duel was over, Capt. Oliver Foster and I were standing off to the right, when Gen. Lee approached and asked whose troops these were. Capt. Foster answered that it was Archer's brigade, and pointed out the General. With a soldier's curiosity, we followed to hear what he would say to Gen. Archer. After salutations, Gen. Archer explained how his troops had driven the enemy for a mile until they struck the strong entrenched line on the hill, which they did not carry. Gen. Lee looked steadily for some minutes at the strong line on the hill, then turning to Gen. Archer, said in a business-like way: "General, if you will move your brigade to the front about half way to that ravine, then make a left wheel move in that direction until your right is opposite that clump of trees, then right wheel again and strike those people in the front, you will drive them out. They will not bother you much until your last movement."

Archer maneuvered his little brigade beautifully and everything moved like clock work until the right wheel came. The Seventh Tennessee on the right, instead of wheeling, went into their works "on right into line." Hal Manson, (now of Rockwall, Texas), was the first man I saw go in. He never stopped until he stood on top of their works on the other side, waving his hat to the boys to come on. In five minutes he was worrying John Henlin for some of his rations. "Old Bones" knew who carried the biggest haversack. How the other regiments got in I never knew, but it is told that when Col. Newt George, commanding the First Tennessee, and on the extreme left, saw the other regiments going in and driving the Yankees pell-mell from their front, he could not wait for the regular right wheel, but yelled out, "Get in there endways, if you can't get in any other way. Don't you see the other regiments all going in." No man ever accused Col. George of timidity in battle.

The enemy fired but few rounds when the Tennesseans commenced to pour in on them, but their few rounds cost some of the best blood of the South. I recall only now Harry Wingo, Maj. Smith, of the Alabama battalion, and Capt. Thompson, the latter a brother of Mrs. Geo. B. Guild, wife of Nashville's present popular Mayor.

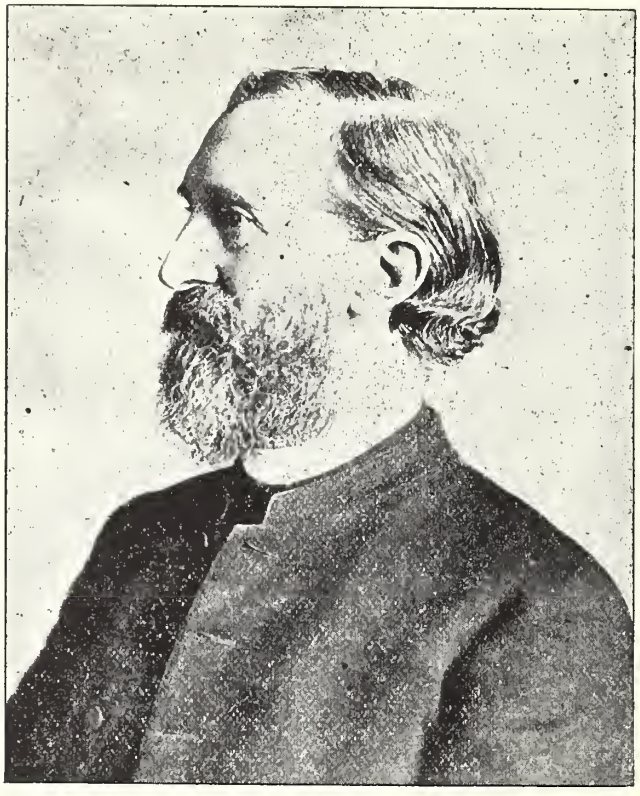
That everything happened just as Gen. Lee said it would is one of the reasons that made him the world's greatest general.

E. F. Willey, who served in Company B, Second Iowa Infantry, writes from Grand Rapids, Mich.: My time has expired, but I think lots of it and will remit you soon again, and will have it sent right along. Plenty of my comrades like the VETERAN.

DALTON CAMPAIGN—WORKS AT CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER—INTERESTING HISTORY.

The following paper by Gen. F. A. Shoup will be found interesting as a glimpse of the inner history of the Dalton campaign:

The abandoment of the works at the Chattahoochee River on the Dalton campaign was, in my opinion, the final turning point in the fate of the Confederacy. The history of the construction of these works and their significance have never in anywise been brought to the attention of the public. The story is somewhat out of the usual run, and will probably prove to be of interest to many persons, even at this late day.



GEN. F. A. SHOUP.

To understand the enormous consequence of abandoning the line of defence on the Chattahoochee River, it will be necessary to glance at the political condition in the North at that time. Chiefly on account of the ill success of the Federal arms, the feeling in the northern states against the war had become so pronounced and threatening as to cause the strongest Union men to tremble with apprehension. Almost from the beginning, this feeling had been marked, and as early as the fall of '62, the elections had gone decidedly against the administration. In the great states of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, to say nothing of New York, the popular vote had been Democratic. It was an even vote in Wisconsin; and Maine and Michigan had been saved to the Republican ranks by small majorities. The great leaders of the Republican party, Ben Wade, Thad. Stevens, Winter Davis, Horace Greeley, and a host of others, were violently opposed to Mr. Lincoln. The dissensions among the Republicans, and the opposition of the Democrats, had gone on until in the summer of the Dalton campaign, things looked almost hopeless for the Republican party. Mr. Morse, in his Life of Lincoln, says: "So unpromising was the outlook for the Republicans during these summer months, that many leaders, even the President himself, felt that their only chance of winning in November lay in the occurrence before that time of some military success great enough to convince the people that it was not yet time to despair of the war." So great was Mr. Lincoln's apprehensions and doubt of his re-election that just a week before the fall of Atlanta he wrote a few sentences in which he says, "It seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected," and then goes on to say what he intends to do between the election of McClellan and his inauguration. This paper he folded down so that it could not be read, and passing it round the council board, requested each member of his Cabinet to write his name on the back. This paper is still in existence.

I recall all this to show what a critical time it was, and how absolutely necessary it was that the Federal armies should speedily gain some decided successes if the election of McClellan to the presidency was to be prevented. I knew something of this at the time, and felt the deepest conviction that everything hung upon preventing Sherman's success. We had gradually lost all that splendid country for defense between Dalton and Marietta, and it was only too obvious that our position at Marietta would have to be abandoned.

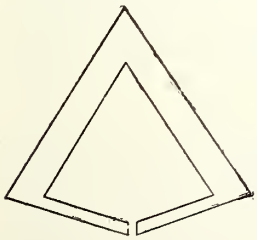
The only remaining position which offered any decided advantage for defense was the Chattahoochee River, and if we should be driven across that, it seemed to me the cause was lost.

I was chief of artillery of Johnston's army, and as such was intimately associated with the General. He had constantly used me on engineer duty during the retreat, and I had often talked with him about a system of works of a somewhat novel character which I wanted to build, and he had expressed himself favorably with regard to my project; so that one night, about two weeks before the abandonment of Marietta, as I mused before my camp fire, filled with apprehension at the condition of affairs, the impulse seized me to go to Gen. Johnston and ask him to give me authority to erect such a system, as a huge *tete de pont*, at the railway crossing on the Chattahoochee. I went at once, and found the General at leisure. He received me with his accustomed cordiality, and made it easy for me to proceed with my audacious proposition. I began by telling him that I had come upon an extraordinary venture, and he assured me of his attention. I ventured to say, as a preliminary, that I assumed he would be compelled to retire before the enemy before a great while; and he replied that it was but a question of time, and that a short time, and went on to tell me something of the condition of affairs. I then ventured to ask him further if he had any specific plans as to his movement after

leaving Marietta. He replied that he had not—that he should be compelled to make the best of his way across the river. I then told him that if he would let me go to the Chattahoochee, and give me the authority to gather a sufficient number of negroes, I would undertake to construct a line of works covering the railway crossing, such as could be held indefinitely by one division against Sherman's entire army; that I would engage to complete them within two weeks—that I only asked him to give me the necessary authority, and a few engineer officers. The General was at once taken with the project, and began eagerly to discuss it with me. He got his maps, and we examined the proposed position. He asked me my idea as to how such a line might be used. I told him that I proposed to throw it out sufficiently far from the river to give full space within for his whole army, that he could concentrate his whole force in the center or upon either flank for any movement upon the enemy, or in case the enemy should cross the river, he could attack him in flank or in rear with a larger force, proportionally, than Sherman could bring against him, because the enemy would have to have a large force to protect his depot of supplies and maintain his communications; or as a more brilliant movement, he might let him go, and march out upon his communications, capture his depots and press on into Tennessee and Kentucky, letting him get back the best way he could. He would not be able to hold himself together by any possibility for lack of supplies and would be compelled to disperse.

The result of our prolonged talk was that the General directed me to proceed at once to put the plan into execution. Late as it was, he ordered a special engine to take me to Atlanta that night.

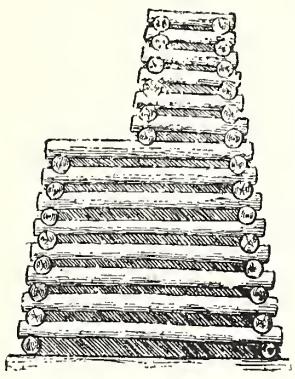
Responsible men were sent down on all the railways to gather gangs of negroes from the plantations, with tools and provisions, and bring them to the Chattahoochee with the utmost dispatch.



(A)

I went to the site of the proposed line, and found Major Foster, of the engineers, with his party there ready for duty. We set to work exploring for the location. I had never seen this ground; but luckily we had no difficulty in finding an admirable line, beginning about a quarter of a mile above the railway bridge, and sweeping round at something over the distance of a mile from the river, returning to it about three miles below. The entire line was thus about four miles long.

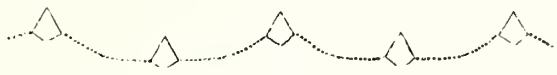
By the third day we had something like a thousand able-bodied hands, and the work of construction went on with great rapidity. The nature of the line was quite novel. It was not a system of earth works, but a line of detached log redoubts packed in with earth. They were entirely enclosed, of this form in ground plan, each intended to be defended by one company of about eighty men. They were nearly perpendicular on the outer faces, ten or twelve feet in height, and the front faces about twelve feet thick, while the backs were only five or six feet through.



(B)

The front faces were finished at the top with parapets. They were built of logs ten inches to a foot thick, and carefully packed in with earth. They were called "Shoupades" by Gen. G. W. Smith; and I still hear them so called by those who knew how they came to be constructed. Defended by a determined garrison, it would have been impossible to take them by assault, and they were proof against field guns at long range. It was intended that they should be protected by face covers, built in the same way, so that artillery would have been powerless against them.

These log redoubts were placed at about eighty yards apart, so that they mutually supported each other. They were connected by a heavy stockade of eight to ten inch logs set firmly in the ground and about eight feet high, with a parapet for two field pieces at the re-entering angles between each pair of redoubts. Hand grenades, fire balls, and all



(C)

sorts of contrivances for repelling assault had been ordered, and to a large extent already furnished. Heavy guns had been brought up from Mobile to put upon the salients, and provide a cross fire along the entire front; and orders had actually been issued for hospitals to send forward all men, who had been disabled for active field duty and yet could handle muskets, to garrison these works, so as to draw as little as possible from the effective forces in the field.

This kind of work was well understood by the negroes accustomed to build log cabins, so that the construction went on with great rapidity. Timber was plentiful and immediately at hand. The line sprung into existence as by magic. There was one interruption, however, which, in the end, proved unfortunate to the whole scheme.

About a week after we had got to work, and after the line was substantially built, Gen. Johnston sent me an order to use my hands to extend the line down the river to cover Turner's Ferry. Much as I deplored it, I was compelled to suspend my work and throw up this line of something like three miles in length. I foresaw that the spirit of my design was not understood or not heeded by Gen. Johnston, or he would not think of rifle pits in connection with such a system as we had constructed. However, we soon got through with the earth works and had returned to complete our proper line, when I was notified that the army was falling back. On the night of July 5th the troops arrived and occupied the new line.

No information or instructions had been given to the army as to the nature or even the existence of the line; and when the troops, accustomed to earth works, saw what they were expected to defend, they

were greatly amused and made all sorts of ridiculous remarks about them. The stockades were their chief objects of merriment, and they began to tear them down, and resort to the faithful shovel.

The next morning, Gen. Cleburne, whom I knew intimately, told me what he thought of the line, and about the way the men had come to him complaining of it, and asking permission to tear down the stockade. He said that at first he felt just as the men did—that it would be utterly unsafe to rely upon such a structure, "But," he said, "I knew you had built the thing, and I felt sure there must be some sense in it, and so I began to study the scheme. In a moment the whole plan flashed upon me. I got up in one of the redoubts, with a crowd of men about me, anxious to hear what I thought. I first directed their attention to the redoubts itself pointed out how it was entirely enclosed, with perpendicular sides, and asked them if they did not think a company of men could hold it against any force that could be brought against it? They said yes, they could hold it against the world. I then pointed out how it was defended by a cross fire from half a dozen other works within easy range, and to the field pieces at the re-entering angles of the stockades. They saw it readily enough; but one of them objected that they might be shelled out. I showed them that they could easily protect themselves against that by making a complete cover inside. They caught at the suggestion, and you can see what they have done."

He then showed me how they had laid long logs across from one parapet to the other, inside, and thrown earth upon them, making a thorough cover against shells. Cleburne had withdrawn all his troops except enough to garrison these little works, and they were comfortably encamped in the rear.

Many other general officers expressed their satisfaction and confidence. Gen. Hardee congratulated me, and predicted extravagantly, that they would give me fame.

General orders were issued directing that the stockade should be replaced where it had been pulled down, and calling upon officers to study the nature of the works.

In the disposition of troops in the retreat, Hood's corps fell to the line of rifle pits, already mentioned; and General Hood began at once to declare his position unsafe. He was right enough, and he ought never to have been put into such a position. He did not in the least strengthen our position in defense of the crossing, but was an element of weakness. Gen. Johnston called a council of the corps commanders to consider the situation, and I was invited to be present. Gen. Hood stated his position, and urged that the army be moved across the river. He did not seem to understand the design of the works on his right; and I doubt if he ever stopped to think much about them.

When I was called upon to say what I thought ought to be done, I said that, in my opinion, Gen. Hood ought to be moved across the river, and at least one of the other corps; but that that would be no reason for abandoning the works, that they ought to be held at all hazard, that they ought to be provisioned, so as to stand a siege, if necessary, of a considerable period.

No definite conclusion was reached, but the tone in favor of holding on to the side of the river next the enemy was not such as I could have wished. It was the second day after this, I think, (we abandoned the works on the 9th of July), while I was working hard to make our left flank strong, with the expectation that Hood's corps would be crossed over the river, information reached me that the whole army was leaving that side of the river. I need not attempt to say what a blow it was to me. I took a long look at the works into which my heart had gone to such a degree, and felt that the days of the Confederacy were numbered. I could not then, and I have never been able since, to see why the position should not have been held indefinitely. There were four or five pontoon bridges in our rear, besides the railway bridge, so that the small number of men necessary to hold the place could have been crossed, if it should become necessary, in an hour's time. Not a gun had been fired at the works, so far as I knew, not a demonstration of any sort. Sherman never had the slightest purpose of attacking them. He says in his Memoirs; "I confess I had not learned beforehand of the existence of this strong place, in the nature of a *tete de pont*, and had counted on striking him a effectual blow in the expected confusion of crossing the Chattahoochee, a broad, deep river in his rear." Again he says: "During the night Johnston drew back his army and trains inside the *tete de pont* at the Chattahoochee, which proved one of the strongest pieces of field fortification I ever saw."

Failing to strike Johnston a serious blow in crossing the river, it was Sherman's intention to maneuver him across the river. He says: "I knew that Johnston would not remain long on the west bank of the Chattahoochee, for I could easily practice on that ground our former tactics of entrenching a moiety in his front, and with the rest of our army cross the river and threaten either his rear or the city of Atlanta itself, which city was of vital importance to the existence, not only of his army, but of the Confederacy itself."

Sherman's plan succeeded perfectly. He threw a part of his army across the Chattahoochee above at Power's Ferry, on the 8th, and on the 9th, Johnston abandoned the west side of the river. After crossing, the greater part of the army lay in the woods on the Atlanta side, entirely idle for at least a week. Why we could not have been all this time at least, securely in our fortified position on the other side, is more than I have ever been able to see.

The next day after the evacuation, Gen. Johnston sent for me. He said he was sorry he had been obliged to abandon my works, but that the enemy had already crossed the river in considerable force, and he thought it best to be on this side; and this is the only reason he gives in his official report. I did not remind him of what had been said that night at Marietta; but I had some difficulty to restrain myself from pointing out that we need not have been in such a hurry—that we could at least be holding the works on the other side while we had no special use for the troops.

He went on to say that he wanted me to go to Atlanta and examine the fortifications. I asked with what particular object in view. He said with the object of making the place as strong as possible.

I went to Atlanta, and, returning, reported that the place was enclosed by a rather poor line of rifle pits, with an occasional earthwork of more pretentions. The General said that that was about what he thought, and asked me how long it would take me to build a line such as that on the other side of the river. I told him that if he would supply me with a sufficient number of negroes, and all the wagons I might need, I would undertake to build a line, extending to the west far enough (I think about four miles) to cover East Point, the junction of the Macon railway with the road running west, within a week. He told me to go ahead. I said that the most important matter would be to get the negroes. He asked me where those were I had used on the other side. I replied that I did not know, that I had been given no orders about them, and had only been informed of the intended evacuation as the troops were moving, that I feared they had been allowed to disperse. He then said I should have to get them through the provost marshal. I ventured to say that I thought it would be better to do it direct from headquarters, so as to lose no time, that Gen. G. W. Smith, who was in command of the Georgia Militia, should be directed to select the most responsible men from his command and send them down on the several lines of road, with power to gather gangs of negroes and bring them up at once, just as we had done already on the other side.

And here comes the most incomprehensible part of the whole business. The General said he could not do that, that his department ended at Atlanta, and that he had no authority to take possession of the negroes south of that point. I then asked how we were to get them; and he said we should have to get them from above that line. I objected that we had not possession of the country north of our position, and that the lines of road were too few for our needs. I then ventured to suggest that he would have to apply to the War Department for an extension of his territory. He replied that he would not apply to the authorities at Richmond for anything. I then suggested that it might be accomplished through Gov. Brown. He said he did not care to apply to him. I asked if I might go to the Governor to try to get him to act. He replied that I might do so if I chose.

I did go to Gov. Brown, and I did my best to impress him with a sense of the importance of the matter for the salvation of his state, but I could not induce him to take the authority. I returned to the General and reported the melancholy result of my interview; but he took no action. The next day I went to Gov. Brown again, and still more earnestly urged him to take the necessary steps to save the city. He was exceedingly affable, and talked a long time about many matters. Among other things he spoke of an important change which would probably take place very shortly, which I did not then understand, but which became clear when Gen. Johnston was relieved of his command.

After this interview, there was nothing to be done, and I gave up all hope of fortifying Atlanta. On the 17th of July, Sherman advanced on Atlanta, and Johnston disposed his forces to meet him on Peach Tree Creek. It was at this time that Johnston was relieved of his command.

Atlanta fell the 3d of September, and Lincoln and the Republican party were saved. With the successes at Mobile and of Sheridan in the valley of Virginia, the tide in the North turned, and Lincoln was re-elected by a half a million majority.

This is a plain statement of facts, and I make no comments, except to say that the last possibility of holding, and perhaps defeating, Sherman was lost by this extraordinary failure to seize a few thousand negroes for ten days, upon the ground of a lack of authority.

After Gen. Hood took command it was too late. The enemy was pressing us, and we were compelled to settle down into the old trenches.



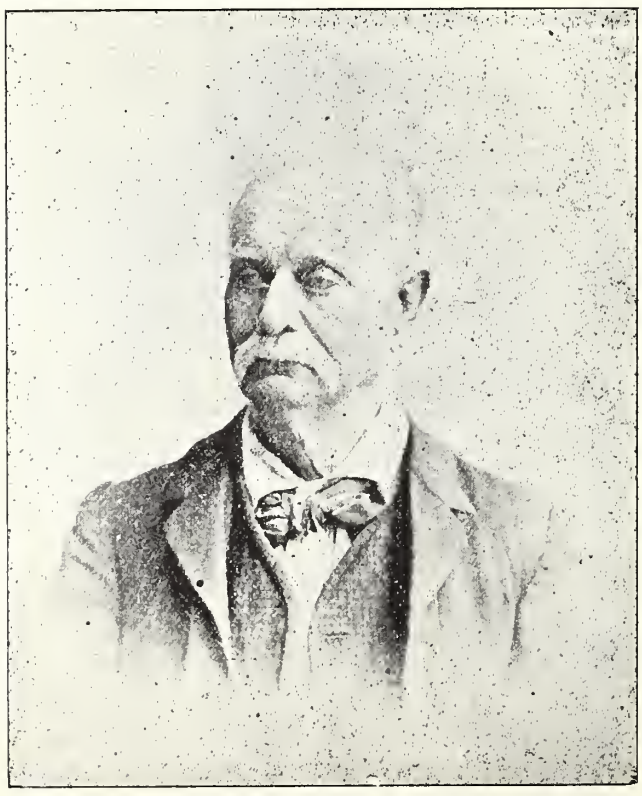
U. C. V. Sponsor for Georgia—MISS JULIA F. RIDLEY.

General John D. Imboden, of Confederate cavalry fame, died recently at Abingdon, Va. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. At the beginning of the war he raised a company for the Confederate army. He rose rapidly to the command of a cavalry brigade, and participated in many battles. After the war he engaged extensively in mining and railroad enterprises, but met with frequent reverses and died a poor man. He was seventy-five years old, and had been married four times. His last wife and several children survive him.

"UNCLE DAN" EMMETT—"DIXIE'S LAND."

The greatest treat ever yet given to the public through the VETERAN is now furnished in the photo engraving of the original "Dixie's Land."

On the last day of July, a visit was made to Daniel Emmett's humble home, a mile or so in the country from Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Public sentiment had been revived about the author of Dixie, showing that he was in indigent circumstances, and the purpose to inaugurate a BENEFIT to the man whose capacity to please in song, and whose love for the South, though not a southerner, has given Dixie to the world, was the impelling motive for a visit. The sagacious old gentleman seemed to comprehend at once the motive, and was ready and anxious to show his appreciation. Hours were spent in his humble home—which has no other occupant than himself—memorable as will be the continued pleasure in that dear old song which has given him imperishable fame.—"Dixie's Land."



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

His little house of two rooms is not one of comfort. The only seats are wholly of plank in box shape, on one side of which, with a suitable angle, is a rest, as the back of a chair. In rows of shelves about his little bed room are many music books that he has written—and there are valuable manuscripts in verse, some of which may appear in the VETERAN, showing him to be an industrious literary worker. While looking for some manuscripts, he took up a large and handsome Bible, saying, "I read this."

In talking of himself, he said he was known as "Uncle Dan" in negro character, and he likes it. He is a Democrat, but "won't wear a collar."

Without knowledge of its existence, there was surprise and delight when he picked up the old original sheet of Dixie and gave an account of how Mr. Bryant told him, at the conclusion of a play on Saturday night in 1859, that he must prepare and have ready for Monday night something new and lively as a "Walk Round."

Gratified for every subscriber to the VETERAN in the treat promised by this original sheet, Uncle Dan was asked to sing Dixie, when he replied that he did not remember all the verses and had not sung for years, but he did sing part of it faultless to ears that have heard many celebrities.

He says when he had prepared it, though pleased himself, he knew that if not all right "Kate" would know, and when she said she saw no fault in it he was satisfied. It became at once popular there—the boys took it up on the streets—and but for the war he thinks it would have been continuously as much so North as South. Kate was his first wife.

Remarkable man! He will be eighty years old in October, and was never sick in his life. The letter reproduced on next page was written without glasses. He so read his mail without difficulty.

Mr. C. V. Critchfield, assistant postmaster of Mt. Vernon takes much interest in "Uncle Dan," and placed the writer under obligation, for unstinted favors. The suggestion is here made that all who want special prints of the copy of Dixie with his autograph, can procure them for twenty-five cents. Sheets are supplied to him free of charge. His cabinet photograph can also be had in same way. Write to Mr. Critchfield if you wish either or both.

The visit was too much of a social nature to go into a general interview, but there should be a brief historic sketch in this connection.

Mr. Emmett was born at Mt. Vernon, October 29, 1815. After leaving school he became a printer, and at the age of seventeen years he was a soldier in the Black Hawk war, a fifer in the army. He would not enlist in any army against the South. He "would never fight to make a negro the equal of white men."

His first verses in song were:

> "Get out of the way of old Dan Tucker,
> You came too late to get your supper," etc.

He did not originate the word Dixie. It is said to have been started from a Mr. Dix who owned large areas in the South, and for a gentleman who was typical of his section in its best sense.

He inaugurated the blacking of faces which has had much to do with the popularty of minstrel performances and his Dixie "Walk Round."

Uncle Dan was a great traveller, but has been quiet since 1865. In 1867, he was with Haverly's minstrels in Illinois. He is an eager reader. Occasionally buys "five cents worth of old papers" and so treats himself. Send him something to read.

Mt. Vernon. Knox Co. O. July 31st 1895.

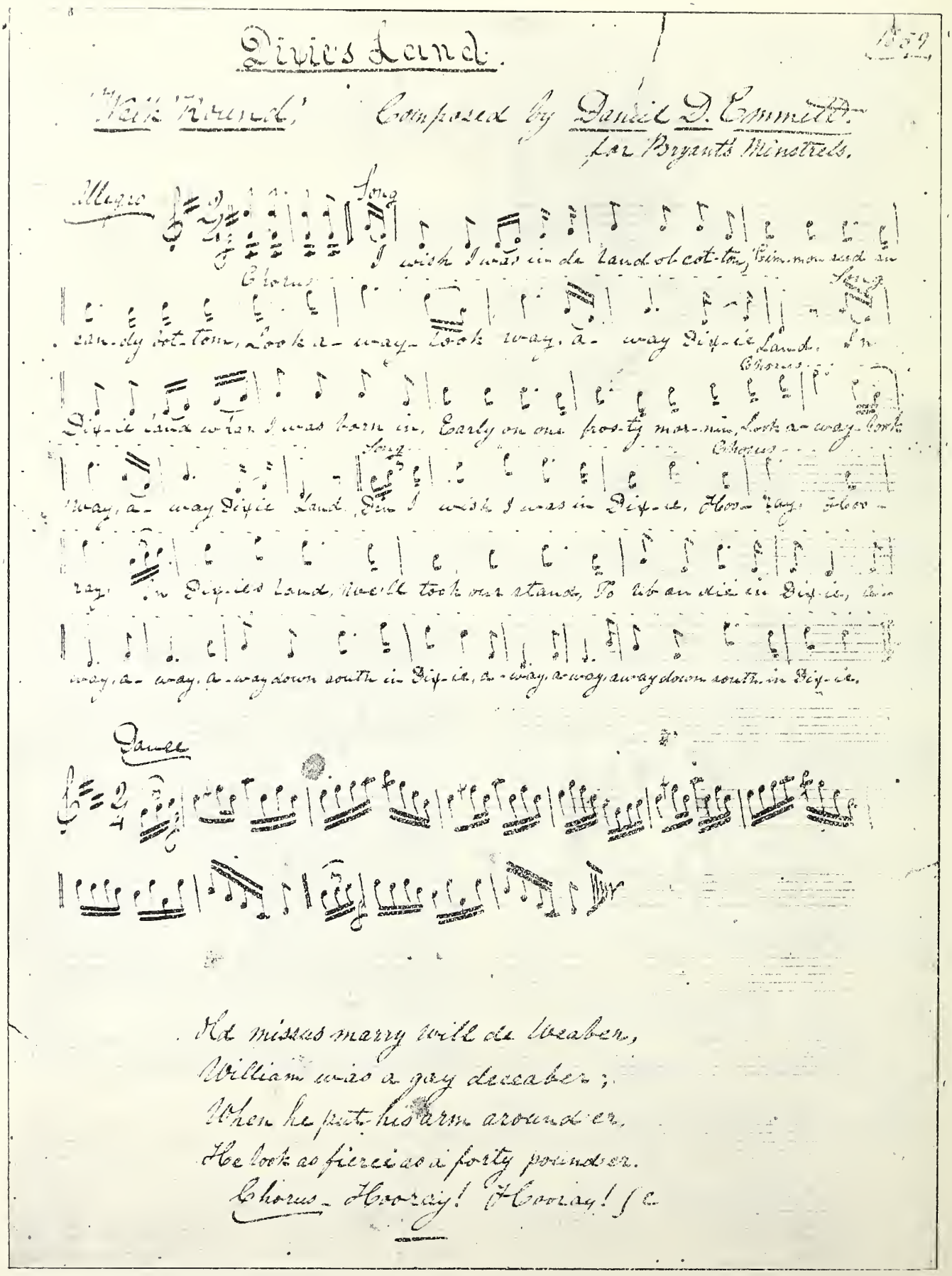
S. A. Cunningham. Esqr.

My Southern friend.

I appreciate your coming all the way from Nashville, Tenn. for the sole purpose of seeing me. Your kind assurances of the friendship of the Southern people are very gratifying to me. My parents were Southern born. My father: Abraham Emmett, was a native of Staunton Va. and my mother Sarah Zerick of Fredericktown Md.

In compliment to you and the messages of good will you bring, I hand you to engrave for the Confederate Veterans the original copy of "Dixie." made on that rainy Sunday in New York city in 1859.

Daniel Decatur Emmett.



Old missus marry Will de Weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around er,
He look as fierce as a forty pounder.
Chorus- Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! &c

His face was sharp like a butchers cleaver,
But dat did not seem to grieve her;
Ole runaway missus took a decline, O'
Her face was de color ob bacon rhine. O'
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

While missus libbed she libbed in clover,
When she died she died all over;
How could she act such a foolish part, O'
In marry a man to break her heart. O'
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

Buck-wheat cakes an stony batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Here's a health to de next old missus,
An all de galls dat wants to kiss us.
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an scratch yer grabble,
To Dixies land I'm bound to trabble
Chorus Hooray! hooray! &c

N. B. The 'Unison Chorus' comes in at the end of every other line, as in the 1st verse.

WITTICISMS OF SOLDIERS.

Capt. James Dinkins, in Memphis Scimeter:

Much has been written about the bravery and daring of the Confederate soldier, and yet history will never do full justice to his genius. He will stand confessed as the grandest soldier of the past, but even this will not do him the credit he deserves. There were other features in his character fully as remarkable as his courage. In every company I ever knew, there were one or more men or boys who everlastingly had some surprise for you. They were the comedians who furnished life and fun for the balance of the crowd. These fellows invariably made good soldiers; and by their pranks and jokes made the other men forget their troubles and dangers, too. They were meat and bread when we were hungry; and they gave us new life on the march when we were worn out. Proper notice has never been accorded these fellows. Every old soldier will recall, when he reads this, the names of the men of his company who furnished the fun, and who always had some poor fellow on the rack.

There was a member of the Hamer Riflers, from Yazoo City, which company belonged to the Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, that could crow as well as a rooster, and bark like a dog. I have known him to quicken the step of the whole brigade and put them all to laughing and talking. Just before day, on occasions when we had been marching all night, he would crow like a young game cock, and then you would hear him imitate a big old Shanghai. This would wake up the dog, and he would begin.

At the battle of Baker's creek, when Gen. Grant was investing Vicksburg, at which time our cause seemed very gloomy, numbers of our gallant officers and men having been killed in the day's fight, was an occasion which distinguished the Confederate soldier because all the highest elements of manhood were necessary to hold him in line. The enemy was pressing our rear guard very strongly with a large force; the shells and bullets were flying thick, tearing up the ground, topping trees and doing mad work generally. Adams' Cavalry Brigade was resisting the advance as well as they could. Men and horses were being killed, and it required nerve to make a man stay at his post. There was a deathly silence on the part of the men. No one knew what the next moment would do for him. To increase the intensity a fellow riding a good horse went dashing to the rear. He had lost his nerve. As he flew by, he hollowed out: "I can't hold my horse." Munford Bacon, of Madison county, Miss., a friend of mine, who was a member of Adams' brigade, saw the man and heard his explanation for leaving the line. Munford raised up in his stirrups and yelled out: "Boys, I will give $1,000 for one of them horses you can't hold." This created a laugh and a yell, which made the enemy halt long enough to allow our troops to get into better position, and what might have been a disaster was prevented by Munford's wit.

After the Army of Northern Virginia had fallen back from the Peninsula to Richmond in the spring of 1862, and had camped on the south side of the Chickahominy, a few of each company were allowed to go into the city for a day only. I was at that time a member of Company C, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment. One of the comedians in the company was Ben. F. Muse, of Canton. Ben always had a joke on somebody, and was not happy unless he had the laugh on one of us. But we had the laugh on Ben once, as I will tell you. When his time came to go into town he said to the boys: "You know I am a hornsnolger, and if you want anything from Richmond, come up with your canteens and your money." Several of the boys, who had not tasted the ardent for many moons, gave Ben their canteens and the needful, and off he went. I remember how he looked as he bid us good-bye. He was a fine specimen of manhood, handsome as he could be, with magnificent development. He had never been accustomed to hardships, and until he went into the army never wanted for anything. But on this occasion his clothes consisted of a pair of old ragged pants, a greasy old flannel shirt and one "gallus." But Ben's heart was as cherry as a mocking bird on that spring morning, and he capered off with seven or eight canteens around his neck. He had no thought of trouble; but he spent the time thinking about the fun he would have when he reached town.

Several of our men who had been wounded, and some who had been sick but were well enough to sit around, had congregated at the Mississippi supply depot, where clothes and blankets were sent from home to be distributed among the Mississippi troops. Dr. W. W. Devine was in charge. Well, Ben Muse reached the Mississippi depot and found a number of friends, among them, Uriah Eulah, Davis Rowland, Ed. Hargon, and others. Had but a short time to tarry, and at once proceeded to tell the boys he wanted to fill the canteens the first thing he did. Uriah Eulah a warm friend of Ben Muse's. So were the others, was but Uriah thought the opportunity was favorable to have some fun, and after consulting with others, said to Ben: "We can show you where you can get these filled." It will be remembered by the old soldiers that Gen. Winder was the commandant of Richmond post and his office was a pretty marble-front building, and they will also remember that Gen. Winder was a very stern and uncompromising man. Eulah said: "Now, Ben, you come with us, and we will show you the place." Dave Rowland had lost a leg, so the three went down the street very slowly until they reached a point opposite Gen. Winder's headquarters. "Now," said Eulah, "you go in that marble store, and you will see two or three soldiers sitting around in the front room. Tell them you want to see the General on private business, and they will let you pass into the next room, where you will find several men in citizens' clothes writing. Tell them also that you want to see the General on an important matter, and they will let you pass into a third room. There you will see an old man with a bald head, wearing glasses, and also has on citizens' clothes. Walk up to the old man, tap him on the shoulder and point to your canteens. Tell him you want them filled, and don't forget to say you've got the spondulix. The old man will jump up and rear and swear at you; but when he does, just pat him on his bald head and say: 'Oh, yes; I knew you would do this, but I'm one of the boys. I don't talk. You can count on me.'"

Well, Ben went over, while Eulah and Dave Rowland waited on the other side. In about three minutes Ben rushed into the street, his canteens rattling against each other making a great noise as he ran down the street. The guards were after him, but Ben was too fleet and he reached the "Rockets" ahead of all pursuers. Gen. Winder rushed to the sidewalk and ordered the guards to shoot him. When Ben patted the old man on the head he knocked his glasses off and this was the only thing that saved him. Ben reached camp about daylight, but he brought nothing back but the canteens and an empty stomach.

Eulah and Dave Rowland and Ed. Hargon have long since crossed the silent river, but Ben Muse is now a prominent citizen of Madison county, Miss. His home and his purse are always open to the old soldier in distress.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

W. Gart Johnson, Orlando, Fla.: While reading the humorous article of Wm. Fort Smith in the July number, describing the scene at the Academy of Music in New Orleans in September, 1861, I was forcibly reminded of a somewhat similar occurrence at the Broad Street Theatre in Richmond in June, '62.

It was just before the Seven Days Battles. The city was full of citizens and visitors from all over the South, and the army, being camped near by, hundreds of soldiers were there, also, on short leave. Among the latter on that particular night was quite a number of us from Barksdale's Brigade.

An Indian play was on the boards in which there was a battle, shooting, killing. In the last scene, when the shooting began and the Indians began to fall here and there on the stage, and the vast audience in breathless silence was intent on hearing and seeing everything, one of our boys, Newt Helm, of Company K, of Jackson, seated up in the gallery, unable to hold in any longer, yelled out at the top of his voice, "Bring up the litter corps!"

That brought down the house. The police seemed anxious to take him out, but they dared not touch him. Brave, generous, noble Newton Helm, descended from the Helms of Kentucky, in whose veins ran some of the best blood of the old South, laid down his life in the next battle; and his body was never found by his friends.

Now for another of quite a different nature: Seeing the handsome face of my friend, James Dinkins, in your last number, a good one on him is recalled.

Jim's record while in Company C, Eighteenth Mississippi A. N. Va., was a splendid one—no doubt about that. I lost sight of him when he "jined the cavalry."

But to the fun. Jim was always fond of good clothes—prided himself on his neatness. He was that way when a boy at school—kept clean and nice. This habit went with him into the army, and even at the end of a year's service he vehemently protested that no decent man need have body lice on him—that he was entirely exempt from them, and that the rest could be the same if they would.

One morning, in the fall of '62, around the camp fire near Culpeper C. H., after a heated discussion over the matter, Dinkins, feeling so certain that he was free from the pests, offered to give fifty cents for every "moss-back" found on him.

My brother John said, "Haul off your shirt and hand it to me; you don't know how to look." Taking the shirt and turning it inside out, he ran his finger along the seams, saying at intervals, "What do you call that, and *that*, and *that*?"

I wish I had a photograph of that scene. Dinkins never heard the last of it while with us.

I never got rid of the pesky critters till I went to Johnson's Island, where in a former article I told how I dismissed them.

CONFEDERATES' "HUMANITY" CONFESSED

Against the charge that the Confederates treated their prisoners inhumanely, the following is copied. During the war a number of Federal prisoners were guarded at Columbia, S. C. When they were about to leave Columbia, they tendered to Captain Shiver of the Confederates, thanks for the kindnesss hown them.

The copy is republished by the Clement A. Evans Camp, at Decatur, Ga. It is dated at Columbia, S. C., Feb. 23, 1862, and was addressed to Captain William Shiver and others of the Rebel Guards.

"GENTLEMEN: The officers of the United States Army, now held as prisoners of war in Columbia, S. C., being about to return to their homes after their captivity of several months, deem it appropriate and due to you to express their grateful feelings for the uniform kindness and consideration with which they and all the prisoners of war have been treated while in Columbia, S. C.

"It gives the undersigned (a committee appointed unanimously on behalf of the officers) the greatest pleasure to bear testimony to the care you have exercised to deprive our imprisonment of as many as possible of its unpleasant parts, and in all respects to render our situation as comfortable as was in your power, and we feel that whatever enjoyment we have received while under your charge has been wholly owing to yourselves. During our incarceration as many privileges as were consistent with our safekeeping have been allowed us by you and those who constituted our guard. Whilst occupying the peculiar relations towards you that we have during the past two months, you have exhibited the traits of true soldiers in being just and considerate to those placed in your power; and the recollections of all the manliness and courtesy shown us by you and the Rebel Guard will constitute pleasant moments in our future lives. We earnestly hope that we may meet again under more favorable auspices, when our intercourse may be free and unrestrained and when we can associate together in all the relations of life as men and brothers.

The paper was signed by George W. Neff, Lieutenant-Colonel Second Kentucky Infantry; Joseph Decatur Potter, Major Thirty-eighth New York Volunteers; Edward W. Jenkins, Captain U. C. Guard; Ros. A. Fish, Captain First Company, Thirty-second New York; P. E. Worcester, Lieutenant Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

Comrade F. W. Merrin, editor of the Plant City, (Fla.) Courier, and commander of the Hillsboro Camp, reports an interesting and a real reunion at Valrico. This feature is noted here in commendation, and as suggestive that barbecues, made up indiscriminately of people who simply wish an outing, but have no sentiment upon these important matters, are a disadvantage.

Comrades should not fail, when having reunions and the crowd is large and of a miscellaneous class, to appoint a place for your own assembling, say immediately after dinner. If different states are represented, call the states, assigning places for respective assemblies; or, as is more apt to be the case, call the regiments from your own state, and soon you will be surprised at the benefit and pleasure in so assembling.

Fail not to have your sons and daughters organize, and to make these reunions the occasion for knowing each other the better and for inaugurating such methods as will secure the best historic knowledge. When a Camp gives its sanction to an assembly, it should take charge of the proceedings and always utilize the occasion to profit. Reflection will impress comrades that time is important, and that every reunion should result in some plans for establishing historic truths and ameliorating the conditions of worthy, but unfortunate, comrades.

A telegraphic press report of the deathbed illness of Silas Titus, who was of the Twenty-fourth New York Regiment, states that he placed in the hands of his son a Confederate flag, captured from a Virginia regiment at the storming of Mount McGregor in 1862, and said: "My son, it has ever been my fondest wish to restore this flag to the officers of the brave regiment from which it was captured. My condition, however, precludes the possibility of my doing so, and to your hands I confide it, with the sacred injunction that you seek the officers of the regiment and restore to them the emblem. Say to them that from my deathbed I send back to them the flag with my heartiest good wishes and fraternal feeling."

Strange it is that men of such good intentions have postponed for so many years, this the third of a century, an act which if done soon after the war would have tended rapidly to bleach "bloody shirts" displayed by politicians. Col. Titus was in this like higher officials all the way up to Gen. Grant.

Capt. Ridley makes correction of his journal in July VETERAN: The journey of "over *two* hundred miles" should read *nine* hundred. Again the date of battle of King's Mountain should be 1780 instead of 1770. The editor of the VETERAN recalls that centennial anniversary vividly. He was a commissioner for Tennessee, and had carried the large, rich, red silk sash worn by Furguson (the British commander) when he fell, the sword that his successor, Du Puyster, handed to Edmonson, a Tennessean, when he surrendered, and the handsome sword mounted with gold which had been presented to Col. John Sevier by the state of North Carolina. It has the date of the battle and surrender of the British forces, October 7, 1780.

How indeed "all the world is akin!" The widow of Gov. W.G. Brownlow, conspicuous for many years in Tennessee, especially in reconstruction times, still lives in their well-known residence in Knoxville. Recently, in conversing with a friend, she said she was always delicate, but had outlived all of her family of eight but her youngest brother, a Mr. O'Brien, of Starkville, Miss. In the conversation she stated that he and a brother of Dwight L. Moody, (the Evangelist) of Port Gibson, were Confederate soldiers in the war, were captured near Knoxville, and that she went to Gen. Burnside, commander there, and got permission for them to stay at her home until time for sending them North.

Of the National Presidents during the past century and a sixth, there are but two living—Benj. H. Harrison and Grover Cleveland. The South has not had a candidate even for the past third of a century, and yet of the twenty who have died, eight are buried in the South—four in Virginia, three in Tennessee, and one in Kentucky. New York contains the graves of four, including Grant; Ohio, three; Massachusetts, two; New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Illinois, one each.

Comrades of the Bowling Green Camp, 143 U. C. V., are diligent in preparing for the reunion of the Orphan Brigade to occur there the 26th inst. These are the reunions in which all Kentucky Confederates take an interest whether or not of that brigade.

Clem McCulloch, Esq., Deputy State Auditor of Arkansas for the past eight years, and who has done much for the VETERAN in Little Rock, has resigned and returns to his home in Washington County. The Arkansas Sentinel refers to him as "one of the best men in the State," and that "no more accommodating official ever served the public."

THE DEDICATION VETERAN.

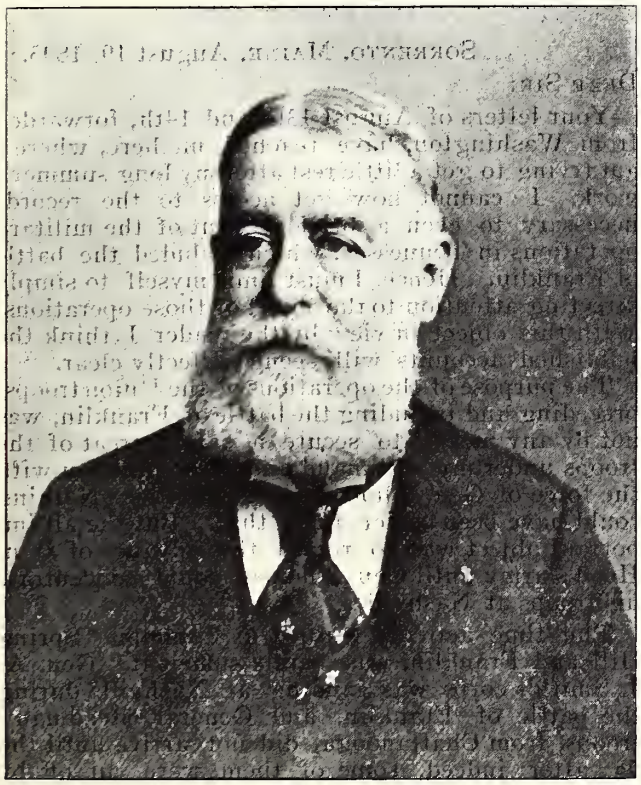
The VETERAN for October will contain the leading and best features of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Parks dedication in an enlarged and beautifully illustrated number—the illustrations of street scenes, the new Custom House and Post Office in Chattanooga, Sunset Rock, and other Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain views.

Subscribers who begin with October, and remit during the month will be supplied with the June number, the largest VETERAN ever printed. It contains the thrilling story of Samuel Davis' heroism, which has never been excelled, if equaled, and a copy of "Uncle Dan" Emmett's "Dixie's Land."

Will friends of the VETERAN everywhere commend this extraordinary proposition to people who do not know its merits?

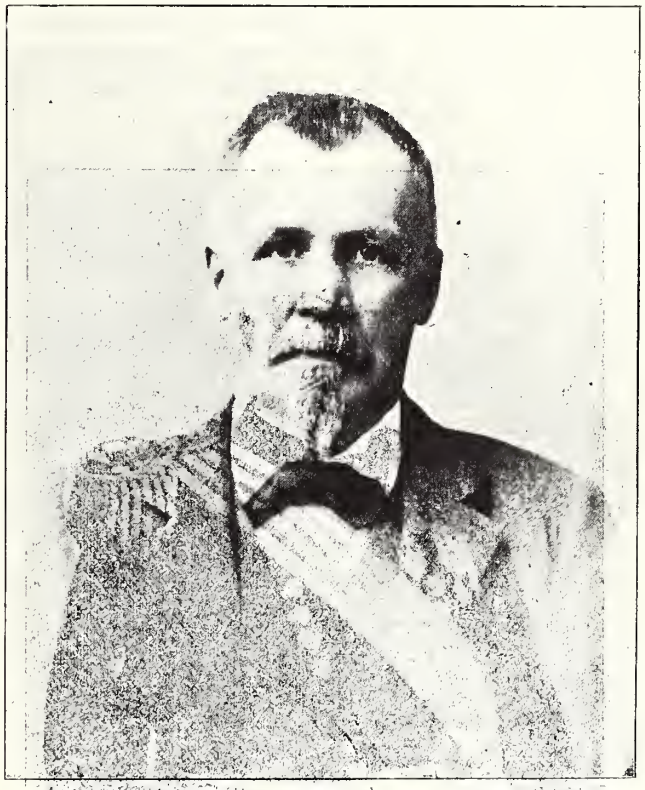
CHICKAMAUGA PARK COMMISSIONERS.

J. P. Smartt, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, Assistant in Confederate work, furnishes the following:



GEN. J. S. FULLERTON.

Gen. J. S. Fullerton is the Chairman of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park Commission, and was chief of staff to Gen. Gordon Granger at Chickamauga and Chattanooga during the war. It was Granger's Reserve Corps which moved from McAfee's Church on Sunday morning, the 20th of September, '63, warned by approaching sound of battle that the Federal army was being driven, and, without orders, moved to the support of Gen. Thomas with some 5,000 fresh troops, and with some 3,900 of them formed on Thomas' right, north of Snodgrass Ridge, just as Bushrod Johnson had forced the Federal troops from the ridge and was completely enveloping Gen. Thomas' position. This opportune arrival of Gen. Granger at this critical moment doubtless saved Gen. Thomas from complete destruction or capture, but not from defeat.



MAJOR FRANK SMITH.

Major Frank Smith, Secretary of the Commission, was First Lieutenant of the Fourth United States Battery in the regular army; was in the battle of Chickamauga in command of his Battery; suffered heavier in loss of men than any other Battery in the Federal Army, but lost no guns, and was the last Battery to leave the field. It belonged to Van Derveer's Brigade, Brannan's Division, Thomas' Corps, and fought on Sunday at the Snodgrass house.

Gen. H. V. Boynton was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Ohio at Chickamauga, and in command of the Regiment which belonged to Van Derveer's Brigade of Brannan's Division, Thomas' Corps, which assisted in repulsing the furious assaults of Longstreet on Snodgrass Hill from 2:30 P.M. till 7:30 P.M., and was the last to leave the field. Gen. Boynton should have full credit for the conception of the Park movement in 1888, for carrying it into successful execution, and is entitled to the gratitude and homage of the American people North and South. Gen. Boynton is not a Commissioner, but is the Historian of the Park, and I think impartial.

A picture of Gen. Boynton may be expected in the next issue of the VETERAN. He is, in size, manner and appearance, somewhat similar to Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

Gen. J. M. Schofield, Commander of the United States Army, and who retires by statute during this month, has respectful and most cordial attention.

Last May, while making his final tour of inspection of Army Posts, Gen. Schofield accepted the invitation to be at Houston during the re-union of United Confederate Veterans. His associations on the trip, and his stay at Houston, though brief, caused many pleasing impressions of him.



The editor of the VETERAN notes this, and recalls some interesting incidents of the journey from Memphis to Texas. Comrade Dinkins, Division Passenger Agent of the Illinois Central Railroad, planned as agreeable a journey as practicable, and the courtesy of the General's private car gave the best of opportunities socially to discuss those times of great peril and these better times of peace. Association with the Commanding General, and the patriot, tends to sincere friendship and admiration. If he should publish his military career, a valuable historic record would be made, certainly creditable to American patriotism and heroism. It is proper to state here, however, that nothing was said on this subject.

The interesting statement was made by Gen. Schofield that he would have retired from the army only a little while before the war began but for Jefferson Davis. There seemed to be no prospect for promotion, and not much necessity for an army, and he had about determined to resign, and told his father-in-law, who was a close personal friend of Mr. Davis, Secretary of War. In a conference, Mr. Davis advised that he retain his commission, stating that he deplored it as much as anybody could, but that war was inevitable, and in giving advice to his friend, it would be that he remain in the army.

In retiring, Gen. Schofield seems to have no further ambition than for the welfare of the whole country. If he will be at the Chickamauga-Chattanooga Park dedication, his friends, without regard to geographic lines, will gladly greet him, and make those of his last official days such as belong to the faithful servant.

Request was recently made of the General for reminiscences of his Tennessee campaign against Hood, and his brief reply is as follows:

SORRENTO, MAINE, August 19, 1895.

DEAR SIR:

Your letters of August 13th and 14th, forwarded from Washington, have reached me here, where I am trying to get a little rest after my long summer's work. I cannot now get access to the records necessary to even a brief account of the military operations in Tennessee, which included the battle of Franklin. Hence, I must limit myself to simply directing attention to the object of those operations. With this object in view by the reader I think the published accounts will seem perfectly clear.

The purpose of the operations of the Union troops, preceding and including the battle of Franklin, was not by any means to secure a safe retreat of the troops under my command and their junction with the force of Gen. Thomas at Nashville. Nothing could have been easier than that. But the all important object was to retard the advance of Gen. Hood's army until Gen. Thomas could concentrate his troops at Nashville.

The time actually gained at Columbia, Spring Hill and Franklin, was barely sufficient. Gen. A. J. Smith's corps was landing at Nashville during the battle of Franklin, and General Steadman's troops, from Chattanooga, did not arrive until the day after; indeed, some of them were cut off by Forrest's calvary.

Gen. Hood, on the other hand, designed to cut off or crush my command before I could unite with Gen. Thomas. This, in my judgment, fully justified his direct assault in front at Franklin, for which some have criticised him. He did not have time to turn that position before our concentration at Nashville would be effected. Hence, he had no alternative but the desperate one of a direct assault.

Hoping that these brief observations may be of some service to you, I am, very truly yours,

J. M. SCHOFIELD.

GEN. SCHOFIELD'S VISIT TO HOUSTON.

Second to no other part in connection with the Houston reunion was the visit of Gen. Schofield. He evidently intended to address the delegates in assembly, but the rain was so severe and the crowds so great, that he wrote a letter instead, in which he referred to the "great military convention at Appamattox" as the most extraordinary that was ever held, and stated:

"The meaning of this inspired military convention was hardly understood by any at the time, but its meaning has gradually been disclosed to the knowledge of mankind. The great purpose of that convention was not simply to terminate the then existing contest, but to render impossible for all time to come any other sectional contest in this country. It was to implant in the heart of every true and patriotic American the feeling that the people of these great states are kindred people; that they cannot find it in their hearts to inflict extreme punishment upon their brethren, and to make them, in fact, one united people for all time to come.

The great Union commander and his comrades did not for a moment doubt the good faith of their recent antagonists. But many millions of good people throughout the country felt doubt and anxiety respecting the ultimate results of such an unprecedented termination of a great, fierce and bloody contest. The doubts, uncertainties and anxieties of that period have gradually passed away; until now, nowhere throughout the states is the good faith of these brave old Confederate soldiers for a moment doubted. Indeed, by common consent everywhere, they and their successors, the young soldiers of the South, are regarded as among the most faithful and devoted defenders of the flag of the Union, the constitution of the United States and the honor, integrity and interests of the great nation which that flag represents.

I am sure I express the sentiments of a vast majority of the people of the North, not only of the old Union soldiers, who have shown you their confidence and sympathy, but of the new and rising generation in whose hands the destinies of the country for the future must be placed. I have long known that the same sentiment pervaded the people of the South, and I have stopped here to-day, upon the invitation of the Confederate veterans of the South, to assure them that their loyalty to the constitution and to the laws of the nation is appreciated by the great mass of the people of the North, who recognize to the fullest extent the fidelity which the southern soldiers have for so many years displayed to the pledges they gave at and after the conclusion of the great contest. So that now and henceforth there can be no possible reason why the people of the North and of the South, old soldiers and young soldiers, shall not unite under the flag of the Union to promote the best interests of their country and defend her honor throughout the world."

On motion of Chaplain Jones, the commanding general was instructed to make suitable acknowledgment of the receipt of Gen. Schofield's letter.

AS SHE DOES TO OTHERS.

Miss Belle Richardson is entitled to a secure place in the heart of every true American, whether of Union or Confederate sympathies. Her home is Davenport, Iowa, where her father, Hon. J. J. Richardson, a leading citizen, and a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee resides. Near by is Rock Island, the site of the noted Federal prison, where so many Confederate soldiers were confined, and near which many lie buried in unmarked graves. In the same enclosure are the graves of the Union dead, under the watchful care and guardianship of the National Government. When the day for decorating the graves of the Federal dead is celebrated, and with tender care and affectionate memories the friends and relatives of the sleeping soldiers are strewing their silent beds with flowers, without ostentation, but with noble, womanly impulse, Miss Richardson, with her own fair hands, places fragrant flowers upon the graves of the unknown and neglected Confederate dead.

Such an act, unseen by those who might feel grateful for the remembrance, arising from no impulse save that of womanly love for the friendless and the helpless, is indeed a glorious tribute to the womanhood of Iowa, and a blessing to her country.

Versatile and attractive is Miss Richardson. She is a brunette of beautiful and graceful figure, cordial in her manner. Loyal in her convictions and generous in her impulses, she has an enduring place in the hearts of all her friends.



MISS BELLE RICHARDSON, of Iowa.

Harry D. Blackburn, Hartwell, Ohio, formerly of Company H, Thirty-fourth O. V. I., writes that he has in his possession the muster and pay roll of Capt. T. H. Dickson, Company E, Ninth Mississippi Volunteer Regiment. It was found by Adjt. Troop of Sixth O. V. I. at the battle of Missionary Ridge.

A. W. Rucker, Elmore, Ala., in sending order for "Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson," says: There was no officer in the C. S. A. in whom a Johnnie Reb had more confidence than Stonewall Jackson. Even when going in the rear of the Yanks, we felt sure that "Stonewall will bring us out all right."

NATIONAL CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

Capt. John M. Hickey, of Washington City, Chairman of Committee for Confederate Veteran Camp, makes appeal from which notes are made:

The proper location for this hall at Washington, D. C., is unquestioned by all who are familiar with the opportunities and advantages offered by the capital of this great nation.

First, because of the unequaled facilities of the capital as a distributing center for great intellectual and moral forces, and incomparable advantages for scientific and literary research. The patriotic soldier and philanthropist, Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York, in making the offer of a munificent donation of one hundred thousand dollars to aid in the erection of a Confederate National Memorial Hall, suggests that this temple be erected upon the spot where it will be seen and observed by students, travelers, philosophers, statesmen, and historians. It should be erected as a beacon light to him who is in search of truth and correct history.

This city possesses unequaled advantages for education. Behold the National Library, the pride of the nation, erected at a cost of over six millions of dollars, which has two million volumes, essays, etc., already the largest collection in the world, and with an increase of over a hundred thousand per annum—the National Museum, with its marvelous accumulations, at a cost of over seven millions—the Army and Medical Museum, with its collection of books and periodicals, the most extensive in the land—the Patent Office, with its library of seventy thousand volumes and five hundred and sixty thousand models, the admiration of all travelers—the Naval Observatory, the Botanical Gardens, the Fish Commission, Geological Survey, Corcoran Art Gallery, with their many millions of cost and magnificent structures—the pride, and even the wonder, of all. Then our colleges, literary, medical, and law, are unsurpassed in any city in the world. Over forty million dollars have been expended in the erection of these magnificent institutions. To these many millions may be added for the erection and decoration of the capitol building, one of the grandest in the world, with its great rotunda, its House and Senate Chambers, its Supreme Court room, and its marble halls, with its great paintings and costly statuary.

Many of the leading denominations of the country are locating their institutions of learning here—the Catholic University, the grandest of its kind, with large expenditures for the advancement of education; the American University—the ambition of Methodism—with a primal gift of one hundred thousand dollars, and a million to be added, and to be crowned with a large endowment; the Episcopal Cathedral, which is a fixed fact, not to be excelled in magnificence and as a store of information. The Presbyterians, Baptists, and, indeed, nearly all the denominations, are erecting temples here; and in the future this city is to be the great storehouse of history. So the location of a Confederate Memorial Hall for all the South should be selected here.

This city is also unexcelled in its railroad advantages, being connected with all the great trunk lines of the country.

Located on the historic banks of the Potomac River, in full view of the home of the renowned R. E. Lee, the Arlington Cemetery, with its thousands of silent dead, and one small monument to mark the resting place of over two thousand unknown dead ENTOMBED IN ONE GRAVE!

Mount Vernon, sacred to the memory of the Father of Our Country, under the shadow of the monument that towers 555 feet above the surrounding country, is accessible by daily boats. Then, this is the stopping place of all nations. The Jew and the Gentile meet here. Every nation on the earth is represented, and the flags of all nationalities float over their respective legations.

The District of Columbia, carved out of the states of Maryland and Virginia, is strongly represented by the leading principles and sentiments of both. Its one hundred thousand native population have the same sentiment, customs, and habits as the Southern States. Virginia has a contingent residing here of over thirty-seven thousand, and Maryland over thirty-one thousand, and the Old North State over fifteen hundred, and all the other Southern States are well represented. The Confederate soldier has a proprietary interest here; and all can stand upon common ground, with no state jealousies.

Let us all unite our efforts and build a temple here as a guiding star to the unprejudiced historian, who will record for the truth of history, and which shall be a monument to the valor of the Confederate soldier. And may it ever stand as a memorial to the patriot soldier, and as a temple for the indwelling of truth, justice, and southern chivalry.

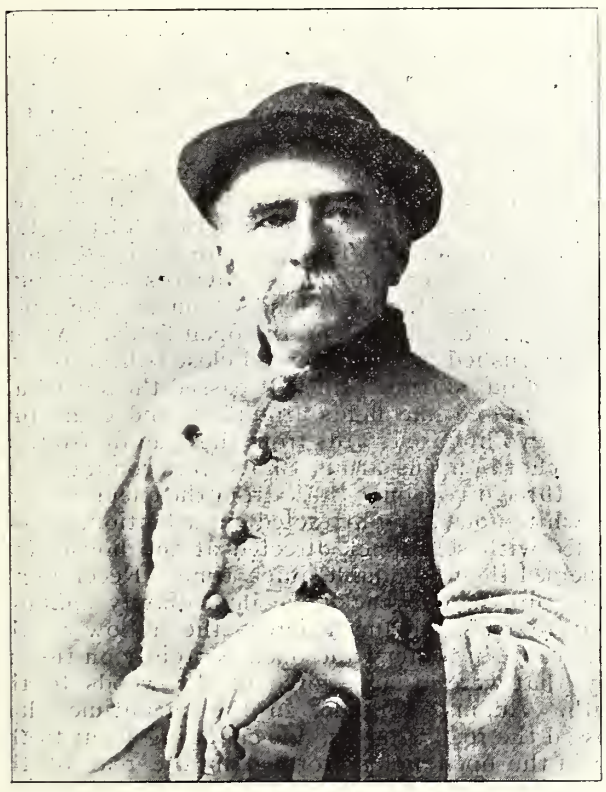
The General commanding the United Confederate Veterans has appointed the following committee on the subject: Gen. George H. Stewart, South River, Md.; Col. J. R. McIntosh, Meridian, Miss.; Gen. George D. Johnston, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Col. J. B. Cary, Richmond, Va.; Gen. J. A. Chaleron, New Orleans, La.; Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.; Maj. W. R. Garrett, Nashville, Tenn.; Col. John O. Casler, Oklahoma, O. T.; Gen. W. D. Chipley, Pensacola, Fla.; Col. J. R. Cravens, Springfield, Mo.; Capt. John H. Carter, Avol, Ky.; Col. Howard Williams, Atlanta, Ga.; Hon. W. C. Ratcliffe, Little Rock, Ark.; Maj. Thos. W. Gore, Galveston, Tex.; Gen. R. F. Hoke, Lincolnton, N. C.; D. L. C. Tennant, McAlister, I. T.; Capt. J. M. Hickey, Washington; Capt. R. S. White, Romney, W. Va.

"The members of the committee will select a chairman, and will be duly notified of the time and place of meeting."

NASHVILLE ALSO WANTS THE MEMORIAL.

Knapsack: I believe that by proper co-operation of members of Cheatham's Bivouac we can make our Confederate Memorial a big success, not only during the Tennessee Centennial, but, as suggested, erect a fire-proof building, capable of being moved into our city as soon as the Exposition closes. We have enough authentic relics in Nashville to make a big show, and Comrade Travis, at Tullahoma, has over 1,000. I am satisfied when Comrade C. Broadway Rouss shall be fully acquainted with our big Exposition

he will give his hearty co-operation and aid. Nashville is the place for the Confederate Memorial, and I nominate Marcus B. Toney, S. A. Cunningham and G. H. Baskette to bring the matter before Comrade Chas. Broadway Rouss.



This picture is of First Lieutenant John E. Laughton, Jr., Richmond, Va. It was taken July 30, '95, in the uniform he wore at the battle of the Crater, July 30, '64. It shows some of the wounds he received that day—thirty-one years ago. Comrade Laughton entered the Confederate service April 19, '64. as a member of the Richmond Grays. This company gained national reputation in excellence at a drill. He was wounded many times. On promotion to First Lieutenant Co. D, 12th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, he became Commandant of Co. C, in a Battalion of Sharp Shooters in Mahone's Brigade of Infantry. He is now one of the Lieutenant-Colonel-Commanders of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans —"the first organizer of all of the Camps of Confederate soldiers in this country." Lieut. Laughton's record as a Confederate soldier is an honor to himself and a pride to his friends. He is now in his fifty-first year of age.

The 8th of November has been set apart for the Daughters of the Confederacy at the Atlanta Exposition. Formal invitations will be extended by the Woman's Board to all the Daughters. It is hoped that all will co-operate in securing relics of the war for their exhibit. By addressing Mrs. C. H. J. Plane, President Chapter "B" Daughters of the Confederacy, information will be given as to shipment of relics.

CONFEDERATES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

On the occasion of the distribution of the fund of $20,000 for the relief of maimed Confederate soldiers, which was contributed by Mr. W. B. Tate, a large number of old Confederate soldiers were gathered together at Morristown, Tenn., and they resolved to form a Confederate Veterans' Association of Upper East Tennessee. A preliminary organization was effected at that time, and a large number were enrolled as members. O. C. King, of Morristown, was elected president of the Association, and Judge J. G. Rose, secretary and treasurer.

A committee of eight members was appointed by the Association to apply for a charter and to organize regularly. On the 8th of August, 1889, the charter members formally organized, electing O. C. King, President; Geo. P. Yoe, 1st Vice-President; Geo. W. Folsom, 2nd Vice-President, and J. H. McClister, Secretary and Treasurer.

Our objects are to promote benevolence, bring about social reunions, and to disseminate facts that may bear upon the history of the war of 1861–5.

All ex-Confederate soldiers who resided either in the First or Second Congressional Districts of Tennessee in 1861–5, and all who now or may hereafter reside in either of said districts, are eligible to membership in the Association upon furnishing the secretary his name, postoffice address, date of enlistment, company, regiment and rank, and age at time of enlistment, date and cause of discharge, if discharged, and, if wounded, the time, place, and nature of the wound. No other charges of any kind than a fee of fifty cents will be made. It is intended that, with the exception of this merely nominal sum of fifty cents, the expenses of the organization will be borne by voluntary contribution.

It is the desire of the organization to have a complete roster of every Confederate soldier in the First and Second Congressional Districts of Tennessee; and it is hoped that every such soldier will take a personal pride in being enrolled. The first annual reunion was held in Morristown, on Thursday, October 17, 1889. The seventh annual reunion will be held October 5, 1895, at Johnson City. All communications should be addressed to J. H. McClister, Secretary, etc., Morristown, Tenn.

W. L. DeRosset, Major-General North Carolina Division United Confederate Veterans, issued his first general order from Wilmington, August 5, 1895. He appointed Junius Davis Adjutant and Chief of Staff: It is hoped and expected that each Camp will promptly and cheerfully comply with all orders and requests from headquarters, and that they will aid and assist the General commanding in his efforts to perfect the organization of this division and increase the number of its members and Camps. The active support and co-operation of all our comrades will greatly tend to the benefit and increase of the organization, and to encourage its officers in their labors.

The Richmond, Va. Times reports the death of Comrade Lieut. H. P. Thomas, who "served bravely with the Confederate army and engaged in many bloody battles."

VIVID EXPERIENCES AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Gen. J. A. Chalaron, New Orleans, senior surviving officer Fifth Company, Washington Artillery:

I have read with great pleasure in August VETERAN the tribute paid by Major Anderson, of Forrest's Command, to the gallant Gracey, whose recent death has removed from us one of the bravest spirits that ever breathed.



U.C. V. Sponsor for Missouri—MISS LIDA KELLEY.

The details Major Anderson gives about the last and random shot fired by Gracey's guns at Chickamauga in the direction of the "Cloud House," on the evening of the last day's fight, are of exceeding interest to me. They relieve my mind of a feeling of regret I have always had since that battle, that a shot from the guns of the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, Slocum's Battery, of which I was an officer, had been the unintentional cause of the death of the Federal Colonel, R. Rockingham, lying at the time wounded in the hospital into which this house had been turned by the Federals.

The statement obtained by Major Anderson from the Assistant Surgeon about the hour of the day when the fatal shot struck the house, fixes the act unquestionably upon Gracey's guns.

Reports which had reached us on that day from the sharpshooters (Austin's) of our Brigade, Adams, Breckinridge's Division, who, deployed on our front and flank, pushed up to this hospital, caused us to fear that this unfortunate occurrence could be laid at our door. Gen. Whittaker's report seemed, until now, to leave no doubt for our solace.

The Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, had actually fired several shots in the direction of the Cloud House, at a large body of troops that were gathered around this commanding white house, on which at the time we could discern no hospital flag. This firing occurred about ten o'clock on the morning of September 20th.

Adams' Louisiana Brigade, with its Battery, the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, formed the right of Breckinridge's Division, and were the first to force a way across the Chattanooga road on the McDonald farm, on Thomas' left flank. It encountered Beatty's Federal Brigade, driving it in confusion before it, capturing many prisoners, and two guns of its Battery (Bridges).

The Federal Brigade fled before it, part directly west to the foot hills of Missionary Ridge, part south to dense woods in the direction of Snodgrass Hill, and the left of Thomas' breastworks, and a large number went northwest towards and around a large white house (Cloud's) on an eminence, some 700 yards off, beyond the open fields. As our Battery rushed across the road close behind the reserves of our skirmish lines, it passed the McDonald house, entered the fields around it and came into action two hundred yards from the road in front of the orchard on the farm. Shots were coming at us from three directions; those from the enemy around the white house first attracted our attention, and we opened with schrapnel, directed at the house, and dispersed them in double quick time. Receiving a heavy fire in our backs, we immediately changed front to rear, advanced across the hollow in the field, came in battery and opened rapidly on the enemy, that were in large force in the woods to the south. Adams' Brigade, in the meantime, had crossed the road after us, and changing front to the left in the open fields, formed in the rear of the Battery, and, passing through its intervals, charged into the woods in our front. Austin, with his Battalion of sharpshooters, and four Companies from different Regiments, with the Thirty-Second Alabama, of the Brigade, as his reserve, remained deployed in the open fields as skirmishers on our rear and right flank, almost at right angles to the Chattanooga road, facing the hills west and northwest of the road, and the Federals that had retreated from around the Cloud House. Austin's right was in touch, on the Chattanooga road, with Forrest's dismounted cavalry, that came in our line of battle immediately to the right of Adams' Brigade, which formed the extreme right of Bragg's infantry line. There was no second line to Adams' Brigade in this attack.

After leaving Austin's Command to protect his rear and flank, Adams led his Brigade, thus diminished, and not exceeding eight hundred men, from the fields into the woods, and fought his way in single line to a point five hundred yards in rear of Thomas' works. Here, overwhelmed by the troops that Thomas drew from his right, and from Rosecrans' centre (fully five thousand men), Adams' Brigade was driven back, losing over three hundred and fifty men, killed and wounded, with fifty-six missing. Gen. Adams was wounded and was left on the field with many other officers and men.

Three Federal Brigades claim the honor of capturing him; numerous regiments are still disputing

among themselves as to which first laid hands on him.

The horses of Gen. Adams and his adjutant, Capt. Guillet, came rushing out of the woods in front of us, where the conflict was raging, and passed to the rear through our intervals, as we stood resting in battery, awaiting, under a fire of schrapnel from unseen batteries, the result of our Brigade's charge. The appearance of these horses first apprised us of the fall of our General, and the retreating men that soon followed them, showed us that the repulse was a serious one. Our battery was limbered to the rear, and took position across the hollow in the orchard on the McDonald farm, to protect the retreat and rallying of the Brigade.



U. C. V. Sponsor for Kentucky—MISS JULIA F. RIDLEY.

As soon as the enemy emerged, in pursuit, from the woods, our battery opened its six pieces, hurling them back, and keeping them at distance, until Adams' Brigade was reformed in our rear, and Govan's Brigade, of Liddell's Division, had been brought forward and passed through our intervals, to resume the attack that Adams' Brigade had suffered so severely in carrying out.

General Breckinridge had ridden into our battery at the first signs of the overthrow of the Louisiana Brigade; and, after bending affectionately and touchingly over the prostrate form of his incomparable chief of artillery, Major Rice E. Graves, who had been mortally stricken down in our midst, he instructed us to have him removed to the rear, as the raging conflict was rapidly being forced back upon us. He ordered us to hold our position until he could bring up Liddell's Division.

How well we held it in that open field, for half an hour and more, regardless of the enemy's artillery fire, mindful only of keeping their infantry back, was shown after the passage of Govan to our front, when we picked up from around our guns, and threw upon our limbers and caissons, the bodies of six killed and fourteen wounded of our Company, leaving many horses to mark the spot; and were given two hours respite in which to refit our carriages from the captured guns and caissons in our rear, that our Brigade had taken as it first approached the Chattanooga road.

It was during these terrible moments of the repulse of our Brigade, when the officers of the Battery were calling upon the gallant infantry of Louisiana to reform in rear of their guns as they reached them, telling them that we were ordered, and were going, to hold the position.

There, for the first time, I met General Forrest on a battle field. In the midst of the indecision of the moment, among the first who arrived at our guns, I noticed a splendidly mounted, magnificent looking man, commanding in stature and appearance, in full Confederate gray uniform, who seemed to be a general officer. He was unattended, and riding among the men. I heard him say to them: "Rally here, Louisianians, or I'll have to bring up my bobtail cavalry to show you how to fight!" This call revealed the man to me; and I recognized in his face the lineaments I had often heard described as peculiar to Forrest. He looked like some knight-errant dropping into our midst from out some battle picture of romance—some Richard Coeur de Lion—some Black Douglas. That knightly apparition ever since has been ineffaceably fixed in my recollection.

On Sunday morning during the battle of Shiloh a Federal soldier picked up on the battlefield a sabre, evidently made in a common smith shop, and sent it home to his mother in Illinois as a souvenir of the war. The lady to whom it was sent kept this sabre until the spring of 1895, when she sent it to Capt. S. R. Simpson, of Gallatin, Tenn., a Confederate veteran of the 30th Tennessee Infantry. Capt. Simpson has left this sword at the office of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the hope that the owner or some of his family may identify and get it. It is about the shape and length of the old U. S. sabre, has a rude guard, black walnut handle, on which the letters "O. B." are carved. There is also what was once a fine leather scabbard, with tin trimmings at the mouth, center and tip.

RECKLESS METHOD OF REVENGE BY A CONFEDERATE: A lad of seven summers became desperate against his sweetheart of six, who after matters had run smoothly for weeks, showed decided fondness for another lad about his age. All were in the school room, and she was reciting, when he ran to her, enclosed her in his arms and kissed her several times. The teacher was amazed and asked what he meant. He told his story of her alienated affections, that she should have been faithful to him, but had not been, and as she was a girl, of course he could do nothing else but kiss her for revenge.

The VETERAN desires the postoffice address of Mr. R. F. Armstrong, and Mr. B. H. Armstrong, who were in Chicago on Dedication Day.

THE SECESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

W. B. Burke, of Atlanta, gives this reminiscence:

One of the most momentous events of modern times —yes, I might say in the world's history—was the dissolution of the American union by the secession of of that gallant little state, South Carolina—a state settled by cavaliers and Huguenots, a state where honor and principle rule supreme, and money cannot purchase position, a state that gave and gives to the world men and women whose equals have never been known, whose sons would rather be called Carolinians than kings. The blood of her sons has stained every battlefield in the struggle for independence. I desire to give a few events connected with her secession:

Charleston was at this time one of the most important cities in the Union; its business was simply enormous. It had a world wide reputation for the culture, refinement and hospitality of its inhabitants. No city in the world was its peer. It was chosen as the place of holding the convention. I was at home for vacation, my father's place of business, (a publisher), in those days a profession, not merely like the present time, a mere factor of trade, was known all over the South as headquarters for the leading men of the day. I had in my boyish days the pleasure of meeting many of them there and at home. Mr. Oliver, the secretary of the convention, came in and asked my father to select him a young man as assistant secretary. I received the appointment, and accepted the position. I had held a similar position a short time previous in the great National Democratic convention held in the city. I do not propose to give any events of the convention so well known, but only sketches of what has never been written. I was sitting at the secretary's desk a few feet from the speaker, Hon. Maxey Greggs, when, in death-like silence, the ordinance was passed, and was the only human being, outside of the members, present at that time. A dense crowd blocked the street and stairway leading up to the hall (St. Andrews, on Broad street near King, destroyed in the great fire of 1861). Immediately after the passage of the ordinance, I raised a window, and to friends below announced the event. Thus I had the honor of announcing to the world the greatest event in its history. Full well do I remember how it was received by the surging human mass below. Pen cannot describe the enthusiasm. Immediately preparations were made for celebrating the event. The chimes of old St. Michael's pealed out the glad tidings amid the firing of a cannon taken from a ship in the harbor—afterwards becoming a gun of historic memory, for it was first fired for South Carolina and christened "Old Secession," then always fired when the sister states came into the Southern Confederacy. The city was wild with joy, persons who had been at enmity for years met like brothers, family feuds were ended. Full well do I remember a duel that was to take place that afternoon at 3 o'clock—then dueling was business, not nonsense—how all became reconciled, the principals aided in the celebrations of the night. Yes, women were united to do or die for the cause. Night came, the city was illuminated by fireworks, booming of cannons, speech-making, etc. The writer has not a spark of superstition in his nature, but the event of that night will impress him to his dying day. At 11:45 the sky was clear as crystal, not a cloud to be seen, the stars shone as bright as jewels in the crown of heaven. The citizens and its thousands of visitors were wild in their demonstrations, the bonfires burned brighter—then came a maddening crash of thunder, vivid lightning put to darkness the illuminations, crash followed crash in quick succession, the sky became pitchy dark, a cloud-burst followed, deluging the streets. A storm raged with all its fury, taking but a few moments to change brightness to darkness, and driving the inhabitants in doors and places of shelter. Hilarity was turned into awe. The writer has visited nearly every part of the world, but never witnessed such a severe storm so quickly gathered, or so furious in its wrath. On returning home I found my aged mother in tears. I could not understand her grief, for the blood of my youth was on fire. She placed her hand on my head and said: "Son, may God preserve you through the coming struggle. You know not what you do. We of the South are few, the North many. Our subjugation is only a matter of time; even nature seems against us." For a moment (shame on me) I almost thought her a traitor to our cause, but alas, how prophetic her words! The next day the Charleston Mercury had its dispatches from Savannah, Montgomery, Baltimore and New York, headed "Foreign News." After reading the above, I, for the first time, truly realized that I was a citizen of the Republic of South Carolina, and not of the United States.

This incident is related of Dick McCann by one who is interested in VETERAN notices of that popular man: I need not remind you how "our boys" came home destitute, but they were as hungry for entertainment as they were for pies; and concerts by home talent for the benefit of the orphans of deceased soldiers, social gatherings, picnics, etc., came on soon. The picnic near Rome, Tenn., was attended by many soldiers from the adjoining counties. At a public dinner some speeches were made; and cider, lemonade and cakes sold on the grounds. During the afternoon a very small soldier became very noisy from having taken too much cider. He wanted to whip somebody. A large man that they told me was Dick McCann, asked him to be quiet several times. At last the little man drew his pistol on McCann. Then all the ladies began to get out of the way; but McCann jumped around him and caught him up in his arms, holding him so he could not use his hands, and ran rapidly off into the woods with him, the little man kicking his feet out in front, for his back was to McCann's breast. We all laughed, tho' frightened. He did not put him down until he promised to go off.

Another comrade has passed over the river to that peaceful land. Captain Andrew Denham died suddenly at his home, in Charleston, S. C., with congestion of the brain, July 20th, and was interred in the family burial place, at Monticello, Fla., on the 22nd. He was for many years a devout member of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

GALLANT OLD SOUTH CAROLINA.

B. F. Brown, in News and Courier: Of the living heroes of "The Lost Cause," there is no more genial gentleman than Captain James Armstrong, of Charleston, S. C., the last commander of the Irish Volunteers, known as Company K, in the First South Carolina Regiment of McGowan's Bridage, Army of Northern Virginia.

The Confederate States had in their service no braver, more loyal or devoted son. Though battered and bruised—the result of his valor—he is still a magnificent specimen of that manhood of which the once great Army of Northern Virginia was composed—a manhood so splendid as to draw from the historian of the Army of the Potomac the tribute: "Who can ever forget, that once looked upon it, that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like; and which vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation?"

Under all circumstances Captain Armstrong was a model man. The discipline of the camp, which bore heavily upon the untutored soldiers in the early days of the war, was always softened by the consideration he showed for those under him. A graceful writer, a fluent speaker, he was a favorite with both officers and men. In contrasting his heroism on the battlefield with the gentleness of his bearing toward his fellow-men, how appropriate seem the lines of Bayard Taylor:

> "The bravest are the tenderest
> The loving are the daring."

In critical moments, as at the battle of Hatcher's Run, his heroic qualities showed at their best. The terrific collision with the Union troops had thrown the Confederate line into disorder. The gallant and lamented Col. C. W. McCreary had fallen with a death wound. Captain Armstrong, with the instinct of the true soldier, raised his sword and pointed it in the direction of the enemy. The purpose was to attract the attention of the men, and it had the effect, for he at once became the rallying point. The quick eye of Captain D. P. Goggans, of Company B., a regular old war horse, who for his daring now carries a wooden leg, detected the movement and placing himself by the side of Armstrong, the noble remnant of the old First Regiment gathered around them, and stayed for awhile the advance of the enemy. The check was for but few hours, for the Union line of battle presented an unbroken front from the Appomattox River to Dinwiddle, and was only awaiting the outcome of Sheridan's movement against Five Forks. Upon the capture of that important point, a general assault was made extending from the river to Hatcher's Run, and the Army of Northern Virginia, shattered into fragments, commenced its memorable retreat from Petersburg. In just one week to the day—a lovely Sabbath morning—in the peaceful village of Appomattox, its marchings and its fightings came to an end, and it passed into history.

It was near Sutherland's station, on the South Side Railroad, that the writer remembers as the last time he saw Captain Armstrong in the army, and just after he had received the wound which he has borne with patient fortitude for over thirty years, and which will cease its achings only when "life's fitful fever" shall be over. The intense suffering this wound at times causes him; the added thirty-four years to his age since the days of the first camp near Suffolk, Va.; the cares incident to the responsibilities of an exacting office and the blight of domestic affliction—all these have not been sufficient to dim the lustre of his eye, to mar the gentleness of his manners or dull the eloquence of his tongue.

Upon the death of Col. McCreary, the command of the regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. Butler, one of the best soldiers in it. To Colonel Butler belongs the distinction of being the only one of the original eleven captains who passed through the entire war in the service of the regiment. Six were slain upon the battlefield:

Boag, of I, at the first Cold Harbor; Barksdale, of K, at the second Manassas; Haskell, of H, at Gettysburg; Shooter, of E, (afterwards Lieutentant-Colonel), at the Bloody Angle of Spottsylvania; Alston, of F, (afterwards Major), at the North Anna; McCreary, of A, (afterwards Colonel), at Hatcher's Run; McIntosh, of D, became Captain of Artillery, his company having been changed to that arm of the service.

Walker, of B, and Cordero, of C, entered other departments of the service, and McCrady, of K, (afterwards Colonel), disabled from wounds was forced to retire.

This regiment performed no important service during its career that Colonel Butler was not at his post, whether as captain of his old company G, of Edgefield, or the commander of the regiment, and bravely and faithfully discharged his duty. In the qualities that go to make up the enduring soldier—the soldier for whom no hardship seemed too great—faithful "in summer blaze or winter snows"—the soldier who never left the battlefield, while there was a man to stand by him, he was not surpassed in the army. His last official act was the signing of the paroles at Appomattox.

Comrade Brown was Sergeant of Co. I, First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. He writes from Augusta, Ga.

I. T. Miller, Milledgeville, Ga.: I wish to make inquiry in regard to the flag bearer of the 13th Alabama Regiment, who carried the flag in the third day's fight at Gettysburg. If living, would like his address. I have often thought of a spear he had attached to the end of flag staff in that famous charge, and saw him use it more than once. I know that is claimed as Pickett's charge by the Virginians, but testify in behalf also of J. J. Archer's old brigade, commanded in that fight by Col. D. B. Fry, of the Thirteenth Alabama, part at least of Heth's Division, commanded by the gallant Pettigrew, who crossed the lines with guns in hand. As well as I remember, the order was given to Col. Fry. His was the dressing brigade of that charge, and I heard the order more than once from officers on the field: "Dress on Col. Fry!" We were the center, and Pettigrew's went as far as any troops in the fight.

RELICS IN ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

One of the most interesting features of the Atlanta Exposition is to be the Confederate relic hall.

The Exposition management had declined to arrange for an exhibit of Confederate relics despite the solicitation of Daughters of the Confederacy and other women of Atlanta.

Determined, however, to achieve what they know ought to be done, the Daughters have called to their aid the Veterans and the Sons of Veterans. They have procured an area 25x38 feet, and are at work vigorously to erect a building, and to procure relics from all over the South.

They make this appeal through the VETERAN:

"Feeling that an exhibit of Confederate relics should not be omitted from an exposition where every other epoch of National History is represented, have arranged to erect a building suitable for the purpose. Plans have been accepted and the building is in process of construction, but more money is required to properly equip and run it.

The generosity of Atlanta has been thoroughly taxed for other exposition purposes; and even if such were not the case, it would not be fitting that one city should assume the entire responsibility. An exhibit of Confederate relics is the prerogative of the entire South, and surely the men of the South whose fight was the braver because in vain, will be glad and proud to commemorate the conflict which challenged the plaudits of the world.

In the name of our organization we earnestly solicit gifts of money from all interested in an exhibit, whose historic interest is as great as its personal significance. Please send contributions promptly to Mrs. Ira Fort, Treasurer Building Fund, 179 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga. Signed,

MRS. C. HELEN JAMISON PLANE,
President D. of C.
GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS,
Com. Ga. Veterans.
COL. T. B. FELDER, JR.,
President S. of C.

The VETERAN appeals with zeal and in confidence to comrades, to Daughters and Sons to correspond with Mrs. Plane, President, or Mrs. Ottley, Secretary, Atlanta, with a view to sending money or relics, that they may make an exhibit that will eclipse, in general interest, all departments.

The Daughters' Chapter was organized July 18, and has already 175 members. That many determined southern women will achieve creditable results.

Any one having all the numbers of the VETERAN from January, '93 to July, '94, and wishing to dispose of them, will confer a favor by addressing the VETERAN, naming price. This notice is in the interest of F. S. Halliday, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT ACCOMMODATIONS AT CHATTANOOGA.—J. S. Fullerton, Chairman of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park Commission sent out a circular from Washington, August 7, stating that those who sent two dollars to Captain Charles F. Muller, Chattanooga, Tennessee, would receive a ticket entitling the holder to a comfortable barrack bunk for the entire time of his stay at Chattanooga, including safe storage for hand baggage and toilet accommodations. The circular further states: It will not be possible to furnish ladies with quarters in these barracks, or to supply meals or lunches in connection with them. It will be necessary for each person to bring his own blanket and towels. The barracks will be constructed upon the plan adopted at the last Grand Army Encampment at Washington City, where a large number of veterans were thus housed. Such structures will be erected in Chattanooga where, within convenient distances, meals and lunches may be obtained at reasonable prices.

R. J. Cook, of 2nd Arkansas Infantry, Barton, Ark.: In July VETERAN I notice an error in regard to Col. Terry, of Texas Rangers, who was killed at Mumfordville, and not at Woodsonville, as stated. I was there and saw him.

COL. JOHN S. MOSBY.

[Comrades of Col. Mosby say that he must be mistaken about the year; that some of them "were not in Richmond in '67," and they had not all kept their uniforms as long as that.—EDITOR.

VETERAN readers will doubtless be surprised at the following from the distinguished Mosby, and aside from the corrections of sketch furnished by one of his men, will find him, doubtless, quite a different character to what they had expected. He writes from San Francisco, August 21, 1895: * * I notice in the the Confederate VETERAN of July last a picture of myself in a group of my men, to which an explanatory statement is appended which says that the photo was taken in Richmond in 1865, and that these men elected to stay with me until death, "when they found that he [Mosby] and two of his scouts, Charles McDonough and Nick Carter, were not included in the terms of surrender" It further says that "Mosby was pardoned not long afterward through the recommendation of Gen. Grant, and was ever afterward his zealous friend." The statement contains many inaccuracies:

I. Instead of having been taken in 1865, the photo was made in 1867. So far from all of those in the group having elected to remain with me at the surrender, several of them were at that time prisoners in the North.

II. Nick Carter and Charles McDonough did not belong to my command. * * * McDonough was killed by some Northern Cavalry; Nick Carter escaped to Mexico.

III I never applied for a pardon & never before heard that I had been pardoned. I am not conscious of ever having done anything for which I ought to have sought pardon.

IV. On the day that the news or rive at Washington of General Lee's surrender Stanton, Secretary of War, ordered General Hancock, then in command in the Shenandoah Valley, to offer to all other Confederate soldiers & detachments in Virginia the same terms that were given to General Lee, but excepted "the guerilla Chief Mosby." The next day General Grant directed Hancock to offer me the same parole he had given to General Lee.

V. I was a warm personal friend of General Grant & he was mine. I did not, however, become his political supporter until 1872, after the Southern people had adopted Horace Greeley as their candidate for the Presidency on a platform endorsing all the Radical Reconstruction measures, and declaring their gratitude to the Union soldiers & Sailors for conferring us. I think you will agree with me that it would have been far better for the Southern people if they had followed my example.

Very Respectfully

John S. Mosby

W. Ben Palmer, of Richmond, one of Mosby's men, writes that he "came out with him:" Some of us went to Powell's Tavern, in Graceland county, and remained until we heard of Johnston's surrender. Our last meeting was at Salem, Fauquier county. There Col. Mosby disbanded his men, and nearly all went to Winchester and were paroled. Nick Carter and Charlie McDonough could have gone, too, but they chose otherwise. Col. Mosby returned to Orange Court House, remained there a few days, and then went over to Amburst county, where his father lived. He was paroled at Lynchburg.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

Recently before a Nashville, Tennessee, audience, Gen. John C. Underwood, now of Chicago, related in substance the story of his extraordinary experience with a personal enemy when under perilous surroundings, with an army to execute in event of exposure. It was the incentive which influenced him in fraternal actions that accomplished so much at the Confederate monument dedication in Chicago, that incident having indelibly taught him that "ennobling attributes may be possessed and displayed by strongly opposing elements," and that "true manhood is so constituted as to enable even an enemy to view the condition of a helpless adversary with charity and forbearance." He said it had done much toward bringing about his advocacy of reconciliation, under the broad philanthropy of harmoniously re-uniting the people of the northern and southern states.

In his boyhood he had difficulty with one of his schoolmates, which culminated in the severest boy fight of his life, and, because of their physical equality, it was a drawn battle; that thereafter neither he nor his adversary spoke one to the other, so that it was generally considered among the boys that Jack Underwood and Fayette Green were deadly enemies. Then he went to college, and Green to the schools of Bowling Green, Ky.; and little was seen of each other until the Civil War. In it he had espoused the cause of the South, and Green enlisted in the Union Army. When General Bragg moved his army into Kentucky, the fall of 1862, he (Underwood) went via Decherd, Tenn., to see his sister, the wife of Major Rutledge, Chief of Artillery, Polk's Corps, and while riding along the road from Decherd, at a turn in the lane he rode square upon the vanguard of a Federal wagon train. He realized at once that he could not escape, for the stake and ridered fences on either side were too high for his horse to jump, and if he attempted to retreat, the chances were that he would be shot. Hence, he determined to face the inevitable, and putting on a bold face and careless air, rode directly along by the Union soldiers. He wore a Kentucky grey hunting shirt without insignia of rank, and a citizen's black overcoat. He so held his bridle hand as to conceal the bright buckle of his pistol belt. Imagine his astonishment at discovering the man in the lead of the wagon train to be the enemy that he fought ten years previous at school, and to whom he had not spoken afterward. He intuitively felt that he was recognized, although Green never once looked at him, but kept his eyes on the road in a line straight between the ears of his horse; and he intuatively feared he would be reported, and quickly hanged as a spy, for the citizen's overcoat concealed his grey uniform, and the Union Army being on retreat, the 'chances' were all against him. Feeling thus, he determined to shoot Green on the first intimation that action would be taken against him. With eyes right upon him he rode on, when, without turning his head or manifesting any notice of his presence, Green said in a distinct undertone, "ALL—RIGHT—JOHN;" and passed on as if nothing had happened, and so did the entire guard of the train.

Fayette Green went on to Kentucky to meet his death in the battle of Perryville. Gen. Underwood declared that his right arm would be gladly given to restore Green to life.

Such was his first great lesson in personal regard among soldiers. He loyally acts upon reciprocal charity for the harmonious relations between the veterans of the two great armies.

MODEL REUNION AT BELTON, TEXAS.

James Boyd, Commander of Camp 122, Bell County, Texas, Confederate Veterans: Our seventh annual reunion has come and gone; and what a pleasure it was for each old soldier again to talk over the events of other days.

This camp numbers nearly 700. Each arm of the service and every army is represented. We have soldiers from Delaware, Maryland, New Mexico and Arizona, on the two borders. During the two days, this camp listened to splendid talks from grand soldiers—W. S. T. Lanham, ex-member of Congress, belonged to Kirshaws Division A. N. Va., Third South Carolina Regiment; Ex-Governor F. R. Lubbock, who was Governor of Texas, and for two years on the staff of President Davis; Col. G. W. Jones of the Seventh Texas; and the maimed and gallant H. H. Boone. Major in a Texas Regiment, Green's Brigade, and now the Major-General commanding the Texas Division of the United Confederate Veterans.

Thousands were in attendance during the fifteenth and sixteenth inst. in the beautiful shaded grove of three acres owned by the camp, near the city of Belton; all enjoyed themselves, and all went away well pleased. May these reunions continue, as they cement the feeling of friendship for each other; and each appreciates the service of the other, no difference in what command of the army he served.

Commander, Jas. A. Wheeler, Salado; First Lieutenant, J. Z. Miller, Sr., Belton; Second Lieutenant, Dr. R. P. Talley, Temple.

The additional officers elected are: Adjutant, H. E. Bradford, Belton; Surgeon, Dr. H. C. Ghent, Belton; Ensign, J. A. McVey, Heidenheimer; Chaplain, D. N. Hembree, Moffat; Chief of Artillery, Marion Clay, Belton.

A local paper in reunion notes concludes:

Capt. Jas. Boyd is a prime favorite with his war comrades. And no wonder, for the Captain puts his heart and soul into the Association, and spared neither his time nor himself in making the reunion a success. We have even heard it suggested by some of the old soldiers that he should be made Commander for life.

Mr. Charles Cowley, of Lowell, Mass., gives "Leaves from a Lawyer's Life Afloat and Ashore," in a neat volume of remarkable fairness and liberality. In the preface is this language: "The war developed and proved on both sides the noblest qualities of American manhood. It has left us soldiers and sailors once foes, now friends, a memory of hard fought fields of fearful sacrifices and of heroic valor."



LITTON HICKMAN, Secretary.

The Sons of Veterans are organizing with commendable zeal in many sections of the country. Charleston has the strongest organization so far. The Thos. C. Hindman Bivouac, in Tennessee, have just reorganized, electing E. A. Lindsey President and Litton Hickman Secretary. Comrades should encourage Sons to efficiency, so they may take their places in the historic and charitable work that the Veterans cannot complete.

The VETERAN would cheerfully give liberal space to these beneficiary organizations, and it requests a general renewal of interest by them. They should have coöperative association with United Confederate Veterans, and be ready to take hearty action whenever called upon.

R. A. Smyth, President of the Charleston S. C. Sons of Veterans would give counsel to young men South who may desire to organize.

Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, Ky., will cheerfully coöperate whenever practicable to the promotion of Son's organizations.



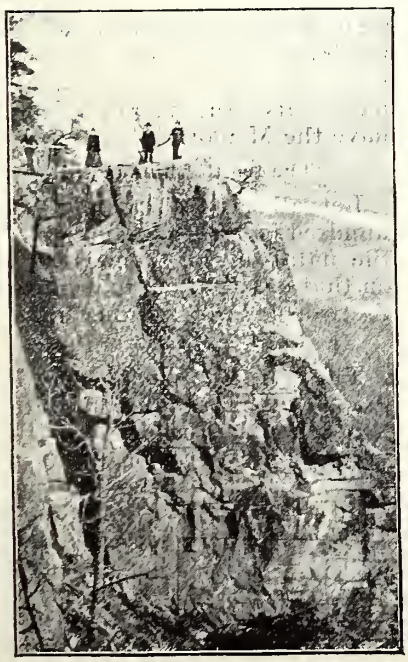
ED. A. LINDSEY, President.

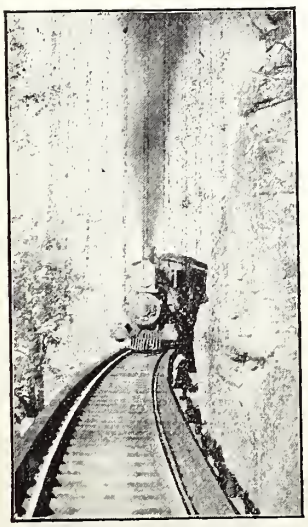
MONUMENT TO GEN. HANCOCK.

John Purcell, Archer, Texas: As a young rebel from this camp, I desire to head the list with a subscription of $10.00 toward the fund for a monument to Gen. Hancock at New Orleans.

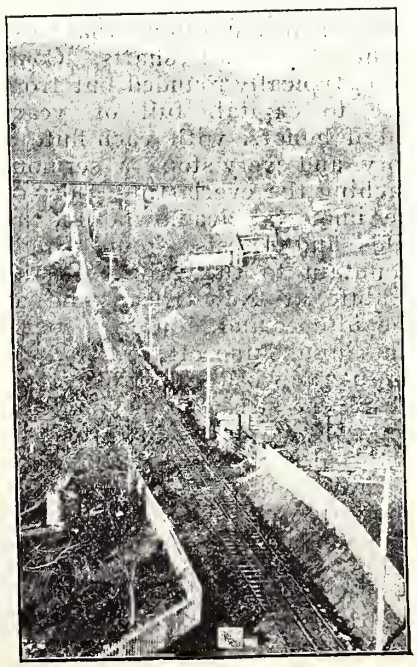
I do this not only on account of my estimate of Gen. Hancock as a man and a soldier, but also as a token of my appreciation of the magnanimity and liberality shown by those brave Chicago people, in responding so freely to Gen. Underwood's appeal.

I know that every true, southern heart swells with gratitude, at the thought of such an evidence of generosity as displayed by our late northern foe on that occasion, and the South shall ever stand ready to do something to show its appreciation of the bravery of those people of Chicago. Nothing could be more fitting than to build a monument to Gen. Hancock, whose private life whose record as a soldier place him in the front rank of American soldiers and citizens. More of this in next VETERAN.





LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
SCENES FROM LINE
OF
N. C. & ST. L. RAILWAY.



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

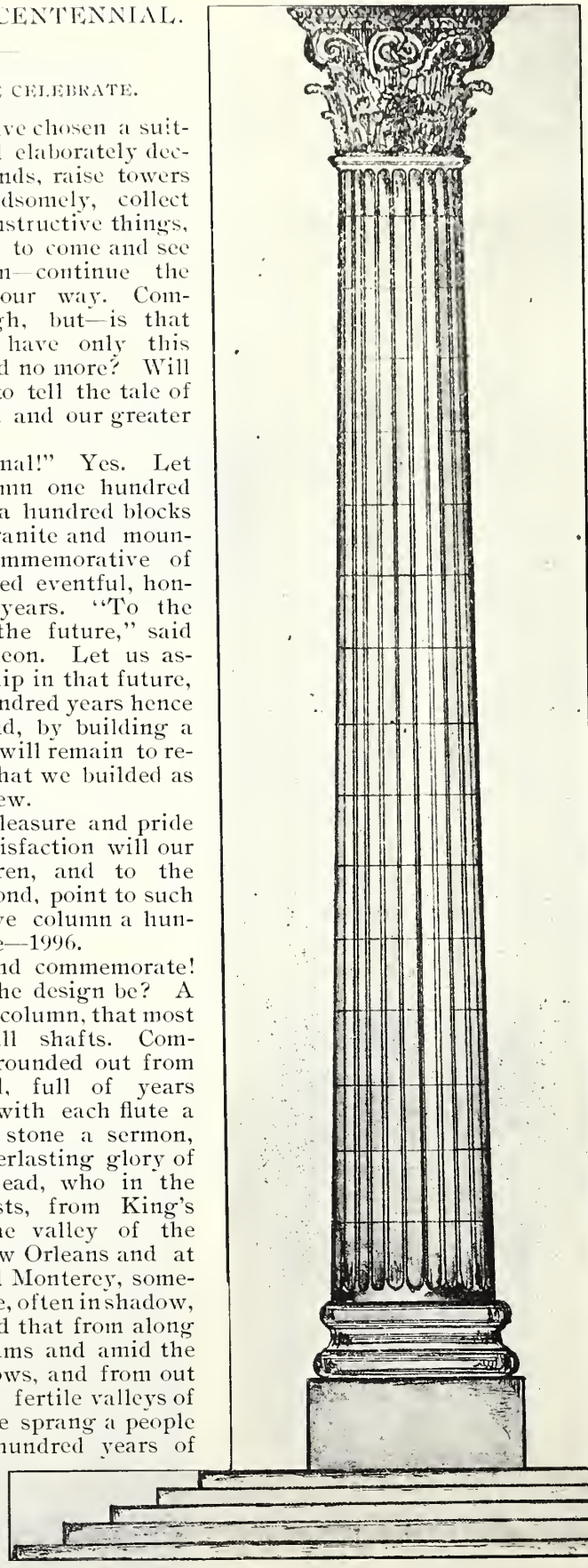
How? We have chosen a suitable site, we will elaborately decorate the grounds, raise towers and build handsomely, collect beautiful and instructive things, invite the world to come and see them, and then—continue the even tenor of our way. Commendable enough, but—is that all? Shall we have only this fleeting show and no more? Will nothing be left to tell the tale of our glorious past and our greater future?

"By the Eternal!" Yes. Let us build a column one hundred feet high, with a hundred blocks of Tennessee granite and mountain marble commemorative of those one hundred eventful, honorable, worthy years. "To the living belongs the future," said the great Napoleon. Let us assert our ownership in that future, reaching one hundred years hence and away beyond, by building a monument that will remain to remind posterity that we builded as wisely as we knew.

With what pleasure and pride and grateful satisfaction will our children's children, and to the generations beyond, point to such a commemorative column a hundred years hence—1996.

Come then and commemorate!

What shall the design be? A pure Corinthian column, that most beautiful of all shafts. Complete, typically rounded out from base to capital, full of years and of honors, with each flute a story and every stone a sermon, teaching the everlasting glory of the immortal dead, who in the wilds and forests, from King's Mountain to the valley of the Santafe, at New Orleans and at Chepultepec and Monterey, sometimes in sunshine, often in shadow, taught the world that from along the silvery streams and amid the mountain meadows, and from out the glades and fertile valleys of Tennessee, there sprang a people who, after one hundred years of citizenship, their history often written in blood and washed in tears of adversity, had, without a stone to mark an event or applaud an act, crowned their century of citizenship with this Memorial.



On the face of the granite base imprint the coat of arms; on the polished surface of native marble, "with many a sharp incision," cut the names of Sevier, Blount, Shelby, Campbell, Johnson, and all the rest, while up the column as it grows, stone by stone, shall tell the story from '96 to '96, while Anderson, Robertson, Cocke, Doak, McKendree, Grundy, Jackson, White, Heiskell, Houston, Crockett, Bell, and all the immortals who made our history worthy, shall follow in their turn.

Of Progress, Commerce, Agriculture, Art and Science, the whole shaft shall speak.

Is not our position and period worthy of mark? Should we yet not be mindful of the unhonored dead after one hundred years? Is not the Volunteer State entitled to at least one mark of honor? Do we not owe it to ourselves to build this Memorial, and build it now?

As for the site, place it here in the Capital City—at West Point, the head of our greatest street, the crown of Nashville, where Broad Street goes on its way and West End stops not.

Tennesseans! we have the history, we have the glory, we have the idea, we have the design, we have the material, we have the men—raise the money! Let us have the Memorial,

"The fruit of human will."

Let all be full, complete, one hundred feet high by June 1st, '96, the natal day of Tennessee, and on that day peal out in pride to all the world.—COMMEMORATION.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

PROGRESS OF TENNESSEE.

The southern people may congratulate the Volunteer State in her centenary celebration. The heroism and devotion of its people in the great struggle for constitutional liberty—'61–'65—was maintained by her citizens with a tenacity that challenges general admiration

That Tired Feeling



"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who may be suffering with indigestion or impure blood, no appetite,

Run Down

feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial, if there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for

Rheumatism.

We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla two years and have no sick headache spells, pains or tired

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

feeling." W. N. BARNES, Hartford City, Ind.

Hood's Pills give universal satisfaction.

GULF TO OCEAN.

"Knowest thou the land where the pale citron blows,
Where in deep shade the golden orange glows?"

This beautiful song of Mignon applies not less appropriately to California, the land of the vineyard and orange groves, than the gypsy's native home of southern Europe. Travel from the Middle, Western and Southern States to this "land of corn and wine," has increased within the last decade to a marvelous extent. Whereas but a very few years back California seemed so far distant to the average American that it might as well have been off the globe, in our day, when descriptions of the glories of this "land of sunshine" have become common household words, and when railroading has done so much to annihilate distances, the question with thousands every year now is not "Shall I make a California trip?" but "By what route shall I go?" and, since the beauties and luxurious comfort of the Great Southern Pacific's Sunset Route are becoming more and more familiar to the traveling public, even this latter question is much less frequently asked. And now that this enterprising road has recently put on the finest and fastest train to the coast, the how to get there will soon no longer be matter of much conjecture. "Sunset Limited" is the name which has been given this great gulf-to-ocean flyer, and it is the miracle of all the latter-day railroading. It consists of a composite car, with buffet, library, barber shop and bath, dining-car, parlor-car, stateroom, drawing-room, sleeping cars, all solid vestibuled throughout, and brilliantly lighted with the Pintsch gas system. It makes the trip from the Gulf to the Pacific coast in sixty hours, leaving New Orleans every Thursday, on and after Nov. 1, at 8 a. m., and arriving at Los Angeles in but 2½ days and at San Francisco in 3¼ days. This is the line of all lines for the every-day traveler, to the tourist, and pre-eminently for the invalid seeking more congenial climate.

For full particulars, address S. F. B Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Co., New Orleans, La.

VALUABLE WAR SOUVENIR.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway has just issued a folder of historic interest. Its principal feature is an accurate and excellent map of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga battle fields, printed in five colors. In addition, it contains illustrations of the principal monuments and towers in the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park. Also a list of the battles fought on the line of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and many other items of interest to the veteran of the great war. It is, altogether doubtless the most carefully prepared and interesting folder ever published for gratuitous distribution, and will be much sought after. It may be obtained by sending four cents in stamps (to pay postage) to W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.

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Venerable Archdeacon of West Missouri.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21, 1893.

HIS SECOND LETTER.

3422 Euclid Avenue.

Kansas City, Mo., July 10, 1894.

Dear Sir—Replying to your inquiry, would say that my opinion of the Electropoise is as favorable as ever. It is a companion which improves upon acquaintance. Familiarity with it never breeds contempt. Yours truly,

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Bishop McTyeire, while President of Vanderbilt University, who never gave an opinion without careful thought, said to a mother, whose son wanted a position: "Send him to Jennings' Business College; a certificate from R W. Jennings to your son, recommending him for a position, will be of more benefit to him than all other influences he could have."

Sam Jones said, in one of his sermons at Nashville, addressed to business men. that if he should give a young man a letter to a business firm asking that he be given a position, and in that letter should say that the young man was highly educated, was a graduate of Vanderbilt University, and had a diploma from Jennings' Business College, but should say in a postscript that the said young man was a heavy winner at the races now in progress in this city, his chances for getting a position would be exceedingly slim.

GOT POSITION IN A BANK,

But Lost His Diploma and Wants a Duplicate.

H. W. Bivins, Jr., writes that he is now filling the position of individual book-keeper in the First National Bank, at South Pittsburg, Tenn. He also writes asking for a duplicate certificate from Jennings' Business College, from which he recently graduated, having lost the original, and saying that he would not be without it for five times the cost of the course.

A SON OF GEN. FRANK CHEATHAM

Takes a Course in a Business College and Gets a Good Position.

Board of Underwriters, Nashville, June 12, 1895.—I take pleasure in stating that I attended Jennings' Business College, Nashville, and found it in all respects what it is claimed to be, a school of thorough instruction and perfectly equipped to prepare a young man for a business life. From the responsible positions held in this city by its graduates, I know this school to stand in the highest favor with Nashville business men. The best advice I can give to a young man entering business is to take a course under Prof. Jennings.

Patton R. Cheatham.

(Mr. Cheatham is a son of the late Gen. Frank Cheatham, a hero of two wars. The position of Assistant Secretary for the Nashville Board of Underwriters, which he now holds, was given young Cheatham as soon as he left Jennings' College.)

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J. H. Fall, Jr., Isaac T. Rhea, Jr., B. J. Farrar, Jr., D. C. Laws, Jr., and James Burns, Jr., have entered Jennings' Business College. They are the sons and namesakes of well-known business men of the city. They are just out of literary schools, such, respectively, as Vanderbilt, Webb's, Bingham (North Carolina), Woolwine's and the city schools, and with a laudable ambition to become useful citizens, and desiring to qualify themselves for the practical affairs of life, enter, of course, the school which merchants, bankers and business men recommend. This school has no vacations and no classes. Enter now so as to be ready for business.—*Nashville Banner.*

POINTED WORDS

From the Bursar of Vanderbilt University.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, June 13, 1895.—My position as Bursar for this University for many years has thrown me in contact with Mr. R. W. Jennings, proprietor of Jennings' Business College, and from personal knowledge and observation of the man and his methods, I can most heartily endorse and recommend him and his school to the public. He teaches from a long and practical experience, and eschews all catch-penny methods of advertising and conducting his schools. He is business all along the line, and his students are ready for business when they finish his course. It gives me unfeigned pleasure to bear this testimony.

Wils Williams, Bursar,
Vanderbilt University.

HOUSTON AND TEXAS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Houston, Tex., Aug. 8, 1895.

Editor Veteran:—I have recently traveled over the oldest railroad in Texas, and the road which has done much for the material development of the state. This pioneer of Texas railroads, the Houston and Texas Central, was built more than thirty years ago. For quite a time it extended only to Navasota, in Grimes county Since then it has extended its main line far to the north, and has sent out branch lines, until its territory includes the most beautiful and fertile part of the state. It extends from the cotton and sugar belt in South Texas to its grain belt in the northern part of the state. There is no fairer country than this middle Texas, with its magnificent rolling prairies, its vast acreage of rich soil, its splendid farms. gardens and orchards. The productiveness of the soil is astonishing; and one can readily see the propriety in the speculator's proposition to transport this Texas soil to the eastern states for fertilizing wornout fields. The great fruit belt extends through this section, and peaches, apples, pears, melons, grapes and berries grow in abundance, and of the finest flavor. Railroads are great town-builders, and some of the best in the state are on the Houston and Texas Central. On the main line of this road are such towns as Hempstead, Navasota, the old terminus, Bastrop, Bryan, near which is located the Agricultural and Mechanical College, a flourishing State institution; Bremond, Corsicana, Kosse, Waxahachie, Groesbeck, and Ennis. These are all prosperous towns, all growing rapidly and with not a "boom" among them. They have fine farming country tributary to them, and the adjacent territory is being rapidly settled by a desirable class of farmers. In Ennis, Ellis county, the railroad shops are located, and this in a measure accounts for the phenomenal growth of the town during the past few years. The Austin branch, leaving the main line at Hempstead, passes through several lovely towns, among them Chapel Hill and Brenham, one of the most progressive towns in middle Texas Austin, the capital, the most beautiful Texas city in point of situation, has been called by an enthusiastic admirer "the city of the violet crown," for the dim, blue haze that never leaves the encircling hills. The enormous dam across the Colorado gives Austin one of the finest waterpowers in the world, and will eventually make the Texas capital a great manufacturing city. The H. & T. C. ever labors in the cause of immigration. The officers of the road are courteous and obliging, and furnish cheerfully information to immigrants. Mr. L. A. Daffan, superintendent western division at Ennis, with a heart as large as his three hundred pound body, and wife, made me their guest. I was driven over the pretty little city by Miss Katie Daffan, their lovely daughter. It should be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Daffan is a veteran, and has been with this road thirty years. Mr. Arnold is a contractor who has given the road twenty years of faithful service Mr. G. A. Quinlan, vice-president and general-manager, has his headquarters at Houston, where his home companions, and the especial objects of his pride, are his charming daughter and manly young son, Master George Quinlan. Mr. Quinlan has been thirty years in the service of this road, beginning as civil engineer He naturally looks with great pride now upon the great system. He is held in high esteem by every employee of the road. These genial and courteous gentlemen are ready to furnish any information to parties desiring to know anything about Texas.

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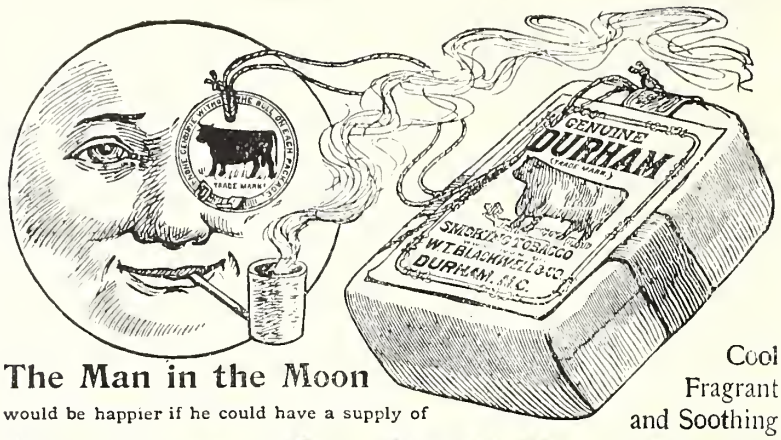
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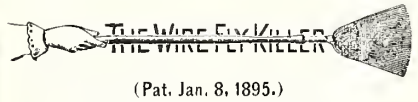
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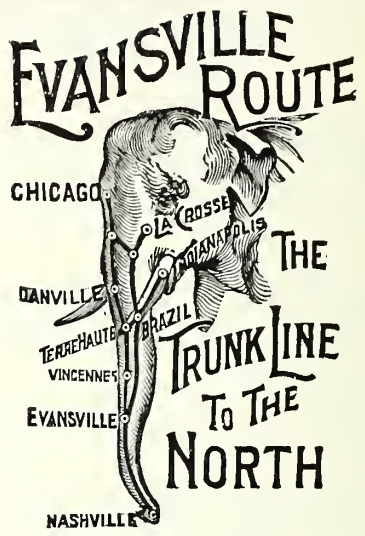
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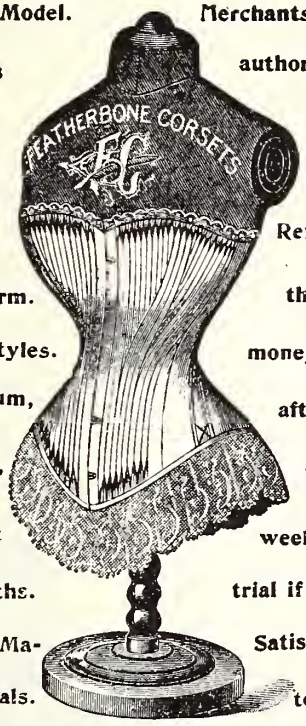
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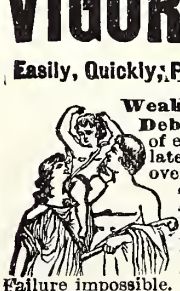
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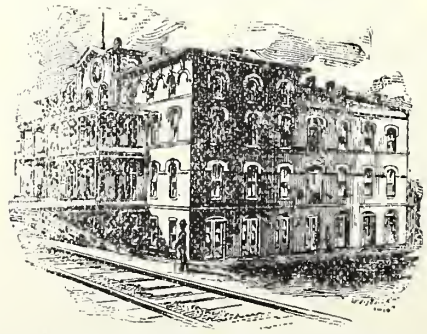
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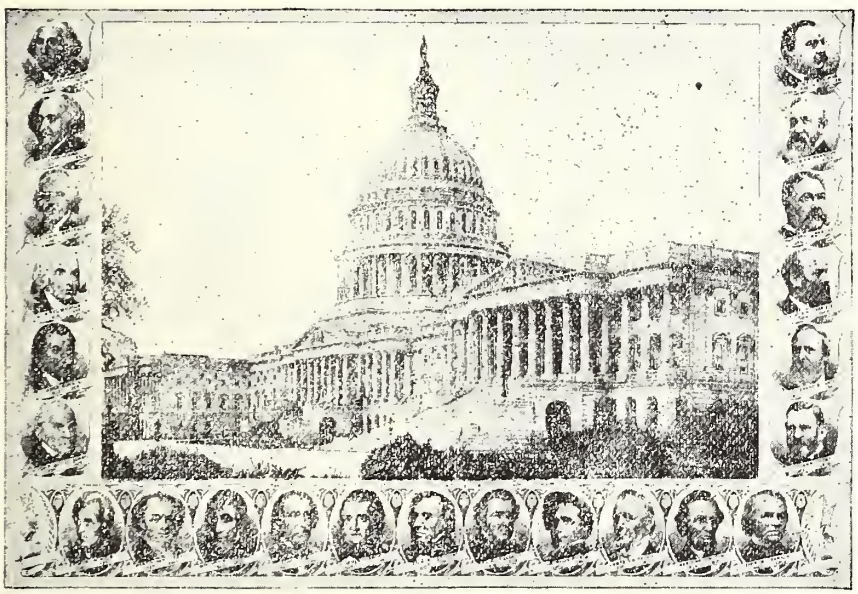
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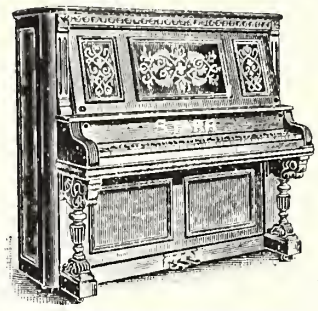
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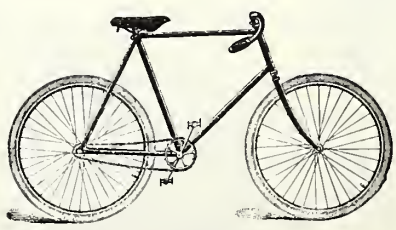
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PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. VOL. III. NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1895. No. 10. S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR.



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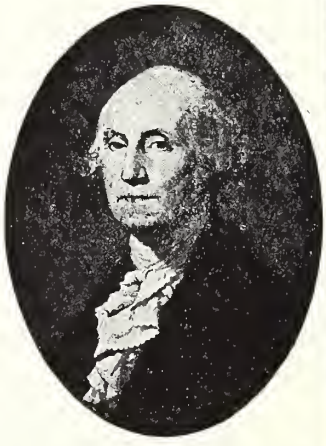
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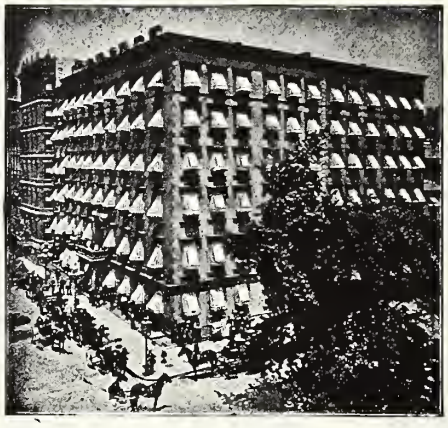
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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. III. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1895. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

HISTORIC EVENTS WITHIN A MONTH.

The past month has been unusually full of interesting incidents deserving place in the VETERAN, but only brief reference can be made now to them.

The Grand Army Encampment at Louisville was an event of importance. To see how thousands of visitors would dress and demean themselves upon coming as guests to their vanquished foes, induced attendance and careful observation.

The occasion in many respects gave pleasure, while it was also attended with many unhappy reminiscences. It would certainly have been in good taste for the Veterans to have worn citizens dress, with simple badges to indicate the state from which they came, and the command in which they served. But the array of blue and tinsel was quite similar to that worn South the third of a century ago. These things excited memories which did not increase our admiration for "Old Glory," as they call the flag of the United States, made sacred by the blood of our fathers. Many evidently did not consider the proprieties on becoming guests, in a large sense, to the South. There were many side remarks that aggravated the Southern people.

But there were many noble men among them, and their surprise at open hearted greeting was general.

The intense heat and the crowd induced many to return North, who planned visits to Chattanooga and to Atlanta. Many of these who came farther South, stopped over in Nashville and at various places where battles were fought in which they participated. The dedication at Chickamauga on the nineteenth of September, was in a suitable place on the battle ground, some two mile nearer Chattanooga than Crawfish Spring, and within the Park.

The Vice-President of the United States was in charge of the exercises, and honored the occasion by his every act.

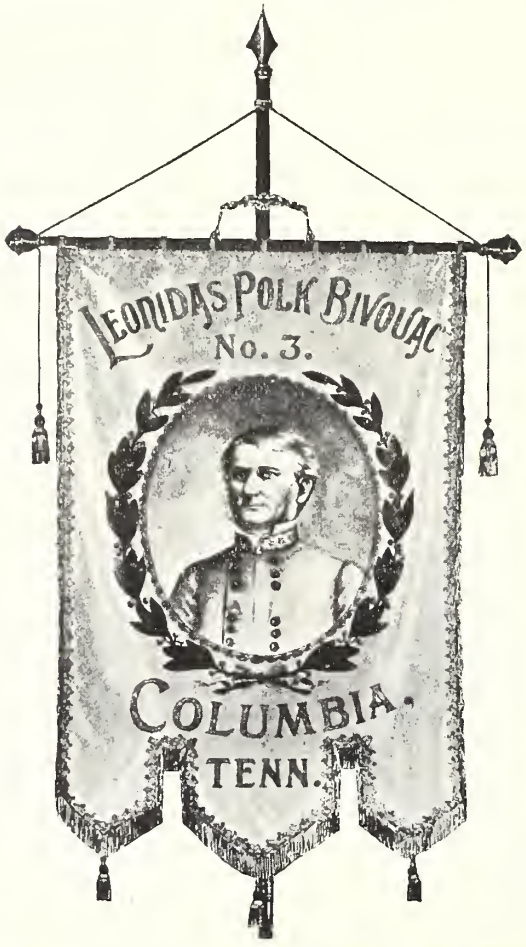
Gen. Jno. M. Palmer of Illinois, spoke for the Union side. His address was not as magnanimous as his friends expected in its relation to the causes of the war, and to his part in the battle. A singular admission was that at a time when Confederates were in plain view, he called the attention of his soldiers, and said: "They are American citizens, give them ——!" That caused some of his hearers to infer that he was commanding other soldiers than those of his own country. However, in addressing Confederates specially, just before concluding his speech, he said: "I was proud of your gallantry and courage. I never allowed myself to forget that you were Americans, freely offering your lives in the defense of what you believed to be your right in vindication of your manhood."

Gen. Gordon, who next spoke, made no reference whatever to Gen. Palmer's remarks. Palmer was in this battle, but Gordon was in Virginia.

The Annual State Convention of the Association of Tennessee Confederate Soldiers met in Columbia in the hall of the Athenæum, which was beautifully and artistically decorated for the occasion. The Association, with President P. P. Pickard in the chair, was welcomed by the Mayor, by the County Court Judge, and by Maj. J. T. Williamson, President of Leonidas Polk Bivouac.

Business pertaining to the relief of the indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers of Tennessee was transacted and reports from the Board of Pension Examiners and Trustees of the Soldiers' Home were read, considered and adopted. Maj. W. R. Garrett presented a report from the Historical Committee, which was in line with the report submitted by this Committee to the Covention at Houston. The report embodied a strong plea for securing data from Confederate sources to be incorporated in school and library histories. It paid strong tribute to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, reasserting its appreciation of its work for the cause. Meetings will hereafter occur on the second Wednesday in October, a month later in the year, and the third Thursday, in May, was fixed for the decoration of Confederate

graves in Tennessee. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Col. Thos. Claiborne, President; Capt. W. W. Carnes, and Lieut. Richard Ransom, Vice-Presidents; John P. Hickman, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. Jos. E. Martin, Chaplain; M. B. Tomlinson, Sergeant-at-Arms. In the evening a concert was given by the fair daughters of Maury County to the Association, an address of welcome was delivered by Miss Mary Wilkes, which was responded to by Elder R. Lin Cave.



On the 12th, the reunion of the Association was held about a mile from Columbia. There were about 15,000 people present, and the feast was abundant. It "overspread a ten acre woods lot." There were seven hundred boxes of provisions, besides the multitude of private baskets. Never was a people more hospitable in their entertainment.

The Bowling Green entertainment to the Orphan Brigade, Morgan's Cavalry, and other Confederate soldiers was elaberate. On occasions where so many thousands meet, if speaking be had at all, there ought to be a number of stands with a speaker for each, and let the entertainment at that hour be general. The acceptance of invitation extended by the editor of the VETERAN to have their next annual reunion at Nashville, was delightfully unanimous, and a large attendance may be expected. The date is to be fixed by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac.

GRAND ARMY VETERANS IN THE SOUTH.

As the invitation had been extended and accepted, the Kentuckians gave a typical Southern welcome.

Louisville made a gorgeous display of the national flag which was never equaled perhaps in a city of the size.

The address of Hon. Henry Waterson was characteristic. After prolonged applause he said:

That promissory note, executed by me subject to the indorsement of the city of Louisville and discounted by you in the city of Pittsburgh a year ago —it has matured—and we are here to cancel it! You, who were so prompt and generous about it, will not be displeased to learn that it puts us to no inconvenience to pay it. On the contrary, it having been one of those obligations on which the interest compounding day by day was designed to eat up the principal, its discharge leaves us poor only in the regret, that we may not repeat the transaction every twelve months and convert this central point of the universe into a permanent encampment for the Grand Army of the Republic.

Except that historic distinctions have long been obliterated here, it might be mentioned that I appear before you as the representative alike of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray in that great sectional combat, which, whatever else it did or did not, left no shadow upon American soldiership, no stain upon American manhood. But in Kentucky the war ended thirty years ago. Familiar intercommnnication between those who fought in it upon opposing sides; marriage and giving in marriage; the rearing of a common progeny; the ministrations of private friendship; the allsubduing influence of home and church and school, of wife and child, have culminated in such a closely-knit web of interests and affections that none of us care to disentangle the threads that compose it, and few of us could do so if we would.

Here, at least, the lesson has been taught and learned that,

"You cannot chain the eagle,
And you dare not harm the dove;
But every gate
That bars to hate,
Will open wide to love!"

And the flag! God bless the flag! As the heart of McCallum More warmed to the tartan, do all hearts warm to the flag! Have you upon your round of sight-seeing missed it hereabout? Does it make itself on any hand conspicuous by its absence? Can you doubt the loyal sincerity of those who from housetop and rooftree have thrown it to the breeze? Let some sacrilegious hand be raised to haul it down and see how many graybeards who wore gray coats will rally to it! No, no, comrades; the people en masse do not deal in subterfuges; they do not stoop to conquer; they may be wrong; they may be perverse; but they never dissemble. These are honest flags with honest hearts behind them. They are the symbols of a nationality as precious to us as to you. They fly at last as Webster would have had

them fly, bearing no such mottoes as "What is all this worth?" or "Liberty first and union afterward," but blazing in letters of living light upon their ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, those words dear to every American heart, "Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

And why not? What is left for you and me to cavil about, far less to fight about? When Hamilton and Madison agreed in supporting a Constitution wholly acceptable to neither of them, they compromised some differences and they left some other differences open to double construction; and among these latter, was the exact relation of the States to the General Government. The institution of African slavery, with its irreconcilable conditions, got between the North and the South, and—. But I am not here to recite the history of the United States. You know what happened as well as I do, and we all know that there does not remain a shred of those old issues to divide us. There is not a southern man to-day who would recall slavery if he could. There is not a southern man to-day who would lightly brook the effort of a State to withdraw from the Union. Slavery is gone. Secession is dead. The Union with its system of Statehood still intact, survives; and with it a power and glory among men passing the dreams of the fathers of the Republic. You and I may fold our arms and go to sleep, leaving to younger men to hold and defend a property ten-fold greater than that received by us, its ownership unclouded and its title deeds recorded in heaven!

It is, therefore, with a kind of exultation that I fling open the gates of this gateway to the South! I bid you welcome in the name of the people whose voice is the voice of God. You came, and we resisted you; you come, and we greet you; for times change and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; not a reminiscence of its passions. Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and whichever way you turn on either side, deepening as you advance—across the Chaplin Hills, where Jackson fell, to Stone's River where Rosy fought—and on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga and over Missionary Ridge, and down by Resaca and Kennesaw, and Allatoona, where Corse "held the fort," as a second time you march to the sea—pausing awhile about Atlanta to look with wonder on a scene risen as by the hand of enchantment—thence returning by way of Franklin and Nashville—you shall encounter, as you pass those moldering heaps, which remind you of your valor and travail, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes, with Grant and Sherman, and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars as if repeating the words of the Master —"Charity for all—malice toward none."

We too have our graves, we too had our heroes! All, all are comrades now upon the other side, where you and I must shortly join them; blessed, thrice blessed we who have lived to see fulfilled the psalmist's prophecy of peace.

Gen. William Warner, of Kansas City, Mo., an x-Department Commander of the Grand Army, was called upon to respond. He is a fluent speaker, with fine voice. True, he said the "Grand Army had no predecessor and can have no successor." Gen. Warner's response to the beautiful words of hospitality were abounding in high praise of the Grand Army but they were consistently void of praise to the Southerners. Gen. Warner missed the best opportunity he will ever have to express worthy tribute to eminent Kentuckians, if not other Southern patriots, whose consciences induced them to espouse the constitutional rights of the states. He could well have afforded to mention the name of Albert Sidney Johnston, whose career, according to the gallant Gen. Joe Hooker, was "almost god-like." Mr. Watterson omitted mention from first to last of Southern heroes and their achievements, but went over quite a list of Union officers in praise. He taught a royal lesson of hospitality, but Gen. Warner only named two Kentuckians, Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln. He might have done better.

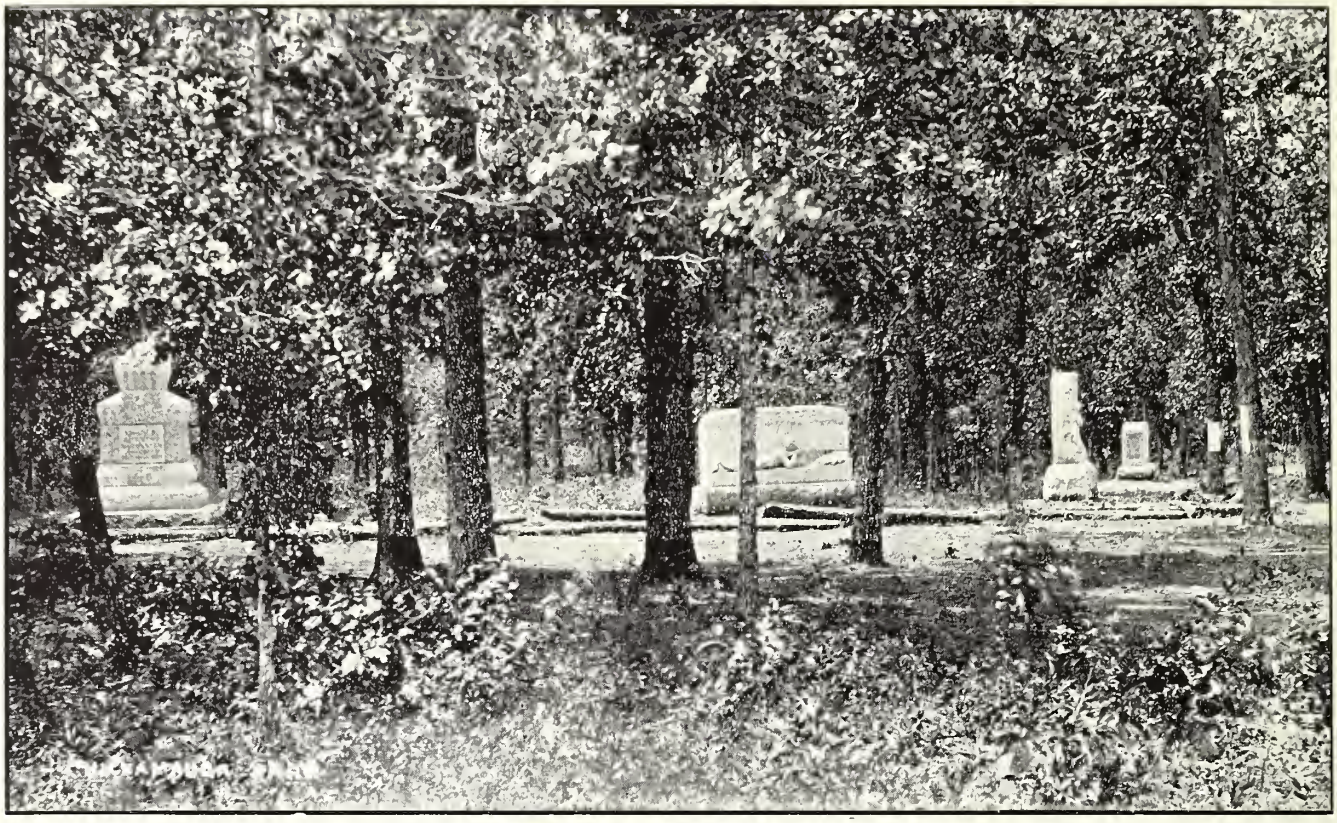
This complaint is made in the VETERAN in sorrow, not in bitterness. The Southern people had decorated their homes so that all Louisville glittered with the "red, white and blue." They were entertaining the Grand Army as royally as they could have entertained Confederates, and for the glory of America it is deplored that some man was not called to the platform whose utterances would have been like those of Union Generals and Bishops at Chicago.

The retiring commander, Gen. Lawler, made his official report, giving the following statistics:

Members in good standing June 30, 1894	371,555
Gain by muster-in	14,672
Gain by transfer	5,554
Gain by re-instatement	13,471
Gain from delinquent reports	9,343
Total gain	43,040
Aggregate	414,595
Loss by death	7,368
Loss by honorable discharge	1,437
Loss by transfer	5,763
Loss by suspension	33,589
Loss by dishonorable discharge	140
Loss by delinquent reports	8,659
Total loss	56,956
Members remaining in good standing	357,639
Members remaining suspended	49,600

This death record shows an average of a little more than twenty deaths daily. Gen. Lawler appeals for co-operative zeal in behalf of pensions. He makes worthy comment upon the desecration of Memorial Day. Concluding:

"Comrades, let us see to it that the day is kept as a Memorial Day; let us denounce in our own communities any desecration of the day such as races and games, excursions, balls, and other amusements—of which there is too much on this day. The tendency is to forget the objects of its observance and make it too much a day of pleasure and recreation."



SCENE IN CHICKAMAUGA NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

The Chickamauga Chattanooga Park dedication cannot be sufficiently reviewed in this number. U. S. Senator Bate's speech for the South will be the basis of another chapter.

The most impressive of all the proceedings was when the Governor of Vermont had spoken, and he was followed by the Governor of Tennessee.

Gov. Woodbury, of Vermont, spoke as follows:

This call is entirely unexpected to me, and I can relieve you by saying that I will not attempt to make a speech. The State of Vermont is proud to be represented at the dedication of these great battle fields, and we have come a thousand miles to represent, as best we can, the little patriotic state of Vermont. The military glory of Vermont in the late war was won at other fields, in Virginia, at Gettysburg and other places. At these places we were in the front ranks of the Union Armies.

I am very glad to be present here to-day, and was very glad to be present yesterday and see that great audience, and to see those that took part in the Civil War, both Union and Southern. It seems to me that this gathering of the people of the two sections of the country cannot fail to be beneficial to both. Our intimate relation with each other will prevent misconception. If it be as has been spoken, that those who wore the gray have now joined the union church, then we will give them the right-hand of fellowship. We are willing to admit that they thought they were right, but we cannot teach our children but that they were wrong. It is not often that both the victors and vanquished can receive benefits, but in this case the conquered are getting the benefit of that great struggle the same as the victors. There is no feeling in my country against those who wore the gray. (Applause). We have a cordial feeling for them. They were brave men and we came here to pay our tribute to their valor, as well as to those who wore the blue. But as I told you at the commencement, I would not make a speech, and for fear I will, I will now retire.

GOVERNOR TURNEY.

Tennessee's chief Executive welcomed the visitors' and was the next speaker. He said:

Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Comrades (and I speak to all soldiers on both sides as comrades): We fought the fight together. This is our common country. I was on the losing side. I believed I was right. I will not go so far as one of those distinguished gentlemen, the Governor of another state, who said that while he was willing to concede, we thought we were right, he would not consent to teach his children but that we were wrong. I want to deal honestly with both sides. When I surrendered I accepted the situation, and I have lived up to it faithfully and honestly to the very best of my ability. I feel that I am as loyal to the United States government as any man who wore the blue. I say this in the face of the fact that for four years and nineteen days I wore the gray, and was as proud of it the last day of the four years and nineteen days as I was on the first. Let us deal candidly with each other whatever we do. Truth is always best; so let us believe it best

and try to deceive nobody. It has been said that our children should be taught that we were wrong. I stand before you as one who does all in his power to persuade his children (and I have a goodly number of them) that their father was no traitor, that he acted from an honest conviction. He felt it then, and feels it now, and expects to stand by his convictions. (Applause). I allow no man to go beyond me in loyalty to this government. It is mine. We meet here to-day and met yesterday for what? Not to shake hands over a bloody chasm, but to bury that chasm out of sight, and march to the music of the Union. I do hope I have said nothing that would wound the feelings of even the most sensitive. I love to take by the hand a brave soldier who fought for the Union. I know that he was honest. No man entered this war on either the Union or Confederate side, and went into this game of shooting simply for the fun of the thing. When he took his life into his hands and marched to the front, he had a conviction and an honest conviction that he was not only fighting for his right, but a right that was worth his life. I am glad to meet so many of them here. Thirty-two years ago, as I understand it, you had then a different climate during the battles being fought around this city. You had almost winter. Now you have extremely hot weather. Then you met face to face, father fought son, brother fought brother. You were then in the very throes of death. We were not personal enemies. We were not mad at each other. No, we fought for a principle. I am as true to that (pointing to the stars and stripes) flag as any man who ever marched under it.

As the chief executive of the state of Tennessee, I extend to you a hearty, warm and honest welcome. You are all welcome now. Perhaps thirty-two years ago you were not, but you are broad, true and chivalrous men, and as such we welcome you.

VISITORS TO N. B. FORREST CAMP.

J. W. Willingham, Serg't.-Major; Chattanooga:

Many pleasing things occurred during the Park dedication. Of the many thousands of the old soldiers, the Union soldiers largely predominated. Many of them visited our Camp and exchanged friendly greetings. Only the kindest feeling prevailed. Over seven hundred registered at our Camp, while many neglected to do so through oversight. Company A, Confederate Veterans from Memphis, attracted more attention, perhaps, than any part of the military in the great parade on the 20th, and were cheered all along the line of march. Tender memories crowded upon many of the spectators, and many hearts filled with emotion as these veterans of many bloody fields passed in the great procession. They were commanded by their gallant Capt. Carnes. A large floral wreath, presented to them by a lady, was carried in the parade. An old negro man, evidently not expecting this feature, as the company came opposite him, was carried away with enthusiasm. Throwing up his hat he shouted, "Them's our boys! Them's our folks!"

Among the visitors to our Camp was J. E. Sanford, of Columbia Post, G. A. R., of Chicago, accompanied by his lovely wife. This true gentleman and soldier co-operated zealously with Gen. Underwood in connection with the Confederate Monument. Another pleasant visitor was Wm. F. True, of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, who was present at the capture of President Davis. He verifies that the capture was made in the early morning, and that Mrs. Davis threw a cape or shawl over his shoulders on account of the damp morning air. Peter Kapperser, of Syracuse, N. Y., was another visitor. At the battle of Lookout Mountain his regiment, the 149th N. Y., captured the flag of the 34th Mississippi Regiment, November 24, '63. Mr. Kapperser hoped to find members of the regiment here at the dedication, and failing in this, would like to communicate with them in regard to the flag. We were pleased to meet Mr. Charles Herbst, of Macon, representing the VETERAN.

CHICKAMAUGA REMINISCENCES.

Major B. J. Semmes, Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 20: My Company, the "Maynard Rifles," was attached to the the old 154th (Senior) Tennessee Regiment, under the command of Colonel, afterward Brigadier-General, Preston Smith, killed at Chickamauga. The morning of the 20th of September, 1863, I washed head, face and hands, the first time in a week or more, and the water I splashed on the steps of an abandoned house froze hard, but I fear to-day our Veterans are suffering from the heat who are participating in the ceremonies near Chattanooga.

With Col. Walton, of Holly Springs, (of Gen. Bragg's Staff), I assisted in mustering over 4,000 prisoners the day after the battle, and I was surprised at the number, the fine soldierly appearance in dress and bearing, of some 1,000 men who spoke no English, and bore the stamp of the German trained soldier, fresh from the Army of Germany. Those men belonged to Sheridan's Division, mostly regulars, and every man wore a nice, new Federal overcoat, as well as haversack, canteen and knapsack full of good clothes and blankets. You may imagine the covetous looks of our shabby Confederates as they marched them off to the station near Ringgold Gap.

My Company, the "Maynard Rifles," was organized some time before the war; it was composed of merchants, lawyers, doctors, etc., mostly men of thirty years of age and upwards, who armed, uniformed and equipped themselves in all things for the field, and were well drilled, especially in the skirmish drill, in the use of the Maynard rifle, a patent "breech-loader" then just coming into use. We used these weapons for the first time in battle at Shiloh. Our great cavalry hero, Gen. N. B. Forrest, was a private in our Company when the war commenced.

I witnessed a very uncommon touching scene, on the day of Chickamauga, which I never saw before or after; at different times, a soldier wounded in the arms, leading another to the rear with both eyes shot out. I often saw wounded soldiers carrying off a worse wounded companion. The night after the battle one of Gen. Bragg's couriers brought me his dispatch to the War Department at Richmond to be telegraphed from Ringgold. The instrument of the operator with me would not work, and we were in a quandary; when an officer of Gen. Morgan's Cavalry, I think his name was Gardner, and a Ca-

nadian, who had aided Gen. Morgan in tapping wires, etc., in his Northern raids, hearing of the trouble, produced his instrument, connected with the wires, and in a few minutes the dispatch was telegraphed. It was written in pencil, short and distinct, but ended, after telling of the defeat of the enemy, the capture of guns and prisoners, "the enemy still confronts us." Gen. Bragg did not realize the complete victory, and had he followed the urgent advice of Forrest, could have finished it by the destruction or capture of Thomas. I have that dispatch and other army papers yet.

KENTUCKIANS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

W. W. Herr, Owensboro, Ky., refers to the reunion at Bowling Green. He begins with a pleasant compliment, saying: I was glad to grasp the hand of a comrade who has labored so faithfully to keep before coming generations the heroism of our gallant soldiers of the South.

We were returning from the dedication of the battle field of Chickamauga. Our party of ten (nine of us veterans of the Confederate Army) left Owensboro on the 17th of September, taking camp equipage with us, and spent a week at Chickamauga Park, Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Many of the scenes were very familiar, as several of us participated in the battles there.

The place of intense interest to me was the position where the Orphan Brigade was engaged at Chickamauga on the 20th of September, '63.

Three of us, John H. Weller, Mr. Pullen and the writer, as Park Commissioners were there two years ago, all members of the Kentucky Brigade. We marked the positions of the five regiments of our command, and I designated the spot where our gallant commander, Ben Hardin Helm, fell mortally wounded. I was serving on the staff of Gen. Helm as aid-de-camp, and was near him when he fell from his horse. The Government has placed a very handsome monument at the spot where our beloved chieftain fell. All the monuments to brigade commanders and generals are exactly alike, without any partiality to either army.

Some of the Northern States have furnished splendid tablets and monuments to their troops, and others are at work putting up these memorials to their gallant soldiers. May we not hope that the land of the Sunny South will show its appreciation of our heroic dead and maimed veterans by placing at least one monument for each state, telling of valor unsurpassed in the history of the world?

And that old Kentucky Brigade! Will our State at some future day remember the devoted and undying love of principle displayed on that and other deadly fields, and write its achievements on enduring granite in front of our position at Chickamauga?

After more than thirty years, the scenes seemed as familiar as our own native hills and valleys. A strong position on the hill, with logs thrown up as breastworks; two lines of United States regulars behind those breastworks and the Kelley field in their rear—was the positian that the Orphan Brigade was ordered to take.

Our brigade with Breckenridge's division, had arrived on the field a few days before the battle, from Mississippi, where we had been sent several months before, to reinforce Gen. Johnston. On the 19th day of September we were on the left of Bragg's army near Glass' Mills. During the day the command had some skirmishing with the enemy and the artillery of the division had a severe duel with several Yankee batteries. About three or four o'clock on the evening of the 19th, our division was ordered to right of the enemy, when the Kentucky brigade crossed Chickamauga river at Alexander's Bridge after dark, and was placed in position in front of the enemy about nine o'clock p. m. About 9:30 a. m., on the 20th, the brigade was ordered forward in the following order: The Sixth Kentucky, Col. Lewis, on the right; the Second Kentucky, Lieut. Col. Hewitt, on the left; the Fourth Kentucky, Maj. Thompson, and the Ninth Kentucky, Col. Caldwell, the right and left respectively, and the Forty-first Alabama, Col. Stansil, in the center.



MONUMENT TO ANDREWS' RAIDERS.

(The Ohio Monument to the Andrews Raiders is located in National Cemetery, Chattanooga.)

Gen. Breckenridge's other brigades, commanded by Generals Adams and Stovall were on our right, which was the extreme right of the infantry. Gen. Forrest's Cavalry protected Breckenridge's right flank. Our brigade moved forward at a double

quick, under a perfect storm of rifle shot and shell and canister. The United States regulars occupied a line, or rather two lines, of breastworks about one-half the length of our brigade front. Half of the Forty-first Alabama, and the Fourth and Sixth Kentucky regiments passed the enemy's works with little opposition and captured a battery near the Chattanooga and La Fayette road. But the other position of the command, composed of the Second and Ninth Kentucky, and half of the Forty-first Alabama, was brought under one of the most murderous fusilades of the war. Owing to some misunderstanding, the command on our left did not move as promptly as our division, and the position of the brigade from center to left, suffered from a severe enfilading fire as well as a perfect tornado of bullets from the front.

It was here with the center of his command, and near the foot of the hill, that the brave and patriotic Helm fell mortally wounded. Lieut. Col. Hewitt, commanding the Second, was killed, and Col. Caldwell, of the Ninth, severely wounded. Col. Nuckalls, of the Fourth, was also wounded so severely as to never be able to take the field again. After the fall of Gen. Helm, Colonel (afterwards General) Lewis took command of the brigade, and brought the portion of the command back, that had passed the Yankee works, and made two more attempts to drive the regulars from their fortified position. This was not done, however, until late in the evening, when our old brigade, shattered as it was, responded nobly to the call of the gallant Breckenridge and Lewis, and drove the regulars from their fortified hill across the Kelley field with great slaughter.

The brigade went into the battle on the 20th with something over 1,200 men, including Cobb's Battery. Our loss in killed and wounded was 471. Of this loss the severest part fell on the Second and Ninth Kentucky, and half of the Forty-first Alabama. The Second Kentucky had about twenty-five commissioned officers on the morning of the 20th, and on the evening had only seven or eight fit for duty. The loss in the Ninth nearly equalled that of the Second which was about 55%. The average loss in the brigade on the 20th was about 33%.

If State pride will not induce the Legislature of Kentucky to appropriate enough money for at least one monument to such men as composed the Orphans, I hope the survivors will raise enough by subscription to build a monument of Kentucky limestone. Let our future generations know that Kentuckians, believing that they were right, joined our Southern brethren in the forefront of battle to dare and to die for their convictions.

The First Kentucky Cavalry was engaged in the battle on the 20th with the Eighth Texas Cavalry and some other regiments. This cavalry drove the Federal cavalry and mounted infantry in front of our left near Lee and Gordon's Mills into McLemore's Cove, killing and capturing many of them. The Fifth Kentucky Infantry was also in the battle with Gen. Buckner, and, was afterwards with the Orphan Brigade.

THE CLAN MUNRO.

C. C. Cummings, Commander R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, Tex.: In your January number, Miss Sue Munroe, of Wellington, Va., gives hint enough of the origin of the Munroes, of Westmoreland County, Va., out of whom sprang our President of that name, confirm my recent research—that is, they are of the Highland Clan—Munro. I have before me a short epitome of these clans under the title "The Scotch Clans and Their Tartans." Of the ninety-six clans there given, the clan Munro is seventy-ninth in number. The plaid of the clan is very much like that of the clan Cummin—(which the writer claims) —red, white and blue, from which it will be found, when traced to its last analysis, the flag of the United States sprang. I have not the space to go into details, but John Paul Jones, a Scotch-Irishman, was the first to hoist it on the seas, and our Washington first drew the design with the aid of a Scotch-Irish woman at Philadelphia, Mrs. Ross, of the clan of Ross. The Munroes had, long before the Revolutionary War, watered every battle field of Europe freely with their gallant blood in the protestant wars under Gustavus Adolphus. The little book says, "There were at that time (1638, the thirty years war) in the Swedish Army twenty-seven field officers and eleven captains of the surname Munro." The chronicler continues, giving the local custom of going armed, even at funerals, in the Highlands. "In 1632 the Munroes mustered 1,000 strong at the funeral of Lord Levat, in Kirkhill; the Grants were 800; the Rosses 1,000, and the Frasers 1,000, all in arms—a singular gathering." Of these clans on this side of the waters, in our late Civil War, the Grants, Johnstons, McClellans, Stewarts, McPhersons, Gordons, McLeans and McKenzies won undying fame in a mutual struggle for a better form of government. The war cry of the clan Munro was "Castle Ablaze," referring to the beacon or signal lights that flashed out from their castles when war was in the air. The Munroe doctrine of "Americans for America" w yet set the castles of Europe "ablaze," so that, in the language of Lincoln, who is an issue from the Scotch-Irish clans, "all men everywhere may be free."

Old Zollicoffer Barracks, Nashville.—J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Texas: It was there in 1863, soon after the battle of Chickamauga, that I, with a number of other prisoners captured in that battle, fell through the stairway from the sixth story of the "Zollicoffer" house, used at that time as a barrack. Over a dozen prisoners were killed outright, and more than one hundred wounded. I belonged to Ector's Texas Brigade. Got acquainted with Thos. Woods, of Tullahoma, Rush Murrell and David McCoy, of Winchester, Tenn., and a number of other Tennesseans subsequently while in prison at Camp Douglas, where we remained until the close of the war.

W. F. McAbee, Eliasville, Tex., makes inquiry of Capt. Hughes Martin, of Company D., Sixtieth Georgia Regiment. Would like to hear from him if living. Would also be glad to hear of David Mulkey or Corporal Melvin Jones, of Company D.



STREET SCENE IN CHATTANOOGA.

Vic Reinhardt, Terrell, Tex., relates a little incident of the Georgia campaign: At the time I weighed probably eighty pounds, and learning that there was a need for important information, I donned a farmer boy's suit, and secured some "ancient" butter and started out as a market boy. This was at Dalton,

I was informed Gen. Johnston believed that beyond Dug Mountain there was a flanking party, and I was asked if I could ascertain the facts. This was in my element. By various means, routes and devices, after awhile I found myself sitting on a log with the "Billies" all about me. I tried to sell my butter, but there was no use, for even hungry soldiers could not tackle the stuff. During the stay in this place I was especially guyed by a certain soldier who had the appearance of having imbibed freely of Georgia corn-juice. His remarks and teasing were so severe that I pretended great fright and cried piteously, threatening the soldier with my "Ma" and "Aunt Sarah," and it was apparently so real that the tipsy soldier quit. After securing such information as I could, I made my way back to our lines and to camp.

Now the peculiar part comes in. The war had closed, I had returned to Alabama, moved to Texas, had lived in different places in this state until I finally moved to Sulphur Springs, in Hopkins county, where I had once before told a small crowd of citizens the incident above related. One afternoon, in 1874, while sitting in front of Childress Bros'. store, I soon became interested in the company of story-tellers of the war, and Capt. Spence asked for my trip beyond Dug Mountain, as he remembered the particulars. I complied with his request and had progressed far enough to get in camp with the butter, when a stranger who had been listening and had recently moved to the town, said: "Say, halt a minute, mister." Of course I halted, when the stranger continued the story as I had previously told it, though he had never heard it before, and then stated that he was the drunk "Billy" that twitted me so. His name was Carr, and we became strong friends after that. He was living at Greenville, Tex. He has two sons living in Terrell, whom I see every few days. Thus the gray and the blue meet under the most unexpected and peculiar circumstances. Several have asked: "Are you the boy that belonged to the Twenty-fifth Alabama?" Yes, I am the same scrap of a boy, and could prove it to my old comrades, if I could talk with them. The trouble, or, at least one trouble, is this:

During the war I had so many nick-names that it took a good memory to keep up with all of them. I was called "Lum," "Dutch," "Fiz," "Leafy," "Rattle," "Merry Cuss" and "Victory." The last name followed me home and stayed with me during reconstruction days, and until my father told me to have my original initials (C. W.) dropped, which I did at Sulphur Springs, Tex., in the presence of Capt. Spence, of my old regiment. My old name on the company roll is C. W., but I was known as well by almost any other initials or nick-name as the real. Gen. Frank Gardner gave me the name "Merry Cuss." I wish also to say further that when I enlisted in 1861 I weighed seventy-two pounds, scant. When I returned home after the surrender in 1865 I weighed eighty-five pounds. I hope my old comrades will remember me as the same scrap of a boy that marched with the Alabama Brigade from the organization of the Twenty-fifth Alabama Infantry, at Camp Memminger, below Mobile, until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. I would like to hear from any of the boys.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

There is no other feature connected with the great war in which the dominant power is so persistent as in keeping back the truth about treatment of prisoners. The VETERAN makes for its theme peace and good will, and it chooses rather the humor of camp life than the bitter, horrible experiences of the prison. Good people North know of the "horrors of Andersonville," yet have hardly any knowledge that there were ever southerners in prison. A young woman of Rock Island, Illinois, who was discussing the severity of prison life in the South, was shocked to learn that there was ever a prison there.

Herewith is a record procured by a friend of the VETERAN, which comes from the highest source:

Dr. W. A. Robertson, a Louisiana surgeon with Stonewall Jackson's brigade, was left in charge of the Confederate wounded after the withdrawal of of Gen. Lee's army from Maryland. Being greatly annoyed by camp followers and others of the Federal army, an appeal was made to General Seymour, of the Union army, for protection. This was readily granted; and in addition, the General furnished such supplies as the Confederate wounded needed.

A year or so afterwards, while Dr. Robertson was in charge of Lee Hospital, at Columbus, Georgia, he learned that General Seymour had been captured, and was a prisoner at Richmond. The paper stated, also, that the guard were good humoredly guying the General — "borrowing" souvenir buttons from his brilliant uniform, etc., and also that he was to be sent to some prison further South. Dr. Robertson at once wrote to Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, about the kindness of Gen. Seymour to the Confederate wounded in Maryland, and asked for fair and generous treatment for him in return.

President Davis was informed of the contents of Dr. Robertson's letter; and orders were issued at once, that Gen. Seymour should be treated with especial kindness and courtesy. Letters from Gen. Seymour to Dr. Robertson, while in prison, gave assurances that these orders had been promptly executed. Mrs. Robertson has kindly forwarded to Dr. J. H. Currey, now Assistant Postmaster, Nashville, who was associated with Dr. Robertson at the time of the correspondence, the following letters, which fully corroborate this statement:

C. S. MILITARY PRISON,
MACON, GA., June 8, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: A copy of a communication from yourself to Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, C. S. A., dated May 10, has been received by the Commandant at this prison, who kindly showed it to me, asking of your Government kind treatment for me on account of certain circumstances that led to our acquaintance originally. It will gratify you, I am sure, to see the endorsements upon your letter. They are as follows:

"Adj.-General: Send a copy of this letter with instructions to Colonel Withers, at Danville, to acknowledge the humanity and soldierly conduct described within, and to provide for the comfort of General Seymour, as far as consistent and practicable, until he can be paroled or exchanged.

May 23, 1864. (Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS."

I need not assure you that I have been strongly touched by recollections on your part of circumstances that were certainly nothing more than the result of the most ordinary sentiments of humanity towards the unfortunate. You have my cordial and sincere thanks for thus endeavoring to procure a mitigation of the many inconveniences that attend the life of a prisoner of war. * * *

Your Ob't Serv't,
T. SEYMOUR, Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army.

To Surgeon W. A. Robertson, Columbus, Ga.

Another letter from Gen. Seymour, shows how he and his fellow prisoners fared subsequently:

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 7, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR:— * * * Here in Charleston I am much more comfortably situated than at any previous place of confinement in the Confederacy. We have a large private residence, at the west end of Broad street, with every essential liberty of exercise, fresh air, and salt water bathing. Our food is not only unexceptional in quality but in quantity. We are permitted to receive from Hilton Head such articles of clothing, etc., as cannot be conveniently obtained here. We are controlled by gentlemen, and not by jailors.

I was long a resident in this vicinity, and do not fail to meet every courtesy and kindness from those who have known me heretofore. I absolutely lack nothing, except the one thing—liberty to go North—that a prisoner of war could expect or desire; and to your prompt and considerate communication to your Government, I am sure I owe, and my fellow prisoners owe, much of the amelioration that has taken place in our treatment. * * *

T. SEYMOUR, Brig. Gen., U. S. A.

Dr. William Allen Robertson entered the Confederate service as a private in Company C, Sixth Louisiana Regiment, in April '61. Soon afterward, while near New Orleans, he was made Assistant Surgeon, and in February, '62, in Virginia, he became Surgeon of his regiment. Later he became Surgeon of Harry Hays' Louisiana brigade. For two years he was in the campaigns in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. He was severely wounded in Virginia; and his health failing, he was ordered South in February, '64, to establish a hospital in Columbus, Ga. Here he remained on duty at the Lee Hospital until the next fall. He was then ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department; and was made Medical Director of Gen. Kirby Smith's command. He surrendered to Gen. E. R. S. Canby, commanding the United States forces, June 9, 1865.

At the close of the war, Dr. Robertson married Miss Isabelle Garrard, of Columbus, Ga. Returning to his home in St. Landry Parish, he took an active part in the movement to rescue the state from Carpet-bag rule. For many years he was very prominent in parish and state politics. While President of the State Senate, he acted as Governor for months. Dr. Robertson was a member of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia; and at his death, which occurred some six years ago, was buried in their tomb in Metairie cemetery at New Orleans.

REUNION OF THE ORPHAN BRIGRADE.

Bowling Green, Kentucky, never honored herself more than in her welcome and entertainment of many thousands. The number was estimated at from fifteen to eighteen thousand, and there was an abundance for all. In his welcome address to the Orphan Brigade, Morgan's men, and other Confederates at the great gathering in Bowling Green, September 26, Gen. W. F. Perry said: * * *

Of course it will not be expected of me, on this occasion, to discuss the war. There are some features of it, however, to which I call your attention.

It was the most tremendous struggle in the world's annals. The soldiers enlisted on both sides aggregated three million three hundred thousand. Scarcely a day passed in which blood did not flow. Battles as great as Marengo or Waterloo were commonplace events.

The total enlistment on the Federal side amounted to more than two million seven hundred thousand men. They had an organized government, a treasury, unlimited credit, a powerful navy, and all the great centers of capital and commerce.

On the other side, were six hundred thousand enlistments, with an improvised government, no treasury, no navy, no manufactories, no effective army, and no access to the outside world.

In view of these enormous differences in men and resources, it is marvelous that the contest ever attained so great proportions. It is still more marvelous—and will be one of the marvels of history—that the weaker side gained more great battles than they lost.

The army of northern Virginia, which was often outnumbered more than two to one, drove the enemy from the field in four great battles, but was never driven! Until the break up at Petersburg, it never, in a solitary instance, slept the night after a battle an inch in rear of the line where the battle began in the morning. Like the giant rock worn by the billows, it could only be subdued by a long process of attrition.

The South was heroic in war, but in defeat, sublime. Let me give you some object lessons which will show how, without murmur and hesitation, it took up its grievous burden, and began life anew:

I was on my way from Appomattox in company with my disabled soldiers, whom I was unwilling to leave behind. We were passing through South Carolina, ravaged, a few weeks before, by Sherman's army. One morning I noticed two men just ahead in a field. Their garb looked very familiar. Yes, they were soldiers just arrived from Appomattox. And what do you suppose they were doing? One of them was strapped to a plow, and the other was at the handles! I lifted my hat to them with reverence as profound as I had ever felt for Gen. Lee. They were heroes. The next day I saw a woman and a girl endeavoring to plow a patch of ground with a refractory heifer. One was leading and coaxing and the other holding the handles. Even this was not the worst! That same evening I passed a little old man—he must have been eighty years old, not over five feet high—harnessed in front of a small garden plow, and a forty pound boy behind it.



MISS JOVITA BOYD,
(Sponsor for Kentucky at Houston. The name was erroneous in September VETERAN.)

Such sights were enough to melt a heart of stone; and yet they were fair samples of what was going on all over the South in a thousand varying conditions. The brave soldiers who fought, the patient women who stayed at home and sufered, decrepit old age and helpless childhood, were all involved in the dreaded catastrophe; and all alike shouldered their new life's heavy burden and moved on.

But, comrades, I am detaining you. May you have a delightful time to day. A whole people have turned out to welcome and honor you. Old men grasp your hands with swimming eyes; young men gather around you to gaze with admiration upon the heroes of other days; and young women would weave garlands for your brows. May you find, in their evidences of appreciation, some slight compensation for the hardships and perils through which you have passed.

The morning of your lives was stormy. You passed through tempests of rain, tempests of snow, and tempests of fire. The noon brought solicitude, and care, and toil. Society was to be reconstructed, your wasted fortunes to be repaired, and the claims of your little ones pressed heavily upon you. May the afternoon be sunny, the evening calm and serene, and, above all, may the sky be clear when the sun goes down.

An exceedingly pleasant feature of the parade was the presence of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, who walked with his veteran soldiers the mile or more. His snow-white hair and his erect walk with a cane which dangled often instead of being used as a support, and the luxury of a cob pipe, marked his presence in the line. Although much honored at the North, and a pall bearer at the burial of Gen. Grant, he has never yet apologized for his conduct in 1861-5.

When in command of the Department South, the Orphan Brigade applied for transfer in its desire to be under him, but thinking it could not be spared from the army of Tennessee, he wrote Gen. Joseph E. Johnston proposing to resign as Department Commander and come to the old Brigade.

LOUISVILLE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Louisville has honored Kentucky and the South by the handsome Confederate monument erected there late in July. The ceremonies were witnessed by many thousands. In the introductory prayer, Rev. J. S. Lyon said:

"God bless these noble women; in all the fierce struggle their patriotism was the purest, their patience in suffering was the sublimest; and in the hour of defeat their cup of sorrow was the bitterest. Accept this labor of their love as an effective instrument in thy providence of perpetuating the memory of the brave, and accomplishing that wide and profound peace which will make our united nation that happy and blessed people whose God is the Lord, in the name and for the sake of our adorable Redeemer. Amen."

In his introductory address, Chairman Jacob said:

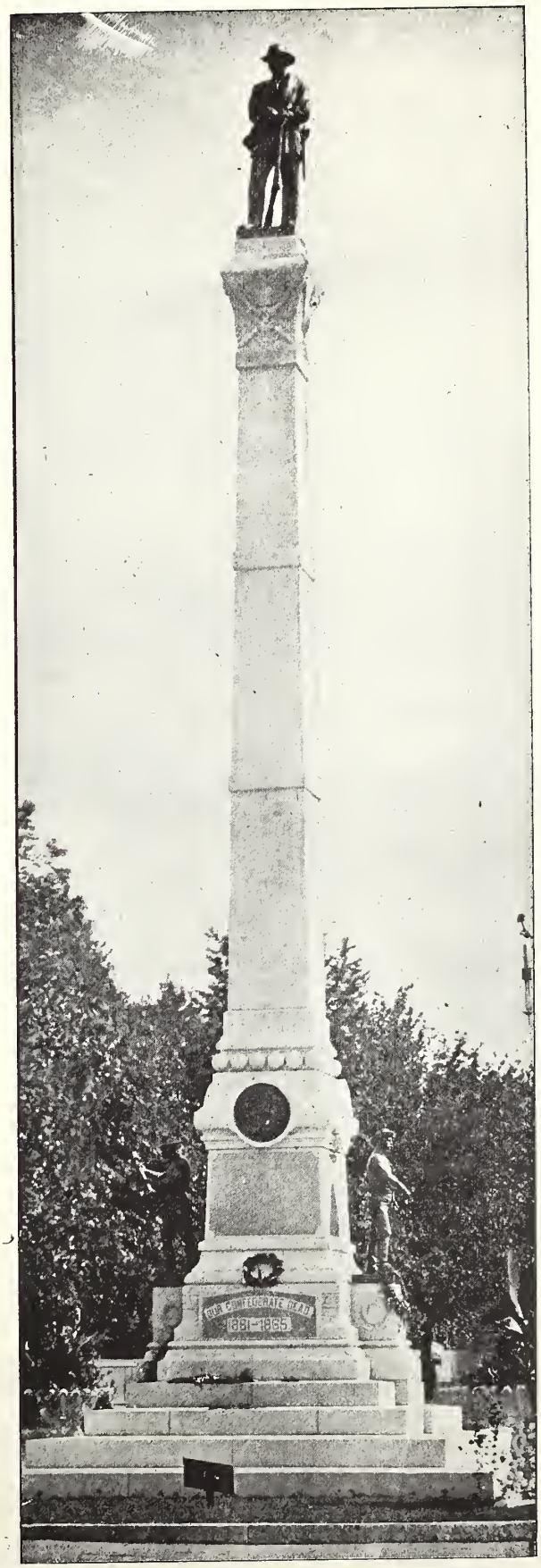
Ah! the trials and tribulations of the noble women, who, like Rachel, mourned and would not be comforted, because her children were not; when every letter was written with a tear, and every word was the noise of a broken heart.

Chairman Jacob spoke feelingly of the deep affliction which had come upon Mrs. Susan Preston Hepburn, President of the Kentucky Women's Monumental Association, in the loss of her neice, Mrs. Kinney, daughter of Col. William Preston Johnston, and granddaughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. He said that at the request of Mrs. Hepburn, and by the unanimous request of the ladies of the Executive Committee, the honor of unveiling the monument was conferred upon Mrs. W. N. Haldeman, which she gracefully performed, and the instant the massive bronze figure surmounting the shaft stood out against the sky, cheering and clapping of hands began and continued for some time. Scarcely had this ceased when the band struck up with "Way Down South in Dixie," while the throng of people met the sentiment with ringing cheers.

Gen. Basil Duke was the orator of the occasion, and spoke at length. He dwelt upon the heroic devotion to principle of Confederate soldiers, and on this line he said:

Was it for gold or rank that they gave their breasts to the battle? Were they lured by the thirst for fame? Did they leave home and family, the rooftree beneath which all that was dearest to them on earth was gathered; the father who had hoped that the boy he had reared would be the staff of his declining age, and the mother whose tender love the tenderest care could never requite; perhaps wife and little ones, dearer than life itself; was all this wealth of happiness relinquished for the bubble, reputation, or any wish of gain? We know that such thoughts had no part in determining the choice they made.

With youthful ardor and fiery zeal they rushed to arms, believing their cause invincible because they believed it just. When terrible disaster, which their victories could neither arrest or disguise, had dispelled all hope of ultimate success, they yet remained as firm in their fealty as in their convic-



(Erected by Muldoon Monument Company, Louisville.)

tions, and fought on with resolution unabated and devotion unimpaired. No change in the conditions or in the aspect of the struggle affected in anywise their heroic steadfastness of purpose.

We may not claim for them the wreath of the victor; even when we speak their eulogies we may sound no strain of triumph. But while our eyes are dimmed with sorrow when we think of them fallen, our hearts beat with pride when we remember how and for what they died.

Faces changed quickly to expressions of sadness as the Confederate Choir sang sweetly and touchingly "Tell the Boys I'm Coming Soon."

In the closing prayer Rev. J. M. Weaver said: * * * "May the memories of the brave and suffering ones of the past ever influence us to deeds of charity and kindness in our intercourse with our fellow-countrymen. Bless our rulers and grant them wisdom to so conduct the affairs of state that Thy great name may be glorified and the people benefited."

The multitude sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee." There was no Confederate flag to be seen in all the decorations, but at the conclusion of the ceremonies the Rev. G. B. Overton and Capt. John H. Weller, held up from the front of the stand for display a large silk Confederate flag, which had been torn and bullet-pierced while upheld by gallant Kentucky soldiers.

The Association worked very hard to raise the funds for the monument. The whole amount raised is about $10,200, and represents the toil and devotion of the women. The Courier-Journal states:

In the decade that has passed many entertainments and public affairs have taken place under the auspices of the Association, that have made the social bond of interest among members very binding. The public has had the pleasure of many evenings of entertainment, and cannot fail to look back over the numerous entertainments with regret that such associations have now ended. The first money for the fund was obtained by a lawn fete at the country home in Jefferson County of Mrs. Flora Williams. The second entertainment was a picnic at Fisherville. The third was a children's entertainment given at the private school of Miss Henrietta Johnston, on Breckinridge Street near Fourth. An oyster supper was given at the home of Mrs. Albert Smith. The following four entertainments were the greatest financial successes, and from which the first large sums were realized. They were a bazar, given at the residence of Mrs. W. N. Haldeman; the Kindersymphony, Ben Hur, and the World's Fair, the latter having been given at Music Hall in May, 1894. The following are the present officers of the Association:

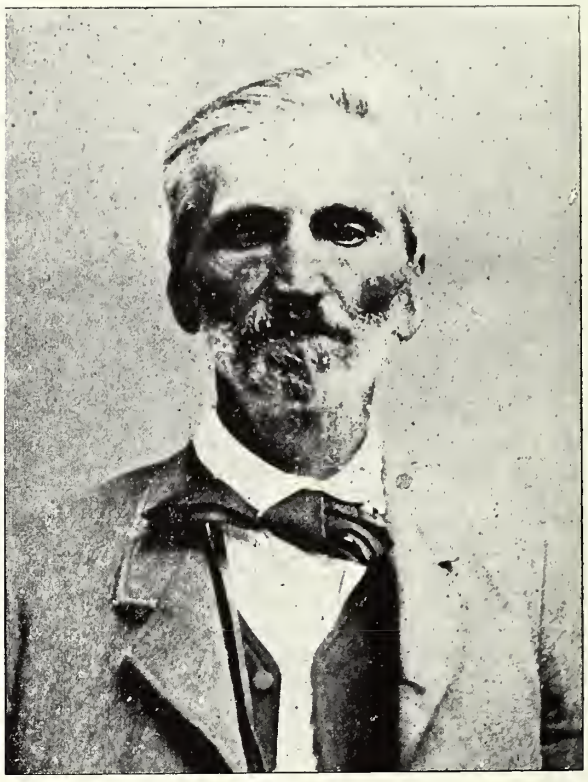
President—Mrs. Hepburn, Vice-President—Mrs. H. W. Bruce, Treasurer—Mrs. Basil W. Duke, Secretary—Mrs. Andrew Sea.

The Executive Committee—Chairman, Mrs. W. N. Haldeman, with Mrs. John Herndon, alternate; Mesdames Walker, Benedict, Z. L. Wallis, Charles Semple, David Yandell, A. Carrington.

Auxiliary Committee—Mrs. Reginald Thompson, Chairman.

W. B. TATE, DONOR TO COMRADES.

J. W. Godwin, Mossy Creek, Tenn., writes: W. B. Tate was born where he now lives, in Grainger County, Tenn., in December, 1820. He enlisted early in 1861, at Cumberland Gap, in B. M. Branner's Cavalry Company. Soon afterwards he was transferred to the Ninteenth Tennessee Infantry, Heiskill's Company K.; was at Wild Cat, Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Corinth, Murfreesboro and Vicksburg. Was discharged at Vicksburg before the investment, and returned home. Soon afterwards he was appointed by R. T. Wilson to gather up and forward supplies to the army, which was faithfully and efficiently done, until the Federals took possession of East Tennessee.



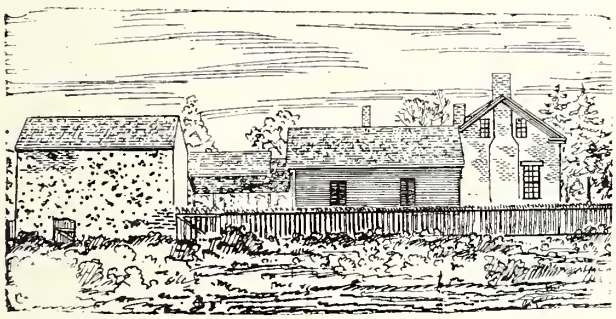
Mr. Tate was never married, has always been a farmer, and has been very prosperous. In 1889 he donated $20,000 to the blind one-armed and one-legged Confederate soldiers then living in the First and Second Congressional Districts of Tennessee. The beneficiaries were about thirty-eight in number. Mr. Tate now owns one-half of the capital stock in the Mossy Creek Bank.

Captain H. H. Taylor, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes that the author of "Farewell to Johnson's Island," on page 252, August number, was written by Thomas Usher Tidmarsh, a Hungarian soldier of fortune, that had espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and was for several months a prisoner at the island. He wrote it just before starting through an exchange on the wall of Black—4. Capt. Taylor was for about nineteen months a dweller upon that bleak island.

SOUTHERN WOMEN AT FRANKLIN.

D. M. C. writes from Franklin, Tenn., giving some humorous incidents that he witnessed.

In March, 1862, when the news came that Buell's army would pass through Franklin the next day, everybody was intensely excited and awaited with eagerness its approach, as none had ever seen a "live Yankee" and wondered what they would do when he came.



CARTER HOUSE AT FRANKLIN.
(View from Confederate Battle Line.)

Bright and early the next morning the cry was heard, "The Yankees have come!" The cavalry had arrived, but found no Confederates lurking behind. Soon after came the infantry, thousands upon thousands, well dressed in new uniforms, bands playing and flags flying—an imposing sight.

While the troops were passing, an officer of pompous mien, with dangling sword and waving plumes, rode up to a group of ladies standing on the steps of the old Dempsey house, at the foot of Main street, and asked one of them, Miss Winnie Nichols, then a blooming lass, but now a dignified matron, "What beautiful stream is that?" referring to Harpeth River. She instantly replied: "That, sir, is second Bull Run, and you are now on your way to second Manassas." At the reply he became furious and livid with rage, but his fellow officers, who heard the repartee and appreciated the wit, exploded with laughter at his discomfiture, and in turn, saluted the young lady, doffing their caps to her. She is even now an enthusiastic worker for the "Lost Cause."

During the passage of the army quite a concourse of citizens of both sexes crowded the streets, and while watching the troops go by, an amusing scene occurred at the foot of Main street near the old Spencer mill, subsequently destroyed by Gen. Stanley's cavalry. Miss Peggy McK., an aged lady, better known as "aunt Peggy," suddenly, to the surprise of every one, began a tirade of abuse upon the passing soldiery, hurling at them, "Oh, you nasty, thieving d—s! You infernal, blue-bellied Yankees! You came down here to steal our niggers!" etc. Her friends finally got her into the mill and somewhat curbed her violence of temper. Some of the officers laughed at her outburst of fury, while others, less liberal in their views, proposed to arrest her, but were persuaded from it. This is typical of that time. She was a gifted woman, "clothed in her right mind." She was intensely devoted to the Southern Cause, and lived to a ripe old age, long after the close of the war, and saw many more Yankees, among them several relatives. Peace to her ashes.

ABOUT "BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

Dr. A. J. Thomas, Medical Superintendent Indiana Hospital for Insane, Evansville, Ind., Sept. 18, '95.:

In the July number of the VETERAN, Wm. Fort Smith, of Brazoria, Tex., describes the scene when he heard Harry McCarthy sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag" at the Academy of Music in New Orleans, in September, 1861, and says this was the first time the song was ever sung.

Comrade Smith is mistaken as to the time. In September, 1861, I was marching through Missouri, Northern Arkansas, and the Indian Territory, to the inspiring notes of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and it was sung every night at every campfire of the Army of Ben. McCulloch and "Old Pap" Price.

I knew Harry McCarthy well—also his wife, Lottie. When I first met them in December, 1860, they were traveling together giving variety concerts. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was composed and first sung by Harry McCarthy in January, 1861, the night of the day that the ordinance of secession was passed by the convention of Mississippi. I did not hear McCarthy sing it that night, but afterward heard him sing it at Raymond, Miss. I attended several entertainments given by them, and one evening danced with Mrs. McCarthy after the entertainment was finished, the young folks of the town having organized a dance in the ball-room of the Oak Tree Hotel in Raymond.

I know that Harry McCarthy is entitled to all the honor which the "Bonnie Blue Flag" would bring to him, and no other claim should be considered. There have been imitations of this song, and additions to it, but none have been superior to the first edition, as written and sung by Harry McCarthy.

I am more than pleased with the VETERAN. There are enough Confederates in this city to form a Camp, and I intend to shake them up this winter.

L. W. Chapin, Livingston, Tenn.: I noticed an article in the July VETERAN about Terry's Texas Rangers, which recalls to mind Lieut. Gulue. He had a few men with him, and was connected with Col. John Hughes' scouts in Middle Tennessee. He was a fine looking man and good soldier. Was wounded in the fall of 1863, in White county, on Calf-killer Creek. He left the command and went to William Officer's, at the foot of Cumberland Mountain in Overton county, to spend the night, and was captured with his men there the next morning, seven in all, and all were murdered. I write this note in order that his friends or relatives may know what became of him.

Hon. Flournoy Rivers, Pulaski, Tenn.: The people of Giles county are much interested in the Sam Davis monument, but there is only one opinion about it here—that it ought to stand on the spot where he was hanged, and if that is impossible, on the Square in Pulaski.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.



The National organization of Daughters of the Confederacy will meet in Nashville, November 6. An increased representation is expected. The local members are arranging for a cordial reception and hope to aid their patriotic sisters as much as practicable.

It is expected and earnestly desired that all of our people give earnest attention to the Daughters in Atlanta, who have erected their own building for the exhibition of relics.

A Nashville Daughter makes this pathetic appeal for action in behalf of the general organization:

The time, now seems ripe for the gathering of Southern women into one grand whole of sisterhood, banded together with "hooks of steel," standing shoulder to shoulder as a bulwark of truth against the assaults of every calumny and false history, which are calculated to mislead the youth of the South, into false ideas of the principles for which their fathers and grandfathers fought. Women are, "the books, the arts, the academies, that should nourish all the world."

That being true, in our hands lies all the power necessary to do what the organization, known as Daughters of the Confederacy, designs to accomplish. What part women bore in the great struggle for Southern rights, history will tell.

Behind the veil of golden glory which halods the Southern soldiers, can be seen the moving forms of the women of the South at all sorts of occupations, from the plow to the hospital ward; her every energy bent towards helping, cheering and comforting her soldiers in those four dreadful years in which they acted so perfectly their part of patriots in the tragedy of Civil War.

It is not only the daughters and grand-daughters of the commanders, but the mothers, sisters, wives, daughters and grand-daughters of the privates, whose duty and pleasure it should be to answer to the call, join the Daughters of the Confederacy. There is a great and holy task devolving upon you. Preserve the relics of the heroic dead; erect monuments in their memory, and of their achievements; build a Monumental Hall, which shall last through ages, and place these relics and accounts of their deeds therein. Point to them the youth of the South that it may inspire to noble action.

It is now thirty years since, the white wings of peace were first spread in a sulphurous atmosphere over a land desolated by fire and sword. Phœnix like, there has arisen out of its ashes, a country as fair as ever the sun shone on, with people prosperous, and happy.

Hardly can one be persuaded to believe that Sherman rode with the fire god at his right hand in his "March to the Sea," or that Sheridan courted his company in his "Ride through Eastern Virginia." Monuments have arisen on all side, and the flowers of thirty springs have been strewn on the graves of our beloved dead, but we want their history preserved that it may carry their memory beyond the time when marble and stone crumble.

A "Daughter" writes these strong words from Lynchburg: This organization, of very recent origin and yet in its infancy, so far as its voice and influence will be heard and felt in Virginia, (the battle field and cemetery of the Southern Confederacy not purchased with a Federal appropriation and dedicated by statute, but the spontaneous and patriotic sentiment of the survivors of the war and their sons and daughters), is taking a firm hold on the noble women of the South and is an assured success.

There are already four chartered and flourishing Divisions in the State and others in progress of organization, the parent Division being the Mary Custis Lee Division of Alexandria, Va., thro' the efforts of whose officers is largely due the formation of the Black Horse Division of Warrenton, Va., the Lucy Mina Otey Division of Lynchburg, Va., and that of Appomattox, located on and representing the last battle field and scene where 8,000 Confederates under Lee made a stand, but when surrounded and overpowered by overwhelming numbers, almost naked and starving, yielded to that to which human endurance was unequal, and laid down their arms.

The latter organization, the Appomattox Division, is destined to play an important part and wield a potent influence in the deliberations and work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. They already have a plat of ground at Appomattox C. H., Va., dedicated to the Confederacy and its uses, on which it is proposed to erect testimonials to the heroes who fell in the defense of the South, among which will be a monument to Gen. R. E. Lee, and a nucleus for that fund is already in bank.

The Divisions in this State are anticipating with great interest the meeting of the National Division in Nashville in November next, in which they'll be represented, and sincerely hope the outcome of its deliberations will result in increased interest and activity among the women of the South to make it a success.

Miss Ruth Martin Phelps writes from Galveston, Tex.: "The Daughters of the Confederacy" auxiliary of Camp Magruder, No. 105, was organized January '95. Fifteen ladies composed the first membership, and the officers elected are: Mrs. Hallia Jack Ballinger, President; Mrs. Bettie Royston, Vice-President; Mrs. Fannie Denison Worrall, Treasurer. Enthusiasm has grown with each succeeding month; the Association numbered seventy-five June 1st. Every southern state is represented, while Texas predominates, of course. At our meetings may be seen the grandmother, with feeble steps and whitened locks, the mature matron, the blooming girl, mothers, wives, widows and daughters of the men who did so much from 1861 to 1865. All are drawn together by love of the "Lost Cause." We intend our Society to meet any demands to assist Camp Magruder in all calls it may make upon us, when our money is needed for benevolent purposes, and for social pleasures. Since organizing, the ladies have

given an entertainment, and with the proceeds purchased Camp Magruder two beautiful flags.

A Virginia exchange prints the following: We are glad to note the progress of the Mary Custis Lee Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, as the first chartered in Virginia by the National Association in Nashville, Tenn. It is the parent in our State, which has now three other divisions chartered:

The Black Horse in Warrenton.
The Lucy Mina Otey in Lynchburg.
The Appomattox in Appomattox.

And in October a State organization will be formed by the election of a State president and other officers, when it is expected many other portions of the State will be represented; and under the inspiring motive for their efforts, the ladies, no doubt, will accomplish much that will do honor to the name of the mother division.

The following is the order in which the National Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy have been chartered in Nashville, Tenn., by Mrs. Goodlett, President, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary.

Nashville—Nashville, Tenn., No. 1.
Savannah—Savannah, Ga., No. 2.
Wilmington—Wilmington, N. C., No. 3.
Charleston—Charleston, S. C., No. 4.
Jackson—Jackson, Tenn., No. 5.
Dallas—Dallas, Texas, No. 6.
Mary Custis Lee—Alexandria, Va., No. 7.
Baltimore—Baltimore, Md., No. 8.
Black Horse—Warrenton, Va., No. 9.
Lucy Mina Otey, Lynchburg, Va., No. 10.
Appomattox—Appomattox, Va., No. 11.

DECORATION DAY 1895.

On the dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, by the First Regiment Infantry, I. N. G.

Where the golden sheaves are garnered near the modest violets blue,
Where the wheat, the oats and apples, glisten in the morning dew,
Where the prairie soil, productive, grows the grain, the fruit, the men,
Where the genius of the Northland glows a brilliant diadem;
Where the school house, white and sacred, nigh the church's steeple raised,
Where with broadest Christ-like teaching, hymns of home and love are praised,
By the fresh lake and its waters, with the breath of all their breeze,
Stands the glory crown of Christian, in a shaft beneath the trees.

Since the days, men went to battle, and their coming home with spoil,
Grew reminders of the vict'ry snatched in death and sad turmoil;
Since they raised in vain self glory, skull and thigh and things of stone,
As a monument of vict'ry o'er their fallen foes alone,
Where the golden sheaves are garnered, near the modest violets blue,
Where the genius of the Northland keeps the words of Christ most true,
For the first time in all ages, since the sun did come and go,
Do the mighty victors, praising, raise a monument to foe.

Not to false hopes, nor false prophets, not to treason nor unrest,
But to manly men and brothers, fighting as they thought was best;
Not to argue now that battle shots have ceased for many a year,
For the White-winged Peace has folded round about the foeman's bier.
Not to fan the fading embers, with the fiendish breath of hate,
But to lay our Northern tributes on the silent wards of State;
Where the golden sheaves are garnered, near the modest violets blue,
Lie the gray in mercy gathered in a Christian land and true.

And as Christ himself hath taught it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself,"
Stands the shaft by Northmen builded, in their City with its pelf;
Rich and proud, the great Chicago, heart of Commerce, seat of Trade,
But its sons, and aye its daughters, of a better clay are made.
"God is love, and love is godly," so they thought this sunlit day,
As they dedicate to mem'ry noble deeds of boys in gray;
And their soldier boys with dirges, being the flower of City's pride,
Lay the laurel and the lily o'er the men who fought and died.

And the bugle sounds out softly, "Taps" for nevermore to cease,
And the rolling volleys thunder, "Men of gray now rest in peace,"
And but one flag waves above them, dead and living, old and new,
Where the golden sheaves are garnered, near the modest violets blue.

LAWRENCE M. ENNIS.

Historian, "Veteran Corps" First Regiment Infantry, Illinois National Guard, Chicago.

The author sends this letter, also, dating it, Chicago, August 25, 1895: I take pleasure in sending you a leaf from the history of the Veteran Corps of the First Regiment Infantry, Illinois National Guard. The "Veteran Corps" consists of the honorably discharged members of that regiment who have completed a full term of service. The enclosed lines, written by myself—a Chicago born son, of a Chicago born mother, and whose kinsmen all wore the "blue"—reflect the spirit of the citizens of Chicago, whose enterprise and whose Christian manhood rise far above bigotry, partisanship and cowardice. They may not express the full sentiment of the South, but they show why the Chicago boys dedicated the monument to your brave dead.

J. N. Ohlwine, a Union veteran of Cromwell, Ind., in sending his subscription to the VETERAN, gives these expressions, He represents a large element of Union Veterans in them:

There is much pleasure and profit to accrue to us, who were soldiers in the great war, from reading and expressing thoughts that are common to both Confederate and Federal comradeship. The patriotic fraternizing of the Union and Confederate survivors, upon the everlasting principle of "forgive us as we hope to be forgiven," is an object lesson to bloody shirt statesmen. South as well as North. Sectional strife will end when the veterans of either army meet upon a common level to do honor to American heroism and battle field valor. * * * I expect to see the day when the organizations of the Grand Army of the Republic and that of the United Confederate Veterans will meet in a grand reunion, with one patriotic impulse animating all hearts.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

THE VETERAN AMONG SOUTHERNERS.

The introductory article in VETERAN for September was to Grand Army people especially, who came to Louisville and were at Park dedications at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. Its approval by our folks, and its acceptance by the visitors, strengthens the purpose to address our own people with pleading for diligence in duty while they have opportunity.

With nearly three years of unrelenting zeal for the honor of those whose name it assumes, and never varying from the true line, with a reputation for integrity and independence, whereby it commands the respect of all men, the VETERAN makes general appeal to all the people of its section. [Its founder never asked any person to subscribe for it, but has given away many thousands of copies.]

First of all, to the Confederate soldier element appeal is made. Is there a man living who bears the honor of having undergone the hardship of a Confederate soldier without pay, who does not feel that record should be made of his service? Can any man of faithful record be indifferent to its perpetuity? Will all such respond to a request with military promptness?

It is that every one mail a letter the day before Thanksgiving—Nov. 27. If anything be due on subscription, refer to it whether the amount be inclosed or not. Send names of from three to ten persons who you think would like the VETERAN, and samples will be sent to them.

Is there unreasonable request in this? Every name has printed in connection with it the date of expiration. "Nov. '95," for instance, would mean that the November number is the last paid for. Then to write *on the day* designated would be an easy matter. If every subscriber would write on that day of even an hour's diligence in behalf of the VETERAN, the effect would be a sensation in journalism. The answer "Here!" as suggested a year or so ago, would give an echo that would reverberate in every dale of Dixie. It occasionally happens that a subscriber will let the time run out, and months after require the postmaster to report "refused." Doesn't it deserve a better notice?

The VETERAN has been faithful to every patron except to the contributors whose hundreds of articles are not yet used, until after the seasonable time has passed, and without sufficient judgment gives preference to inferior sketches. Arrangements are in process to improve this unfortunate fault, and to distribute the sources of contributions more generally throughout the great territory. The VETERAN ought to be discussed from the platform at every reunion, and its patrons—those who know it—tell of its merit. Its founder has never considered mercenary benefits, and while active and in health—changes are rapid—he pleads that every comrade know how universally popular it is through the unselfishness and patriotic zeal of the thousands who have made it a success and an honor to the country. Ah, the multitude who have written and worked for the VETERAN during the past three years and have given up life! It would be a work of gratitude and pride to publish a memorial volume in their honor.

Again, if comrades who know the VETERAN could realize the splendid results of such action, they would in their camps and bivouacs pass such resolutions stating that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has their confidence and approval, that they will in future look to its advertising columns and give preference in purchasing to what they see advertised in it. Now will they bring this up in their meetings and act upon it? Resolutions should be brief, but strong. It would effectually revolutionize general advertisers who ignore it because of the name. We ought to be clannish for the great good that might be accomplished. Don't fail in this last request, please, sirs. Do it for your own interest.

Daughters of the Confederacy, your co-operation and zeal for the VETERAN is sought with merit. It never has ceased to plead for your organization. You could serve it by such action as has been requested of Camps easily and with wonderful results.

Daughters of the American Revolution have a worthy, a noble calling, but should not that be secondary to the heroes of the Confederacy? Consider your blood. Are you closer kin to your great grandfather than to your husbands and brothers? Remember that men of the Revolution were successful, while your crippled kin of later generations made sacrifice equally as great without succeeding. Observe the zeal of Revolutionary associates who can lay no claim to association with the Confederate cause. [Don't let any critic misrepresent. The writer is the only surviving commissioner from his State to the King's Mountain Centennial, in which battle he had three ancestors in direct line.]

Sons of Veterans, your diligence could not be more effective than through the VETERAN. Will you act in the same manner that request is made of Veterans and Daughters?

The VETERAN is the most prominent publication that has ever existed about our great war. It is subscribed for and cordially approved in New England and in the Northwest as well as in the South, and every Southern man who feels pride in the gallantry of men in his section, whether of them or not, should do a part in recording the history of his people. Not a line has ever been published to his discredit, and the VETERAN is entitled to his respect and good will. Let all who know it be diligent to make its merits known, and it will do great good.

The Samuel Davis monument movement should have attention right away. Beginning with the November issue, a list of donors will be published with extracts from their letters. Giles County, Tennessee, has inaugurated highly creditable plans to raise a fund. Prominence will be given this theme in the next VETERAN, and copies of the June number will be sent free on the application of subscribers who would enlist others. Think a moment! Will you be careful not to neglect to do what your heart prompts you in this matter?

While writing the above, the following note was handed in from Mr. Jos. W. Allen, a man eminent for his patriotism and integrity:

NASHVILLE, Nov. 9, 1895.

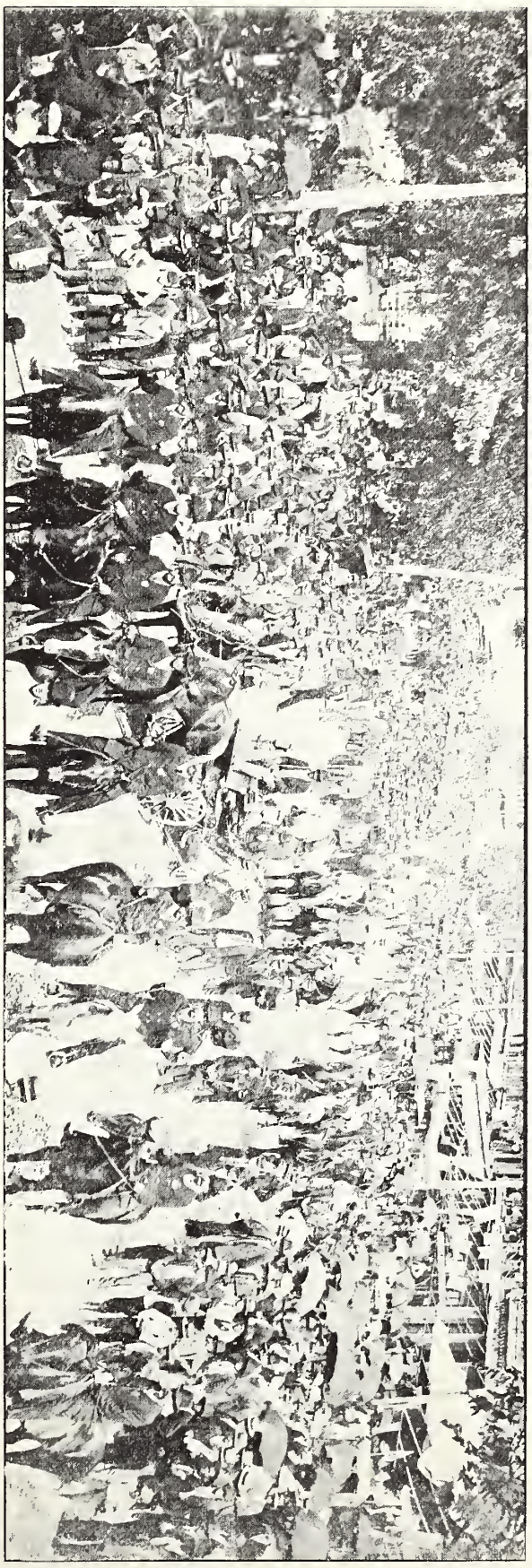
"I was rejoiced to see your suggestion to erect a monument to Samuel Davis. The civil war developed many heroes on both sides, and when true history makes its imperishable record of their names, at the head of the list will be Samuel Davis.

The grand old volunteer state is now preparing a centennial celebration of her birth, let us put a crowning glory to that auspicious event by erecting in front of our beautiful capitol a monument, one thousand feet high, to the memory of Samuel Davis, to tell the world that Tennessee furnished the greatest hero that ever lived."

The date that letters are wanted from every subscriber and friend—November 27—is the thirty-second anniversary of the death of Samuel Davis. How fitting it would be for the Southern people, and Northern, too, for that matter, to co-operate upon that day in building a monument to him whose life was as nothing compared to principle!

Much pride is felt by the Leonidas Polk Bivouac, at Columbia, Tenn., in its beautiful banner. The manufacturers, Wm. Beck & Sons, of Cincinnati, gave perfect satisfaction, and the artist, Miss Zollicoffer, who painted the magnificent portrait of Bishop Polk, will share the lasting gratitude of its members. There is not a more exquisite banner, perhaps, on the continent. It is too fine for careless use.

A. R. Elmore, who was a Lieutenant in a South Carolina Regiment, now of Kanopoha, Fla.: I always expect to have the VETERAN. It takes me back to the "rattle of musketry and boom of cannon."



REUNION DAY AT BOWLING GREEN, KY.



MISS PATTIE McDANIEL
Recited "The Confederate Dead," at Fourteenth Annual Reunion of Orphan Brigade at Bowling Green, Ky.



MISS ELIZABETH STOVALL
Recited "Wearing the Gray."



A Government Tower Near By.

Frank Carter, St. Louis, Mo.: In the VETERAN for July I notice several articles on the capture of the "Lady Richardson," October 3, '62. I would not willingly detract from the glory of the Thirty-fifth Alabama, which so gallantly supported us on the left in this action, which resulted in the capture of the twenty pound parrott. I desire only to correct history. After thirty-two years I have to compare my recollections with those of my companions also present, notably Col. Hutchinson, Adjt. Bowen's Brigade, then of Lovell's Division.

As A. D. C., I was an eye-witness to the charge. Bowen's Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-second Mississippi on the right of the advancing Division, Fifteenth Mississippi, Rapley's Battalion Missouri dismounted Cavalry, Ninth Arkansas Regiment, First Missouri Regiment, deployed as skirmishers, advancing up the slope occupied by the gun, supported by skirmishers in pits. The brigade was halted, and while being reformed for the charge, a terrific explosion of shell on the right of the Twenty-second Mississippi cut down a number of men. The order from the Colonel, "Steady! Close up!" and the fine regiment was again solid. A yell from the skirmish line then attracted us; a short fight, and the First Missouri was upon the battery. The order came from Gen. Bowen to advance the whole line in support of the skirmishers. I rode behind the Twenty-second Mississippi to the top of the slope. We passed the "Lady Richardson" in front of our position. I looked at the gun and observed the name painted in white on the breech. I also noted the appearance of one of the dead gunners, who had fallen with feet to the enemy, a ball through his breast—a giant in form and well suited to serve the twenty pounder.

The gun was hauled off by our gunners on the "Boneyard" road across the Hatchie River, where Col. Wade's Battery, then used her with telling effect upon the enemy's boats, until being flanked out of our position by Grant, the gun was spiked and abandoned. It was returned to the Federals in '63.

"Echoes from Hampton Day" is a beautifully printed and illustrated pamphlet gotten out in the interest of the Confederate Association of Charleston. The price is 25 cents and the proceeds are to be applied for the benefit of the Association. In sending for it, enclose two cents extra for postage. The help to the cause will be worthily given, and it will be a memento of much interest.



MRS. KATE CABELL CURRIE,
President Daughters of the Confederacy in Texas. (See next page.)]

THE DAUGHTERS' WORK AT DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, President Daughters of the Confederacy for the great Texas, writes—since the report in the previous pages was printed—quite at length, of the good work being done in Texas.

Her local organization at Dallas has been diligent during the sixteen months of its existence. The membership is two hundred, and with their enthusiasm they have secured $3,000, which is now in bank, towards a Confederate Monument; and as they are to have a percentage of gate receipts at the Fair October 24th, and have the promised co-operation of many Veterans and Daughters in various counties, they expect to add $1,000 to the fund on that day. Last year, with many disadvantages, they secured $694 on their day at the Fair. The ladies of Sherman, Paris, Melissa, Lancaster, Hutchins, Terrell, Forney, Waxahachie, Weatherford, Mexia and Pilot Point have promised generous donations.

Mr. Couts, of Weatherford, has a beef fattening, and others yet to report, are doubtless doing likewise. So, Veterans who once knew not "marrow in the bone" may expect to enjoy the fat of the land at Dallas, October 24th.

Mrs. Currie writes: "The noble old Veterans will be with us. Each mail comes loaded with words from privates and chieftains that they will come to honor the true women of the Southland, and to aid us in telling the story of Confederate bravery, suffering and patriotism.

Miss Lucy Lee Hill comes as our guest. Mrs. Willis, daughter of Gen. Sterling Price, and Mrs. Robertson, daughter of Gen. Dick Dowling, will be of the many with us to dispense hospitality to the Veterans.

Mrs. L. L. Jester, the "Song Bird of Texas," will sing only on the 24th, just to please the Veterans. She is proud of the title Daughter of the Confederacy. Her magnificent voice is known throughout the "Lone Star State" and the Republic of Mexico. She will be accompanied by Sousa's band.

The concert and reception for Veterans will take place in Music Hall from 10 a. m. until noon.

There will be a meeting at 3:30 to perfect the state organization, which is growing rapidly."

Mrs. Currie has just organized an Association at Terrell. There are Associations in Sherman, Victoria, Alvin, Galveston, Houston, Coleman, while Corsicana, Ennis and Salado have written for instructions. During the months of June, July, August and September, Mrs. Currie wrote with her own hand nearly three hundred letters. The spirit of "Old Tige," in unceasing zeal for the honor and glory of Southern heroes, is undaunted in her.

ANNE LEE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Appeal to the women of the South: The first monument erected "by women to a woman" was that to Mary, the mother of Washington. Now the time has come when every Southern woman must feel that the second so erected should be to the memory of the mother of Robert Edward Lee, Virginia's noble chieftain.

Of his mother Gen. Lee once said, "All I am I owe to my mother." And her grandson, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, writes of her, "I have always heard that to her noble influence the perfect formation of Gen. Lee's character was due."

Thus to Anne Carter Lee, the South owes her illustrious leader, whose brave deeds, honorable record and noble patriotism won for him undying fame and honor, and the love and devotion of a grateful Confederacy.

The women of Alexandria, Va., prompted by a desire to commemorate the virtues of the mother of Robt. E. Lee, propose to erect, in that city, a monument to her memory.

It was in Alexandria, in the beautiful yard of old Christ Church, of which he was, at that time, a vestryman, (and in which Gen. Washington had in earlier days occupied a similar position) that Gen. Lee announced his determination to cast in his lot with his native state in the pending conflict, stating his purpose to leave next day to join the Army of the Confederacy, and "offer his sword in defence of his native land." ('Tis said to have been the identical spot General Washington first "openly" expressed his intention to join the Army of the Revolution.)

No better place could be selected for the erection of such a monument. Her home was there, she was a member of the old Church, and but a few miles off her remains lie buried.

Will it not afford pleasure to our sisters of the South to unite with us in securing a fund to enable us to raise a shaft to the memory of Anne Lee? We are so fully assured of your sympathy and equal interest, that in making this appeal for your help and co-operation, we are satisfied we shall not ask in vain.

If there are some who cannot become *members* of the Association by reason of their inability to pay the sum required for membership they need not be deterred from helping; let such persons give what they can; any contribution, howevers small, will be acceptable. Many there are able to make liberal offerings; from such we shall be only too happy to accept gifts in such measure as they may elect.

All contributions should be sent to the Secretary, who is required (Art. IV By-Laws) to "receive all monies and pay them over to the Treasurer."

Alice E. Colquhoun, Secretary,
818 King Street, Alexandria, Va.

Mrs. W. J. Boothe, Treasurer, Alexandria.

This appeal comes to you from the Anne Lee Memorial Association, chartered July 23, 1895, in Alexandria, Virginia.

Trustees: Judge J. K. M. Norton, Capt. Wm. A. Smoot, Col. L. W. Reid, Henry Strauss, G. W. Ramsay, M. B. Harlow, Edgar Warfield, Julian T. Burke, C. C. Carlin, Douglas Stuart.

Lady Managers: President, Mrs. L. W. Reid; Vice President, Miss Sallie Stuart; Recording Secretary, Miss Alice E. Colquhoun; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Katherine H. Stuart; Treasurer, Mrs. W. J. Boothe.

Mrs. Mary B. Washington, Vice President for Tennessee, suggests the giving of mites by the multitude. Let all Tennesseans interested write to Mrs. J. E. Washington, Cedar Hill, Tenn.

COMING HOME FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

B. L. Ridley's Journal—Continued.

Comrade Ridley begins this chapter near Abbeville, S. C.

May 17, 1865.—As I write this memorandum for the eye of my old age and to recur to when I strike some old soldier who is on this tramp with us, I will take a bird's-eye view and make short pencilings of our party. Maj. Lauderdale, of Kentucky, is our chief of staff on this campaign, a lawyer by profession, a five year practitioner at Hickman, Ky., and a partner of our Capt. Roulack. He was at the time of surrender acting Corps Quartermaster—quits the army with high character.

Robert Caruthers Stewart is another of our party, a young man nineteen years old, and my associate as aide-de-camp to his accomplished father (Lieut-Gen. A. P. Stewart). We have been together in all the battles of the army of Tennessee, beginning with McLemore Cove, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Then we were in the hundred days' fight from Dalton to Atlanta, the battles around Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. Alphonso, another son of the General, is with us—a sprightly lad and very agreeable, but too young to have been a soldier. Capt. Hughes, of Memphis, Tenn., is the Major-Domo of our party, and very popular. He is on his way to meet a lady friend at Memphis, and we expect that he'll lead her soon to the "hymeneal halter." Capt. Jim Rawlings is the Chevalier Bayard of our party. He wears the heaviest mustache, the longest beard, and rides the best saddle-horse in the company. He hails from Chattanooga, Tenn., was clerk in Lauderdale's department for several years, and one of the best bookkeepers in America. It is doubtful whether the Captain is more careful of himself or of his horse, Jeff. This protracted war has postponed the nuptial with his lady love, but when he gets home there will be heard the voice "of joy and of gladness." We have five Irish teamsters along with us, all useful, well-behaved fellows: John Daily, Aiken, "Tennessee," O'Neil and McLaughlin. They mess to themselves—the last named is cook. They can smell pinetop whisky further, and get more onions and eschellots than anybody. O'Neil has a cart and mule of his own—is greatly attached to this mule, "Jerry." Says he is twenty years old, and has stolen much corn and fodder for him. He wanted to get a furlough for Jerry, and had it in his mind to ask the "Gineral," but feared if he did, he and Jerry both would be sent to the "divil." These Irishmen came from Memphis, Tenn., with Gen. Polk, and are now returning thither. They speak with great veneration and affection of Gen. Polk. Mr. McKee, of Columbus, Ga., is traveling with us. He is a private of some artillery company, and has been a pleasant member of our party. Messrs. Hill and Jones, of Tennessee, and a Mr. Ledford, of Texas, are in our company. This finishes the group, except my father, who seems as cheerful as any soldier, even if he has been a wanderer from the family altar for years, my servant, Hannibal, Gen. Stewart's cook, Jim, and his historic rooster, "old Dick." This chicken has accompanied the army through Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South and North Carolina. After winning fifty pitched battles, old Jim regards him as the champion cock of Stewart's corps. Have traveled twenty miles to-day. Crossed the Savannah River, and pitched tents one mile from Barksdale Ferry, six miles from Lincolnton. We are "on the heels" of Gen. Stewart. Heard at the crossing that he passed there to-day at ten o'clock with his escort company, Capt. Greenleaf's Light Horse from New Orleans, and Col Sevier of his staff. Will overtake him to-morrow.

And now we are in the State of Georgia, County of Lincoln. Passed Lincolnton, a poor village—never could have been a Rome or an Athens in its palmiest days. Have passed from Lincoln into Wilkes county, but avoided Washington, the county seat, the home of Bob Toombs, having heard that Yanks occupied it—don't care to see them. Called at a house to get a drink of water and found a note from Gen. Stewart, saying he would go on ten miles further, crossing Little River, and wait for us. We have now overtaken the General. He traveled a road parallel to ours.

Have this moment heard that President Davis is certainly captured.

May 18.—We are striking for the residence of Col. John Bonner, who lives in Hancock county. Have flanked Crawfordsville, leaving it to the left, hearing that the Federals are there. Crawfordsville is a small town, the home of Vice President Stephens, of the Confederacy. Camped at White Plains—hear that Stephens, Governor Jos. E. Brown and President Davis and family have all been arrested, also Bob Toombs and Gen. Cobb.

May 19.—Nothing to-day—have traveled sixteen miles. Will go from here, via Sparta and Milledgeville, to Dr. C. L. Ridley's on the Ocmulgee.

May 21.—Arrived at John Bonner's. He is a man of wealth, finely educated, but peculiar. At the breaking out of the war he filled his store-room with coffee and sugar, and has had an abundance all through the war. He is not a drinking man, but is possessed of this eccentricity: When he married he put up a cask of wine, and when his son was born, forty years ago, he put up a barrel of peach brandy. As this son (being the only child) had children, he commemorated the birth of each with putting up wines, and also certain notable events, until he had a store-room full of fine liquors. A sip from that forty year old barrel was sweeter to me than the fruits of the Hesperides, the honey of Hymettus, or the nectar of the Gods. This old gentleman had his coffin made out of the lumber of a tree, under whose shade some incident took place, forming an episode in his history. In that beautiful coffin was a jug to be filled of this forty year old brandy, to be drunk up after his death by his pall-bearers. He was a southern nabob—at one time he defied a regiment. Glittering wealth seemed to be around him—a magnificent plantation, once stocked with Devon cattle, Berkshire hogs, Cockrill sheep and blooded horses. The next morning he called up one of his little grand-daughters, whose heart, he said, was on her right side. We placed our hand over the little girl's heart, on

the right side, and it thumped away as naturally as if there were no freak of nature. (By the way, I have never heard of but one freak of nature, in the last thirty years, that excelled this: There is said to be a young man, near Sabinal, Texas, who has no ears, nor the sign of ears, and yet he talks to you like other people, and hears like others—sound is imparted through the mouth).

From near Col. Bonner's, Col. Sevier and our escort company, Capt. Greenleaf's Light Horse, go via Macon to Columbus. They expect to dispose of the wagon and team assigned them for funds to pay the transportation of the company to their homes in New Orleans, by steamboat down the Chattahoochee to Apalachicola, Fla., and thence by schooner.

The echo of the surrender is still preying upon me, and when I think of the future of the Southland, I am filled with dark forbodings. Had we succeeded, we had been patriots; as we did not, we are called rebels. No monument of marble, nor brass, now to commemorate the sacred principles for which we fought; no shaft to be erected by a nation in our honor, but in our hearts will live the memories and convictions that only force has smothered. The monument to the Southern Cause can only be, as was said of Audubon, the naturalist, who died and has no tombstone to mark his grave: "The little wren will only whisper our names and memory about our southern homes, the robin and the reed bird will pipe our principles from the meadows, the ring-dove will coo it from the dewy depths of our Dixie woods, and our mountain eagles scream it to the stars."

Charleston Evening Post: Among the many interesting articles of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for August, the "Journal of B. L. Ridley" is one of most vivid interest to South Carolinians. Mr. Ridley describes graphically his trip through the upper part of this state immediately after the surrender, and his experiences are so portrayed as to give a very accurate and clearly defined impression of the conditions that prevailed at that eventful period.

Jo. A. Wilson writes from Lexington, Mo.: Noting an article in the June VETERAN on "Young Artillery Captains," I call your attention to Samuel Churchill Clark, Captain of Second Missouri Battery, killed, at Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, March 8, 1862. Capt. Clark was a cadet at West Point, and would have been graduated in 1861. He was sixteen when he entered the Academy; hence could not have been over 21 when killed. I think he was a little over 20. He joined the Missouri Army under Gen. Price at Lexington and commanded a section of artillery during the battle of Sept. 18, 19, 20, 1861. Two of the captured guns were given to him, and he raised a company which was mustered into the Confederate service Jan. 16, '62. The battery was afterwards known as King's, and had an eventful history.

G. W. Tipton, Memphis, Texas, inquires:

Where is W. B. Jones, Colonel of the Sixtieth Georgia Infantry, Evans' Brigade, Gordon's Division? Also Milt Russell, Company C, Sixtieth Georgia Infantry?

THE CAUSE OF THE VETERAN.

Sentiments expressed by an East Tennessean:

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a bond that links together the scattered remnant of a type of manhood that the world never saw before and will never know again.

Stripped of all coloring, all prejudice, the real question involved in the "Lost Cause" was a struggle, a death grapple, over the construction of constitutional rights as established, vindicated and bequeathed by the fathers. Viewed from this standpoint, what an immortality Appomattox becomes!

Richmond abandoned, the executive officers of the Confederacy on the retreat, and left without one solitary adviser, the great commander balanced the odds and alone in the night watches formed his plans only in view of his responsibility to his people, to his conscience and his God.

To look upon him was a vision; to touch his hand was a sacrament; to hear him was a benediction.

On that sad morning he surrendered his army with all of its munitions of war. The great questions involved in the struggle were the integrity of his people and the honor of his soldiers.

Behind that grand old warrior stood the small remnant of weather-beaten survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, which had so long confronted Grant's large army, "clamoring" for extermination, and behind all that the adverse sentiment and active prejudice of the outside world. "Few and faint, yet fearless still" they stood, ready at the word to charge on to slaughter and to death.

Never before was there presented such overwhelming odds. Never before did balance hold such tremendous issues. Solitary and alone, anomalous, majestic, immortal, unrivalled in all the past, unapproachable in all the future, that occasion stands pre-eminent, sublime, the cynosure of all generations.

Tattered and torn, broken and barefoot, despairing of success, yet resolute and defiant in conviction, powerless in strength yet invincible in principle and conscience, that little remnant gathered round its matchless idol as he stood presenting to the universe the concluding act in the splendid pageant of the "Lost Cause."—the vanquished dictating terms to the victor; the "old guard," surrounded on all sides, beleaguered beyond all escape, demanding and achieving honorable recognition and triumphant vindication for the living and the dead for whom it stood sponsor.

Alas! tho' coming generations will not again look upon the like, because the world in all coming time will never again behold such a contest for principle by men who, "holding their consciences unmixed with guile, stood amid all conjunctures true to themselves, their country and their God." To us is left the heritage of unsullied and impregnable honor.

Their's no Judas kiss, their's no traitor's promise, and the pledge so given and so vouched, albeit wrung from them in their weakness, has been fulfilled in the gross and in the detail, to the last syllable and the last letter.

Immortal, immaculate, the memory!
Esto perpetua the sentiment!

FAITHFUL WOMEN OF MISSOURI.

All honor to the heroism of Southern women, who would not surrender their principles for ease to retain their own property and live at home during the great war. A batch of official papers has just been perused, showing the severity of Federal authority in Missouri. One of these documents is from the war department at Washington, under date April 24, 1863. It is in reply to Lieut. Col. F. A. Dick, Provost Marshall of St. Louis, in which he suggested sending through the lines to be exchanged such women, and adds: "They are determined rebels whose purposes no length of imprisonment will change. * * * * * *

"Several Rebel mails have been taken in the last few weeks, and I find that a large number of women have been actively concerned both in secret correspondence and collecting and distributing Rebel letters. I have for some time been thinking of arresting them, but the embarrassment is in knowing what to do with them. Many of them are wives and daughters of officers in the Rebel service. These women are wealthy and wield a great influence. They are avowed and abusive enemies of the government; they incite our young men to join the rebellion. * * * * * * *

"These disloyal women, too, seek every opportunity to keep disloyatty alive among the Rebel prisoners."



MRS. M. A. E. McLURE.

One of the most prominent persons now living whose devotion to the South is illustrated in the above, is Mrs. M. A. E. McLure of St. Louis. Every Confederate in Missouri doubtless knows of this noble woman's beneficence to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, and in other like worthy objects. The VETERAN anticipates some interesting data about her ere long. The excellent likeness in the engraving herein, will delight her friends. Mrs. McLure was the wife of Mr. Wm. R. McLure, who, with twenty-three others, was sent South from St. Louis, May 12, 1863.

The VETERAN has been favored with copies of various official orders made by her son, Lewis S. McLure, when he was a boy of fourteen. At that age he was imprisoned and tried by a Military Commission, but the court found him not guilty of the charges upon which he was arraigned.

TRIBUTE TO JUDGE JNO. H. REAGAN.

Among the most charming events of the Houston reunion, was the quiet little reception given Judge Reagan at the residence of Mr. C. W. Bein, Traffic Manager Southern Pacific lines in Texas. The beautiful home was the very embodiment of open-hearted hospitality, and generous welcome shone in the faces of the host and hostess. In few houses could be found so little affectation or formality, and so much genial good-fellowship. Supt. Daffan was there, with that cordial handclasp of his that gives one assurance of the loyal heart back of the hand; and Mr. H. T. Jones, who has a long, long list of generous deeds to his credit in the books they keep on the Other Side of the River; and Judge and Mrs. Reagan were the guests of honor.

During the evening a company of veterans, led by Captain Albertson, of Lake Charles, Louisiana, paused in front of the house. Mr. Bein introduced Judge Reagan and Captain Albertson, with the remark to the latter: "Please introduce Judge Reagan to the men, Captain."

The old soldier turned and cried, "Boys, this is John Reagan, Postmaster-General of the Confederacy."

Off came the hats in the pouring rain, and the old rebel yell shook the very trees, and tears shone on the furrowed cheeks as the "boys" of '61 greeted the man who had helped to represent the cause they had fought for. The years were all swept away, and it was not Judge Reagan of the bar, of the senate, and the railroad commission, who stood before them, but John Reagan, whose name helped to call up the long marches, the evening campfires, and the old time battlefields. And as the old boys marched away, Judge Reagan's own eyes were moist.

A. C. Wendell, Minneapolis, Minn.:

Copies of CONFEDERATE VETERAN received. As Gen. Lee expressed it, "They have been my evening's recreation." My small subscription to your paper will be continued. I was a Federal, but I am of the opinion of Capt. Jack Crawford, who said in his benefit poem to Gen. Hood's children,

"Those most bitter against the Gray,
Were generally sick on fighting day."

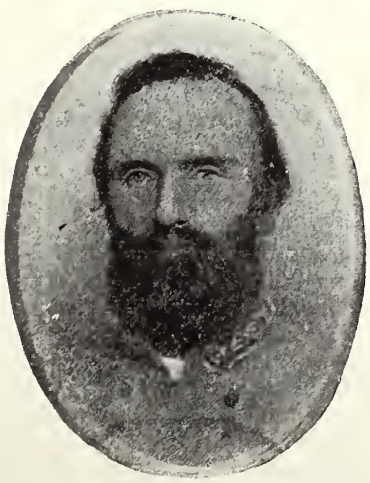
Those flag pictures I put to good use. One now hangs with our pictures in our G. A. R. Post Hall; another hangs at headquarters, Department Minnesota G. A. R.; and the other hangs in my room.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, U. C. V., Commander in Indian Territory, sends the following list of appointments on his staff: Dr. L. C. Tennent, Adjutant General; Dr. E. Poe Harris, Surgeon General; W. J. Watts, Quartermaster General; V. M. Locke, Commissary General; Dan. J. Kendall, Judge Advocate General; Rev. R. W. Officer, Chaplain General; T. J. Phillips, Inspector General; R. D. Bell, Color Bearer for Division, with W. H. Bailey, E. E. Graves, D. L. H. Spriggle, J. M. Grady, J. B. Walker and A. J. McDuff as aid-de-camps.



MRS. MARY ANNA JACKSON.

In telling of his "home life," the wife of "Stonewall" Jackson refers very modestly to her own family, that of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian preacher and teacher. Of the ten children, six daughters, all married gentlemen of distinction. Three of them were the wives of Confederate Generals, D. H. Hill, Thos. J. Jackson, and Rufus Barringer.



MRS. JACKSON'S BREASTPIN.

The others married Judge A. C. Avery, Col. J. E. Brown and Mr. James P. Irwin, all of North Carolina. Each of the ten children was a credit to the distinguished father and equally noble mother.

Mrs. Jackson has built an enduring monument to herself in the beautiful story of her husband.



"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S GRAND CHILDREN.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT AUSTIN.

The movement to erect a Confederate Monument at the capitol of the Great Texas, should be pushed to successful completion, and with diligence.

H. H. Boone the Major General Commanding U. C. V., in Texas has proclaimed:

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS DIVISION U. C. V., Navasota, Texas, June 17, 1895. In obedience to the resolution adopted at the Houston reunion by the Division of Texas, the Major General commanding hereby announces the following committee of seven comrades to co-operate with John B. Hood, Camp of Austin, Texas, in their efforts to erect a monument on the Capitol grounds at Austin to the Confederate dead, viz.: Gen. L. S. Ross, College Station; Gen. W. H. King, Sulphur Springs; J. D. Sayers, Bastrop; J. F. Elliott, Dallas; Geo. McCormick, Columbus; Joe A. Owens, Galveston; D. A. Nunn, Crockett.

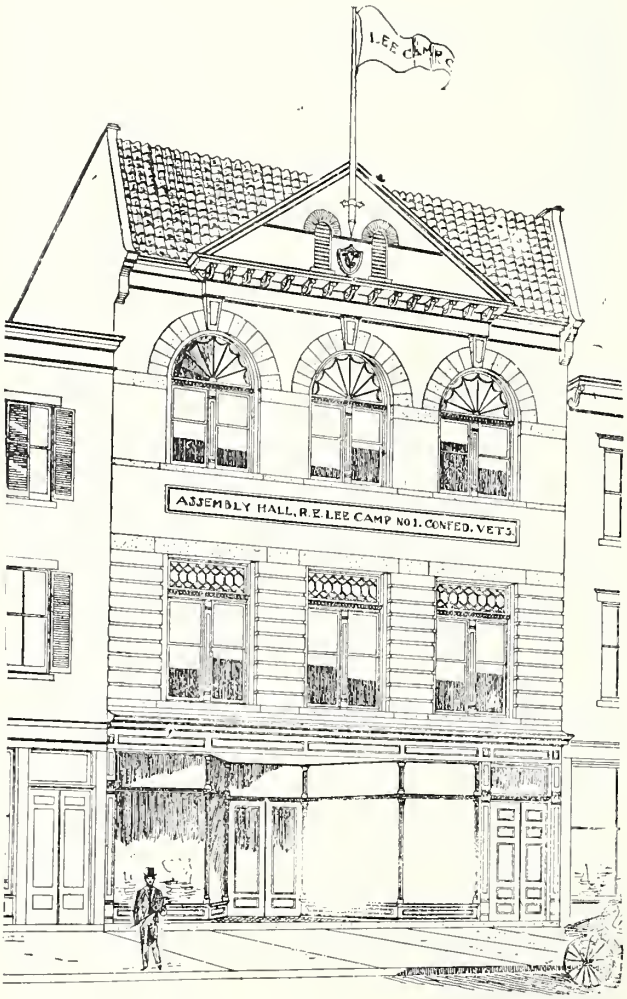
Comrades are earnestly requested to accept this appointment and to notify these headquarters as promptly as convenient of such acceptance.

Signed, W. N. NORWOOD, Adjt. Gen., also.

At the regular meeting of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac at McKenzie Tenn., the following officers were elected: A. D. Bryant, President; J. P. Cannon and A. F. Montgomery, Vice-Presidents; Jas. M. Null, Secretary; C. T. Allen, Treasurer; G. W. Rogers, Chaplain; V. R. Burke, Sergeant-at-arms; R. D. Gwinn, Surgeon.

NEW HOME FOR LEE CAMP AT RICHMOND.

The R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, in Virginia, and member of United Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., has had remarkable success. It is soon to occupy a new home of its own. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, was on his first visit to Nashville recently, and he talked freely of the Lee Camp and its advancements. He has ever been active in the work of its Soldiers' Home.



It was the first of Confederate organizations formed for the purpose of preserving the history of the war and to provide for the disabled Confederate soldiers, and was organized in 1882. Its original number was thirty-eight men. It has grown steadily until its membership is 700.

Finding its present quarters inadequate for the comfortable accommodation of its members, they decided upon the erection of a handsome building that would not only be a comfort and credit to themselves, but would also realize a handsome income, which could be used for the support of the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers who have attached themselves to the Camp. They recently purchased a lot on Broad street, between Fifth and Sixth, thirty-five by 125 feet, for which they paid $17,325 cash, and the building is now nearing completion at a total cost of $30,000. All the money is in bank ready to pay the builder as the work progresses.

The building will be three stories and a half high, with fine light and ventilation, and will be one of the handsomest halls of its kind in the country. The third floor will also be a handsome hall, that can be rented out to other organizations. They expect to move in on the first of January, '96.

The money to erect this building was derived from a piece of property bought eleven years ago, in the western part of the city, at a cost of $2,300. The city grew in that direction very rapidly, and the property enhanced proportionately in value, and has been sold at public auction for $43,000. Accrued interest made the aggregate sum over fifty thousand dollars.

Lee Camp built the second Soldiers' Home in the South, and it now has the largest one in the southern states. There are 277 men on the rolls, and in eleven years $350,000 has been expended for their maintenance.

Since its organization, there has been admitted, for permanent and temporary accommodation, more than one thousand old Confederate soldiers. The state grants an annual appropriation of $30,000, which is to continue for twenty-two years, under contract with Lee Camp. At the expiration of the twenty-two years the state becomes the owner of the property. Its estimated value at the expiration of the term will be sufficient to remiburse the state for every dollar it has appropriated for the support of the institution.

The Home is managed by a Board of Visitors, who serve without compensation of any kind. The demands are so great for new admissions that the Camp will apply to the next Legislature for an additional appropriation of $10,000 per year for the next five years. It will require that additional sum to continue the present number of men, as they are living beyond the income from the state of about $5,000 per year. While this institution was intended for Virginia soldiers only, it has taken and cared for seventy-two men from the other southern states. Applications are so numerous that the Board has been compelled to restrict admissions to Virginia troops, but at the same time they have retained the men formerly admitted from other states of the service.

The original intention of Lee Camp was to establish a Soldiers' Home for the South regardless of states; but when they applied to the Legislatures of the various southren states for appropriations to help support them, it did not meet with success, as not a single state appropriated any money for such purpose. But, the agitation of the question was the means of establishing many of the Homes in the South, and also of securing many appropriation bills for their states. The State of Georgia, which declined to assist Lee Camp Home in support of Georgians then in the institution, did, however, grant a liberal pension bill, amounting to nearly $600,000, giving $400,000 to disabled soldiers and $200,000 for widows. This is the largest appropriation of any state strictly for pensions, and the Georgia veterans are indebted to the efforts of Lee Camp for this appropriation. The late lamented

Henry Grady was very instrumental in having this appropriation made.

So, while Lee Camp did not succeed in obtaining assistance for their Home, they were the means of providing for a large number of old Confederate soldiers from the various southern states, and in this way have accomplished more good than if appropriations had been secured merely for the institution at Richmond. As their only object was to provide for as many of their old comrades as possible, they feel gratified that their efforts have been crowned, though in a different direction to what they sought or anticipated.

PATRIOTISM AT CONFEDERATE REUNION.

Hon. A. G. Hawkins, of Huntingdon, Tenn., at a Confederate reunion furnished some comparative statistics that may be studied with profit: * * * "We were outnumbered by over 2¼ millions. To put it another way, they had 4⅔ men to our one. Of the millions against us 494,900 men were foreigners. This number only fell short of our entire number 110,100, and was more than made up by the 186,017 colored soldiers enlisted in the Federal army. So, my comrades, it will be seen that we were outnumbered by foreign and colored soldiers, and had to contend against a surplus of 2,203,215 loyal patriotic soldiers of our own country. New York, Iowa and Connecticut furnished more men than were in our entire army. They had an army, a navy and ordinance to begin with, while we had neither. They had money and credit abroad, but we had none. And yet, in spite of all these things, it took four long years for the North to overpower the brave South. History presents no grander page than written by the Confederate soldier. We have a right to point our children and the young people of to-day to the sanguinary conflict which we passed through, and teach them that their fathers were not traitors, but brave patriotic soldiers. There is not in my breast to-day an unkind feeling toward any brave Federal soldier. Comrades, I utter your sentiment when I say that you, as one man, are ready to take all honorable, true ex-Federals by the hand and bid them welcome and God-speed in the race of life."

On the subject of pensions the speaker said: "The Government has liberally pensioned the Federal soldier. No true Confederate objects. They believe all deserving and needy ones should be provided for by the Government, for which they imperiled their lives. Millions and millions are paid out annually in this way, and it is right. True, many pensions are granted that ought not be, but this does not prove the theory wrong.

"The Confederate went to battle at the call of his state; he recognized its authority as supreme. He demands no pension at the hands of the Federal Government, but he confidently looks to the state. We must, as states, care for such as are in needy circumstances." Referring to his own state, the speaker said: "The people of Tennessee pay $60,000 per year to 534 veterans; this appropriation should be doubled and trebled. We dare not fail to be true to our unfortunate comrades; they must and will be provided for. In Tennessee all Ex-Federals, Ex-Confederates and non-combatants without distinction, contribute to both pension funds; we are doubly pension taxed. Thus it will be seen, that the expense of Government does not bear equally upon the people of the North and South. The Government does not want to impose unequal burdens upon any section of its subjects. To the ex-Federal I would say, the war closed more than thirty years ago. The passions engendered thereby have died out; we are friends, we are comrades now. We believed we were right, and have not changed our minds. You believed you were right, and are of the same opinion still. We cannot agree upon this question, but since the close of the war the Confederate soldier has been true to that starry flag, and is ready to follow it with the same patriotic heroism with which he followed that one with its stars and bars, which flag was ours. We stained it with our blood, we upheld it as long as we could; we love it yet; we love the memories that cluster around it, but in '65 we furled it forever. The time will come when the great heart of the North will say, no unequal pension burdens must be borne by our southern brethren; the east will as one man keep step to the same grand sentiment, and the ever impulsive westerners will tune their harps in sweet accord, and then the Government will find a way by which all unequal burdens will be removed. Hear me my countrymen, the time now is near at hand when a happy solution of this vexed question will be reached, and then ours will be an ideal republic. No north, south, east or west, but there will be in every section one happy, prosperous, independent, free, liberty-loving, and God-fearing people."

RELICS FOR ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

To the VETERAN: It has been suggested to me, to write an address to our Confederate friends throughout Tennessee in behalf of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition. They are engaged in a labor of love collecting souvenirs of the Civil War in the hands of Confederate soldiers or their living representatives, to be displayed by them to the visitors at Atlanta, in their own building, as precious mementoes of the most glorious soldiers and patriots of all the ages.

There are many swords and flags and guns and pistols and a long list of articles used in the campaigns by the Confederates that, if brought together under the care of these devoted gentlewomen, will be of profound interest to those who may view them. All articles will be scrupulously guarded, and in due time be returned to their owners with profoundly grateful thanks.

This proposition was made at our recent re-union at Columbia by you, Mr. Editor, and I think it my duty, in so good a suggestion to commend it most heartily to all our friends in this state, with the hope that it will be immediately responded to.

It is to be remembered that we Tennesseans will hold our grand Centennial next year, and these contributions, if sent in, will be swelled by many others, and will make, perhaps, the most interesting feature in our displays. Very truly, THOMAS CLAIBORNE,

Pres. Tennessee Association Confederate Veterans.

STORY OF "DIXIE" AND ITS AUTHOR.

The original Dixie, as photo-engraved in the September VETERAN, is an important historic contribution to the literature of the country. It seems quite providential that the generous but improvident author had preserved it through so many decades, and that it should be reproduced in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the thousands of patriotic people with whom it has been sacred for many years. Oh, the hosts of noble men who went down to death under its sentimental inspiration! After fifty-five years the author makes another visit to the South, and was recently a guest of the VETERAN in Nashville. Notes are made from conversations with him.

Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of Dixie, was born at Mt. Vernon, Knox county, O., on the 29th of October, 1815, and he has never been seriously ill. He received the rudiments of a common school education, consisting of "reading, writing and arithmetic." English grammar, geography, and kindred studies, were supposed to be superfluous, and the ordinary instructor was incapable of teaching them.

His father, Abraham Emmett, was the village blacksmith, and Dan, when a very young boy, did the blowing and striking before and after school hours. Lessons were given the children to be recited the next morning, but Dan was so occupied in helping his father that he had no time to devote to his lessons, so he got licked at school for not having them, and he also got licked at home for getting licked at school. However he grew to fair manhood.

When Dan was about fifteen years old his father bound him to the printing business, at which he served his time, and he was engaged by his master as foreman in the office the next day after getting his freedom.

In the simple story of his professional career, he states: "A theatrical manager came to our town, and did not have any one to play the violin while there. He was referred to my father as having 'a boy who could play very well.' So the manager came to the shop where I was blowing the bellows. He made his business known, and my father said: 'There's the lad—that boy that pulls the bellus. You can ask him.' 'Well, young man,' says the manager, 'do you think you would like to play the violin for me at night? You won't have much to do. Anything you can play will be right. In fact," he continued, 'all I want you to do is to fill up a vacuum.' Then I said, 'I do not think I would answer. You had better get somebody else to fill your vacuum up. It's as much as I want to do to blow this bellus here.' Vacuum was a new word which had never gotten around in our country, and we did not know what it meant. I supposed he would want me to go to work and fill up a hole with a wheelbarrow or something of the kind. That joke stuck to me until I left home. My companions would jeer at me and say, 'Well, Dan, when are you going to get that vacuum filled?' I was about eighteen years old when I left home, having my parents' consent, and joined Sam Stickney's Circus, then the best in the country.

"After having traveled twenty-two years with the circus, in the spring of 1859 I found myself in New York City, engaged with the Bryant Minstrels, No. 472 Broadway. My particular engagement was to make them new songs for the end men, plantation songs, negro songs, or 'walk rounds,' as we called them. One Saturday night after the performance, Jerie Bryant overtook me on my way home and asked me to make him a new 'walk round' and bring it to rehearsal Monday morning. 'Make one,' said he, 'that the boys can whoop and holler. Make it a regular negro 'walk round.'

"The next day being Sunday—and it rained as if Heaven and earth would come together—I sat down with my violin and composed 'Dixie's Land.' I took it to rehearsal Monday morning, and they were so pleased with it that they had the second rehearsal after dinner, so we could get it just right for the night performance. It was popular from the start."

In connection with the authorship, "Uncle Dan" said: "About once in every five years the music publishers would hold a convention in New York for the purpose of regulating prices, etc. My publisher presented proofs of my authorship, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the convention was held. The members questioned me and tried to entrap me. The New Orleans publisher, Mr. P. P. Werling, after having published the song, found out the alleged author had no claim to it, and he wrote to me and offered to buy the copyright. I took that letter along with my other proofs of authorship, with bills of the first night that it was sung, etc. At this point Mr. Pond said: 'Well, gentlemen, I have here the proofs that it was Mr. Emmett's song, which I bought of him, and paid cash for it and published it under the title of 'I wish I was in Dixie's Land,' and you have published that song verbatim, music and words, under the name of 'Dixie,' and you have got to stop it.' After Mr. Firth died, his wife interfered too much in the business, and Mr. Pond would not stand it for her to dictate to him, so he made a list of the goods, what all was worth, and the copyright of all songs was divided, and in her half was 'Dixie.' This was in 1861, and in ten years the copyright expired."

Concerning organization of minstrels, he said: "In the spring of 1843 I found myself in New York, and with three others of my profession organized a minstrel band known as the 'Virginia Minstrels.' My associates were F. M. Brower, R. W. Pelham and Wm. Whitlock. We organized and prepared enough of songs and negro acts to give three different performances. We were in New York at the Park Theatre for about three weeks, and went from there to Boston, where we played six weeks, then returned to New York, and played two weeks again, after which we sailed for England. We gave concerts in Liverpool, Birmingham and London.

"Previous to our sailing from America, Pennsylvania had repudiated her bonds, and when we got to London, on our first appearance upon the stage, a gentleman, dressed in Her Majesty's uniform, arose in the audience and thus expressed himself: 'Go home,' said he. 'Go home, I tell you, and pay your honest debts. We don't want you here.' With that an aged gentleman in one of the boxes arose and said: 'Gentlemen Americans, go on with your per-

formance. There is but one fool in this house, and that is he standing up there wearing the uniform which he disgraces.' He then began to hiss, the audience took it up, and the officer was hissed out the house. After that we had no trouble whatever, but were well received at every place we went, and we played all over England, Scotland and Ireland."

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Charleston News and Courier: Mr. Christopher Nelson, the well-known and highly respected porter of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce, claimed that the first Confederate flag had been raised by him, and referred to Mr. Lee Howard, who said:

"On the afternoon of the 5th of March, 1861, Mr. Colcock, then collector of the port, received from Representative Wm. Porcher Miles, Montgomery, Ala., then the capital of the Confederacy, a telegram giving the design just determined on by that body for the Confederate flag. I suggested to him to have one made at once, and have it hoisted the next morning over the Custom House. To this Mr. Colcock demurred; whereupon I ordered our porter, Christopher Nelson, to make one for me that night; and, to my surprise, but pleasure, saw it next day, March 6, 1861, flying on the staff of the Custom House. However, the sight of it pleased hundreds of our citizens in Broad Street on their way to business, many of whom congratulated our collector on his promptness in the matter.

"At about 2 o'clock, same day, Capt. Tom Lockwood, I think, of the City Point, came into the office to clear his steamer for Florida, and requested the loan of this flag, the first that had been flung to the breeze in this state, as he wanted it said that it was the first to float in Florida waters. This was done, papers of that state calling attention to the fact. The Courier of March 6, 1861, tells the whole story of the first flag.

"When Hilton Head was taken by the Federal fleet this flag was left flying over the marquee occupied by Major F. D. Lee, Capt. Langdon Cheves and myself. It is but reasonable to suppose that it is now in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, where such trophies are kept."

Col. John George Ryan, of Chicago, who was a steadfast friend of the VETERAN and to our Confederate Cause, died suddenly last May (6th,) and attention in these columns should have been given before to the sad event.

The Press-Eagle, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, has a fine sketch of his career, with a good picture. Col. Ryan was a brother of Gen. W. A. C. Ryan, who led the Americans in Cuba at the time of the Virginius Massacre, and was one of the fifty-three victims murdered in Santiago de Cuba, November 4, 1872, by the Spanish officials. Col. Ryan was a hero in the Confederate war, and was true to his people to the end. He had intimate press associates in Arkansas who bear beautiful testimony to his high character.

At the recent election of officers of Geo. D. Manion Camp, No. 145 United Confederate Veterans, Kaufman, Texas, Martin Haynie was made Commander and Dan Coffman, Adjutant. In reporting this election, Adjutant Coffman makes inquiry of some prison comrades:

I was captured on July 18, 1864, near Atlanta, Georgia, by Gen. Kirkpatrick's Command; was imprisoned at Camp Douglas, part of the time in Barracks 51, and part in 49. During my stay in this prison, I bunked with a friend from Bowling Green, Ky., whose name was Bowen. The other comrade was from Missouri, by the name of Best. I would like to know if they are living, and where. I belonged to Company E, Sixth Texas Regiment, Ross' Brigade, and wore a five pointed star on my hat, and was one of the five commissioned officers elected at Camp Douglas to distribute the Confederate goods sent to Camp Douglas by the Confederate States Government. I stole away from Camp Douglas under an assumed name, leaving Norris, of Mississippi, to fill my place. After the surrender I learned that Norris took the oath of allegiance in my name and returned home.

J. Mont Wilson, of Springfield, Mo., makes a happy suggestion in a recent letter by saying: "Can't we in some way induce the southern women to write more of their four years' experiences for the VETERAN?"

W. E. Wallace, Adjutant, writes that Camp G. R. Christian was organized at Antelope, Texas, August 10th, with an enrollment of forty-seven members. The name was given in honor of a worthy fellow citizen. By unanimous vote the VETERAN was made Official Organ of the Camp. Sol. Cornelius was elected Commander, and W. E. Wallace, Adjutant.

A. L. Steele, of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, Houston: R. I. Cook, Second Arkansas Infantry, (Burton, Ark.,) states that Col. Terry, of the Texas Rangers (8th Texas Cavalry,) was killed at Munfordsville and not Woodsonville, Ky., as stated in your July issue. Comrade Cook gets his geography mixed—Munfordsville is north of, and Woodsonville south of Green River. The engagement was south of the river and the Rangers, as a regiment, were never north of that river until Bragg's Kentucky campaign in the summer of 1862. Col. Terry was killed December 17, 1861, about 200 yards northwest from the Turnpike Bridge, over the excavation made for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad through the Gap at Rowlett's Knob about ¼ of a mile north from the Railroad station of that name. The writer was present as a member of that regiment and knows that after the regiment (only eight companies present), had driven the enemy's infantry back through the fields ¾ miles on to their reserves in the timber, the command was recalled to their original position by Gen. Hindman, and Col. Terry's remains were then within a few feet of where he fell when the charge was made, and were removed in an ambulance, furnished by Hindman's Arkansas Brigade of Infantry to Case City, thence by rail to Texas.

HONOR SHOWN A TRUE SOLDIER.

Comrades in Memphis recently buried Capt. Starke, a beloved member of the Association. The burial was private, but comrades wore their badges, and Captain James Dinkins made a brief address at the grave, in which he said:

It has pleased Almighty God in his wisdom, to take from this world the soul of our comrade and friend, Captain Edwin Temple Starke. The call has come to him which, sooner or later, must come to us all, yet we are shocked and grieved at his death. He died as he lived, among his friends, nursed by the tender love of those to whom in life he was everything.

In tribute to his memory, and as a legacy to his wife and children, we recur briefly to the life and character of him whom we long knew and respected.

It can be recorded of but few men more appropriately than of Captain Starke, that truth and justice and honor were the guides of his life.

To do justice, to adhere to the truth, and to maintain his honor, were sentiments deep rooted in his nature.

His home life was the most beautiful feature in his character.

He was not demonstrative, but his example will be remembered. His heart went out to every person in distress.

He was as brave as Cæsar, and as gentle as Ruth. His character as a Confederate soldier will live as an honorable heritage to his children.

During those dark and dreadful days his services were given wholly to the cause. He served with honor and with credit, a fact alone which commends him to every true American. His life was modest and unobtrusive, yet he leaves for his wife and children a name which time can never efface nor tarnish. He was a Christian gentleman, and we shall miss him.

The Pierce B. Anderson Bivouac, Tullahoma, Tenn., held an interesting meeting September 9, at the office of Dr. J. B. Cowan. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: W. T. Wilson, President; James D. Aydelott, First Vice President, O. V. Anderson, Second Vice President; W. H. McLemore, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; F. B. Martin, Treasurer; Dr. J. B. Cowan, Surgeon; W. D. Chick, Chaplain; and H. M. Kimsey, Sergeant at Arms. W. H. McLemore and Dr. J. B. Cowan represented the Bivouac at the meeting at Columbia, and quite a number of the members of the Bivouac and ex-Confederate soldiers from this section attended the grand opening of Chickamauga Park.

In these times of reunions it is rather a difficult task for the old soldier to remain at his post of duty and not to be present and participate in the exercises which carry him back to those stirring scenes of war; and we shall look to these meetings to help us teach our children and the coming generations that the Confederate soldier was not guilty of treason, but fought from motives of patriotism, and that the South has a history of which she can justly feel proud.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

A veteran states that Gen. Shoup's article in the last VETERAN "is not pleasant reading, as it reflects upon the wisdom of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the management of his Georgia campaign." He adds:

As to Gen. Shoup's fortifications, I remember them well, and am willing to allow all that he claims for them as strongholds, but if Gen. Johnston could not utilize them to advantage in arresting Sherman's movements, no other man could. Johnston certainly comprehended the situation better than any one else, and pursued the best course under the circumstances. Nothing is more obvious than that Gen. Johnston's entire Georgia campaign was as near faultless as it was possible for it to be with his resources. Talk as you may about his mistaken policy, everybody knows that, though falling back from time to time, he was nevertheless constantly punishing Sherman most severely, and that Lincoln, Sherman and Co., were "shouting happy" when he was superseded as commander of the Army of Tennessee. Gen. Johnston was not responsible for peace and war parties of the North. The peace party gained strength all the time that Johnston confronted Sherman, and began to wane immediately upon his removal. What would have been the final outcome of Johnston's campaign, if he had not been removed, cannot be certainly known.

IN THE INTEREST OF SCHOOL HISTORIES.

The R. E. Lee No. 1 Camp, sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, are active in behalf of true histories for Southern schools. They send out this:

Whereas, There are on the list of text-books for use in the public schools of the State only four histories, one of which is not fit to be taught in a southern school, and another, which is, in the opinion of experience educators, "unteachable," thereby confining our School Board to the selection of one of the two which are eligible when there have been published numbers of histories from which they could make a selection. Therefore, they petition the State Board of Education to place upon the list of text-books all the histories that have been endorsed, or shall hereafter be endorsed by the history committees of the United Confederate Veterans and the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans of Virginia when requested so to do by the author or publisher of the same, the said publisher or author making a similar contract with the State Board as those in existence with other publishers.

The camp wishes to see the schools of the State given such a choice in the selection of their books from the best to be gotten as will not compel them to select histories that are obviously unfair and untrue in their statements.

PICTURE OF COL. ROGERS WANTED.—The VETERAN has sought no favor more during the past year than a picture of Col. Rogers, who was killed at Corinth. Much of interesting data has been furnished for the VETERAN, but it has all been deferred for a promised photograph. Who can furnish one?

SIMPLE JUSTICE ASKED.

J. B. Polley, of the Fourth Texas, Hood's Brigade, writes from Floresville, Texas:

In the May VETERAN appears the following:

"When that splendid Division commanded by Gen. Heth was thrown into confusion by the impetuous Warren's Corps, just at dawn, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, only one organized command was withdrawn. This was done by the coolness of a Lieutenant-Colonel, whom Hood's Texans thought to be a Spaniard, owing to his very dark complexion. Was not this Lieutenant-Colonel Shepard, of the Seventh Tennessee, Archer's Brigade? The description is the counterpart of that gallant officer; and all who knew him know he was specially qualified for such work."

Not possessing any information on the subject of inquiry mentioned, I remained silent; but my pride as a member of Hood's Texas Brigade prohibits silence in regard to the following which appears in your August number, from J. K. Cayce, of Hammond, Texas:

"In the May VETERAN you speak of only one command of Heth's Division retaining its organization when that Division was surprised by Warren's Corps at the battle of the Wilderness, and you ask if the officer in command thereof was not Lieutenant-Colonel Shepard of the Seventh Tennessee, Archer's Brigade. The officer was not Col. Shepard, but was Col. J. M. Stone, present governor of Mississippi, commanding that morning the Second and Eleventh Mississippi, Davis' Brigade, Heth's Division. These men saved the army.

"Shortly afterwards Gen. Lee rode up, and Gen. Longstreet introduced Col. Stone to him as the man who saved the army. This title Col. Stone modestly declined, saying, 'My boys did it.'

"Col. Stone was afterwards rewarded for his bravery by an appointment as Brigadier-General, but refused the honor, as he 'could not take his boys with him" to his new command.

That two regiments of a Division which had been surprised and thrown into confusion by an impetuous attack of Warren's Corps, "saved the army" by withdrawing as an organized command, at a time when the Confederate army was about to be cut in twain, appears, to say the least, improbable. Certainly, however, the regiments mentioned held no ground passed over and recaptured by the Texas Brigade. Certainly too, Gen. Lee as well as Gen. Longstreet, must have been ignorant that Col. Stone and his gallant Mississippians were "saving the army" at the time of the occurrences narrated in the following, except from a journal which I kept during the war. Written, as my account was, the day after the battle, when every scene and incident was fresh in my memory, it merits some consideration in any effort to determine what command did the saying.

"The Texas Brigade broke camp at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and by double quicking the last two miles, reached the scene of action at sun-up. Filing to the right, and marching a quarter of a mile down the Plank Road, it formed into line and loaded. Then advancing in a gradual right wheel, it was brought to front the enemy, whose lines stretched across the Plank Road. Our position was on an open hill, immediately in rear of a battery. Yankee skirmishers occupied a line within three hundred yards of us, and but for intervening timber we would have been under fire. Here Gen. Lee rode up near us. He was mounted on the same horse—a beautiful dapple gray—which carried him at Fredericksburg in 1862. He gave orders to Gen. Gregg, adding: "The Texas Brigade always has driven the enemy, and I expect them to do it now."

"Gen. Gregg galloped to our front, and facing us, delivered the message and shouted, "Forward, Texas Brigade!" Just then Lee rode in front of us as if intending to lead the charge. * * *

The enemy's sharpshooters soon discovered us, and within the first hundred yards, some of our best men were killed and some wounded before firing a shot. * * *

"Across the Plank Road stood another line, and against this we moved rapidly. The storm of battle became terrific—the Texas Brigade was alone—no support on our right, none on our left, and a terrible enfilading fire poured upon us from the left. Crossing the road, we pressed forward two hundred yards further and drove the enemy in our front back to the shelter of his breastworks. Then learning that a column of the Federals was double quicking down the Plank Road from our left and would soon have us surrounded, Gen. Gregg gave the order to fall back. Gen Lee's object was gained, however, and his trust in the Texans justified, for the ground from which two Divisions had been driven at daylight, was recaptured by us; but at what a loss!—more than one half of our men were killed and wounded. The Fourth Texas carried into the action 207 men and lost 130, of whom thirty were killed outright, or died of their wounds on the field of battle."

The presence of both Lee and Longstreet, Lee's words to the Brigade, and his offer to lead it in the charge—an offer which could only have been made by as self-contained a man as he, under the stress of imminent peril to his army—make comment unnecessary, and are strong presumptive evidence that whatever credit is due to other commands—and none were more gallant than the Second and Eleventh Mississippi Regiments—the honor is due to Hood's Texas Brigade of "saving the army."

R. D. Campbell, in Texas Baptist Standard: Rev. C. H. Featherston, born in Georgia in 1828, lived his boyhood in Mississippi, and at the age of twenty-eight became a Texan. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Church about that time.

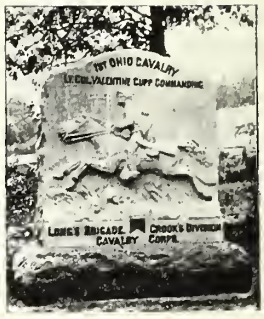
He entered the Confederate service, was elected Lieutenant of his company, and was soon promoted to Captain. He preached also, but ill health caused him to leave the army before the war ended, when he devoted his time to the care of non-combatants.

Mr. Featherston joined the Baptist Church afterward. From Coleman, Texas, he removed to the Indian Territory where he died last December. He left nine children and twenty-seven grandchildren.

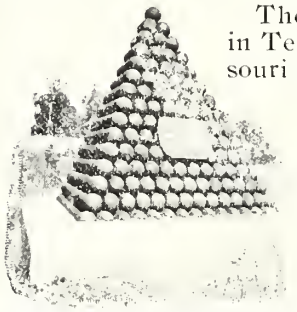
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Some of its Views of Chattanooga and Chickamauga Park, and the Point Hotel.





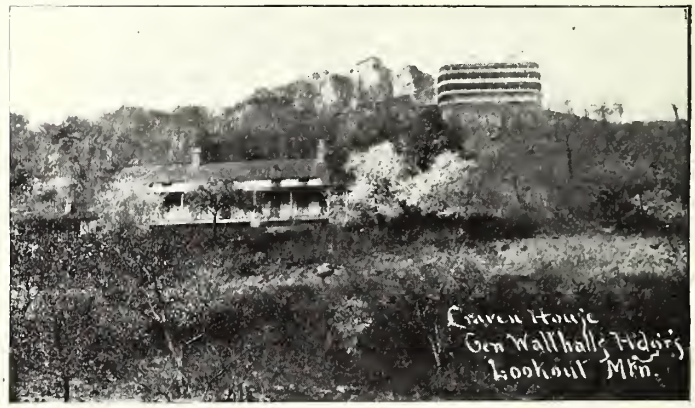
The "special battle field map folder" issued by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway is a remarkable publication for its conciseness and completeness. It may contain errors, but none are apparent in a hasty perusal. It notes the battles in the various states numbering those about Richmond for instance—beginning with Fort Darling, May 15, 1862, and ending with the fall of the city, April 3, 1865—as No. 18 in the list.



Monument to Brigade Commanders of both Armies, Who Were Killed.

The engagement numbers in Tennessee 53, in Missouri 48, while in the two Virginias the aggregate is 66.

It gives all the national cemeteries with the numbers known and unknow as 325,230, the unknown being 148,833 In the Vicksburg cemetry there are 16,615, and in the Nashville there are 16,533.





There is no business in this notice, but the VETERAN is authorized to say that copies of this folder will be sent simply for a two cent stamp, to pay postage.

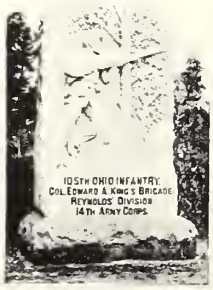
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GULF TO OCEAN.

"Knowest thou the land where the pale citron blows,
Where in deep shade the golden orange glows?"

This beautiful song of Mignon applies not less appropriately to California, the land of the vineyard and orange groves, than the gypsy's native home of southern Europe. Travel from the Middle, Western and Southern States to this "land of corn and wine," has increased within the last decade to a marvelous extent. Whereas but a very few years back California seemed so far distant to the average American that it might as well have been off the globe, in our day, when descriptions of the glories of this "land of sunshine" have become common household words, and when railroading has done so much to annihilate distances, the question with thousands every year now is not "Shall I make a California trip?" but "By what route shall I go?" and, since the beauties and luxurious comfort of the Great Southern Pacific's Sunset Route are becoming more and more familiar to the traveling public, even this latter question is much less frequently asked. And now that this enterprising road has recently put on the finest and fastest train to the coast, the how to get there will soon no longer be matter of much conjecture. "Sunset Limited" is the name which has been given this great gulf-to-ocean flyer, and it is the miracle of all the latter-day railroading. It consists of a composite car, with buffet, library, barber shop and bath, dining-car, parlor-car, stateroom, drawing-room, sleeping cars, all solid vestibuled throughout, and brilliantly lighted with the Pintsch gas system. It makes the trip from the Gulf to the Pacific coast in sixty hours, leaving New Orleans every Thursday, on and after Nov. 1, at 8 a. m., and arriving at Los Angeles in but 2½ days and at San Francisco in 3¼ days. This is the line of all lines for the every-day traveler, to the tourist, and pre-eminently for the invalid seeking more congenial climate.

For full particulars, address S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Co., New Orleans, La.

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Suffered from the Effects of La Grippe for Twelve Months—Cases that Cannot be Doubted.

I have thought some time of writing you of my experience with the Electropoise, and my opinion of it. When I received the Electropoise, more than two years ago, I was suffering with the effects of la grippe, and had been for about twelve months. Some of the time I was in bed and quite feeble, and gradually losing ground. Soon after applying the instrument I found relief, and I continued to improve until I was restored, and now I am able to do as much work as I could three years ago. It has given me renewed energy, and has built up my system generally. I have seen it tested in cases of typhoid and malaria fevers, bad cases of pneumonia, colic, flux, croup, colds, la grippe, indigestion and rheumatism, where not a dose of medicine was given, and have never failed in one single case, while some of them the doctors had abandoned, saying they could do them no more good. We applied the Electropoise, and from the beginning they began to improve.

These are cases that cannot be doubted, and speak well for the Electropoise, as there are plenty of witnesses to testify. I have all faith in the Electropoise, and all my family use it on all occasions, and invariably find relief. I am, yours with kind regards,

JESSE W. SPARKS.

Fayetteville, June 1, 1895.

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A NEW BOOK BY A TENNESSEAN.

Burton T. Doyle, of Dyersburg, Tenn., who is now an attache of the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, has just brought out a dainty volume of his poetic fancies, under the title of "Pansies for Thought." It forms volume eleven of the "Lotus Series of American Poets," published by the Peter Paul Book Company, of 420 Main street Buffalo, N. Y.

Two or three notices are given of the book:

The Washington Star: "Many of the more popular of Mr Doyle's charming poems have already been accorded the applause of readers of the Star. Now the verses—touching in all about four-score topics—are placed before the public in concrete and convenient form; an attractive little volume, within the decorated covers of which may be found such variety of versifying as must convince even those who insist upon being adversely critical, that Mr. Doyle is something more than an amateur performer upon the instrument which so few are privileged to tunefully manipulate."

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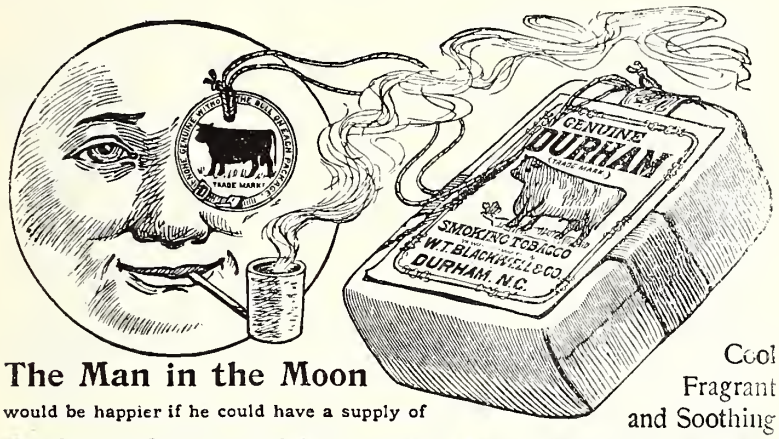
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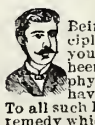
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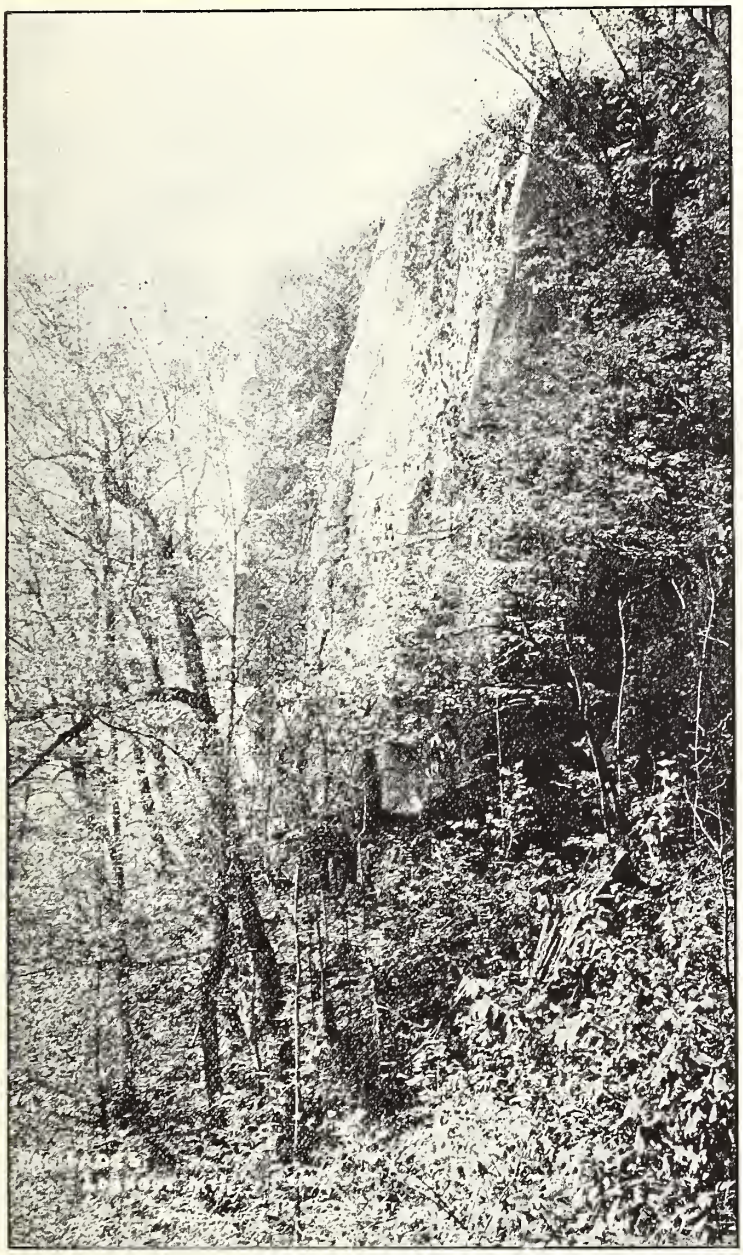
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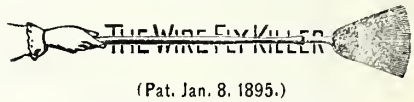
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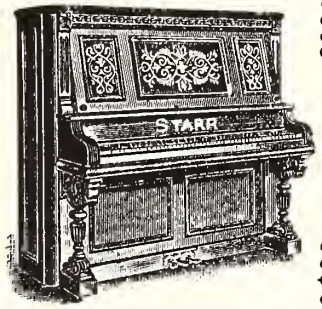
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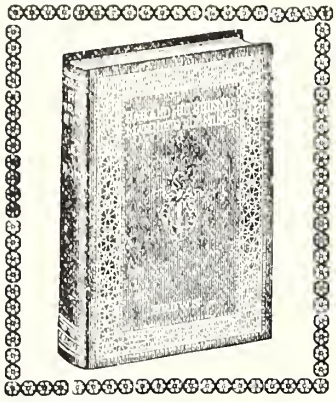
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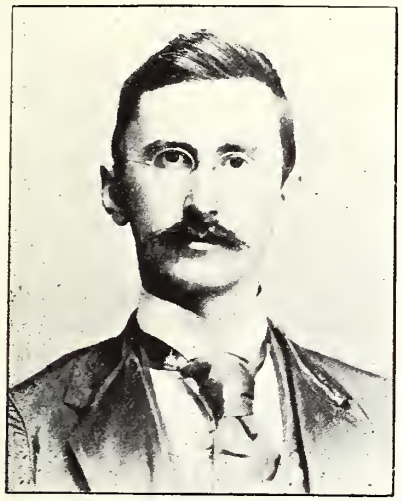
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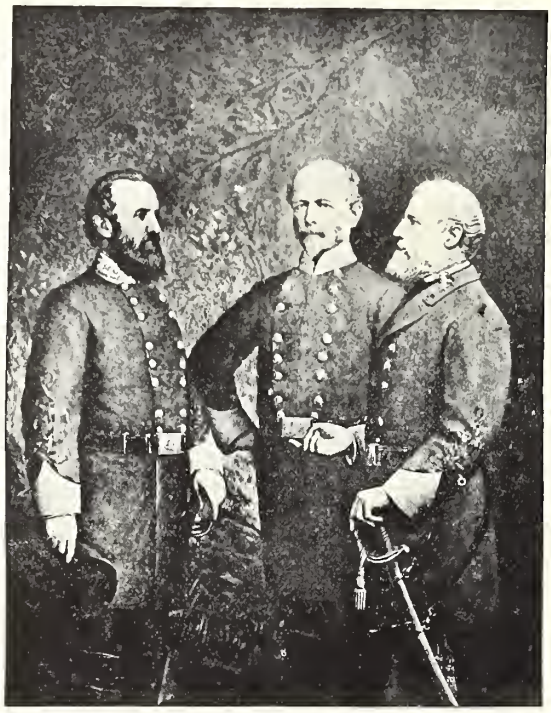
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Comrades: Does it occur to you that you can by active co-operation, now, through the VETERAN, accomplish results that will be of imperishable honor, not only to you and your families but to the progeny of those who went down to death in the struggle for which you gave the best and hardest efforts of your lives?

The VETERAN is rescuing from oblivion much of valuable history; it is giving information about comrades dead and living, most gratifying to thousands, and its mission is to establish the merit of veterans, to all that is fraternal and patriotic. While it does not assail those who were unfaithful in the dark days, it establishes the distinctive merit of those who have never fawned for favor but made sacrifice of property and often of life, from the highest of motives. Thanks for the practical proof of appreciation in every part of the South—It covers the Southern States as would a blanket. Reference is made in confidence to patrons in every section that in proof it is exalted in every sense.

While the VETERAN must be conducted upon business principles its readers will testify that it has proffered always to send copies gratuitously to its friends who could not pay—and it never erases the names of subscribers who ask indulgence. It has no "sharp" methods and never takes advantage of the law to collect for extension of time beyond the date for which it was ordered. In reciprocity for this return, it is a rare thing that advantage is taken and the subscriber who will not write, but requires the postmaster to give the notice "refused" is very much alone.

It will please friends, and should engage the pride of everybody who respects the Southern people, to know that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is by far the most prominent "war publication" that ever has existed on either side.

A characteristic story is told of Gen. Lee by a Texan who recalls an ever memorable and pleasant event of his young boyhood. It was after the war. A gentleman had called at his country home in Virginia for a night's lodging, without having succeeded at one or two other places. His mother had told the stranger "yes sir." After going out with the lad to see that his horse was suitably cared for the stranger had eaten his supper, had talked interestedly with the small children and was about retiring, when the husband and father returned to see as a guest in his home "Marse Robert."

Traveler had a good breakfast next morning before starting on to Lexington where his kind owner was to take charge of Washington University —now Washington and Lee.

Gen. Lee rode Traveler through the main street of Lexington one afternoon. It created a sensation so embarrassing to him that he ever afterward took his rides along the back ways and across the commons.

Gen Lee and one of his daughters went on horseback to the Peaks of Otter, where a number of the students went with them on foot—of the number was Jos. W. Allison, a Tennesseean now of Houston, Texas—Gen Lee made special request of young men: "Don't tell who you are."

It is said by some friends that Gen Lee did not win a decisive victory after the death of Stonewall Jackson. If true it is not to his discredit. He maintained his army against frightful odds a long time, and it may be mentioned to his greatest honor that he had not the heart to sacrifice his men when he had gotten so nearly to see that it was "fixing bayonets against destiny." The Southern people want no model of a finer soldier, truer statesman, nor purer man.

THE TRUE STORY OF FORT PILLOW.

Maj. Charles W. Anderson, Adjutant and Inspector-General furnishes this reliable history:

After the return of Gen. Forrest's command from his expedition to Paducah, Ky., his Adjutant General, Major Strange, was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and when ready for the move against Fort Pillow his condition was so critical that Gen. Forrest thought it best to leave Col. Galloway and his son, Willie Forrest, at Jackson with him; hence, I was the only staff officer with Gen. Forrest in his expedition against that fort.

Gen. Chalmers, with Bell's and McCulloch's brigades, and four small pieces of artillery, moved out from Jackson on the morning of the 10th of April, 1864. Gen. Forrest, with escort, and a detachment under Lieut. Col. Wisdom, followed later. On reaching Brownsville he directed Gen. Chalmers to make a forced march on the night of the 11th, and if possible to reach Fort Pillow by or before day on the morning of the 12th (in order to take the garrison by surprise), and to attack at once on arrival.

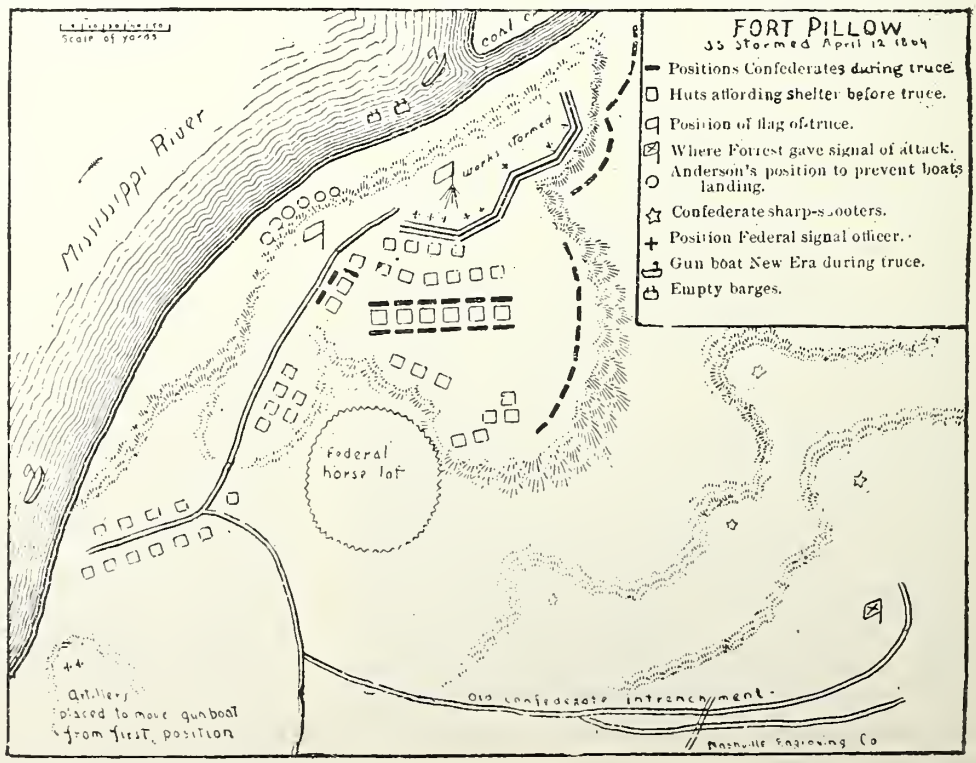
Gen. Forrest rested a few hours at Brownsville, and followed Chalmers. When within eight or ten miles of the river we heard the first cannonading at the fort, and knew then that Gen. Chalmers was at work. Our march was quickened, and some three or four miles from the fort we were met by a courier with a dispatch from Gen. Chalmers, stating that he had driven the enemy into their works and the rifle pits around the fort, and, as I now remember, expressing the opinion that they could not be assaulted and captured except with heavy cost. This dispatch put us in a trot, and Gen. Forrest was soon on the ground and in command.

As everything was comparatively quiet, our jaded horses were rested for a few moments, while the General held a short conference with Gen. Chalmers. After which, unaccompanied except by myself, he made a rapid circuit around the land side of the fort from the Federal horse lot to Coal Creek above, returning to our starting point over a diminished distance from the works. In returning we were subjected to a constant and dangerous fire from the parapets. The General's horse was wounded, and my own pulled up dead lame after leaping a small ditch. I supposed him shot also, but it proved a strain. Going at once to the Escort's position in rear of the Federal horse lot, I dismounted private Lucas, of that company, took his horse, and rejoined the General as he was returning alone from a re-examination of the ground over which we had ridden, and as we galloped rapidly around and down toward the river, a second horse was shot under him and killed.

In these examinations he found a ravine almost encircling the fort, and that from the high ground over which we had ridden sharpshooters could command most of the area inside the fort, and could enfilade its retreating angles, and render them untenable or the occupation exceedingly hazardous. He also discovered that the ravine once gained by our troops, they would be just as well fortified as were the enemy, one party being inside and the other just outside of the same earthworks. His plan of action was quickly determined, was speedily communicated to Gen. Chalmers, and by him to his brigade commanders, and preparations and dispositions made at once for its execution.

Under signals from the fort, the gunboat "New Era" lay abreast of the mouth of the ravine below the fort, and was constantly shelling us. By the General's directions, I moved a section of artillery to the high bluff below the mouth of the ravine, where a plunging fire would necessarily drive her from her position. Of this movement she was doubtless advised by signal from the fort, as she steamed up the river and out of range before we could open fire on her.

While absent on this duty, strong lines of sharpshooters had been thrown forward to the high ground previously referred to, and when I rejoined the General our whole force, under a terrific fire from the artillery and small arms of the garrison, was closing rapidly around the works. Bell's brigade was on the right, extending from the mouth of Coal Creek southward; McCulloch's brigade on



the left, extending from the ravine below the fort northward, his right joining the left of Bell's line abreast of the fort.

When Gen. Chalmers had gained this desired position, which was done rapidly and handsomely, but with the loss of some brave officers and men, Gen. Forrest determined, in order to save further loss of life, to demand a surrender. He knew the place was practically in his possession, as the enemy could not depress their artillery so as to rake the slopes around the fort with grape and canister, and the constant and fatal fire of our sharpshooters forced the besieged to keep down behind their parapets. He believed the Federal commander fully recognized the situation, and that he would accept an offer to surrender in preference to an assault by a force much larger than his own, and in full view. Bugles were sounded for a truce and a parley, and a white flag sent forward with a demand for the immediate and unconditional surrender of all the Federal troops at Fort Pillow.

The smoke of approaching steamers ascending the river had been visible for some time. Three of them were now nearing the fort. Gen. Forrest ordered me to take a detachment from McCulloch's brigade and move to the bluff, and prevent them from landing. I at once detached three companies (about one hundred and fifty men) and moved them rapidly to a position within sixty yards of the south entrance of the fort, descending by a path and occupying some old rifle pits on the face of the bluff, which were built by the Confederates in 1861 for protecting their water battery. These pits were washed out, broken, and in many places filled in by caving banks from above, yet afforded some protection.

The channel of the Mississippi River at Fort Pillow runs close under the bluff, and as the foremost steamer neared our position I directed one of the men to fire at her pilot house. A second shot from another secured attention at once, and she sheared off toward the bar across the river. This steamer was the "Olive Branch," crowded from forecastle to hurricane deck with Federal soldiers. She was closely followed by the "Hope," and the "M. R. Cheek," both of which adopted the course of the leading steamer, making for the bar on the west side of the river, and all of them passing up to the position of the gunboat "New Era," which lay midstream just above the fort.

The bugler of the Thirteenth Tennessee Federal Cavalry had taken advantage of the truce to recover his trappings from his horse, which he had left tied in a small gulch or ravine leading from the fort toward the river. As I rode to the head of it I discovered him, with his back to me, busily engaged in securing his gum cloth and coat. I waited quietly until he turned to regain the fort. His astonishment and trepidation can well be imagined at finding a six shooter levelled at his face and an able bodied "Reb" behind it. Ordering him to hand me his carbine butt end foremost, and then to untie his horse and lead him out ahead of me, I rode down, and around to the General's position, who was then with much impatience awaiting an answer to his final demand for a surrender.

As there were no steamers in sight coming from below, I remained with him until the final and emphatic refusal of the garrison to surrender was received.

I had in the meantime communicated to him the position of the gunboat, also that two large empty barges were cabled to the shore in rear of the fort, which might be utilized by the garrison, under her protecting fire, as a means of escape. I was equally particular in impressing upon him the hazardous position of the detachment on the face of the bluff, (out of sight of, and entirely separated from, the balance of the command), and that in the event of any failure to carry the works by assault, a sortie from the south entrance of the fort in their rear, with the gunboat and its cannon and marines in their front, their destruction or capture would certainly follow.

He fully recognized their isolated and exposed position, but, ignoring the contingency, he directed me to return to my position at once—to take no part in the assault, but to prevent any escape from the garrison by barges or otherwise—to pour rifle balls into the open ports of the "New Era" when she went into action, and, to use his last expression, "fight everything '*blue*' between wind and water until yonder flag comes down."

Returning at once, all necessary orders were given to the senior officer of the detachment, and by him they were passed along the trenches. I took a position in speaking distance of him, and where, by remaining mounted, I could see the fort flag; preferring to expose myself and horse to the expected fire of the "New Era" to that from the parapets of the fort; from which I was not fifty yards distant, but fully protected by an intervening ridge, around the head of which I had intercepted the bugler.

From this position I had a full view of the entire water line in rear of the fort, and much of the sloping bank above it. Owing to the conformation of the bluff, its brow in the rear of the fort was not visible, but nearly all the slope from the water line to within twenty or thirty feet of the top of the bluff in the rear of the fort was in plain view.

This was the situation as taken in while anxiously awaiting the sound of Gan's well-known bugle. It soon came; was repeated along the line, and at once followed by the yells of our men, and a terrific discharge of the batteries and small arms of the fort. In a few moments a portion of the garrison rushed down toward the river, and upon them we opened a destructive fire. The yells of our troops as they mounted the parapets could be plainly heard above the din and rattle of musketry, and in a moment more the whole force of the garrison came rushing down the bluff toward the water with arms in hand, but only to fall thick and fast from the short range fire of the detachment temporarily under my command, which threw them into unutterable dismay and confusion. This fire, with that of the whole assaulting line, was, for the few moments it lasted, most destructive and deadly. The moment the Federal colors came down, I ordered firing to cease at once, and it was promptly done. Directing the commanding officer to bring

his men up out of the pits and report to his regiment, I dashed into the south entrance of the fort. Everything was in confusion and the dead and wounded were lying thick around, but there was no firing anywhere.

I met the General between the flagstaff and the entrance, and his first words were: "Major, we drove them right to you, and I cut their flag down as soon as I could get to it."

No one under such circumstances could accurately give the time of these transactions, but I am satisfied in my own mind that it was less than fifteen minutes from the time our bugles sounded until their colors came down, and less than two minutes from the time they were lowered until firing had ceased, and I had joined the General inside the works.

Every soldier who has ever participated in work of this kind knows that such actions must be short, sharp and desperate, to be successful.

Gen. Forrest's first order was to wheel around and move out the cannon of the fort so as to command the river. He could have opened fire at long range upon the "New Era," as she steamed away up the river, but instead of doing so, directed me to take Capt. Young, the Federal provost marshal, and a white flag, and endeavor to open communication with her, with a view of delivering the Federal wounded and securing surgical aid for them until they could be removed.

With a flag we followed her up the river bank, waving her to stop and send a boat ashore. She paid no attention whatever to our signals. Doubtless her commander thought our flag a ruse to effect his capture, and his vessel soon disappeared around the point above the fort.

Returning and reporting to the General our failure to communicate with the "New Era," he at once caused details to be made of all the unwounded Federals, under their own officers, to first bring into the huts and houses on the hill all their wounded comrades, and then to proceed at once to bury their dead.

When the wounded and dead had been removed from the face of the bluff, a detail of our own men was sent down to gather up all the small arms thrown down by the garrison. I went with this detail myself, and inspected and handed over to our ordinance officer two hundred and sixty-nine rifles and six cases of rifle ammunition, all of which were gathered up on the face of the slope from the fort to the water's edge. The six cases of cartridges were piled against the upturned roots of an old tree, with their tops removed, ready for immediate distribution and use.

Gen. Forrest remained on the ground until late in the evening, hoping to be able to deliver the wounded to some steamer, should any approach the fort; but as none ventured to come in sight, he gave full directions to and turned over the command to Gen. Chalmers, and, moving out on the Brownsville road with his escort, we encamped at a farm house about seven or eight miles from Fort Pillow.

As we were mounting our horses next morning (the 13th) en route to Jackson, a heavy cannonading began at the fort. The General at once directed me to take ten men from the escort and, with Capt. Young (who was still with us), to proceed back to Fort Pillow and again attempt negotiation with the Federal fleet for the removal of their wounded.

On arrival I caused all of Gen. Chalmers' details, at whom the gunboats were firing, to be at once withdrawn, and accompanied by Capt. Young only, with a white flag, rode down to the water's edge. The gunboat "Silver Cloud" discovered us and our flag, ceased firing, and steamed slowly in shore. When within hailing distance her engines were stopped, and her commander, through his trumpet, asked, "What was wanted?" I asked him to send an officer ashore, and I would deliver my communications in writing. Seeing him run out and launch a small boat into the river, I dismounted from my horse and wrote briefly what was desired; but, on turning around, found the small boat nearing our position with the United States flag at its bow and six armed marines and an officer aboard. Waving him back, and calling his attention to our white flag, I told him that I could hold no parley with him until he returned to his vessel, hoisted a white flag, and returned with his oarsmen unarmed. This he readily did, and on his return a communication was given him, requesting the landing of the "Silver Cloud" in order to negotiate for a truce, and for the delivery of all the wounded of the garrison, and assuring the commander of his safety in landing under a white flag; but, if unwilling to land, to send a boat back and I would go on board to complete the desired arrangements.

As soon as my message was delivered, Capt. Ferguson lowered his colors, ran up a white flag, and landed his vessel. Going on board, I was furnished by the purser with pen and paper, and in a short time an agreement was made for a truce from 9 o'clock A.M. to 5 o'clock P.M. All the conditions named were accepted by Capt. Ferguson, and the articles drawn up in duplicate and signed by both parties: after which I went ashore, sending a dispatch at once to Gen. Chalmers' headquarters, notifying him of the truce, and that, for fear of a collision, none of his troops must be allowed to come within the old Confederate rifle intrenchments, but suggesting that he and staff come down whenever his duties would permit. I then sent four of my men to clear the fort and its surroundings of all stragglers, and to allow no one to remain on the grounds but surgeons and their assistants.

Allowing time for the men to carry out these orders, I notified Capt. Ferguson to run out his stagings, and that the fort and all its surroundings were now in his possession. Several steamers were in sight awaiting developments and signals. They were signalled to drop down and land, and in a short time the removal of the wounded to the steamer "Platte Valley" began.

I remained at her gangways, taking a full and complete list of the wounded as they were carried on board, placing a guard at the stage planks of the other steamers, to insure the delivery of all the wounded upon one vessel.

Capt. Young, who was left ashore in charge of Sergt. Eaton, of the escort, learned that his wife was on one of the steamers just landed, that she

was in great stress of mind as to his fate, and asked permission (under guard) to go on board, assure her of his safety, give some instructions as to his private affairs, and bid her farewell. I placed him under parole of honor to report back to me at 2:30 P. M., and allowed him to go at once. He accepted the parole, with many thanks for my kindness, and reporting promptly at the designated hour, was sent out to Gen. Chalmers' headquarters to join his comrades as a prisoner of war.

Permission was given to all the passengers on the three steamers to visit the fort, and all of them did so, many of them bringing back in their hands buckles, belts, balls, buttons, etc., picked up on the grounds, which they requested permission to carry with them as relics or mementoes of Fort Pillow. All such requests were cheerfully and pleasantly granted.

Gen. Chalmers and staff came down and remained an hour or more, and notified me that he was withdrawing his command to Brownsville, and offering to leave a detachment to accompany me after the truce, which I declined, because I thought we could soon overtake them. With the prisoners and fort artillery I thought they could not move very rapidly. I did not know then that one brigade and the prisoners and artillery were already half way to Brownsville, or I would most certainly have accepted a stronger escort.

Before the expiration of the truce all the wounded had been placed on the "Platte Valley," and a receipt in duplicate taken from them, signed by Capt. Ferguson, of the "Silver Cloud." I was, as may be well imagined, worn down and exhausted, and when my duties were over a couple of lieutenants of the Federal army on the "Platte Valley" insisted on my taking a parting glass with them at the bar of that steamer, which I, of course, did little thinking at the time that my acceptance of their hospitality and their courtesy would cost them their commissions. For this courtesy and kindness, one officer was cashiered and the other reduced to the ranks.

A while before five o'clock I suggested to Capt. Ferguson the departure of the passenger steamers yet at the landing, and stated to him that after the truce I should proceed to burn all the buildings at Fort Pillow; that they had been preserved for the accommodation of the Federal wounded, and their existence was no longer necessary or desirable. When the steamers had all left, I assured Capt. Ferguson that there was no Confederate force within two miles of the fort, and that he could let go his lines and depart at his leisure, and without fear of molestation.

I then saluted him an adieu, and with my little squad rode slowly up the bluff.

The men with me were dismounted, and set to work scattering and distributing loose straw, hospital beds and bunks through all the buildings. We waited until the "Silver Cloud" let go her lines and swung out into the river. As she lowered her white flag the torch was applied, and as she ran up her colors the last buildings left at Fort Pillow burst into flames. We then mounted our horses and bade Fort Pillow a lasting adieu.

CONCLUDING COMMENT BY MAJ. ANDERSON.

The fearful loss of life at Fort Pillow is alone chargeable to the total incapacity of its commanding officer, and to the fatal and delusive promise or agreement made by Capt. Marshall, of the gunboat "New Era," with Maj. Bradford—that is, that when whipped the garrison was to drop down under the bluff, and the "New Era" would give the rebels cannister and protect and succor them. Maj. Booth, who commanded Fort Pillow, was killed early in the morning by a bullet through the brain. His death placed the command in the hands of Maj. W. F. Bradford, of the Thirteenth Tennessee Federal Cavalry, a man without any military capacity whatever; and, if reports were true of him, his conduct as a soldier, as well as the violation of his parole after capture, show him as destitute of honor as wanting in military skill and ability.

When he found himself surrounded by a force thrice his own, and knew that his works were no longer defensible against an assault by such numbers, his plain duty was to surrender the fort and save further loss of life. Nor can he be excused for relying upon the promise of Capt. Marshall, after seeing and knowing that the movement of two howitzers to the low bluff had driven the "New Era" from the only position in which her promised aid could have been at all available.

Marshall did know, and Maj. Bradford ought to have known, that with the channel of the river right under the bluff, and a broad bar with shallow water right opposite the fort, the "New Era" could not get sufficient "offing" to elevate her guns and do any damage to parties on top of a bluff at least eighty feet above the water line.

Yet, with all this, the sequel shows that Maj. Bradford, relying upon the promise of Capt. Marshall, refused the third and last demand of Gen. Forrest for his surrender; and when assaulted and driven from the works, he retreated *with arms in hands, and ammunition provided and placed under the bluff*, only to find that the "New Era," instead of dropping down and giving the Rebels grape and canister, steamed quickly out of harm's way, leaving the duped commander and the deluded garrison to their fate.

How far Capt. Marshall could have aided the garrison no one can say, but it would have been far better for his name and fame had be moved his vessel promptly into action, and perished in attempting to do as he promised, than live and know that his violated promise, and his abandonment of the garrison, first led and then left hundreds of his countrymen and comrades to a swift and sweeping destruction.

I have never hesitated to assert, as I do now, that, numbers considered, the detachment temporarily under my command did, by far, the most fatal and destructive, as well as the *very last firing* done at Fort Pillow. It was enfilading, a terribly short rifle range, and began with the retreat of the very first troops that left the fort, and continued steadily and rapidly *until the Federal flag came down.* In our position under, or on the face of the bluff, one could only know when the fort was in our possession by the falling of its colors or a special mes-

senger. The former was the quicker, and under my orders, as soon as it fell, firing was promptly stopped, and, ordering the detachment to report back at once to its regiment, I was with the General in less than two minutes after the flag came down.

The charges against Gen. Forrest and his men of massacre and butchery at Fort Pillow are outrageously unjust and unfounded. He did every thing in his power to induce a surrender and avoid an assault. Thrice was a surrender demanded, and as often refused. There never was any surrender, therefore no massacre *after* surrender, as has been so erroneously and widely charged.

I take occasion here to say that in my long service with Gen. Forrest, his kindness to the vanquished, the unarmed and unresisting foe, was a marked characteristic of the man. He believed and always said and felt, that "war meant fight, and fight meant to kill," but never in all his career did a Federal soldier throw down his arms and surrender, that did not receive at once his consideration and protection. He captured many thousand Federals, and there is not one living to-day who can truthfully say that he was ever mistreated or ever insulted by Nathan Bedford Forrest.

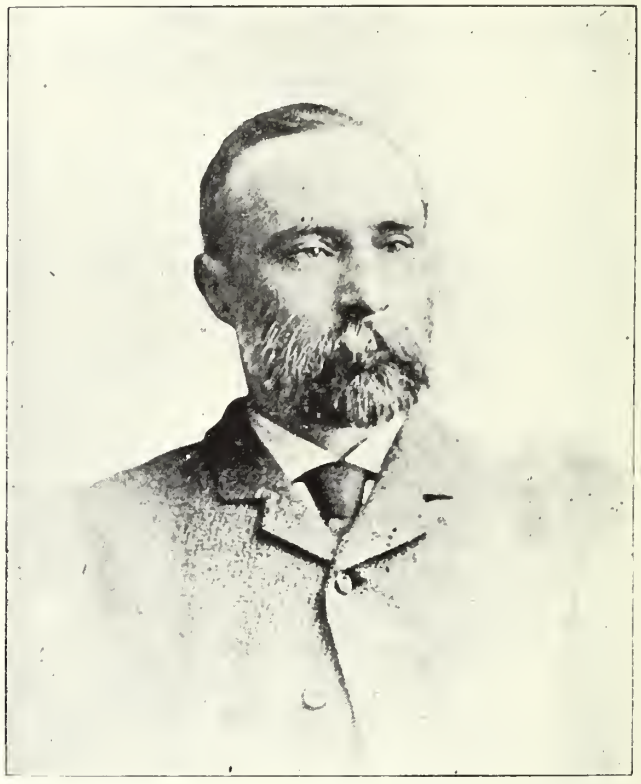
CHAS. W. ANDERSON.

COMMANDER U. C. V.—SOUTH CAROLINA.

Major-General C. Irvine Walker, commanding South Carolina Division, U. C. V., was unanimously elected to the position September 14th, and gazetted on the 17th in general order No. 13 from South Carolina Division Headquarters. On the 20th General Walker assumed command, in general order No. 14, announcing as his Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Col. James G. Holmes; this officer having filled the same position on Gen. Walker's staff when he commanded the First Brigade of the South Carolina Division.

In organizations of Confederate Veterans, few attain positions of command who didn't prove themselves good soldiers in the field during the war. Faithfulness to duty, the soldier's first and only rule, has ever been the watchword of Gen. Walker, not only for four years of active duty in the Confederate Army, but for three years previous to his entering the Army, as a Cadet Officer of the South Carolina Military Academy—pronounced second only to West Point by the Inspector Generals of the United States Army—and since the war practically a soldier still, as an officer of Military Associations, nominally maintained for rifle practice, but actually to protect women and children during the dreadful reconstruction period in South Carolina. He rose to be the General Commanding the Fourth Brigade, South Carolina Volunteer Troops, after the state passed once more under the control of its own people. Practically General Walker has been a soldier since 1858, an eventful period of thirty-seven years.

C. Irvine Walker was born in Charleston, February 14, 1842; entered the third class of the South Carolina Military Academy in 1858, graduating in April 1861 with first honor of his class, and appointed to rank of Adjutant of the Battalion of Cadets. His first service in the field was with the Battalion when it garrisoned the "Vinegar Hill" battery of twenty-four pounders, that fired upon and turned back the "Star of the West," January 9, 1861. It was when that steamer attempted to convey reinforcements to



MAJOR-GENERAL C. IRVINE WALKER.

Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. He joined the Tenth South Carolina Infantry, organized May 31, 1861, and was appointed Adjutant, with the rank of Captain. In July, 1863, Col. Manigault, of the Tenth, having been promoted to Brigadier-General, Adjutant Walker was promoted to Assistant Adjutant General by his old commander. In the summer of 1864, Capt. Walker, of the Brigade Staff, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth, "all the officers of the Regiment having waived rank to him;" and his Colonel being wounded a few days later, he was in command of his Regiment. He surrendered with his Command at Greensboro, N. C., as Lieutenant-Colonel. He commanded his Brigade frequently and for long periods.

After the war he entered the large establishment of Walker, Evans & Cogswell, blank book manufacturers, printers, etc., and is now at the head of the same establishment. General Walker is a hard worker. He never takes part in politics, except to do his duty as a citizen. In 1869, when the negroes were so turbulent, and the local as well as Federal authorities were unfriendly to the people, Charleston was largely indebted to the "Carolina Rifle Club," armed with Winchesters, and commanded by "President" Walker, for its safety.

Gen. Walker has ever taken an active part in the "Survivor's Association of Charleston," of which he was President, now Camp Sumter, No. 250, United

Confederate Veterans. He will bend his every energy to increase the numbers and efficiency of Camps of Confederate Veterans in the South Carolina Division.

Gen. Walker's Staff officers are: Col. James G. Holmes, Adjt.-Gen. and Chief of Staff, Charleston; Lieut.-Col. F. Scott Carson, Inspec.-Gen., Sumter; Lieut.-Col. E. P. Waring, Q. M. Gen., Charleston; Lieut.-Col. George B. Lake, Com.-Gen., Edgefield; Lieut.-Col. J. N. Moore, Surg.-Gen., Spartanburg; Lieut.-Col. Robert W. Shand, Judge Advt.-Gen., Columbia; Rev. S. P. H. Elwell, Chaplain, Bamberg; Maj. N. Graham Hasell, Aide, Charleston; Maj. Lewis J. Sherfesee, Aide, Rock Hill; Maj. U. R. Brooks, Aide, Columbia; Maj. J. W. Norwood, Aide, Greenville; Maj. J. D. McLucas, Aide, Marion.



THE OLD, OLD CHURCH AND THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, GEORGETOWN, S. C.

The above picture of Church and Confederate Monument, at Georgetown, S. C., will be viewed with interest. The Church, Episcopal, was completed in 1736, and the record of its vestry dates back one hundred and fifty-eight years. Daniel Laroch, William Ramsey, William Cripps, Arthur Foster, Stephen Beauchamp and William Whiteside were vestrymen, and Thomas Landon was the warden.

In 1846, Rev. Alexander Keith, A.M., arrived from England, having been licensed by the Bishop of London, and was ordained by Dr. Gibson, a Bishop from London. He was the first regular Rector. The interior of the church was burned during the Revolutionary War. The steeple was erected about seventy-five years ago, at which time an organ was put in at a cost of $1,500.

The communion plate was presented by Thomas Morritt in 1736, upon which is engraved, "Protestant Episcopal Church, Georgetown, S. C." Away back in 1818, the communicants were sixty-six in number, six of whom were negroes. This was the dear South!

The Confederate Monument was erected in honor of the Tenth South Carolina Infantry, which was organized at Georgetown in 1859 as the Rifle Guards, and was equipped by private Plowden C. J. Weston, who afterwards as Captain led it through much peril. Col. C. Irvine Walker, now Major-General U. C. V., for South Carolina, commanded the Tenth Regiment much of the time, and furnished a history of the Command gratuitously.

Special indebtednesss for this data and picture is acknowledged to S. Emanuel, of Georgetown, who was active in the erection of the monument and who had charge of ceremonies at its dedication.

The address on that memorial occasion was by Gen. Ellison Capers. In his beautiful tribute to the gallant old regiment he quoted liberally from Col. Walker's history of it.

COMING HOME FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

B. L. Ridley's Journal—Continued.

May 21st, 1865. We start from John Bonner's for Eatonton, Putnam County, Ga., crossing the Oconee at Lawrence Ferry; camp to-night at Mr. Spivey's during a heavy rain storm; my father and General S. shelter at Spivey's house, the rest of us drenched.

May 22nd. Murder Creek full; ran into ambulance and wagon-camp six miles from Hillsboro. It has been intimated that a part of our company, who left this morning in a sub silentio way, went to the house of a Mr. Turner, editor of a newspaper called "The Countryman," who has a large distillery and a manufactory of hats, and supplied themselves with a canteen of the creature comfort. All have returned, and Captain Roulack says in a thick-lipped, "how come ye so" way, that "he is the most elegant man in Georgia; that his liquor beat Pine Top, Pop Skull or Jeff Davis Busthead." Whilst this party are exuberant over their kind treatment, I must not forget the square meal that Jim Rawling's and I struck in their absence. The kind-hearted old man said at the table, "Now, men, turn over and take out, and you'ns just help yourselves." The old woman asked us if we would have sweet potato coffee; upon accepting, the next thing was, "Will you have s-a-rghum in it?" Friend Rawlings said, "Just a little, if you please, ma'am." Sweet potato, rye, okra seeds, parched wheat and meal coffees are our national substitutes for the pure bean, and our sugar is "long sweetening."

May 23. Arrived at Cornucopia to-day, near the residence of Dr. Chas. L. Ridley, on the Ocmulgee. The postoffice was formerly called by the uncanny name of Grab-al[1]. That recalls to me some of the names I have met with in my peregrinations and perambulations as a soldier boy: Hard up, Lick Skillet, On Top, Snatch, Stop and Swap, Buzzard Roost, Low Down, Tooth Pick, Frog Level, Possum Trot—names not euphonious, nor aristocratic, but often significant. Names of people have also attracted me, such as Goosefoot, Shinbone, Swingletree, Goodnough, Hog, Gander, Doosenberry, and Blowhard.

We are "Tenting to-night on the old Camp Ground" at County line meeting house—same occupied by me last summer with Gen. Stewart's stock and wagons during his absence at Savannah, whilst disabled from a wound in the forehead, received 28th of July, near Atlanta. Whilst my brigade will dwindle now, I'll gather a few recruits for Tennessee: Dr. James A. Ridley, of the late Col. Keeble's Twenty-third Tennessee, and son Granville, of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry. He came out with Hood, and only in time to receive his baptism of fire.

May 24th. Capt. L. S. arrives from Macon and reports that Mrs. Stewart and little son, who have been refugeeing there, will be at Forsyth to-morrow. She will be escorted here, where we will recruit for ten days preparatory for Tennessee trip.

May 25th. There is a general separation to-day. Lauderdale exchanges for a buggy and goes to Marianna, Fla., for his wife, thence to his home in Kentucky; Mr. McKee goes with him; Captains Hughes and Roulack go to Memphis; Jerry Jones and John Hill to Nashville, Tenn.; O'Neil, with his cart and mule, strikes out for Macon, also McLaughlin, leaving in camp with us, Tennessee and Daily and servants Hannibal and Jim.

From May 25th to June 5th. And now we are in the red clay hills of Jones County, Ga., twenty miles from Macon, fifteen from Forsyth, in the land of the goober, the "watermillyun," the kershaw, the muscadine and the scuppernong. We have met North Carolina belles, South Carolina beauties, but, hear me! the Georgia girls take the cake!

I have read the novels that so attracted the army—Micaria, St. Elmo, Les Miserables, but nothing has interested me so much as that old book called Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes." At Dalton one evening, the cavalry brought to our eyes a real Gander Pullin', and now I am itching for a cock fight, a fox hunt, a candy pullin', a quiltin', and Cornucopia is the place to find it.

"Although war's deadly blast is blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
With mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And many a widow mourning;
I've left the line and tented field,
Where long I've been a lodger;
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor, but honest sodger."

Fun, now, to drive off the stormcloud of defeat, is what we are after. These good people, although made poor by raids and robbery, have thrown open their doors and are gorging us with full eating and a fine time. Whilst the old gentlemen are pondering over the future and grieving over "what I used to was," we young bloods are delving in boyish hope and dwelling in the bright anticipation of meeting a beautiful blonde or brunette, knowing that "all things change as the years pass by, save love, which is the same forever and aye."

My old uncle took a few of us with him to a secreted spot in one of his corn fields, where he said he would pump from Mother Earth a few gallons of apple-jack for the pleasure of his guests. In a short time the old barrel, that had been hidden from Sherman's cohorts, was pouring forth the exhilarating liquid. We took it to the house, though I knew that the jig was up for the younger members, for that old night mare, "they never touch it," would ghost-like spring up to destroy the pleasure of our dreams—now there is a time when patience has its perfect work.

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My old father attributed these potations to the demoralizations of the times, and related that on a previous occasion, during the war, Hon. R. L. Caruthers, one of the Grand Patriarchs of the Sons of Temperance of Tennessee, had drunk a toast to him as an ex-Patriarch, but he happily retorted by drinking to this gentleman "as his successor." Although we thought it the "breathing time of day for us," yet not a drop was offered us boys, not a toast asked.

Old Jim took me aside and said "Mars Ham had a main of fine cocks, and wanted him to bring up old Dick." Here we go—Old Jim believing that his chicken could whip anything in Georgia. What think you? Old Jim looked at dem fine cocks of Perk

Huddleston's Tennessee breed, and dem shiny gaffs and den at "Old Dick," and finally said, "dat as Old Dick had surrendered wid us, he should have peace de balance ob his days."

Capt. Hamilton Ridley had just gotten home. He called up his dogs for a fox hunt. The red fox is the predominating species in Georgia. When the dogs got on the trail, it looked for a moment like "the happy hope was on," but when they got him up, our fox shot off from us through fields and copse.

"Faint, and more faint its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff and linn,
And silence settled wide and still
On the lone wood and mighty hill."

Oh, give me the gray fox of Tennessee, who plays the chase around his sinkhole and finally takes shelter, after being closely pressed. They have no sinkholes in this part of Georgia, and a pack of dogs, although baying deep and strong, don't interest like a chase of our foxes, where the dogs make music for us close by and excite the huntsman till he screams himself hoarse.

But an entertainment is arranged for the older gentlemen. A band of negro musicians is called out to enliven the atmosphere with breakdowns and softening strains of negro music on the old plantation. A fire of pine knots built on the grassless, patted red clay yard, they strike up on "Billy in the Low Ground," change to "Devil's Dream," run off on "Fisher's Hornpipe," and dwell on "Leather Breeches." Some black swains are brought to lend their voices. "Ham, Sweet Ole Ham," "Karve dat Possum," "Sugar in the Gourd," and "De Year of Jubilo" comes. Here's the last chorus:

"Massa run, aha!
Darky stay, oho!
It must be now dat de kingdom comin'
In de year of Jubilo."

Some one lays down a shin plaster for the best dancer. The little negroes put in and "Juba dis and Juba dat" was nothing to

"De ringin' of de hans and de pattin' of de feet,
De voice comin' down from heaven so sweet."

Oh! how I enjoy this, conscious that we'll all soon say that there are no times like the old times, no more cornshuckin' songs, no more pattin' Jubas, no more plaintive negro melodies, big camp meetings over yonder soon to go. Old Aunt Dinah and Uncle Tom will only be heard of in the past, singing, "De ole time religion is good 'nough for me." Quiltin's will pass like log rollin's, and the feelings of the heart be crushed with propriety restraint. But listen! To-night Mr. Childes invites us to a candy pullin.' We go. The girls appeared in low necks and short sleeves. Gosh! It has been so long since we have seen this display. We employed a two-horse wagon and took some girls, natives, and the Misses Bullock, of Panola County, Miss., refugees here. Some of our young men rushed in, but Lieut. Stewart and I stood to one side and saw them enter the parlor, all stepping like peacocks in high grass. Games soon began—"Thimble," "Snap" and kissing songs. It used to be "Old Sister Phœbe, how merry were we," but now it's "I'm an old soldier returning from the war, my age is sixty and three." It used to be "Green Grow the Rushes, O," but now it's "Oats, wheat, beans and barley grow." But an evening of song and dance for the guests is announced. As Georgia's beauty came forth, but for the fact of surrender no one would dream of disaster to our people. Here enters a beautiful and cheerful face, once representing 500 negroes and ten thousand broad acres; another with thousands of bales of cotton just confiscated, yet lands still in untold amounts on the Ocmulgee. Ah! if we should capture one of them, the negroes being freed, the great question is how one would cultivate the big farms by himself? At the piano, the old Southern sentimental songs, with the banjo and violin accompanying, awaken feelings akin to the imaginary choir in heaven. "Gentle Annie," "Tiperary Town," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Leesburg March," "Do They Miss Me in the Trenches," to the air of "Do They Miss Me at Home," and "Life On the Vicksburg Bluff," to the air of "Life On the Ocean Wave." Whilst this is going on, our teamsters and servants have been busy on the Ocmulgee, overhauling an eighty pound sturgeon. The older gentlemen, in the meantime, are toasted in every way by our once wealthy kin. At which time the papers are full of gossip about the arrests and escapes and non-return of prominent citizens of the South. Breckenridge, Harris, Reagan and others have decamped. Some one brought in the Macon Telegraph, containing an invitation from Gov. Brownlow, of Tennessee, to John Bell and Bromfield Ridley to quit their foolishness and come home. Brownlow soon got a reply that said parties were en route, and would soon be there to "*smile on his demijohn.*"

Found His Teeth at Chickamauga.—Capt. John N. Sloan, of Pontotoc, Miss., writes: "On the 19th and 20th of September, I attended the dedication of the Chickamauga-Chattanooga National Military Park, and in company with some comrades rode over the once bloody field to where my Command participated. After locating the place where I believe I was standing when shot down and lay among the dead and dying, more dead than alive, I remarked to my comrades that I thought I would see if I could find my teeth and jaw bone. In a little while my two comrades remarked: 'Captain, here are your teeth.' They had picked up three teeth, which I believe are mine."

Capt. Sloan's extremely dependent and unfortunate condition appeals to his comrades for assistance. It will be remembered that through the Veteran various sums were raised for and sent to him. The policy of the Veteran is so changed that it will not make general appeal again as it has in a few instances. But surely the state of Mississippi should make special provision for Captain Sloan.

At a late meeting of Willis L Lang Camp, No. 299, Marlin, Texas, the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:

Jno. M. Jolly, Commander; N. Stallworth, First Lieutenant; J. C. Peoples, Second Lieutenant; J. L. Lenoir, Adjutant; J. H. Robinson, Quartermaster; Dr. J. H. T. McDowall, Surgeon; I. J. Pringle, Chaplain; G. A. King, Officer of the day.

THE FIFTH GEORGIA AT CHICKAMAUGA.

W. K. Pilsbury, Dawson, Ga.: The Fifth Georgia Regiment went into the fight with about 300 men, and at roll call on the morning of the 21st mustered only 100 men, 200 having been killed and wounded.

The Fifth Georgia took part in carrying the last point held by the Federals, a point which had been hotly contested during the whole of that day, and as evidence of the "utter demoralization" of the Federals at the time, it is said that Generals McCook and Crittenden rode into Chattanooga alone, unattended by a single member of their staffs, and their commands were scattered to "the four winds."

On the night of the first day the woods took fire, and the cries of the wounded were dreadful to hear. At the close of this fight the Fifth Georgia Regiment had fallen back and taken a position behind the brow of a small hill, and it was almost certain death for one to raise his head above the hill, as the sharpshooters of the enemy kept up an incessant firing in that direction. One poor fellow of Company B (Griffin Light Guards) thoughtlessly raised his head above the hill, when a shot struck him in the forehead and he fell back a corpse. That ball whizzed in close proximity to my head; so near did it pass, I felt the wind caused by its passage.

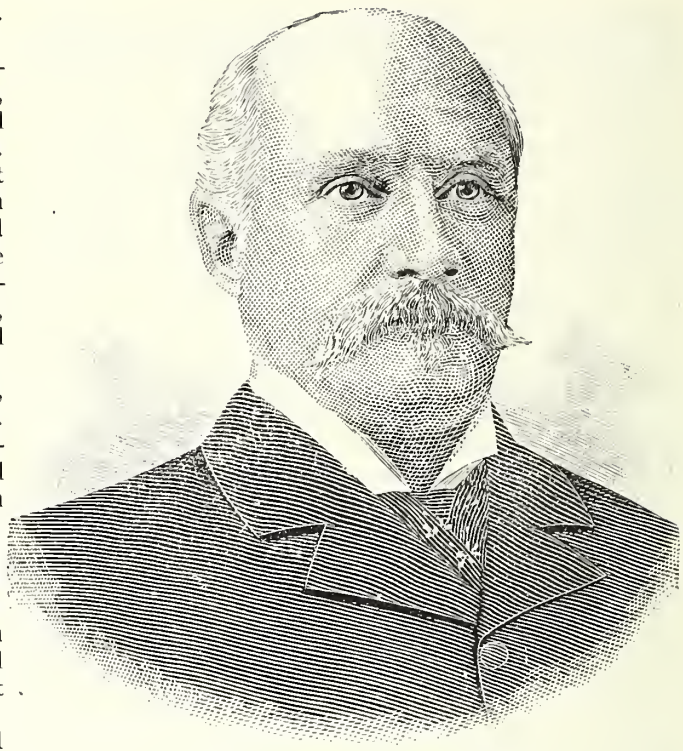
While the Command was behind this hill, and about twilight, the steady tramp of Gen. Pat Cleburne's men was heard advancing, and as these heroes passed us we gave them a shout. In a little while we too were up and advancing to their support.

Then came the "Fire of Hell" in the dark woods upon the banks of the Chickamauga, "The River of Death." As the battle wave surged to and fro that fateful autumn night, the boom of the cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the advancing Confederates, and the cries of the wounded, made an impression upon the minds and hearts of all those who were engaged in the bloody work that will last as long as life. I was slightly wounded at the close of the second day.

Well, as I write to-day, all these bloody scenes are over, and though we are proud to have once been Confederate soldiers, nevertheless, we are glad that white-winged peace is again ours, and that "loyalty" to our country's flag cannot be called into question.

OLDEST CONFEDERATE COMMISSION.

Col. Henry D. Capers, of South Carolina, "holds the oldest commission of any living confederate." He was born in Columbia, and is a son of Bishop Wm. Capers of the Methodist Church. He is a brother of the gallant Confederate General, Ellison Capers, now Bishop of the diocese of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina. Col. Capers entered the S. C. Military Academy in 1852. After leaving this academy he studied medicine under Dr. Middleton Michel, of Charleston, and graduated from the South Carolina Medical College in the class of 1856. He was a member of the faculty of the Atlanta Medical College when his state seceded from the Union, and immediately resigned his professorship, tendering his services to Gov. Pickens. He was promptly commissioned, and was stationed on Morris Island when the "Star of the West" attempted to reinforce Fort Sumter. Col. Capers was of the battery commanded by Lieutenant and Professor P. T. Stevens, now Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and heard his memorable command to the Citadel Cadets, when they were about to fire the first hostile cannon of the Civil War: "Boys, it almost breaks my heart, but—Number One! Fire!"



COL. HENRY D. CAPERS.

On the secession of Georgia, and the formation of the Confederate government, Col. Capers was given by Mr. C. G. Memminger the position of his private secretary and chief clerk and as disbursing officer of the Confederate State Treasury. Upon the inauguration of President Davis, he was installed in office, and was for four days the sole occupant of the Executive Building of the Confederacy in Montgomery, Ala.

The small beginnings of the Confederacy have been graphically set forth in a biography of Mr. Memminger written by Colonel Capers. When the provisional govenment of the Confederacy expired by limitation in February, 1862, Col. Capers, worn and weary, resigned, against the wishes, however, of Mr. Memminger and President Davis, who had become much attached to him. On his resignation being made known, the officers of the civil departments of the government, with whom he had served, presented him with an elegant dress sword as a "testimonial of their esteem for him as an officer and a gentleman"—these words being engraved on the beautiful present. This sword was captured by Sherman's men in their march through Georgia, but after twenty-five years was returned to him. It is now preserved in the museum of the Barnard E. Bee Camp, at Aiken, South Carolina.

He was appointed Lieutenant of Artillery in the regular Confederate army and assigned to duty on

the Peninsular of Virginia at Yorktown on the staff of Brig. Gen. Raines, then the chief of the signal corps. Subsequently he was made Major of Artillery in the provisional army and ordered to organize a battalion of six batteries from the original First Georgia Regiment of Volunteers, whose first term of enlistment expired in March, '62. At Augusta, Ga., a splendid stand of colors was presented to his command, the Twelfth Georgia Battalion, by Miss Pinckey Evans, daughter of the ante bellum General Evans, of Augusta. It was made from the wedding dress of her grand mother, and trimmed with the ribbons from the wedding bonnet of her mother. On the 4th of July, 1862, the Battalion joined the Western army under Gen. Kirby Smith at Chattanooga, Tenn.: served in Bragg's Campaign in Kentucky, and, after his retreat, was ordered to garrison at Cumberland Gap, remaining there until December, 1862, when it reported to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston, S. C.

Col. Capers, with his splendid battalion, was at Battery Wagner, reinforcing Col. Graham the night before the first assault, and during that gallant defense commanded the right of the line. On the third day of the seige, he was ordered in person to Savannah, Ga., to organize a working force of over 5,000 negroes, and reported to Gen. Mercer, who gave him practically entire charge and conduct of this force. Major John McCrady, of the engineer corps, being ordered to report to him, he was enabled with this small army of laborers to complete the connections between Forts Brown, Boggs and Bartow.

In May, 1864, Col. Capers was assigned to Evans' Brigade, then in Gordon's Division and Jackson's Corps, and was severely wounded at Cold Harbor on the 2nd of June. Relieved from field duty, he was ordered to report to Col. Gorgas, Chief of Ordinance. While in this department, and at a time when many inventions and expedients were made and resorted to to supply the needs of the army, Col. Capers made a model of the first compressed paper sabot or shoe. After the war he taught school and read law at Eatonton, Ga., and was admitted to the superior court of Jones County, October, '68, and to the Supreme Court of Georgia in 1871, and to the Supreme Court of the United States in 1873. Was made Vice-President of the Georgia State Agricultural Society in 1873. Devoted to the building up of her waste places, he has given his time, energy and talents without stint to the service of his country.

Besides his work on the life and times of Mr. Memminger, Col. Capers has contributed much to literature; his work of fiction, "Bellevue," went through four editions. His articles have appeared often in the magazines, and his scientific lectures before the medical students of Atlanta, years ago, proved much to his credit. Col. Capers now divides his residence between Charleston, S. C., and Calhoun, Ga. The latter place is the home of his only daughter, Mrs. B. M. Harlan, under whose roof and through whose tender care he is rapidly recovering from grippe and an operation on his old wound, and will soon be, as ever, the handsome cavalier, clever gentleman and genial companion.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Record of the charter members of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Maryland:

Mrs. Charles Howard, of Maryland: Husband, Police Commissioner of Baltimore, and long imprisoned in Fort Warren, Mass., on charge of treason and aiding the South; one son long imprisoned on charge of disloyalty; five other sons, officers in the Confederate Army.

Mrs. Elzey, of Maryland: Husband, Major-General in the Confederate Army.

Mrs. Wilson M. Cary, of Maryland: Imprisoned in Baltimore for aiding the South, and daughter (Mrs. General Pegram) banished to the South for same cause; two sons, officers in Confederate Army.

Mrs. Henry M. Warfield, of Maryland: Husband, member of the Maryland Legislature, and long imprisoned in Fort Warren, Mass., for treason in advocating the secession of Maryland.

Mrs. Ridgely Hampton, of Maryland: Two brothers in Confederate Army.

Mrs. D. McIlvain, of Maryland: Son, killed at the battle of Winchester, Va.

Miss Dora Hoffman, of Maryland: Two brothers, officers in the Confederate Army, one killed at Chancellorsville.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, of Lexington, Va.: Husband, Colonel in Confederate Army; two brothers, Chaplains in Confederate Army; sister-in-law of Stonewall Jackson.

Mrs. Hugh H. Lee, of Winchester, Va: Banished from her home for her services and loyalty to the South.

Mrs. Von Kapff, of Maryland: Three brothers in Confederate Army (two officers).

Mrs. D. Girard Wright, of Texas: Father, General and Senator, Wigfall; husband and brother, officers in Confederate Army.

Miss Mary Willis Minor, of Virginia: Two brothers in Confederate Army.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of Virginia: Mother, Matron in Winder Hospital, Richmond; two brothers, officers in Confederate Army and Navy.

Mrs. B. Jones Taylor, of Texas: Father, General and Senator, Wigfall; brother, officer in Confederate Army.

Mrs. E. Sinclair Beall, of Maryland: Husband in Confederate Army.

Mrs. F. M. Colston, of Alabama: Father, Hon. John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, etc.; husband and brother, officers in Confederate Army.

Mrs. William Reed, of Maryland: Brother killed at the battle of Winchester, Va.

Mrs. Charles Marshall, of Maryland: Three brothers in Confederate Army, one killed at Columbus, Ky.; husband on Gen. R. E. Lee's Staff.

Mrs. Wm. M. Dame, of Maryland: Father, Colonel in Confederate Army, husband in Confederate Army.

Mrs. Neilson Poe, Jr., of Georgia: Husband and brother in Confederate Army.

Mrs. Duncan Clark, of Maryland: Husband in Confederate Army.

Mrs. J. H. Davies, of Virginia: Father, brother and husband, officers in Confederate Army.

Miss M. Alice Smith, of Virginia: Father and brother, officers in Confederate Army.

Mrs. J. Francis Damnann, of Virginia: Father, editor of the Richmond Dispatch during the war; three brothers in the Confederate Army.

Miss Laura Prince Inglis, of South Carolina: Father, Judge Inglis, of South Carolina; two brothers in Confederate Army.

Mrs. Julian J. Chisolm, of Virginia: Father and husband, surgeons in Confederate Army.

Mrs. J. C. Wrenshall, of Georgia: Father in Confederate Service; husband, officer in Confederate Army.

Miss Letitia McKean Buchanan, of Maryland: Father, Admiral F. Buchanan, Confederate Navy.

Miss Barnes Compton, of Maryland: Father banished from his home for furnishing aid and comfort to the South, and resisting encroachments by the United States authorities; two brothers, officers in the Confederate Army and Navy.

Mrs. Francis T. Miles, of South Carolina: Father, Confederate Judge Wardlaw, of South Carolina; brother and husband, officers in Confederate Army.

Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, of Maryland: Brother, officer in Confederate Army; brother imprisoned in Baltimore for aiding the South; husband in Confederate Army.

Mrs. James R. Herbert, of Virginia: Husband, officer in Confederate Army.

All of these ladies who were old enough at the time furnished all the "Aid and Comfort" to the Southern Cause that was possible in the places where they lived, and especially to the sick, wounded and prisoners. The States to which they are credited were their original homes.

W. H. S., a Union Veteran, sends for publication:

Would you like for me to tell you my experience at the meeting of the Blue and Gray at Shiloh thirty-three years ago? I remember the occasion better than I remember yesterday. I belonged to Hurlbut's Division, which was camped three-fourths of a mile or so from Pittsburg Landing, in reserve. I was up with the lark that Sunday morning in April, and a beautiful morning it was—not a cloud. The air was warm and balmy, and the birds were singing merrily in the trees. My messmates were preparing to attend preaching in a neighboring regiment, and I concluded to enjoy nature by taking a walk all alone. As I proceeded leisurely along through the different camps, I mused thus to myself—This is a mighty army, forty thousand strong, all young men, full of patriotism. There is no army in the Confederacy that can stand before us. We will take Corinth, march down through Alabama, capture Mobile, and—What's that? Artillery practice on Sunday morn! Surely the boys must have forgotten the day—Hark! the unmistakable roar of musketry 'way off to the front. Merciful Father! I ejaculate, and for a moment I thought my heart had turned to a stone, but only for a moment, and I was off to my tent. I examined my gun and cartridges, filled my canteen at a spring near by, and was ready for the fray.

Soon the long roll was sounding all over Hurlbut's Command, and "then there was hurrying to and fro" in hot haste. In short order we were in line and marching to the front—the woods seemed full of teams, wounded men and stragglers going to the rear. One young chap we met was minus hat, coat and gun. One of our boys asked him what made him in such a hurry. He said: "You go a little further out that way and you will find out what's the matter"—and we did.

We were placed in line to the left of Prentiss in the edge of the woods, with an open field in our front. The Johnnies opened on us with artillery; after awhile the artillery ceased, and we saw a line of soldiers emerge from the woods on the farther side of the field—splendid sight! guns at right shoulder shift, bayonets fixed and gleaming brightly in the morning sun, mounted officers in the rear. On they came, and there we were behind that rail fence as still as death. Near and nearer until they are within 150 or 200 yards—then a single shot breaks the stillness, followed by a crash, as it were, from the whole line. We loaded and fired again, then ceased firing, and when the smoke cleared so we could see, I thought the emeny had lain down to escape our fire, until I saw some of them running into the woods whence they came. Four different Confederate Brigades tried to charge across that field that day, but all in vain, and we slayed them until after four o'clock, when the line broke to the left of us and we also broke in utter rout. Many of us were killed in the retreat, and I was captured. After surrendering, I went right up to the Confederate line. I wanted to see what kind of men they were who could knock the wind out of us in an open field. When close to the line, a Sergeant stepped forward and offered me his hand. I was wounded in the right shoulder and had to give him my left hand. He put his gun down and examined my wound, and said it was only a flesh wound and would get well. I said: "You fellows fight like demons to-day." "Yes," he replied, "we are fighting for our homes." Just then a great light, as it were, dawned upon my mind. I had said the "rebs" would not fight hard, seeing that they were fighting for the destruction of the Union, but ever after that I told my people what the Confederates believed they were fighting for, and it was all the same as if it were so.

I hope that Sergeant is living. He was one of nature's noblemen.

R. R. Hancock, Auburn, Tenn.: On the 14th of July, 1864, when Gen. S. D. Lee fought Gen. A. J. Smith at Harrisburg Miss, two miles west of Tupelo, my brother, W. C. Hancock was killed. Gen. Lee's hospital was about one and a half miles west of the battlefield, in Mr. Leadbetter's yard, on the right of the road going toword Pontotoc. My brother and one other soldier were buried in a garden on the west side of said yard. C. Dougherty, of Verona, Miss., has found the two graves mentioned, with the footboard still standing at my brother's grave, on which his initials (W. C. H.) are plainly cut, but the other grave is unmarked. Friend Dougherty very kindly offers to put up boards to both graves, with the name, age, command, etc., marked on each. Who can give me the name of the soldier whose remains rest in the unknown grave?

CROSSED THE PLAINS WITH JOHNSTON.

Mrs. Mary B. Holman writes from Ultima Thule, Arkansas, and encloses the list of men who came from California with Albert Sidney Johnston. It is copied from the Messilla (New Mexico) Times under the head "Arrival of Californians."

The following named gentlemen, under the command of Capt. Alonzo Ridley, arrived in our city on the 31st ult., from Los Angeles, Cal.:

RESIGNED ARMY OFFICERS.

Gen. A. S. Johnston, native of Kentucky, late in command of the depot of California, who was commander of the Utah expedition, and whose life has been spent in the service of the government, and in hazardous duties and in important and responsible trust; Brevt.-Maj. L. A. Armisted, Lieut. A. B. Hardcastle, late of the Sixth Infantry; Lieut. E. B. D. Riley, Lieut. Francis Mallory, Lieut. A. Shuaff, late of the Fourth Infantry; Lieut. N. Wickiffe, late of the Ninth Infantry; and Lieut. R. H. Brewer, late of the First Dragoons.

CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA.

Capt. Alonzo Ridley, William R. Bower, Thomas Stonehouse, Hugh May, James D. Darden, L. Parden, James L. Parker, Wm. H. Cheapline, Cyrus K. Holman, Calvin Poer, William Campbell, Jos. N. Chandler, Geo. W. Gift, David McKenzie, Col. Wm. M. Skinner, John J. Dillard, Dillon Jordan, Antonio M. Abila, Thomas Morran, Thomas Smith, W. K. Armisted, William N. Robinson, Frank Varnell.

The following gentlemen joined the company at Tucson, Arizona: Richard Simpson, Geo. Byerson, Wm. A. Elam.

This company, excluding the ex-army officers, was organized in California for the purpose of repairing to the seat of war in Virginia, there to take part in the war now progressing. They will march in a few days for San Antonio, and from thence proceed with all possiible dispatch to Memphis, Tenn., and Richmond.

Mrs. Holman writes in connection with the event that her husband, who was one of the party, remained a few months with her and their children and then joined Whitfield's Texas Legion, in which he was elected Major. She states that he often expressed surprise that he had never met with any one who came through with them. "It was the intention of all to go into the army, yet when my husband, who had been elected to the legislature of this state, was ill at Little Rock during the winter of '79, Major Darden, one of his companions, was in the city, and on hearing of his illness hastened to his side and nursed him with the devotion of a brother to the end."

Dr. James W. Hereford, Mercer's Bottom, W. Va., July 18, '95, writes to comrades "Border Rangers":

I regret that I cannot be at your reunion. I desire the privilege of once more grasping the friendly hands and hearing the old familiar voices, and exchanging reminiscences, seeing once again, possibly for the last time with you, old weather-beaten, honored faces. I still have the old canteen which Comrade Sedinger took away from the Dutchman and gave to me on the battlefield of Winchester, Sept. 19, '64. We might possibly be tempted to take a "wee drap" from it, and pass it around, just for the sake of "auld lang syne." All these things would be to me joy beyond measure, but the inexorable laws of fate rule me out. The truth is, comrades, I am old and have not been as provident as I should, consequently I am still in the harness. No "flowery beds of ease," warm slippers and easy chair for me. I still respond to sick call, as I did in the olden time, when Raisch Saxton sounded it on the bugle, but of a dark, cold or rainy night it is sometimes with bad grace.

Now, let me refer briefly to a matter of much importance. We of the South were not the first to rebel against the government. Why, I myself, in 1857, in the territory of Kansas, saw a regiment of a thousand northern men, well uniformed (in grey), well drilled and equipped, under the command of Col. Lane, afterwards Gen. James H. Lane. These men were in open and avowed rebellion against the government of the United States. Similar armed bodies of men all over the territory were maintained by contributions from the North in active resistance to government troops and U. S. Marshals, until the expiration of Buchanan's administration. Then, in consequence of dissensions in the Democratic party, and the ultimate desertion of northern Democrats to the enemy, Lincoln was elected. Since then their writers and speakers have tried to convince the world that we, and not they, precipitated the war. They have reiterated this lie so frequently and persistently that some of them have actually come to believe it themselves. The truth is that whole regiments of northern men, aided and abeted by the people of the North, were in open rebellion against the United States government three years before a single southern state seceded. All their histories carefully ignore this fact, and now in every schoolhouse children of southern parentage are taught that southern soldiers were "rebels" and "traitors" to their country. Confederate history must, in a measure, remain traditional. Each organization must be the conservitor of its own history. Then, Border Rangers, it is our plain duty to defend their honor and their memory against all traducers.

The VETERAN takes pleasure in quoting Gen. S. G. French in commendation of Mrs. S. P. Lee's "History of the United States." In a recent letter, Gen. French requests that we do all we can for this history by urging it as a school book, and adds: "It is the best history of the United States that can be put into the hands of our children to have them prepared with facts to vindicate the action of the South. * * * No one has recorded the many battles fought so truthfully and fearlessly as Mrs. Lee, and her statements in regard to the numbers on both sides will astonish many of her readers."

Send for this book and investigate its merits. Published by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS — STATISTICS.

Chas. Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., who contributes much of valuable historic information through the press, gives in recent issues of the Chronicle data from which the following is taken:

"During the war between the states, the Confederacy commanded in its regular armies the services of four hundred and seventy general officers. Of these, eight were full Generals; nineteen, Lieutenant-Generals; eighty-two, Major-Generals; and three hundred and sixty-one, Brigadier-Generals.

Ninety-nine did not survive the war. Nearly all of them were killed in battle or died of wounds.

During the thirty years which have elapsed since the war, one hundred and ninety-six of them have been called to their eternal reward. Of the one hundred and seventy-five that remain, many are still serving in important capacities and "giving evidence of the high qualities that won for them advancement amid the shock of arms."

Mr. Jones names a good many of the survivors who hold, or have held, public positions of importance. Of the Brigadier-Generals:

Ellison Capers is Bishop of South Carolina, Nov., 1894; Francis M. Cockrell is United States Senator from Missouri, 1875; George P. Harrison, Jr., Member of Congress from Alabama; Joseph H. Lewis, Member of Congress from Kentucky and Associate Justice of Kentucky Court of Appeals; John T. Morgan, United States Senator from Alabama; Francis T. Nicholls, Governor of Louisiana and Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Louisiana; Roger A. Pryor, Associate Justice of New York City Court of Common Pleas; Allen Thomas, United States Consul at La Guayra, 1895, and Minister to Venezuela; James A. Walker, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia and Member of Congress from Virginia; Lawrence S. Ross, Governor of Texas and President of Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas; George W. Rains, Professor in Medical College of Georgia, Regent of Academy of Richmond County, 1867-83, Dean of Medical College of Georgia, 1880-84, and Emeritus Professor in same, 1893; William R. Cox, Delegate at Large from North Carolina to National Democratic Convention, Circuit Court Judge of North Carolina, Member of Congress from North Carolina, and afterward Secretary of United States Senate; Frank C. Armstrong, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs; John L. T. Sneed, Associate Justice of Supreme Court of Tennessee, Hancock Presidential Elector, Vice President of American Bar Association, and District Chancellor of Tennessee, 1894; Francis A. Shoup, Professor in University of the South and now Principal of Columbia (Tennessee) Female Institute; William L. Cabell, Chairman of Arkansas Delegation to National Democratic Convention, Delegate from Texas to National Democratic Conventions of 1876, 1884 and 1892, United States Marshal for Texas, 1885–1889; Thomas H. Taylor, United States Superintendent of Louisville and Chief of Police of Louisville, Kentucky; James H. Lane, Professor in Alabama Polytechnic Institute; Alexander C. Jones, United States Consul at Nagasaki, Japan, and afterward United States Consul at Ching Kiang, China; George W. Gordon, Superintendent of Memphis City Schools; John B. Clark, Jr., Member of Congress from Missouri, Clerk in United States Treasury Department. Of Major-Generals he notes: L. L. Lomax, Clerkship in War Records' Office at Washington; William B. Bate, Governor of Tennessee and United States Senator from Tennessee; G. W. Custis Lee, President of Washington and Lee University; Fitzhugh Lee, Governor of Virginia and United States Internal Revenue Officer; Matt W. Ransom, United States Senator from North Carolina and Minister to Mexico; Edward C. Walthall, United States Senator from Mississippi; Pierce M. B. Young, Member of Congress from Georgia, United States Consul-General at St. Petersburg, 1885-1887, and Minister to Guatemala and Honduras. Of Lieutenant-Generals: Wade Hampton was Governor, three times United States Senator from South Carolina, and is now United States Railroad Commissioner; Stephen D. Lee, President of Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi; John B. Gordon, Governor of Georgia and United States Senator from Georgia; Joseph Wheeler, Member of Congress from Alabama, 1881–1883 and 1885.

It would be almost impossible to prepare a complete list of this kind and make it in all respects correct. A revision, too, would have to be made quite often.

Capt. F. S. Harris, Nashville, writes from New Orleans, in reply to J. K. Cayce, of Hammond, Texas, in August VETERAN, as follows:

He insists that the "Spaniard "who "got out of the Wilderness in good order," May 6, '64, was not Col. S. G. Shepard of the Seventh Tennessee, now living at Partlow, Wilson county, Tennessee, but Governor Stone of Mississippi. Col. J. M. Stone was then, and is now, every thing that his legions of admirers claimed, and I have no doubt "came out in good order." However, the gentleman from Hood's old brigade who made the inquiry, states that the man who came out in such perfect order was in command of a Tennessee Regiment—that his complexion was so dark he thought he must be a Spaniard. Col. Stone could not have been commanding a Tennessee regiment, as there were only three Tennessee regiments in the Army of Northern Virginia at that time—the First Tennessee commanded by Col. George, now of Fayetteville, Tennessee, whose complexion was very light; Colonel (afterwards General) McCombs, now of Gordonsville, Va., whose complexion is also light, commanded the Fourteenth Tennessee; while Col. S. G. Shepard, whose complexion was very dark, eyes and skin the regular Castillian hue, with beard and hair long, straight and jet black, commanded the Seventh Tennessee. I can't see how the "Spaniard" can be any other than Col. Shepard, and the most convincing proof of all is the modest admission of the Colonel to comrade J. K. Miller that it was he.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

C. H. Vandiver, Page City, Mo., writes vividly:

I enjoy reading the VETERAN. Every old Confed is interested in accounts of battles and personal reminiscences published in it. These accounts bring to memory, like photographs of familiar faces, the war dramas in which I was an humble actor in the "Old Dominion."

I was a Lieutenant in Company F, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, and served in it from the organization of the regiment from Turner Ashby to its last gallant Colonel, R. H. Dulany, June 26, 1864, when my right arm was lost in the fight of Sapponi Church, near Stony Creek Station on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad.

The members of our brigade, composed of the Seventh, Eleventh, Twelfth, and White's Battalion, were nearly all Valley, Va., soldiers, and previous to this had operated with Jackson and in the department west of the Blue Ridge. How many pages might be written of those memorable days, campaigns, battles, deeds of personal valor, comic, tragic and pathetic incidents!

We fought through Spotsylvania, and all along the line to the James River, and it was apparent to any observing mind that we were being driven into a corner, and we were loth to cross the James. It appeared that we were abandoning the valley and rich territory behind us, from which our army had chiefly been supported. On the south side, General Rosser, our commander, got marching orders to intercept Wilson and Kantz, Federal generals, who were with a large force of cavalry raiding in the rear of Gen. Lee. We got a short supply of rations —everything to eat was "short" then—and Gen. Rosser started in a parallel course behind Lee's lines.

Constantly on the lookout, we took no time to sleep, feed or eat, except the "snatches" of rest caught while halting for a scout to report. Many reports came in of the vandalism of the Federals, that they were driving off stock and taking off all the negroes in their track.

In passing through a skirt of timber, we met a lad carrying a squirrel he had caught. I asked him to trade it for a piece of fat bacon. He jumped at the offer, and I divided my fat, short rations with him, dressed the squirrel as we marched, and put it in my cavalry saddle pocket, intending to have a delicate lunch at the first possible opportunity. We continued our march, watching, halting, ever ready for action, that whole day. Once while indulging in a short nap at a temporary halt, I had a most vivid dream of being intoxicated. I thought I acted and talked drunk, while I mortified my friends. On awaking, I related the dream to my orderly, A. C. Harness, and told him that I was a total abstainer, when he replied, "Maybe you'll be wounded and get drunk on prescriptions." The sequel proved its verification. A few hours later, about twilight, at a small branch the command came to a halt; and we were ordered to water, feed and eat, but to remain saddled and ready to mount. I took my squirrel from the pocket, and utilizing the half of a canteen for a frying pan—we blew them open with powder for this purpose and used a split stick for a handle —I had my game frying quickly. But it had scarcely gotten warm before the bugle blew that ever-stirring blast to "mount." Distant picket firing warned us of imminent action. I hastily crammed my squirrel into the old pocket; and in five minutes we were hurrying to the front in column of fours. A line of battle was quickly formed across the road at the old country church. The command dismounted with carbines prepared to fight on foot, the artillery, "Chew's Battery," and mounted men in the rear of dismounted line of battle. I was for some reason temporarily assigned to command the second squadron in the fight.

* * * The battle was at its hottest in ten minutes after the command to mount; and we were defending our hastily formed line, old rails being our breastworks. The enemy were also dismounted. We could see the flashes from their guns and hear the officers urging them on. But our light battery did effective work, and the small arms poured a perpetual fire into their hesitating line. Then a shell exploded over me; and I knew no more till Dr. Price, the Assistant Regimental Surgeon, was supporting me with one arm, and in the other hand held a canteen containing whiskey to my lips. I drank several swallows and the remembrance of "the dream" came to me. My shattered member was bandaged to my body; and, being assisted on my horse, I rode to the residence of Dr. Overton, near Stony Creek Station. A small building in the corner of his yard was utilized for a hospital. My arm was successfully amputated at the shoulder joint; and in six weeks I was comparatively well. My recovery was owing largely to the kind attention of Dr. Overton and family; and I have ever held them in grateful remembrance.

J. C. Hillsman, Ledbetter, Tex.: I was a member of Company B, 11th Virginia Infantry, Picketts' Division. Was in Picketts' famous charge on Cemetery Ridge, Gettysburg, and was wounded and left on the field. When able to bear transportation, I was taken to Baltimore, where I fared well until paroled, sixty days after the Gettysburg fight. I was again captured at Five Forks, April 1, '65, nine days before Lee's surrender, and taken to Point Lookout, where I stayed until June 13, '65. Was also in both Manassas fights, Dranesville, South Mountain, Sharpesburg or Antietam, and many other close places; but, thank the Lord, I am still here.

J. C. Cox, Tyler, Tex.: I have a pistol that was captured at the second battle of Manassas, on Aug. 30, '62. This inscription is engraved on it: "Capt. C. F. Baldwin, Co. D, 14th Regt., N. Y., S. M." I think Capt. Baldwin was killed in that battle; if not, and he or any of his relatives are alive, and will correspond with me in regard to this pistol as a "war relic," I would be pleased to return it to its original owner, or any member of his family. The pistol is in good condition, considering its use.

R. W. Jones, of Winchester, Ky., writes that he can call from memory the roll of his old company to-day, which was Company B, 13th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

NOVEMBER 27,—ANNIVERSARIES.

Please write to the VETERAN or its editor November 27, the day before Thanksgiving. The original purpose of this request was to see how much of the old time military promptness exists with comrades. They don't forget that discipline. Let us consider the day of roll call. How many will answer "Here?" Will you, child and grandchild, of a Confederate veteran tell him, if still "in the land of the living" on that day, not to forget to write? He may not owe anything on subscription but his greeting would gratify. Then he is requested to give attention on that day to the sacred cause of contributing to a monument fund to Samuel Davis of whom much has appeared already in these pages. Veterans and their descendants are alike invited to request a copy of the June number sent to any friend they think would take an interest in the peerless hero.

November 27th, will be the thirty-second anniversary of his death—of the time when bereft of every hope in this world, but that, of saving his life, he firmly faced the officers and the soldiers of the United States Army and said:

"I know the danger of my situation but I will take the consequences."

He wrote to his mother, "O how painful it is to write to you. I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-bye forever more. Mother tell the children all to be good.

"Mother and father do not grieve for me, it will not do any good. Father you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things with the hotel keeper for you."

Upon arrival at the gallows he got out of the wagon, and sat on a bench. He soon asked the officer in charge how long he had to live, who told him "fifteen minutes." When his inquiry was answered about news from the front—the battle on Missionary Ridge, he was told of Confederate defeat; then in reply to it he expressed regret and added, "The boys will have to fight the battles without me."

"The Federal Army was in grief," to use the language of survivors, one of whom has written about it in the VETERAN, that so noble a life should be so taken.

The appeal was made again and again by the officer who was empowered to give him his liberty and an escort to Confederate lines if he would confess, but at the last he declared:

"If I had a thousand lives I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

It is this comrades' honor and the glory of his character for which the VETERAN makes appeal. It seems fitting that action be taken on the anniversary of that awful day.

On the first anniversary of that day the Confederate Army under Gen. Hood, marched through that beautiful, beautiful country between Mt. Pleasant and Columbia and parts of it passed through Pulaski.

The coincidence was amazing when on the only other complete journey of that turnpike road, the writer realized it was an anniversary (twenty-fourth) of that march under Hood.

[The writer will give personal reminiscences here: Three years from the day that Samuel Davis honored the human race and pleased the God who said: "Whosoever loseth his life shall find it," he became a benedict, and the sixth anniversary dates the birth of the only other survivor of that union—this to personal friends.

He mentions that he is the more interested in the record of Samuel Davis, although he never knew him, because of his own experience when under Federal authority. Then his liberty was offered if he would take the oath of allegiance, and when the final appeal was made, he said he "would be killed first," and he meant it.]

Never was there such an opportunity for Confederates to establish through the press so much in their honor as now. The VETERAN was started with the heroic determination to achieve all that is possible for the honor first of those who are dead and then for the living. Its purpose is so true that there is not enough of money, coin and paper, to divert it from its professed allegiance. It is not indelicate to assume that it has accomplished more in the three years

than has all other similar publications in the thirty years since the war ended and it, therefore, has claims upon all survivors or their descendants—upon all who honor Confederates.

Camps of veterans could do it incalculable good by taking up the subject of advertising and sending official notice to concerns advertising throughout the country generally, that the VETERAN has their favor, that it is worthy, and that its large circulation is unquestioned,—proof always furnished where requested—and that they will give preference in purchases to articles named in its pages.

An amount of good could be accomplished that cannot be estimated if comrades and friends would ask editors of their papers to commend the VETERAN. It will always be sent to them, when requested, in return without exchange.

Now, good sir, will you regard that the foregoing is *for your consideration*? Will you respond on that day in a way that will gratify if it doesn't strengthen primarily the cause of the VETERAN or of that monument?

Comrades! you who have done so much, at one time or another, since the VETERAN started, will you answer "Here," on November 27? Will you in the meantime urge upon others the advantages of the co-operation asked? Won't you send *now* the names of persons to whom we may send the story of Samuel Davis in June VETERAN? The VETERAN counts not the cost of an effort to glorify the character of the soldier, who not only honored the cause of the South, but who honored the human race. Do let us raise at least one thousand dollars on the thirty-second anniversary of his death. S. A. Cunningham will receive the money as agent, and deposit in the American National Bank. Creditable ambition exists in Pulaski, the place of his execution, and in Murfreesboro, his native county seat, for the location of the monument, and as the movement was inaugurated by the VETERAN to erect the monument in Nashville, the capital of his state, every subscriber will please indicate where he or she prefers that the monument be erected.

Samuel Davis rests by a handsome monument erected by his sorrowing father back of the little garden at the old home. The parents are under the sod in the same enclosure, but there should be a monument in the most prominent spot in Tennessee, so high and so grand that people passing will ask about it, and where any of the population will know to tell in brief the story of his noble life.

"The Murfreesboro (Tenn.) News says that without disparagement to any one of the vast number of heroes produced and developed by the sanguinary four years war between the sections of our country, we unhesitatingly claim that the grandest and noblest of all was this private soldier boy Sam Davis. His was the purest type of young American and Southern manhood. He loved life and had all to live for, but he preferred death to dishonor."

The VETERAN merits the advertising patronage of all concerns that seek Southern trade. Its circulation is certainly more general throughout the South than any publication ever attained, while its readers are farmers, mechanics, senators and bishops, and their descendants in all avocations of life, while Sons and Daughters of Veterans are its zealous readers.

Friends who work so diligently for subscribers could do more for the VETERAN than they imagine, by writing to advertisers and asking why they don't use it, mentioning the above facts. Camps could take up this matter officially, with results which would gratify them, as the stronger the VETERAN, the more effective will be its power to establish that which they crave above everything in the histories of their lives.

The right spirit to be exercised in behalf of the VETERAN is manifest in the following extract from a recent letter by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia: "I congratulate you on the great service the VETERAN is doing. If I can be of service to you in extending its circulation through Georgia, please command me." Do you think Southerners that you ought to patronize the VETERAN? A subscriber discontinuing, recently wrote: "I like the VETERAN, but haven't time to read it." A Governor of one of our largest Southern States, when in Nashville, was taken about the city in a public carriage; he had been complimented with a year's subscription, and when an agent solicited renewal, refused, saying he got "so many papers" and would have to discontinue the VETERAN. A few general officers who have had much honor through its pages, have never shown the consideration to subscribe. Thanks to the thousands of true men and noble women for the liberality and zeal which have given it stability.

Report of Daughters of the Confederacy Day at Dallas Texas Fair, October 24, has not been re-

ceived in time to embody in an account, hence the article is reserved for December VETERAN. It was, however, a great day for the cause, and the Daughters must be well pleased. The sketch will contain a splendid picture of the "song bird" mentioned last month. She did not disappoint those who expected much of her.

Thanks to ever so many thoughtful friends for sending pictures of Col. Rogers, killed at Corinth. A good engraving has been reproduced and a sketch of his heroic career may be expected in the Christmas VETERAN.

Joseph Cardy, of Tampa, Fla., who served in the Confederate States Navy with Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, sent some sheets of music to the VETERAN entitled "The Soldier Boy in Gray." Comrade Cardy wrote the words, and the music is by Mrs. J. M. Murphy. The music is published by Mr. Cardy.

J. A. Simmons, of Winona, Mo., had an interesting review of the papers of Sergeant J. C. Barnett, Company C, Williams' Regiment, Missouri Cavalry, and copies for the VETERBN his parole, etc. Comrade Barnett was one of the first to enlist from Missouri. He served under Gen. Price.

Gotch Hardeman Camp, No. 85, U. C. V., Luling, Tex., makes the VETERAN its official organ, and Adjutant T. P. Harris, who was directed to subscribe for it, writes: "I think I can send ten or more besides the one ordered. We have eighty on our list, and a majority are from east of the Mississippi."

SAMUEL DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

A subscription is being raised to erect a monument to the private soldier, Samuel Davis who defied death when it involved principle and honor. A thrilling story of his wonderful courage and sacrifice was given in the VETERAN for June. Let those who have been stirred by it tell their friends. Its perusal will do good. A copy will be sent on application.

Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 18, '95.

You may count me $5 on monument to Samuel Davis, to be placed on the triangular lot at the intersection of Broadway and West End Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. W. W. HENDRIX.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 19, '95.

You will find enclosed one dollar towards the monument of Samuel Davis, as I see from the VETERAN there is a move on foot to build a monument to his memory. I hope the money will soon be raised and the monument erected to Samuel Davis.

J. M. GRAVES, Cashier National Bank.

Warrington, Fla., Sept. 27, '95.

Enclosed please find one dollar towards Samuel Davis monument. Call on me again if you need it. Sam Davis ought to have a monument as high a Lookout Mountain. R. A. HARRIS.

Belton, Texas, Sept. 27, '95.

Enclosed please find one dollar for the Samuel Davis monument. The amount is very small, but the will is good, as I feel honored to contribute to so worthy a memory. If necessary, will add to this.

J. T. PRYOR. a Terry Texas Ranger.

Contributions to date:

DeWitt M. Gordon, Nashville, Tenn	$1 00
W. A. Coffey, Scottsboro, Ala	1 00
J. M. Graves, Lexington, Ky	1 00
Maj. W. G. Bush, Nashville, Tenn	2 00
Maj. R. H. Harris, Warrington, Fla	1 00
J. T. Pryor, Belton, Texas	1 00

Maj. R. H. Dudley, Nashville, Tenn., writes of Samuel Davis: He and I enlisted in the same company, First Tennessee Infantry. He was in every sense of the word a good soldier. He was as brave as Gen. Forrest himself. I talked with Mrs. Davis frequently after the war about this son. She was a second wife, well educated and refined. She seemed to appreciate keenly the wonderful heroism of her son. He was transferred to "Coleman's Scouts" a few months before the awful sacrifice of his life that he made without faltering.

W. B. Romine, Editor Pulaski (Tenn.) Citizen: In the "Citizen" for August 1st, I began agitating the question of a suitable monument here for Davis. The bivouac here took it up and appointed a committee. This committee decided to raise a subscription at home before calling on others for aid, but it is our purpose to bring the matter before the public as soon as we get up a fund at home sufficiently large to show that we are in earnest about it. Sub-committees, consisting of two young ladies from each civil district in the county, have been appointed to work under the bivouac committee, and Capt. Field Arrowsmith, of this place, was designated by the committee to receive the contributions. The young ladies are just now getting to their work.

The point where Davis was executed is on the crest of a hill, overlooking the town of Pulaski, near the public school building and cemetary, where sleep Ex-Governor Brown, Judge Spofford, and other distinguished dead. The monument, if properly built, could be easily seen from the trains passing on the main line of the Louisville and Nashville road. Altogether, there are many good reasons why the monument should be built here.

S. H. Sherlock, a Union veteran, of Fort Smith, Ark., writes to Comrade Ridley (whose journal in the VETERAN has been read with much interest throughout the country) in reference to the memorable battle of Stone's River, and expresses gratitude for courtesies extended in showing him over the battlefield on a recent visit. He also mentions his delight with the journal, "so true to the life of a soldier that with a few changes it might have been written by one of either side in the contest." Mr. Sherlock adds: "I must confess that I am surprised at the lack of that vindictiveness which abounds in almost all writings of that period. It is dignified without animosity, but true as steel to the Southern Cause."

THE ROUSS MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

On the cover page appears a photo engraving of nearly all the members of the Rouss Memorial Committee appointed at the Houston reunion, in May last, of United Confederate Veterans. The picture was made specially for the VETERAN. [Col. Thos. S. Keelan, a member from North Carolina, was present on the first day, but could not be on Monday when the picture was made.] Gen. George H. Stuart, of Maryland, was made temporary, and Capt. John Carter, of Kentucky, permanent, Chairman, Capt. Jno. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., Vice-Chairman, and Col. Howard Williams, Secretary of the Committee. The various necessary subcommittees were appointed. A large delegation from Nashville, Tenn., was received, who gave expression to its merits for the location of the Memorial Building. Miss Lillian B. Pike, for the Ladies' Confederate Veteran Association, of Washington, D. C., and Capt. Hickey made plea for the National Capital. Col. Cary, of Virginia, advocated the Confederate Capital. Col. Wood described the devotion of the people of New Orleans to, and their pride in, Confederate memories. Judge W. L. Calhoun, Gen. Evans, Col. T. B. Felder and Col. Maddox advocated Atlanta, as a place worthy of distinction and merit for the location.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, was the special representative of Mr. Chas. Broadway Rouss. In a letter to him Comrade Rouss states: "You are authorized to act in my behalf and to represent me before the committee."

Col. Dickinson, on being introduced, addressed the committee in an eloquent speech, in which he fully represented the patriotic spirit of Mr. Rouss in origination of the great idea of a memorial building, and set forth the influence that the movement would have, not only in preserving the historical data of Confederate times, but also in promoting a patriotic brotherhood in all parts of theUnion.

Col. Dickinson was warmly applauded, and at the conclusion of his address he was invited to participate in all the deliberations of the body.

The Committee upon Ways and Means, composed of Col. Wood, Capt. Garrett and Dr. Tennent, reported the condition of affairs as follows:

The plan of commemoration submitted to the veterans by Comrade Chas. Broadway Rouss has appealed so forcibly to their patriotic sentiments, and has commended its practicability so strongly to their judgement, as to leave no doubt of their desire for its adoption. The creation of your honorable body, by an unanimous vote of the veterans at Houston, proves the correctness of this conclusion. We are brought then to the consideration of the means by which this plan can be put into operation. The munificent subscription of Comrade Rouss of $100,000 was conditioned upon the forthcoming of a like amount from other sources. This condition was eminently wise and prudent, and was essential to success, as the contribution of Comrade Rouss alone would not effect the purpose intended. To raise this additional amount is the most important matter that can occupy the attention of your honorable body, as upon this point hinges the success of the great work in which we are engaged. Convinced of this, we have considered every source of supply that, in our opinion, is available. As a result, we express the confident belief that the money required can be secured by the personal contributions of veterans and Confederate sympathizers, and through the efforts of the women of the South. In support of this belief we call your attention to the following facts and figures:

There are enrolled in the membership of these different camps more than 50,000 veterans, and it is entirely safe to estimate their joint contributions at $50,000. There are an equal number of Confederate veterans who are unattached to organizations, and who can be relied upon for support to the amount of $25,000. There are in the South 238 cities containing populations of over 5,000 each, and as all of these communities have large and enthusiastic Confederate elements, they can be relied upon for liberal support. The women of the South, whose active co-operation we may take for granted, are confident that from this source they can secure sufficient money to establish the proposed institution, to equip it thoroughly, and to provide for its permanent maintenance. While we have implicit confidence in the zeal and ability of these noble women, based upon what they have already accomplished in similar directions, we wish to be entirely on the safe side in the presentation of figures to your honorable body. We believe that these 238 cities can be safely relied upon for a contribution of $250 each, or $59,500 in all. Recapitulating, we have:

From members of the veteran camps	$ 50,000.
From unattached veterans	25,000.
From 238 cities	59,500.
Making a total of	$134,500.

While we think that we would be justified in making a larger estimate of resources, we have confined ourselves to figures upon which we are satisfied your honorable body may implicitly rely in determining upon work to be done. We have excluded from consideration contributions from towns and villages of small population, from Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and from other sources. We have kept solely in view those certain avenues of supply that will enable the veterans, by supplementing Comrade Rouss' magnificent contribution, to erect an institution worthy in every respect of the men and cause whose memory they seek to perpetuate.

These results are within reach, but they cannot be secured without active, intelligent and continuous labor. Up to the meeting of your honorable body Comrade Rouss, was t e sole motor of this memorial movement, and on him fell the burden of work and expense. How he discharged the obliga-

tions that he willingly and generously assumed is a matter of record. The appointment of your honorable body as the direct representatives of the different division organizations of the United Confederate Veteran Association transfers to you the charge of this memorial work, and it is to you that the veterans will now look for the fruition of their hopes and desires. * * *

To secure subscriptions from the enrolled veterans, they must be thoroughly canvassed by their respective camp commanders. To induce liberal action by the unattached veterans and Confederate sympathizers, urgent and continuous appeals must be made to them. To prepare the field for this course, we consider an address by your honorable body to be of the greatest importance. * * * *

[The address has been prepared and may be expected in Christmas VETERAN.—ED.]

As we have stated, the active support of the women of the South can be relied upon in the important work of collecting funds for the memorial work in hand. The plan which suggests itself as the most feasible and which would be most in accord with the wishes of our devoted women, is this: to secure the establishment of a memorial festival day, the celebration of which should be under the sole direction and control of themselves.

They suggested recommendation to Gen. Gordon, Commander United Confederate Veterans, for the issuance of an order which would be observed throughout the entire South, believing that every city, town and hamlet would respond by a liberal contribution to the great Battle Abbey that we propose to erect.

They recommend that the labors of the Committee be continued through representatives and its execution through an Executive Committee, saying:

It must be borne in mind that the labors of this body will extend, without intermission, from the adjournment of your honorable body up to the meeting of the veterans in May next, a period of about seven months. * * * *

We assnme that the work of collecting money for the proposed Confederate Memorial Association will commence shortly after the adjournment of your honorable body. These contributions will be made throughout the South, and, in our opinion, should be deposited in responsible banks in the different localities where they are made. This would insure safety of the funds until delivery to those empowered to receive them, and would establish valuable relations with the financial institutions of our section. * * * * *

The machinery for collecting money must be set in motion, or all that we have done in the past or may attempt in the future will be utterly valueless. We estimate that $5,000 will be required to prosecute the memorial work effectively from the present time up to the Veteran Reunion in May, and we have addressed ourselves to the task of reviewing the possible sources of supply. There appear to be but two avenues of relief from our financial straits. One is to borrow the amount required, pledging a return from the first contributions received. The other is to request the advance of a portion of funds already pro-offered in subscription. In the first case, the field is open for trial. In the second, you would be limited to soliciting from Charles Broadway Rouss. We prefer the course first suggested. We do not think, except in the direst extremity, that we should burden this generous and patriotic man one dollar beyond his magnificent subscription of $100,000.

Gen. Evans offered the following resolution: That this Committee recommend that a certificate of membership in the Memorial Association be issued by authority of the United Confederate Veteran Association to every person who shall contribute the sum of $1.00 or more to the great object of said Association; and that for present purposes a receipt for donations be prepared by the Executive Committee and given to every donor who shall pay any such sum as above named into the fund of the Memorial Association, which receipt shall be converitable into the finally engraved certificates. Adopted.

Gen. Steuart offered the following resolution: That it is the sense of this Committee that the nine ranking officers of the Confederate Army and Navy surviving shall be honorary members of the Board of Administrators by virtue of their Confederate rank. Adopted.

Major Garrett moved that the plan submitted by Comrade Rouss, as amended, be approved, and that this Committee recommend the same to the United Confederate Veterans' Association for adoption. The motion was unanimously adopted.

On motion of Gen. Johnston, the Executive Committee was instructed to select and appoint some proper person to take active charge of the work of raising the amount of money required by the conditions of Mr. Rouss' contribution. The said person to act under the direction of the Executive Committee.

Col. Wood presented these preambles and the resolution : Whereas, the Confederate Veterans, whom we represent in this Committee, owe the inspiration and support of the great memorial work under consideration to the patriotism and liberality of Charles Broadway Rouss; and,

Whereas, we appreciate his example of generosity, which has no parallel in the history of Confederate commemorative work; and,

Whereas, we deem it eminently proper in justice to him, and as a duty to ourselves, to give expression to our appreciation, therefore,

Resolved, That the Memorial Committee, representing the Confederate Veterans of the land, extend to Comrade Charles Broadway Rouss their full recognition of his patriotic and generous action in inaugurating and furthering a work dear to their hearts, and that we congratulate Comrade Rouss upon the assured success of his great commemorative work; that we extend to him our heartfelt thanks for his magnificent contribution to the institution that we propose to erect in honor of our dead, and in memory of our cause; that we tender him o brotherly affection, and wish him long life, succe and happiness.

The proposition was adopted unanimously by standing vote. The Secretary was instructed to

prepare a copy of the resolutions to be presented, through Col. Dickinson to Mr. Rouss.

On motion of Col. McIntosh, the Committee expressed to Col. A. G. Dickinson its cordial appreciation of the courtesy, good judgment, and patriotic manner in which he, as the representative of Comrade Rouss, has honorod the Committee with his presence in all their deliberations, and his aid by valuable counsel and the noble enthusiasm manifested in the sacred cause.

It was further resolved, That this Committee would fail of its duty to adjourn without expressing its due appreciation of the invaluable services rendered by Comrade Robert C. Wood, of New Orleans, in the effective work he has done in the organization of the great scheme suggested by Comrade Rouss for the erection of a Confederate Memorial Hall, and his untiring energy and intelligent zeal in the labors of the Committee.

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote.

Col. Dickinson addressed the Committee, thanking them for the expression in their resolutions, and in eulogizing the great work done by Col. Wood who organized the movement to carry out the munificent project of Mr. Rouss.

Col. Wood being called for, spoke of his personal enthusiastic interest in the great suggestion which had come from the heart of Mr. Rouss, and his assurance that the movement would grow into a grand achievement. * * *

The Board of Administrators shall be composed of one member from each division of U. C. V. Association, these members to be chosen by their respective divisions.

Colonel Wood moved that the valuation of membership fee specified in the plan of Comrade Rouss be reduced from ten dollars to one dollar.

The chairman announced the following Executive Committee: Colonel J. R. McIntosh, Meridian, Miss.; General J. A. Chalaron, New Orleans, La.; Major W. R. Garrett, Nashville, Tenn.

After appropriate resolutions of thanks to Atlanta comrades, the press, and chairman Carter, the Committee adjourned to meet in Richmond the day before the U. C. V. Reunion in May, 1896.

Col. W. P. Barlow, St. Louis: As that twenty-pound Parrot captured by Bowen's Brigade is attracting attention, I will complete her history. I was of Bowen's Brigade, saw his infantry make the rush up the hill, and when I reached the gun Gen. Rust was excitedly claiming her as captured by his brigade. Bowen quietly pointed to some dead Confederates lying near, and asked, "To which Brigade do these men belong?" They were Missourians, and that settled it. I made up a detachment from my spare cannoneers.

Mr. Gus Watson (of the Watson Battery) took the six-mule team from our battery-wagon (driven by a "twelve-hundred-dollar nigger," John Simms, belonging to Mr. Watson) and took her into action; but John Simms jumped out of the saddle and laid flat on the ground when the enemy's shells came smashing around. The mules got tangled up, and fearing to lose the team and thus disable the battery-wagon, this gun, the "Lady Richardson" was withdrawn. Mr. Watson hauled her to Holly Springs, whence she was sent to the Yazoo River and fought the Federal gunboats, thence to Mobile. Our next meeting was in the fall of '64. I was acting Chief of Artillery of the Department of East Louisiana, and a Missouri Battery Dawson's, I believe, with two twenty-pound Parrots, was sent from Mobile to help me fight gunboats, when I was gratified to meet my old friend again. The Federals concentrated a division of cavalry at Baton Rouge, drove us out of the country, and the "Lady Richardson" was sent back to Mobile where I was told she was surrendered in 1865.

I well remember thinking, at Corinth, that Gus Watson's act in taking that valuable darky under fire was the bravest thing I had seen during the war. I gave him no credit for voluntarily risking his own life.

Col. Barlow adds: Col. Henry A. Newman has started on a systematic canvas of Missouri, and will organize a United Confederate Veteran Camp in every county in the state. Then each Camp will make a strong pull in aid of our Confederate Home Treasury at the District School Elections next April. In this way we will support our Home and send a strong delegation to the United Confederate Veteran Reunion at Richmond. Missouri is late coming into the National Association for the reason that we had an immense work to do at home. We have raised by individual donations over $120,000, and are supporting disabled Confederates from nearly every Southern state. At last we can affort to join the United Confederate Veterans.

A pathetic and memorable event occurred at the funeral of Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Hume, in the McKendree Church, Nashville, recently. A group of old family servants had assembled in an "amen corner," and after the sermon the choir were singing,

"We'll never say good-by in Heaven,"

the soloist standing, while the remainder of the choir sat behind the drawn curtains and rendered the plaintive words with remarkable sweetness, when an old woman who had always lived with the deceased could not restrain her feelings and broke out in deep sobs. There were soon not many dry eyes in the congregation.

Mrs. Hume was one of those heroic women, who in war times did what she could for the Southern soldiers. On one occasion she applied for the care of sick Confederate soldiers, and a Texan named Terry, who was paralyzed helplessly and almost hopelessly, was given into her care. He was so near dead that the authorities lost sight of him, but she nourished him and cared for him until he was nearly well. Then she carried him in her carriage beyond the Federal lines. Her greatest difficulty in the expedition was in passing Confederate lines upon her return home.

Notice comes of the death of a Daughter of the Confederacy from Winchester, Kentucky. It is that of Mrs. Florence Gibson Haggard who was a Miss Gibson, of Tennessee, before her marriage. Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, Secretary of the Daughters, thoughtfully sent it.

WORDS FOR THE SOUTH.

General, and United States Senator for Tennessee, Wm. B. Bate, appointed by the Secretary of War to speak for the Confederates at the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park dedication, made an address broadly national, and it certainly justified the wisdom of the appointment. Moreover, it gives the Southern people pride in their record.

After a beautiful introduction, he said: * * *

Here, within sight of this stand, we and they—the living and the dead—Confederate and Federal—fought for the right as each understood it, for the Constitution as each construed it, and for liberty as each interpreted it.

With sheathless swords in sinewy hands, we, Confederate and Federal, fought that great battle of duty, and now, thirty-two years after, fall in line not to renew the battle, nor rekindle the strife, nor even to argue as to which won the victory, but to gather up the rich fruits of both the victory and defeat as treasures of inestimable value to our common country. * * * * *



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—VIEW FROM CHICKAMAUGA

You men of the North at Chicago, on the day of the decoration of the graves of late brave comrades in arms, sealed anew the covenant of union. You erected a splendid memorial to our braves, to be as lasting as the government to which men of all sections will bear true and faithful allegiance. What manner of men were those in memory of whom that Chicago monument was erected? Think not of them as only Confederates, for in their deaths as in their lives, they were noble Americans. You have read of the death of martyrs to the faith in Roman amphitheatre; of men who met their death with heroic calmness at the stake, and of all that "noble band of martyrs" for the Christian faith whose blood became the seed of the church—those Confederate soldiers were all that—and in some respects, more.

Remember that apostasy would not have saved the martyr "butchered to make a Roman holiday," but that the oath of loyalty would have opened the prison gate to the dying Confederates, and that they refused to take that oath—accepting death in a distant prison to life purchased by infidelity to conviction. That was a martyrdom as lofty in soul, as severe in courage and as grand and holy in religious virtue as ever was attested by courageous death in Roman Coliseum.

"True to the South, they offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
For her they threw lands, honors, wealth away,
And one more hope that was more prized than they;
For her they languished in a foreign clime,
Gray-haired with sorrow in their manhood's prime:
Beheld each night their homes in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from their dreams to weep;
Till God, who saw them tried too sorely, gave
The resting place they asked—an early grave.
Oh, then forget all feuds and shed one manly tear
O'er Southern dust—for broken hearts lie there."

It was no ordinary course of events which inspired the Christian martyr, nor was it for mere party politics that the martyrdom of our heroes was endured.

Dispassionate history, when reviewing our respective actions and the principles of each section which underlay the struggle between the North and the South, will not confound and confuse in the halo of a restored Union the great and impelling causes which led to the conflict. * * *

The designation of the sections of our country, as the North and the South—as divisions distinct in interest and diverse in traditions, found recognition and expression in our political literature when every state in the Union was a slave state.

There were, in fact, two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, domiciled in the colonies with distinct economies arising from the operations of climate, soil and occupation. They were trading and planting people—where agriculture and commerce had created a difference in every feature of domestic life. Their system of labor, their habits of life, their thoughts and their aspirations divided and separated along diverging lines, until apprehensions, jealousies and distrusts existed, no less distinct than the climatic differences which surrounded them. * * * *

It was a fortunate circumstance in the dispensation of a wise Providence, which intervened the Dutch of New York, the Swedes of Delaware and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, between the rival discordant Anglo-Saxons in the North and the South.

Every colony had a motive for its existence. Massachusetts and New England for Puritan; Virginia for the Cavalier; Carolina for the Huguenot; Maryland for. the Catholic; Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware for the Quaker; New York for the commercial and trading Dutchman; Rhode Island for the Independent, and Georgia, "a place of refuge for the distressed people of Britain and the persecuted Protestants of Europe.

These were the beginnings of the constituent parts of our Union, and a more heterogeneous mass of conflicting motives and interests is not to be found in the pages of history. The colonies grew in vigorous strength. Bancroft tells us they "cherished a passion for indepencence."

The North grew no nearer to the South, and the South no nearer to the North, however far each section drew away from British despotism.

In all the throes of desperation which followed the effort for independence, it was the common de-

fense rather than any unity of institutions or interests or sentiment that welded the colonies together.

As soon as they became free and independent states they confederated for defense, and with jealous care guarded against all nationality; and even while under their confederation the old antagonism of the North and South developed anew without diminution either in interest or sentiment.

The history of the constitutional convention of 1787-88 is a record of conflicting interests and of divergent civilization, which required compromise and concession to maintain a union which was more necessary to public defense than conducive to any sentiment of the common feeling and common interests and nationality. All this is old; yea, "old as the hills," and as forgotten as the clouds that once rolled over them, but it is the fact of history, and points the moral and accentuates the truth of that political philosophy which directed the South through all her history from 1789 to 1860.

But, Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens, all things come to the man or people that wait, and so, with perfect confidence in the rectitude of our motives; in the correctness of our views of the Federal constitution, and of the propriety of our acts in the past, we, surviving Confederates for ourselves, and in behalf of our dead comrades, offer no apology or excuse for our course in 1861-65, but frankly and firmly avouch the facts of our country's history and the teachings and writings of the fathers, as the justification of the Southern states at the bar of impartial history.

The principles in defense of which the South accepted battle were found in the constitution.

Whether right or wrong, the South believed she was right—and the principles in defense of which the South accepted battle, after peaceably seceding from the Union. were found in the constitution and taught by the fathers. The South claimed and asked nothing more than equal rights—not of persons only, but of states. Equal privileges in all parts of the Union; equal protection wherever the flag floated, to every person, to every species of property recognized by any state. Less than that was subordination, not equality. * * * * * * *

In the exercise of that right by the South, an appeal to the court of last resort between sovereign states became absolutely necessary; an appeal to war—that tribunal of force whose judgment is final, whether just or otherwise. In its forum the states joined issue, and when its decree was found against the South, we bowed to it as final without consenting to it as just or righteous. Its irreversible result will not again be questioned, but accepted with natural and unavoidable sorrow. * * *

The South proffers at the bar of history, and in the forum of conscience, a rectitude of motive and warrant of law not less moral and righteous than all that animated the North.

Publicists may draw distinctions between just and unjust wars, but in civil conflicts for inalienable rights, victory cannot sanctify the wrong, nor defeat invalidate the right. Our civil war established beyond controversy that the North was stronger in all the materials of war, and had vastly greater facilities for making them available, having besides internal resources, the outside world to draw from—but beyond that human reason can draw no rightful conclusion, and the right or wrong is left to impartial history.

And I have not the least apprehension that impartial history will fail to recognize the justification of the South in the records of our country, and find that according to the faith that was in her people, there was no alternative left in 1861 but the appeal to arms—and I affirm, with equal confidence, that any comparison of the two sections, from the earliest time to the present day, will not find the South to have been no less patriotic or less solicitous for the honor, glory and welfare of the Union.

SOUTHERN PATRIOTISM.

The sacrifices made by the Confederate soldier put the question of motive beyond cavil. There never was a time between Fort Sumter and Appomattox, when, even in the death struggle, the Confederate soldier did not feel that he was fighting for his country—for the legal right to local self-government under the existing constitution made by his fathers. And he never doubted the right to claim for the South an equal share of glory won, and sacrifices made by revolutionary ancestry. He remembered with pride that the first declaration for colonial independence was made at the South, in Mecklenburg, N. C.; that Thomas Jefferson, a Southern man, wrote the Declaration of Independence adopted by our fathers. He remembered that Patrick Henry, another Southern man, when doubt and hesitation had paralyzed the popular heart, raised the battle cry, "Give me liberty, or give me death," and aroused all patriots to decision and action. He also remembered that George Washington, a Southern man, led the army to final victory securing liberty to American colonies; and that when the turning point of the struggle came, Southern heroes from this valley, at King's Mountain, after the misfortune at Camden, turned the tide of war, and were the initial that led to the climax of victory at Yorktown. Such assured historic facts nerved the Confederate on to deeds of valor, and made him a willing sacrifice to his convictions.

The history of our country from 1789 to 1860—shows that the patriotism of the South was prolific, of great civil achievements, by which the country grew in power and in wealth, until it became the wonder of the nineteenth century.

History sustains the South in the claim that all the territory brought into the United States government has been by gift from Southern states, or acquired by Southern policy, except Alaska, and that every state in the Union has been carved out of that territory, excepting two—Vermont and Maine. It is a historical fact that every foot of territory secured to the United States, after the treaty with England on the close of the Revolutionary War, was signed by Southern presidents, except that small portion known as the Gadsden Treaty, signed by President Pierce. * * *

Old Virginia passed the title to the five original Northwestern states. Old Virginia also gave title to Kentucky. North Carolina gave the United

States title to Tennessee. The next acquisition was the Louisiana Purchase by President Jefferson, from France, carrying with it all the remaining territory to the geographical point where the tide in the Northwest flows to the Pacific Ocean. Then Florida, with certain rights in Oregon, was purchased from Spain by President Monroe. President Tyler signed the treaty with Texas. President Polk signed that with Mexico for California, New Mexico and Arizona.

And singular to say that the treaty with Russia by which Alaska was secured, although negotiated for under Mr. Lincoln's administration, the final treaty was signed by President Andrew Johnson, a Southern man. So, with the exception named, the treaties that brought every foot of territory added to the United States were signed by Southern presidents, in conformity with Southern policy. The South felt that she had done a full share to the extension of our country, and felt sensitive at the proposed denial of her rights.

But "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"—and it seems the war was inevitable. When our patriotic fathers, by way of compromise, planted certain seeds in our political garden, they proved to be seeds of discord, and after our variable political sunshine, clouds and rains, for three quarters of a century, they at last germinated and blossomed into blood. The process was slow, but sure, just as with the little snowflake that falls on the crag in the Alps, and becomes the necleus of the mighty avalanche when a little sunbeam falls on it, and melts and loosens its hold, the avalanche tumbles, crashing and thundering into the vale below. So did the causes, created with the best intention by our fathers, become the nuclei, which accumulated into mighty proportions, and the avalanche of war came thundering and crashing through the land.

Feeling that their constitutional rights were imperiled, and that they could not be as equals in the government, and having failed, after repeated efforts, to further compromise and reconcile essential differences, eleven of the Southern states, asserting their primary rights as sovereign states, each acting for itself and on its own responsibility, formally and peaceably withdrew from the Union, each placing itself just as it was before entering into the compact of union.

This was not done in anger, nor in indecent haste, but with proper grace and dignity, overcast with sorrow. The time of so doing extended from December, 1860, to June, 1861. Each seceding state, from natural sympathy and common interest, aligned itself alongside of those that had preceded it; and, after the fashion of the original formation of the Union, they united their fortunes and made common cause. Three other border states, Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, hesitated in the attempt to join their seceding sisters, and finally remained in the Union, while numbers of individuals and organized commands, following their convictions, promptly and bravely left their homes in these states and united their destinies with the land of the South.

Believing in the justice and righteousness of their cause, and to maintain their constitutional rights, and undaunted by such obstacles, the eleven seceded states organized what is known as "The Confederate States." * * * * *

These Confederate states were organized and established as a separate government, and moved to its chosen capital—Richmond, Va. I use the term "established" significantly. This organized government, by constitutional designation, gave itself the name of "The Confederate States," having a government for four years—years of battle and of blood—and it was organized after the fashion of the one established by our fathers. It had, in fact, all the machinery and paraphernalia of a thoroughly organized and equipped government.

It had its national flag and a patriotic and gallant army to defend it. That flag emblemed its nationality and waved over Confederate armies that guarded its citadel defiantly for four years. It was defensive and not offensive war. The Confederates asked to be let alone—only that. * * * *

To disestablish it, it required 2,759,059 gallant and well equipped Federal soldiers four years, fighting hundreds of battles with a loss of more than half a million men and at a cost in money of four or five billions of dollars.

It is a historic fact that President Lincoln formally called through all sources for 2,759,059 men for military service. * * * *

It is also a historic fact, obtained from the best available data at my command, that the Confederate States had on their army rolls from first to last, during our four years' strife, in round numbers, less than 600,000 men.

When truthful writers come to understand such facts, can it be believed that they will speak of it as a "mere rebellion," and not as the greatest of civil wars?

The word "rebel," while intended as a word of reproach, created no alarm among Confederates. They recognized the fact that wherever you find in history a struggle for liberty, the word "liberty" is preceeded by the word "rebel"—as in the struggle of our own revolutionary fathers for independence.

The political theory held at the South—that our Union was a compact—evidenced by the Federal constitution, of which the Federal government was the creature, and the states the creator, the former the agent, the latter the principal, may or may not have been the true theory of our confederation, but it was unquestionably the conscientious conviction of our people, our statesmen and our states.

It was a theory of wise men which secured the liberty of local government without weakening the central power for public defense; it left domestic affairs to the care of those most interested in all that relates to home, while it intrusted foreign relations to the watchful care of the general government as the agent of all the states. Capable of extension throughout the continent, it has already extended from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf, securing the largest liberty to each constituent state, and yet uniting the will and power of the whole for the common defense of all—"Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

BATTLES OF CHICKAMAUGA AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

* * * The two armies had met before under the same commanders, where they fought the old year out and the new year in, and made Stone's River, or Murfreesboro, a field of historic renown. In that test of prowess, though the contest for two days was bloody, but little advantage was gained by either army, save that after the second day's conflict Bragg retired without pursuit and left Rosecrans the honor of holding the field. It was a second Flodden field, where both Surrey of England, and James of Scotland believed each army vanquished, and neither could claim a victory until the dawn of the next day. Meanwhile, during the winter and spring, Rosecrans had recuperated and filled up his army after the battle of Murfreesboro—Bragg had depleted his by sending between eleven and twelve thousand infantry to Mississippi. * * *

The object of Gen. Rosecrans was to drive Bragg through North Georgia—and Bragg did not intend that he should, without a fight. The three days from the 14th to the 17th (the day on which the general order for battle was issued by Bragg) was criticised by the uninitiated as "time and opportunity lost." But subsequent events, when Longstreet arrived, showed the wisdom of this delay.

These two gallant armies, one composed of Western and the other of Southern men, with kindred, in many instances brothers, on opposing sides, were skilled by experience and seasoned by hardship, and with no mean opinion of the prowess of each other.

For two days in this valley, under the brows of Lookout, near the border line of Georgia and Tennessee, and on the banks of the sluggish little "River of Death," the terrible onslaught was waged with a destructive fury hardly surpassed in any battle of modern times. With hurrying to and fro, marches and counter-marches, sometimes in "double quick," in adjusting lines, the battle began. What with assault and repulse, with vantage ground gained and lost, salients taken and retaken, lines broken and righted up again, with gaps filled here and flanks covered there, movements checked, flags captured and recaptured, guns taken and retaken, stars and stripes and stars and bars vieing with each other for place, thus did the masterful strife continue until the mantle of night, in its charity, enveloped the scene, without any very decisive permanent advantage to either.

It was a calm, crisp, frosty night, quiet and serene, save the sound of the ax in Federal hands as field works were hastily constructed, indicating Federal pluck that meant to stay. There was on the Confederate lines that stillness of slumber which exhausted nature alone can give. * * *

The Federals initiated the fight on the evening of the 18th, whether intended or not. Then it was that Rosecrans saw that instead of retreating through North Georgia, Gen. Bragg had assumed the offensive, and tendered the gage of battle. Rosecrans immediately put himself in defensive attitude. Bragg, however, not yet having crossed the Chickamauga in force, gave Rosecrans ample time time on the evening of the 18th in which to choose his ground and locate his lines. This was advantageously done by placing them on points of slight elevation extending through a level wooded country in a forest abounding in dense undergrowth, with here and there, at long intervals, small fields and small open glady spots. These were the only places where troops would be rendered visible until in very close range. The dense undergrowth concealed the Federal lines and served as masks to batteries. Rosecrans's lines thus situated, his batteries were placed advantageously to command the approaches, and were used most effectively on Bragg's advance, while Confederate batteries were practically unused, as it was difficult to move them through the woods and thick underbrush, much less secure advantageous points from which to fire. This put the Confederates at decided disadvantage.

Rosecrans, having assumed the defensive, with lines and batteries advantageously located (although broken here and there in the fight of the 19th, but practically maintained), went to work on defenses early in the night, and kept it up. The sound of the ax in Federal hands was anything but grateful to the ears of the Confederates, who were but a few hundred yards distant, and knew that Bragg's aggressive movement would soon precipitate them upon the defenses. Breastworks, as comfortable as they may be to those behind them, are not very inviting to the attacking party. As courageous as the assailant may be, he is conscious of his disadvantage, and necessarily assaults with more reluctance because of knowing this disadvantage, while the soldier sheltered behind them, however frail they may be, feels a degree of confidence because of that advantage. While all this gave a decided advantage to the resisting party, there was to some extent a corresponding advantage to be gained by an aggressive movement. The soldier gets momentum in a forward movement that often avails much. This was demonstrated next day at several points, where the lines were overrun, but could not be held.

Lieut. Gen. Longstreet, who had been preceded by a part of his command, arrived at army headquarters late in the night of the 19th. Thereupon Gen. Bragg divided his army into two wings, without disturbing the locality of the troops, and placed Lieut. Gen. Polk in command of the right wing, and Lieut. Gen. Longstreet in command of the left wing. These dispositions having been made, Gen. Bragg ordered an attack at daylight on the next day, to be executed by brigades in eschelon, beginning on the right. The attack was not made, however, until between nine and ten o'clock, when it was done with vigor and fierceness. * * *



THE SECOND DAY S FIGHT.

Feats of valor were performed that day by commands in both armies that should entitle them to a place alongside of Grecian phalanx, or Roman legion. And in many instances individual prowess displayed itself with Prince Rupert rashness, and with the endurance of Cromwell's "Ironsides."

Lines advanced and recoiled again and again amid the din of battle. The doubtful issue was prolonged, each party holding the lines with dogged tenacity, making the second a more deadly day than the first. The Federal left had been driven back, but was resolutely resisting and still defiantly holding the crown of Snodgrass Hill. The Federal center had been pushed from their works, and had partially regained them. The Federal left was stillfirmly holding its lines behind their works, when near five o'clock the order came to Confederates to charge all along the line. The scales were still trembling in the hand of fate, but slowly balancing to the Confederate side.

That September sun, poising on the verge of equinox, had looked with burning eyes all day on this carnival of blood, was nearing his setting, and seen through the smoke of battle was enlarged and softened into an apparent ball of blood. That softened sunlight falling upon the begrimed, dust covered and powder-burned faces beneath the old slouched hats, gave a weird aspect, as, in elbow touch, the old gray coats stood guard to the little cross of St. Andrew that marked the line of serried ranks, and seemed as it fluttered over these scarred veterans as sacred as the sign to Constantine with its heaven-sent legend of "In hoc signo vinces."

It was truly a battle line of old knights with visors down ready for mortal combat, and would have challenged for the laurel wreath the old Paladins in their impersonation of chivalry.

This line of old gray coats and slouched hats, standing on the crested ridge of the last shock of battle, was the living impersonation and realization of "grim-visaged war" with "wrinkled front."

Standing thus in line of battle, silence, such as precedes the storm, brooded over it, until that fatal word "Forward!" rang down the line as if borne on electric waves, with which the very air was surcharged. The line obeyed—moved at first with slow and measured tread, then with quickened steps as it neared the blazing guns, when with the wild "rebel yell" and resistless charge the opposing lines, after dogged resistance, suddenly gave way, and the battle was won.

Braxton Bragg, the General-in-Chief, commanding Confederate force on this field of Chickamauga, will stand in history the victor and hero of one of the bloodiest and best fought battles of the greatest of civil wars.

The address of Senator Bate, although abridged as much as was admissible, will be concluded in December VETERAN. It will contain an account of the battle of Missionary Ridge, of what the South has done since the war, pay tribute to the "old South" and Southern women in his own happy manner, and conclude with the patriotic reference to Southern history and touching pathos to Confederate dead.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, of McAlister, I. T., sends to the VETERAN a young soldier's discharge:

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that Alexander C. Thomas, a private of Capt. May's Company (G), Twenty-fourth Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, was enlisted on the 5th day of August, 1861, to serve the term of twelve months, is hereby honorably discharged from the army of the Confederate States.

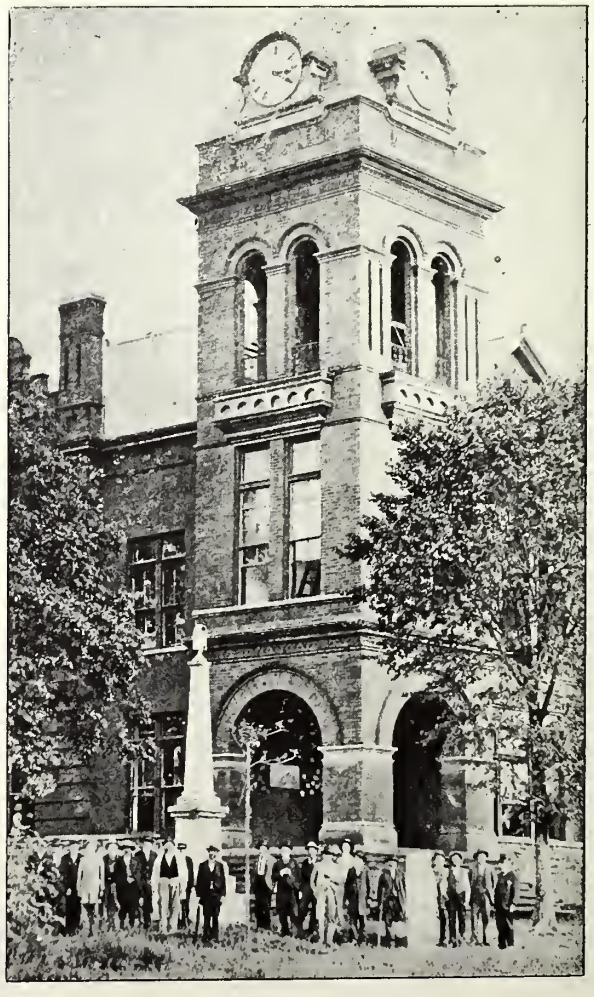
I certify that the said private, A. C. Thomas, is a non-conscript by reason of minority.

Said A. C. Thomas was born in the County of Cannon, State of Tennessee; is seventeen years of age, 5 feet 3 inches high, dark complexioned, dark eyes, dark hair; by occupation a farmer, when enlisted.

Given at Tupelo, this the 16th day of June, 1862.

Approved, R. D. ALLISON, Colonel commanding Twenty-fourth Tennessee Regiment.

W. W. MAY, Captain Company G, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers.



Members of Confederate Veteran Camp by Court House, at Calhoun, Ga. Sketch next month.

ABOUT THE BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

Capt. J. H. Curtis gives vivid reminiscences:

I wish to add briefly to a communication from Adjt. Witherspoon, on the battle of Drewry's Bluff.

I was Captain of Company "I," Twenty-fifth Tennessee Infantry, and commanded in this battle by Lieutenant-Colonel John McEwen, of Franklin. Our consolidated Regiment was on the right of the Seventeenth and Twenty-third Regiments.

I think the battle was fought on the 16th instead of the twelfth of May, 1864, that Johnson's Brigade arrived in Richmond, about the 12th from the Longstreet East Tennessee Campaign, and went immediately down the river between Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg, guarding both these points. I distinctly remember that the Confederate troops around Richmond and Petersburg called us "Bragg's Pets" before the Drewry's Bluff battle, but after that called us "That Fighting Tennessee Brigade."

Adjutant Witherspoon is right about it being one of the hardest fought battles of the war. My recollection is that our Brigade got out with but one or two field officers, and very few company officers. Our Regiment changed front on Tenth company about same time Seventeenth and Twenty-third did, and moved on the Yankee works in a desperate charge through the thickest shower of shell and shot that I ever was in. When within a short distance of the works, some one hallooed, "We are firing on our own men." Col. McEwen then ordered us to halt and cease firing. The fog was so dense that we could not distinguish a Yankee from a Rebel in thirty yards. When we halted, Major McCarver and I were standing near each other, in front of the left of the Regiment. He asked me whether I thought it was our men or Yankees in front. About that time I saw a Yankee cap come up above the works and called the Major's attention to it, and we both turned to our men and ordered a charge, while Col. McEwen was holding the right of the Regiment thinking the men in front were Confederates; but he soon discovered he was mistaken, and moved forward. We had gone but a few steps when the Yankees ordered us to surrender, swearing they would kill every one of us if we did not, but these Tennessee heroes did not go into the fight to surrender, but to take the works, which they did in a hand to hand conflict, and the chivalry displayed by them on that occasion is equal to anything history has ever recorded.

When within a short distance of the works, Major Sam McCarver and I fell over the telegraph wire, and on getting up, I turned to the men and gave them notice of the wire, hence none fell. When within ten feet of the works, I fell, shot in both legs. McCarver moved on, mounted the works and was shot through the heart. A more generous hearted and courageous officer never gave his life as a sacriffce to the Confederate cause. The gallant McEwen was shot through the calf of one leg. We were together the night after the battle in field hospital, put on boat together the next morning, and carried to Chimborazo Hospital in Richmond, when we were separated by being put in different wards. I never saw him afterward. He lived but a few days. I will never forget that night in the field hospital. McEwen slept on a bunk over me, and he would call me through the night, and ask if I was suffering. He said that he was suffering intensely.

Neither will I ever forget the last words spoken to me by McCarver. I do not think there has been a week passed since then that I have not thought of these two officers who so gallantly laid down their lives for the cause we so much loved. Private Byrd Terry of my Company, who was one of the best soldiers in the army, fell dead by the side of McCarver, and others lay dead upon the works. Lieutenant B. H. Stockton, of my Company was severely shot in the shoulder, while trying to remove me from the exposed condition in which I lay.

Capt. Curtis concludes his reminiscences with an amusing account of volunteering to climb a tall pine tree and count the Federal gunboats. He had gone about seventy-five feet up, taken a seat upon a good limb and was progressing well, when he was made the target of a gunner who shot tree tops rapidly about him—He "got down out of that tree."

REMEMBERING A WORTHY WORKER.

Camp Sumter No. 250, United Confederate Veterans, Charleston, S. C., took action some time ago in appreciation of a willing worker, saying:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Camp Sumter No. 250, United Confederate Veterans, wish to attest our appreciation of the unselfish devotion of Miss Amanda C. Childress, the Secretary of the United Confederate Veterans at General Headquarters, New Orleans, La., to our order.

Resolved, That as Miss Childress, the daughter of a brother Confederate veteran, has since 1891, when General Moorman, the indefatigable Adjutant-General of the order, took charge, served as typewriter, stenographer and secretary of the United Confederate Veterans, not only at the annual reunions, but from reunion to reunion, doing an immense amount of work without remuneration; working merely because of her enthusiastic love of the veterans who battled for the right. We, the members of Camp Sumter, tender to her our most grateful and appreciative thanks for her unselfish devotion to the cause we all love and venerate.

Resolved, That these resolutions, properly engrossed, be signed by the Commandant and Adjutant, and forwarded to Miss Childress, and that a copy be furnished THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, with request to publish.

The extracts from the minutes are signed by V. C. Dibble, Commandant, and J. W. Ward, Adjutant.

G. B. Swearingen, who was a Corporal in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Tennessee Cavalry, writes from Wildersville, Tenn.:

At Athens, Ala., in a regiment of Kansas troops, there was a Federal wounded. I carried him off the battlefield to the hospital, and kept one of our regiment from killing him. I carried him on a horse that belonged to one of my messmates who was killed on the field. Would like to know if he is still living; don't remember his name.

HOW A PASS SAVED MY LIFE.

H. C. Stevens, Byhalia, Miss., writes this narrative:

'Twas on a lovely day in June, in the summer of 1863, while I was at my home in North Mississippi on furlough from the Virginia army, that I ventured on a visit to some lady friends who resided in the village of Cockrum, about four miles away. I had spent the day very pleasantly, and the young ladies accompanied me to the gate to bid me good-bye. I mounted my horse and was just starting home, when my attention was attracted by a fearful cloud of dust in the direction I was going. I halted for a moment to see its source. Just then a gust of wind drove it to one side and revealed a body of Federal Cavalry.

They also discovered me, and were bent on my capture. Pellmell they came, and there was no time to be lost. Quick as thought, I wheeled my horse and dashed away in the opposite direction. The Yankees followed, and seeing that I was rapidly distancing them, they commenced firing at me; but at each report of their guns my trained horse increased his speed. We had a straight course through a lane for about a half-mile, and when I had reached the end of the lane I turned to the right. Looking back, I saw that my pursuers had kept straight ahead, under cover of the dust which arose from my horse's heels. I had lost my new hat, but was too well satisfied to think of taking further risks. I rode leisurely on until I struck the main road from Memphis.

It was now sunset, and I began to think myself quite safe, when suddenly some one concealed in the fence corner cried out vociferously, "Halt, there!" Well, I was not prepared to halt, so, urging my horse forward, I dashed into the town, but only to find it occupied by a force of regular "Kansas Marauders." I was caught in a trap, and seeing that escape was impossible for the time, I quietly submitted as a prisoner. I was immediately escorted to Col. Cameron's headquarters, dismounted and disarmed, and at once placed under guard with half a dozen other Confederate soldiers, who had been picked up that day. That was my first night in prison and sleep came not to my eyes.

About midnight the guard was doubled, and the prisoners marched out one at a time at intervals of about thirty minutes. As to what was being done with the boys, I had many and serious apprehensions. I was the last to be taken, and my feelings may be imagined. After waiting about ten minutes, the Captain of the guard approached me and commenced a conversation by saying: "Now, Captain, you had as well confess all." I then learned from him that I was charged with being the leader of a band of Guerillas, and that these prisoners all belonged to my command. And my captors refused to believe anything to the contrary. I now saw that unless I could prove that I did really belong to the Virginia army, and was not a Guerilla, I would be shot. I took a seat on a rude pine box, and taking off one of my boots and removing an in-sole, I then extracted a batch of papers which contained my furlough and passes, bearing the bona fide signature of Joseph E. Johnston; and as soon as these papers could be examined by the Court Martial, they decided that I should be taken at once to the nearest point on the railroad and conveyed to the prison at Alton, Illinois, where I was to be caged for the war. Just as the glorious "King of Day" was rising in all his splendor the next morning, the bugle sounded "saddle up;" and very soon we were on the march for Cold Water, a station on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad about twelve miles off.

I had determined to make my escape before being placed on the train, or die in the attempt. The Captain of the guard looked at his watch, and saw that it was now near 11 o'clock. Having eaten nothing that morning, I was hungry indeed, and was glad to hear that we should have dinner before the train left.

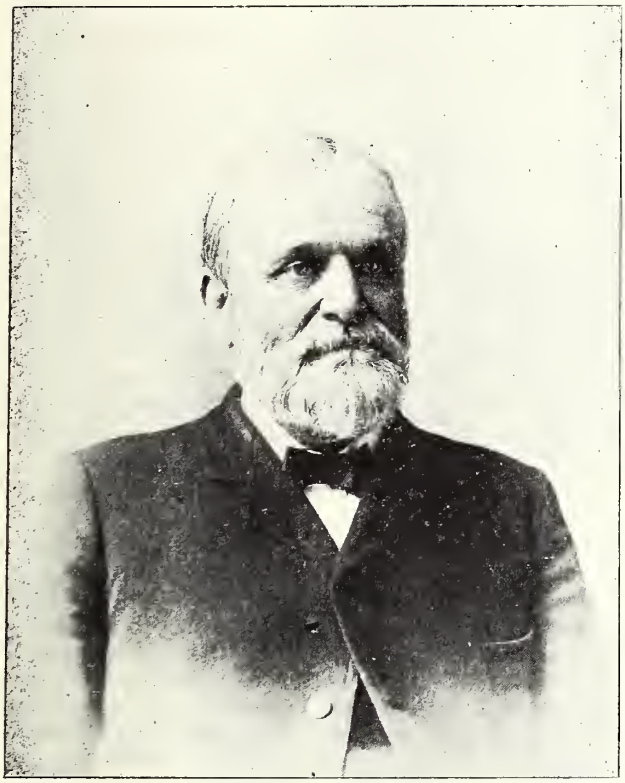
Now for the denouement of my plan of escape: From the station Captain Woods sent a courier to the Hardin House with orders to prepare dinner for twelve. On alighting, I had thrown the reins of my bridle over the little pickets that came well up to the portico of the hotel, so that my horse would be convenient whenever I should attempt to mount him. We all filed into the long dining hall. I lagged behind, feigning a headache, and made it convenient to occupy the seat nearest the door. When my Yankee friends were well at business, I bowed my head and placed my handkerchief to my eyes as though suffering much pain. Our hostess asked if she could do something for me. Looking up at her, I replied, giving her a sly wink, that I should like to bathe my head. She brought a bowl of water and a towel; and I accompanied her to the washstand on the portico within ten feet of where I had hitched my horse.

I proceeded to bathe my head, while my good Samaritan took her stand in the door, commanding a full view of her hungry guests. At a propitious moment, a gentle motion from her hand told me to fly. I didn't wait for any preliminaries, but stepping back to my horse and seizing the bridle, with a single bound I leaped into the saddle and, silently bowing to my fair accomplice, was off like a shot.

I took a circuitous route for the purpose of eluding my expected pursuers. I had forgotten my headache, and was dashing along a by-path on the outskirts of the little village, when, all at once, "Halt! halt!" came from half a dozen voices at the same moment. Looking about forty yards to my right, I saw that I was encountering the Yankee pickets. I hastily drew from my vest pocket a crumpled note (prepared for the emergency) throwing it toward them, at the same time calling out in an authoritative manner: "Here's my pass. I must not be hindered." The ruse worked nicely, and before they could see their mistake I was at least a hundred yards off and riding for dear life. They began to follow, but seeing that I was fast gaining, they commenced firing. Bang! bang! bang! But I was not to be daunted thus. So, using my spurs vigorously to accelerate the speed of my faithful "Traveller," I was not long in gaining a little bayou bottom, where, in the midst of a perfect shower of Yankee bullets, I reached a place of comparative safety.

GENERAL WILLIAM A. SMOOT,

The new Commander of United Confederate Veterans for Virginia, was born in Alexandria, Va., August 30, 1840, and has ever resided there, except during the war.



GEN. WILLIAM A. SMOOT.

In June, 1861, he crossed over into Maryland, going below the enemy's line, recrossed into Virginia, and in August, 1861, joined the Alexandria Rifles, Co. A., 17th Va. Infantry at Manassas. He served without pay until the regiment was reorganized near Yorktown, on April 26, 1862, when Dr. W. M. Lewis, surgeon of the 17th Va. Infantry, advised him to go into the cavalry, which he did, and joined the Black Horse Troop, Co. H, 4th Va. cavalry, and was with the regiment in the fights at Williamsburg, Va., and vicinity. Mr. Smoot was with the company on their celebrated march around McClelland's army, and was in several other encounters with that magnificent band of soldiers, commanded by Captain Billy Payne and afterwards Gen. W. H. Payne, then Captain Robert Randolph, and was with the Black Horse while they were under Stonewall Jackson. From fight at Banguir's Springs to his going into camp at Bunker Hill he remained with the Black Horse Troops until the close of the war, when he was paroled at Winchester, May, 1865, and returned home to Alexandria, where he has since resided. He was wounded several different times in battles and skirmishes, and on one occasion was left to the mercy of the enemy, but they, thinking his wounds mortal, did not disturb him.

Gen. Smoot joined Robt. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, upon its organization, and was elected one of the Lieutenant Commanders, and in April, 1886, he was elected Commander. Since his connection with the Camp his good work in its behalf has been notable, and he, with the assistance of the other members, has been endeavoring to keep up its various good works.

Since the war Gen. Smoot has been one of the leading citizens and business men of Alexandria. He has built up a magnificent coal and fertilizing manufacturing business that gives employment to hundreds of hands, and puts a large amount of money in circulation. He has always been foremost in all public movements, and no man is more greatly beloved and highly esteemed than Gen. Wm. A. Smoot.

While Gen. Smoot is at the head of the Grand Camp of Virginia, he is retained as Commander of his own local camp, R. E. Lee, No. 2, at Alexandria.

Responding to inquiries, Gen. Smoot writes:

"We have in our Grand Camp forty-eight camps and several in formation. There is a decided feeling amoug our old comrades here to "get together" and organize camps and help each other. Also to be in readiness to give the United Confederate Veterans a hearty Virginia welcome on their visit to Richmond next spring. Our camps, as a general thing, are very prosperous and doing much good."

P. B. Walker, of Warrenton, Ga., wrote this:

Oliver La Fayette Wilhoit was born in Missouri, February 24, 1844. Early in life he moved to Tennessee, and later to Arkansas. At the age of seventeen he joined the Confederate Army, enlisting in the Seventh Arkansas Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. The wound he received rendered him unable to serve his country longer, and after suffering for thirty-two years from the wound inflicted, he died in Warren County, Ga.

He was a Confederate veteran of the truest and finest type. No seventeen-year-old volunteer served his country with greater virtue upon the field of battle than he. His valor was manifested no less in peace than in war. He never ceased to battle for the right, and always allied himself with the weak against the mighty. With Lee's eight thousand he was numbered against Grant's one hundred and fifty thousand. The force of opposition had no terrors for him. He believed that truth and justice would prevail. He was true to his convictions, brave in war and gallant in peace.

P. F. Yeatman, of Alexandria, Va., sends a list of thirty-four Confederates who died there in prison and were there buried during the war. They were subsequently reinterred in a mound to the right of main entrance to the old historic Christ Church. Their names and commands are given, with rank, if above private: John Carter, Tenth Florida Regiment; James E. Elder, Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiment; R. Pittman, Sixtieth Georgia Regiment; Gambrie Cox, First, Anderson Brown, Wm. T. White, Sergeant, Third, Wesley Shippen, Thirtieth Regiment.

NEW YORK CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Throughout the South are many monuments to Confederate soldiers, but only one stands north of Mason and Dixon's line, and that is in Chicago. Within a few months a Confederate monument, the largest of all, is to be raised in New York City. It will be erected by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, and is the gift of Charles Broadway Rouss, a member of the Camp. The project originated with Col. A. G. Dickinson, the Commander of the Camp, several months ago, when he impressed upon the Camp the necessity of securing a burial place for the members of the Camp and their families. Col. Dickinson, assisted by a committee composed of J. B. Wilkinson and A. R. Chisolm, accepted from the Mt. Hope Cemetery Association the gift of a handsome plot containing 3,000 square feet located in the most desirable part of the cemetery, and from Mr. Rouss the gift of $5,000 for a monument.

The monument will be simple and symmetrical, and about fifty-six feet high. The obelisk or shaft will be forty-seven feet high, and will weigh fifty-six tons. The pedestal will be nine feet high, and composed of three stones weighing fifty tons, making the total weight of the monument over 100 tons. The material will be of the best Vermont granite and will be furnished by Messrs. C. E. Tayntor & Co., who have taken such an interest in the work that they have agreed for the $5,000 given by Mr. Rouss, to furnish a monument that is actually worth much more than that amount. Before next Decoration Day it will be completed, and on that day formally dedicated. Northern veterans in the vicinity of New York have already notified the camp of their desire to be present and assist the Confederate veterans in the ceremonies attending the dedication.

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York was organized in 1890, as the result of a newspaper account of the death of a poor Confederate soldier in this city. It was the first Confederate veteran camp in the North, and the only one organized since, has been a camp in Chicago. The object of the camp, as stated in its constitution, is: "To perpetuate the memories of our fallen comrades, to minister to the wants of needy and worthy Confederate soldiers and sailors, also their widows and orphans, and to preserve and maintain the sentiment of fraternity that was born amid pleasures, hardships and dangers of the march, bivouac and battlefield. Having long since buried the animosities engendered by the war, it is our desire to extend to our late adversaries in arms, on every fitting occasion, courtesies which characterize intercourse between soldiers and dignify a common citizenship. Avoiding anything that partakes of partizanship in religion or politics, we shall lend our aid to the maintenance of law and the preservation of order."

The headquarters of the Camp are at the St. James Hotel. Frequently during the year informal dinners are given by the Camp, and the anniversary of Gen. Robt. E. Lee's birthday is celebrated by a banquet. It was upon the occasion of the first banquet of this kind that the officers of the Camp assembled at the old New York Hotel, where Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, were stopping, proceeded to their parlor, and, after paying appropriate honors to them, Commander Dickinson conducted Miss Winnie Davis to the banquet hall and placed her in the presiding officer's chair amid the greatest enthusiasm.

The officers of the Camp are: Past Commanders, A. G. Dickinson, Dr. J. H. Parker, Col. A. R. Chisolm; Commander, A. G. Dickinson; Lieutenant Commander, C. E. Thorburn; Paymaster, Edward Owen; Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. O. A. Glazebrook; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, J. B. Wilkinson, Jr., Henry Harney, S. Calhoun Smith, J. D. Harby, G. H. Winkler. Among the prominent members are: Hon. John R. Fellows, Hon. Roger A. Pryor, Hon. Thomas P. Ochiltree, Hon. John S. Wise, John F. Black, Hugh L. Cole, Hugh R. Garden, Hon. J. E. Graybill, Rev. S. H. Granberry, Wm. R. Hayden, Dr. Wm. M. Polk, Prof. Thomas R. Price, George W. Cary, Henry Brock, J. Hamilton Hunt, S. W. Jones, W. S. Keiley, Frederick C. Rogers, W. B. Williams, Dr. George Tucker Harrison, Hon. J. Floyd King, Rev. Dr. William W. Page, F. B. Tilghman, Dr. G. H. Winkler, and about 200 others.

Commander Dickinson, in speaking about the monument, said: "We have long desired a monument, but it has been beyond our reach. At last it is an assured success, and before next Decoration Day the Camp will possess the tallest monument in any cemetery in the vicinity of New York. The plot we have secured is in no respects a pauper's lot, but will be a beautiful resting place for Confederate veterans and their families, whether they be rich or poor. Since its organization this Camp has given relief to many worthy Confederate veterans and their families. It has been an important factor in cementing the friendship of the North and South, and the hospitalities we have given and received show how well the organization was conceived. An interchange of population between the North and South is ever going on, but everywhere there is the same loyalty to the nation.

J. M. Poyntz, M.D., Richmond, Ky., Sept. 3, 1895: Dr. John T. Catlett, of Owingsville, Ky., died late in August. He was a noble man, belove by all who knew him, a native of Virginia, of the old cavalier stock. When the war closed he, like others who wore the gray, was impoverished, and came to Kentucky to practice his profession, locating at Owingsville, where he married Miss Elva Ewing, who survives him with three children.

It was the pleasure of the writer to spend some days with him two years since, when many incidents of the war were talked over and many old comrades mourned for. I admired the warm affection of his neighbors toward him. He won the love of all who came in contact with him. He did a noble work.

Dr. Catlett served in the Army of Northern Virginia as a surgeon, and participated in all of the trials and hardships of that period. He was ever the courteous, knightly gentleman, kind to the poor, generous in all charities. He was a member of Patrick R. Cleburne Camp, No. 252, U. C. V.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE MOORMAN.

General George Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of the United Confederate Veterans, with his permanent headquarters in New Orleans, is one of the best known citizens of Louisiana. He was long identified with the business interests of that city. His services, given gratis, as President of the State Immigration Association of Louisiana, were conspicuously successful and gave him a strong hold upon public esteem in Louisiana.

General Moorman is well known in Mississippi, too, where he has, at different times, resided. His greatest prominence came through his active and energetic measures in favor of attracting and securing immigration to that State. In this important service he proved himself able, zealous and full of resources. As United States Marshal he was zealous and active. Previous to that he held a high position on the Jackson Railroad, now the Illinois Central, had been partner in the firm of Payne, Kennedy & Co., and J. U. & H. M. Payne & Co., and was with the "Cotton King," the late Colonel Ed. Richardson, and the great cotton firm of Richardson & May. He was the promoter of and connected with many enterprises for the good of Louisiana. He was appointed United States Marshal by President Cleveland, and filled the office with great satisfaction to the public and credit to himself. His family were from Lynchburg, Va., and moved to Kentucky, where he was born at Owensboro, June 1, 1841, at which place he studied law. He moved West, and after engaging in the Kansas war, making a trip out on the plains on foot, he returned and settled in Kansas City, where he obtained license to practice law, and located in Independence, Mo., at nineteen years of age. He raised a local company, of which he was made Captain, in Kansas City, for home service on the border between Missouri and Kansas. He assisted in the capture of Liberty Arsenal in Clay County, and in taking the arms south of the Missouri River.

He disbanded the home company, and on the approach of the Federal forces commanded by Capt. Stanley (afterwards General Stanley), joined an infantry company as private and was at the engagement at Dry Creek, near Independence, where the first gun was fired west of the Mississippi River. He was made Captain and Aide-de-Camp of the Staff of General Roger W. Hanson, and was at times during the war on the Staff in promoted ranks of Generals M. Jeff Thompson, Gideon J. Pillow, Thos. C. Reynolds, of Missouri; John P. McCown, Milton A. Haynes, Lloyd Tilghman, Bushrod R. Johnson, Mansfield Lovell, William H. Jackson, Wirt Adams, N. B. Forrest and Stephen D. Lee.

He served well in all arms of the service, infantry, artillery and cavalry; and was successively Aide-de Camp and Assistant Adjutant-General of Brigade, Corps and Department, thus eminently fitting him for the important position he now holds of Adjutant-General of the United Confederate Veterans. He was a prisoner of war three times. When captured at Fort Donelson, he was taken to Camp Morton at Indianapolis, Ind. He was at Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio, and on Johnson's Island nearly a year. At Fort Donelson he carried to Gen. Forrest (then Colonel) the first order he ever received to move forward into regular battle.

Gen. Moorman was the hero of some thrilling and romantic episodes, notably at Fort Donelson, Coffeeville and near Sharon, Miss. His signature to official orders show the part he acted at Belmont, Fort Donelson, Corinth, Sherman's Meridian Campaign, Holly Springs, Coffeeville, Franklin, Spring Hill, Columbia, Canton, around Vicksburg and in many other places. He resigned from Staff duty on account of injuries to his eyesight, and was placed in command of Moorman's Cavalry Battalion. About the close of the war he married Miss Helen Shackelford, daughter of Chief Justice Thos. Shackelford, of Canton, Miss. He conceived the idea, and organized Camp No. 9, the Veteran Confederate States Cavalry Association of New Orleans, La., of which he was President and Commander, holding this position for four years, and then declining re-election. He is also First Vice-President of the Louisiana Historical Society.

DARING CONFEDERATES IN THE WAR.

A. J. Burleson, who was a private in the Twelfth Texas Cavalry, writes from Kosse, Texas:

E. C. De Jarnett was a private in Company F, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Parsons Brigade, and in 1864 was in Rapids Parish, La., during Banks' retreat down Red River after the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La. One day, just after dinner, the Federals were burning and plundering sugar houses across Bayou Rapids from us. De Jarnett crossed the bayou by swimming his horse, and went about a mile in an open field to see and learn what he could about the enemy. When about a mile from the bayou, in plain view of our picket stand, he encountered a man on horseback, dressed in citizen's clothing. Thinking he recognized the man as an acquaintance, DeJarnett noticed him very little, as his attention was directed to about twenty-five or thirty Federals who were up the bayou about a half mile distant. As the man approached within a few feet, De Jarnett spoke to him and asked what command he belonged to. The man replied that he was a Federal soldier, and, at the same time presenting his pistol, ordered De Jarnett to surrender, and as the latter could not get at his pair of holsters, he caught hold of the Yankee's pistol and they had a hand to hand fight for it. At last the pistol was dropped to the ground, and De Jarnett pulled one of his pistols, which was in turn caught by the enemy as he was in the act of firing, and the Yankee shoved it so it only shot off the hind tree of his saddle. The Yankee at once let go the weapon, when De Jarnett hit him over the head and knocked him from his horse. During this hand to hand fight, the detachment of Yankees came running to the rescue of their comrade, and De Jarnett made for the bayou where we were, and it was indeed a race for life, as more than a score of the enemy were after him, firing as fast as they could. He beat them to the bayou by about one hundred yards, and plunged his horse in and swam over to our side. Our picket in the meantime engaged the

fire of the pursuers. You can judge De Jarnett's surprise when he reached the water, and on looking around, saw the horse he had knocked the man from close behind him. It jumped in the water and swam safely to our side. De Jarnett's prize consisted not only of the horse, which was a very valuable one, but a fine pair of pistols and soldier's baggage. I think De Jarnett still lives in this state.

On another occasion, shortly after this, we had a small skirmish with the enemy, six or eight miles northwest of Alexandria, La., on Bayou Rapids. The enemy drove us back and then retreated toward Alexandria. A Lieutenant of our regiment was ordered to take ten men and place out our picket for the night on a certain ditch that ran through a sugar cane field. The ditch was about seven feet deep, and was over grown with cane briars and weeds. On reaching the ditch about dusk, the Lieutenant ordered one of his men, William P. Love, noted for his personal bravery and presence of mind, to go across the ditch on foot and see if he could locate the enemy's picket. The night was dark, and as Love went forward, he missed the vidette picket of the enemy, but located the reserved picket. On returning, he came upon the vidette, who promptly ordered him to halt, but as Love was coming from the direction of the Federal picket the vidette thought he was one of his own men. Love came up to the picket, who was on the ground holding his horse by the bridle, and before the vidette knew what he was about, Love caught him by the throat and called to our Lieutenant, who was still on our side of the ditch, to come over and help him. The Yankee reserve picket heard the noise and at once came to the vidette's relief, getting there before our men could cross the ditch. It was so dark no one could fire a gun for fear of hitting his friend. As the Yankee picket surrounded Love and the vidette, who were having a hand to hand fight, Love suddenly threw the vidette to the ground, mounted his horse and fled. When and where he crossed the ditch he never knew, as it was so dark he could not see it, but he rode the vidette's horse safely into camp. Love died soon after the war in Robertson County, Texas. A braver man never lived.

"DOWN UPON SUWANEE RIVER."

Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph: * * * But in that part of the long journey when we were passing through Georgia, and at the moment when the tedium was worst, the train approached a long hollow in the hills where one of those pleasant surprises occurred which go to prove how song may consecrate a locality. A river, not very broad or deep, but with a certain special grace and character of its own, lay in front of our track. We had a good view of it, running down from the Georgian hills in a lively current, broken sometimes into rapids and little cataracts where the red and black rocks lay across its channel, and then widening out into picturesque reaches bordered by thickets of dark green foliage and clumps of cypress and willow. In the clearings, here and there, stood isolated negro cottages, around which you could see little black children at play, and the invariable pig, which is the house guest of the "nigger" as well as the Irishman. A punt was gliding along on the quiet part of the stream with a negro on board dragging a fishing line, and the black buzzards circled over the maize fields. It was not a striking scene, but beautiful in its way, gilded as it was by the rays of a magnificent sunset. Yet I would have forgotten it in a few minutes, as I forgot the hundreds of other rivers which the rushing train had traversed, had it not been that I happened to ask the conductor what was the name of this particular water.

Carelessly he said: "That's the Suwanee River."

The Suwanee River! In a moment the stream had for me a new and extraordinary interest. I had not even known that there was such a river in geographical reality, or that it flowed through Georgia, and yet, here it was—real, authentic, alive—leaping down through the Southern forests, past the maize fields and the cotton flats, to pour itself into the Gulf of Mexico. In an instant everything around appeared to be full of the song that the world knows and sings, "Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber." The live oaks seemed to wave it in the evening air; the stream seemed to sing it as it bustled over the rocks; the birds in the thickets had it in the soft musical notes we caught, and the crickets and katydids beginning their sunset chirrup joined in the half-heard chorus. The journey was no longer monotonous. To be "way down upon de Swanee Ribber" was to have come to a corner of America dedicated to that deep emotion of our common humanity —the love of home. Is there anybody who has not felt the charm of the simple negro melody?

When I was playin' wid my brudder
Happy was I.
O, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me lib and die.

All de world am sad and dreary
Eberywhere I roam;
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

There, indeed, were the old folks at home, a white-haired darky sitting on a log by the cottage door, stripping maize-cobs; old Dinah, with a yellow bandana on her silver locks, crooning some song, which might, perhaps, be the song of the river. So, after all, it was real; and there was a Suwanee River, and the sunny peace and beauty of it were just what fitted well with the sentiment of that touching and tender air, which has gone all through the world because it holds in its unaffected music the secret of the pathetic retrospects of a tired man, be he negro or otherwise, might look back to with attachment and affection. One could imagine how dear it might be to a native born, and how sincere the original emotion was of the song writer, or else of some darky from whom he borrowed it, to write and set to such soft and sympathetic music "Dare's where my heart is turning ebber." Henceforward for me that Georgia stream, with the dark groves fringing it, and the red crags, and the quiet reaches of silver water gilded by the setting sun, has a place in my thoughts among the famous rivers of the globe; and I never hear the melancholy music of the popular negro lament without a new feeling of what song can do, far beyond history and important events, to localize a universal sentiment.

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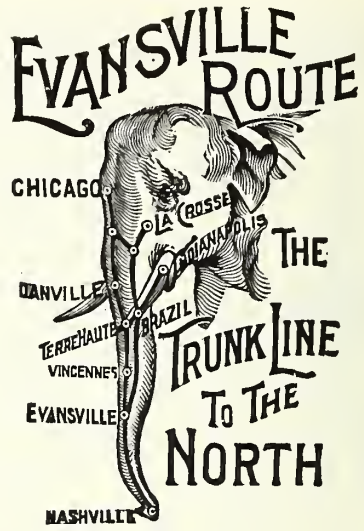
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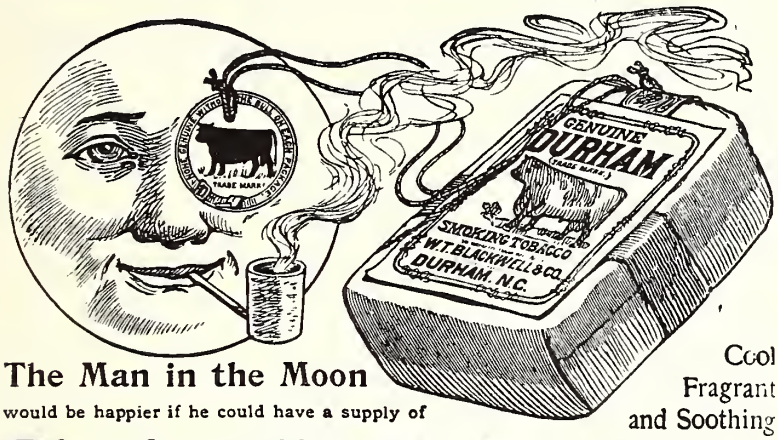
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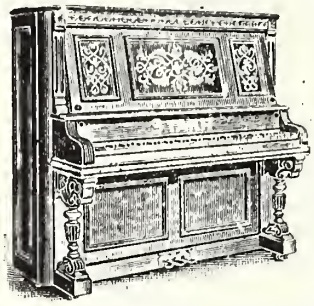
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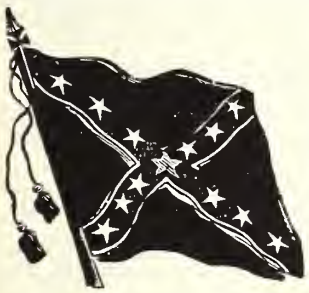
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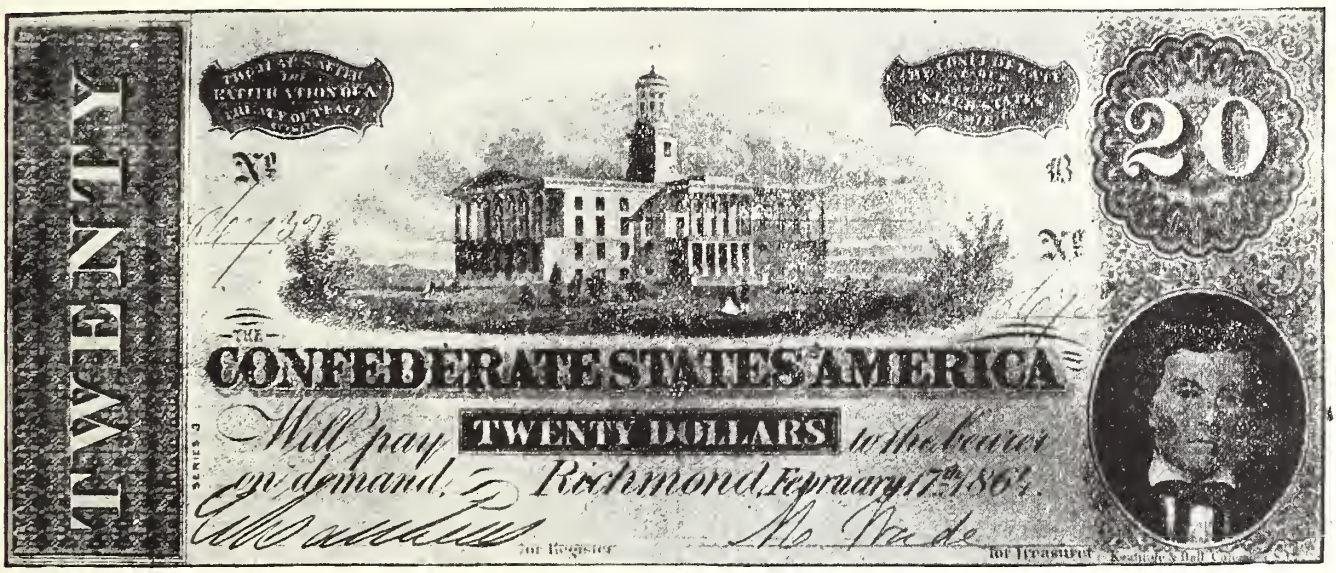


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Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

"NOT A CONFEDERATE!"

"I am not a Confederate, and my papa isn't either." Such were the exact words of a young girl born in the South, whose father had made a fortune in the South and is a respected citizen. She was sitting in his office in the Gate City, and had as her guest another Southern girl whose father is still "unreconstructed." The remark was made to the editor of the VETERAN, and with her eyes she sought approval from the father.

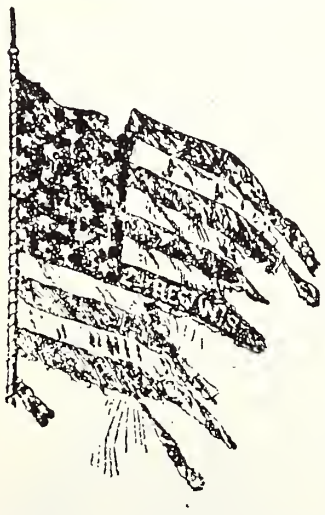
Let us analyze that sentiment. Did she mean simply that her father was opposed to the Southern revolution? If so, the remark was inappropriate. That issue is of the past. Organizations of Confederates are not to agitate such questions. Veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy are banded together for charitable and benevolent purposes. The government to which all bear allegiance and pay their proportionate revenue does not provide for the maimed soldiers and the families of those who served through the war in the Confederate armies, and these organizations are to do that.

True, they are zealous for the perpetuation of the truth, explanatory of their action during that great war, but they never call to account their neighbors of the South for not serving with them. Isn't it due those who enlisted, sacrificed everything and continued faithful to the bitter end and who now are diligent to help the unfortunate men who were maimed in battle and have not the favor of pensions or other assistance except the charitable, to commend and to co-operate with them? Surely the Southern people, in a sectional sense, are entitled to the respect of all the world, and especially those who live among them, life-long witnesses to the heroism and loyalty that they have established.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

"I want a Confederate flag," said an elegant fellow, recently on a visit South, who faced that flag on many battlefields. There was in his manner an expression so considerate and respectful that the opportunity to make comment about that old ensign of the Southern armies is now utilized.

Some Grand Army men from different sections were talking about "Old Glory" on public school buildings; when asked if they meant to imply that as a demand of the Southern people specially, they seriously seemed surprised when informed that at the South there was a suspicion that it was to have those who had battled against the Stars and Stripes made to realize its supremacy and to understand it as a symbol of power, when all asserted that it referred to foreign elements in the North who did not respect the flag and did not even want their children to study the English language. They said it is never a question with them about respect for the national flag in the South, and they judge correctly.

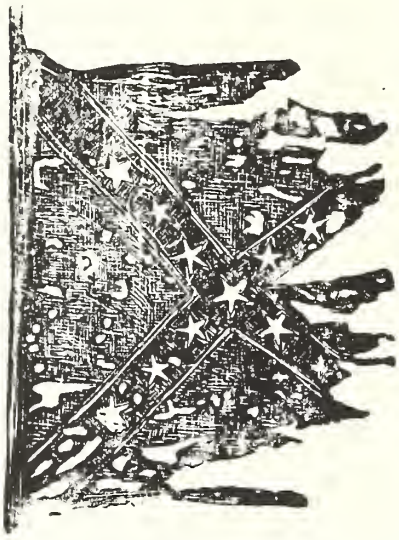


Our people respect the national flag, but they have not yet the genuine affection for it that they had before the great war to establish constitutional liberty in the rights of States. Still, they cheerfully march under and revere it, and if anybody, from any section, casts a slur upon it, Southern blood would dash into boiling heat. If any man, whatever his station, should actually show discourtesy to our national flag or the soldiers of the United States army when there is the slightest suspicion of disloyalty to our republican goverment, he would find the South a very unhealthy section. Anarchy will never get a hold in the South while the Confederate soldier element predominates.

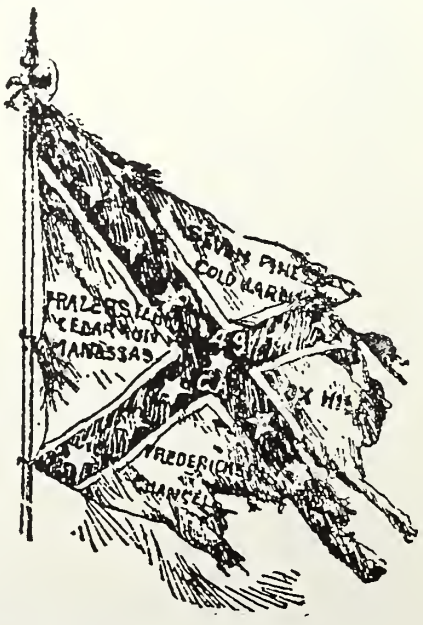
But there is a devotion to the Confederate flag that is as strong as the love of sympathetic human-

ty. There is nothing in this world that could induce the Southern people to surrender their affection for it. The God of ensigns never witnessed among His creatures a devotion more after divinity than those who suffered willingly under its pure folds. It went down without other stain than the blood of martyrs.

The survivors of that noble army who followed in the flash and smoke of battle remember how their brothers by their sides, with prayers upon their lips for the right, whether or not of their choice, fell dead by shot and shell while pressing on to victory—or death. They know that life is short, and they believe in the eternity beyond; they yearn for good government and will make sacrifice of ease and money without stint for its maintenance, but they do not think enough of any government, nor of life itself, to surrender their respect for that most sacred emblem in the world. There is but one flag and there is to be but one, but the children, and children's children, of those who were true Confederate soldiers will respect that flag as long as parental influence exists.



Veterans of the United States army, who are proud of being Americans, can well afford to want THE CONFEDERATE FLAG as emblematic of the strongest patriotism and the highest type of chivalry that the human race has ever known.



President Cleveland never did a nobler thing than to suggest that Confederate flags, which had been captured by Union soldiers, be turned over by the United State Government to the States from which they served.



THE HEART OF AMERICA.

The Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia has the following editorial upon "the heart of America," which will be read with approval and much pleasure in the VETERAN by fifty thousand people.

Amid all the noise of wrangling which has been going on during these past few months in New York over the question of Sabbath observance, no thought is more quieting, no picture more peaceable, no example more conducive to wholesome respect than that which the South at present offers to the entire country. As restful a picture, and suggestive of the true art of living, as the South always offers to those who can look at it and its people with a broad-minded spirit, and with discerning eyes, that garden-spot of American life has never presented a more delightful aspect than at this moment. And it should command our national respect, admiration and thankfulness. Just now the Southern people are enjoying a Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta, and at no time, thus far, in the history of their celebration and merry-making has the thought occurred to either the managers of the exposition, or to the people of the South, to question the propriety of Sabbath observance. There has been no repetition of the World's Fair wrangle, nor even a suggestion of it. Quietly have the gates of the exhibition grounds been closed each Saturday night, and opened again each Monday morning. The American Sunday has been kept inviolate, and it has been done without ostentation, without cant, without even a thought of aught else. It has been done as a matter of course. And a more forcible illustration of the wholesome strength of an older civilization to the restless and upsetting theories of a younger community is not possible of memory than this example set by the South to New York and to all America.

And yet the difference of Southern ideas is marked only as it serves as a contrast to those which prevail in other sections of our country. The Southern idea in this matter of Sabbath observance, as it is in a great many other directions, is simply the pure, sound American idea. The most wholesome American ideas, those ideas upon which our gov-

ernment rests, are nowhere so prevalent as they are at present in the South. We who live in the more progressive East and in the bustling West are prone to speak of the South as slow, of its people as lackadaisical. We like to think of the South as behind the times. But no truer words can be uttered than those which say that if we would find to-day the American people at their best, where men and women are guided in their action by wholesome sentiment, where people live righteously, and where the best of our customs are perpetuated and lived every day, where our own language is spoken by all, where hearts beat to the most loyal national sentiments, and where the people can be trusted to uphold what is highest and most lasting in our national life—we must turn to the South. How Sunday should be kept, or the manner in which it should be observed, does not trouble the Southern people. Their respect and honor for the day are too great and deep-seated to question its sacredness. They do not question Divine laws in the South; they accept and perpetuate them. Intellectual progress there goes hand in hand with a strict adherence to the accepted belief of religion. The Southern mother does not explain the Bible to her children in the light of so-called "modern teachings;" she places it in their hands as her mother gave it to her. And with the fundamental principles of religion the Southern child is taught patriotism and a love of country; hence religion and patriotism stand side by side in the education of a Southern child. The Southern people believe in progress along healthy, rational lines. Theories which mentally upset find no sympathy with them. They are content to move slowly, but sanely and surely, and some day, when the vast majority of us who live in other portions of this country get through with our camping-out civilization, when we drop our boastful manners, when we get old enough to understand that there is a stronghold of conservatism which stands between tyranny and anarchism, our eyes will turn toward the South. And we will see there a people who are American in ideas and in living; a people worshipful, progressive, earnest, courageous and patriotic—a people who have made of their land, against defeat and prejudice, "the heart of America."

TEXAS CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

W. Von Rosenberg, Chairman of the Confederate Monumental Committee, of Texas, sends from Austin an appeal to the people of Texas: * * *

The deeds of her heroes who fought, suffered and died for the "Lost Cause," are as exalted, daring and honorable as any of which history tells. To our heroes, every living and dead soldier of the Confederacy, we owe the preservation of their deeds of valor to our posterity, and especially do we the people of Texas; because Texas, alone of all the Southern States, has within her borders a population coming from every other Southern State, a privilege few of our sister States can claim, and which imposes a special duty upon us of caring for the memory of all of the heroes of the "Lost Cause" without distinction.

Monuments have been erected in other States to the memory of our leaders, and on our battlefields, but for Texas remains the task of raising a monument to the memory of all the Confederate dead, without distinction as to rank or place of enlistment. Where can such a monument be more fittingly located than in the capital of Texas, in front of our magnificent State House, where the ground has been secured and the foundation already laid?

To accomplish this purpose, the United Confederate Camps of Texas at their reunion in Houston, created a Monumental Committee for the purpose of raising funds, said Committee composed of the following for the Congressional Districts as named:

Gen. L. S. Ross, College Station, 7th and 8th; Gen. W. H. King, Sulphur Springs, 4th; Hon. Jos. D. Sayers, Bastrop, 9th and 12th; Col. J. F. Elliott, Dallas, 6th and 13th; Hon. Geo. McCormick, Columbus, 11th; Hon. Joe A. Owens, Galveston, 1st and 10th; Hon. D. A. Nunn, Crockett, 2nd and 3rd; Hon. J. L. Blaine, Austin, 5th.

Gen. L. M. Openheimer, representing the Texas Volunteer Guard, Col. Fred Carleton, Capt. J. H. Collett, Dr. J. A. Davis, Capt. W. H. Richardson, Capt. A. F. Robbins, Maj. Henry E. Shelley and W. Von Rosenberg, all of Austin, ask you to waive local differences, postpone for the present, the erection of smaller local monuments, and unite with this Committee in erecting a grand State monument to the memory of every Confederate soldier, of whatever rank and wherever born.

We urge upon each person appointed and having the matter in charge to actively canvass his district for subscriptions, and to advertise, as far as practicable, in the local press, and to suggest, devise and aid in getting up popular entertainments, devoting the proceeds to this fund. That each person so engaged will make monthly reports, or oftener if occasion requires, showing work done, prospects of success, amounts collected, and in all cases remitting promptly to the undersigned Chairman, with report showing when and how money was raised, and when by subscription, a list of the names.

Subscription lists will be furnished on call, and the Committee appeals to every citizen of Texas, man or woman, to assist in this cause.

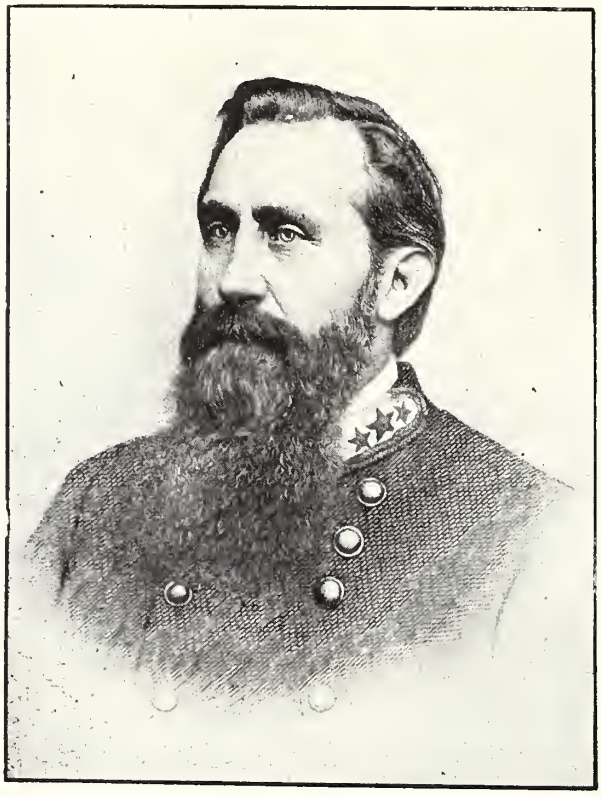
H. Humphries writes to the VETERAN of the death of Comrade A. H. Gattis, Sr., which occurred in September, and adds:

A. H. Gattis, Sr., was born in 1843, and at the age of eighteen became a volunteer soldier in the Confederate Army, without missing a single battle of his command throughout the war. In a battle near Atlanta, Ga., his regiment was especially complimented by Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee and Maj. Gen. Walthall. After the war, Comrade Gattis proved himself as loyal and faithful a citizen as he had been brave and gallant in the war. He was proud that he had been a Confederate soldier, and instilled the same feelings into his children.

Mr. Gattis was a member of a Baptist Church in Memphis, also a member of the T. P. A's., Sons of Temperance, and other organizations. He had a kind word for all. He was laid to rest in the Masonic Cemetery at Duck Hill, Miss., Sept. 29.

WORDS FOR THE SOUTH.

Conclusion of Senator Bates' address at dedication of Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park. See November number.



U. S. SENATOR BATE, AS A MAJOR GENERAL, C. S. A.

It was rare, in our civil war, no matter under what commanders, that either side in a great battle reaped the fruits of victory. Chickamauga was not an exception. A marvelously short time after the battle of Chickamauga the Federal army was behind the earthworks in and around Chattanooga, and Gen. Bragg close in front thereof. The battle of Chickamauga encouraged the hopes of Southern people, while it tended to neutralize the effect of Gettysburg in the North. The effect was such as to cause the most prompt and vigorous steps to be taken by the Federal authorities to relieve it. Gen. Grant came and took command in person. Two corps were brought from the East, as was Gen. Sherman's army from Mississippi, and troops from other sources, until Gen. Grant had at his command in and about Chattanooga, as shown by his official report of November 20, 1863, an army aggregating in round numbers 102,000 men; present for duty, 5,063 officers and 80,822 men. This was perhaps one of the largest, if not the largest, army that ever assembled in so small a compass on the American continent.

This vast army was organized for an assault on Bragg, then holding the front of Chattanooga, including Missionary Ridge.

The command with which Gen. Bragg fought at Chickamauga had been reduced by the casualities of that battle, by the withdrawal of Longstreet's corps, then around Knoxville, and Buckner's command, then near Loudon, by practically all of his cavalry being detached and operating on Federal line of communication, leaving Bragg with a mere skeleton of his Chickamauga command. It was currently published and understood at the time that his command did not exceed on the 24th of November, 25,000 effectives, and subsequently published reports put it, as I think, not far from that number on the day of the battle of Missionary Ridge.

This command was divided into two corps. Lieut. Gen. Hardee commanded the right, and Maj. Gen. Breckenridge commanded the left. A day or so preceding the battle, Gen. Bragg withdrew his main lines to the crest of the ridge, having an engagement of some moment at Orchard Knob on the 23d. Gen. Grant's forces were organized by grand divisions, Thomas in the center and Sherman on the left. On the morning of the 25th of November this vast army of Gen. Grant appeared in lines of battle, in two lines, with reserves in sight, seeming equal to a third.

In forming lines of battle, this large army uncoiled as a huge serpent, and its movements were visible from the ridge. The lines extended from the slope of Lookout Mountain for miles to their extreme left, where Sherman confronted Hardee.

This vast, well-equipped Federal army moved with system and order, indicating veteran service. As soon as within range of the guns on the crest of the ridge, a brisk and effective fire was opened on the advancing lines and caused the front line to waver and get in confusion, but soon advanced. When within range of small arms the firing was terrific. The assailants still advanced, however, sheltered here and there by irregularities on the surface of the hill side; while the Federals were ascending the ridge they could be only effectively reached with either artillery or small arms by an oblique fire, as the declivity made direct front firing impracticable. Any check to the ascending forward movement was temporary. At some places on that fated Confederate line the resistance was vigorous and determined, even after the Federals had gained footing on the hill and fired down the lines. At other points there was practically but little resistance. The Federals, having gained footing on the crest, could and did clear the front by enfilade fire. Thus the Confederate lines were broken and driven back. At Chickamauga neither party could see enough because of the undergrowth; at Missionary Ridge we could see too much—more than three to one. Things seen are sometimes mightier than things heard. A part of those near Bragg's headquarters reformed a line in the woods a few hundred yards to the rear and resisted the heavy mass which was pressing forward in disorder. It was then getting dark, and a few volleys from small arms and artillery checked the pursuit.

Night closed upon the scene, and the Confederates, without further pursuit, crossed over the Chickamauga bridge and bivouacked for the night.

The Federal advance next day was successfully resisted by the Confederate rear guard at Ringgold



Gap. Thus was ended the Tennessee campaign of 1863, in which the splendid victory for the Confederates at Chickamauga was followed by their disastrous defeat at Missionary Ridge. Winter found the Federals in Chattanooga, under Gen. Sherman, Gen. Rosecrans having been relieved soon after the battle of Chickamauga. Active hostilities were suspended and the Confederates took up winter quarters at Dalton, Ga.

Gen. Bragg, in that patriotic, unselfish manner characteristic of true merit and self-sacrificing patriotism, asked to be relieved from the command of the Army of Tennessee, and was succeeded by that superb soldier and military chieftain, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

The fate of Bragg and Rosecrans, commanders-in-chief of the two opposing armies in this Tennessee campaign, is a commentary on the fortunes of military commanders. * * *

THE SOUTH A FACTOR IN BUILDING UP THE NORTH.

Who can estimate the increased value to commerce of the manifold blessings to all the world which have flowed through all the channels of commerce from the prosperity of the South? Subtract from the United States the value of our cotton, tobacco, indigo, sugar and rice, which for one hundred years have freighted Northern ships, and you will understand how the South has become a factor in building up the North.

If you call the roll of American statesmen, you will find those from the South inferior neither in number nor ability to those of the North. If you enumerate the ante-bellum soldiers who have added military glory to national character, you will find Washington, Jackson, Scott and Taylor—all Southern men—standing on the same plane with the greatest captains of any age in the world's history, and in mere fecundity of military and naval heroes. Tennessee has furnished your navy its Farragut, who was a native of this historic valley, and Virginia gave your army its Thomas, whom you appropriately call the "Rock of Chickamauga."

Southern chief justices have presided for sixty-two years, out of its seventy-one years of ante-bellum existence. If you honor the chief magistracy of our country above all power on earth, remember that Southern presidents performed its high responsibility for fifty-three years out of seventy-one preceding our Civil War.

WHAT HAS THE SOUTH DONE SINCE THE WAR?

"When the bugle sang truce," the paroled Confederate soldier returned home from the fields of his disaster, vanquished but not destroyed; sorrowful, but not without hope. 'Twas true the channel had been cut deep, the iron had entered his soul, and "melancholy marked him for her own," but the end of the sacrifice was not yet.



Broken in fortune, but not in spirit; reduced to penury, unknown to him, and the more keenly felt for the sudden transition from affluence to poverty, returning from the field of glory, yet field of disaster, with an armless sleeve as a life companion, in search of his home, his vision was greeted by the broken windlass of the old well which had gone dry, and by the stark and weird chimney—a spectre standing in the midst of desolation, marking the spot where erstwhile the "watch dog bayed deep-mouthed welcome," and where once stood the old, happy home with its latticed porch and trellised vine, its garden and its roses.

This gaunt spectre, this dire want, greeted him; but the "chill penury" repressed not his "noble rage." Ah! there was an unseen hand that scattered manna, and an unseen prophet whose rod smote the rock and the life-giving waters gushed forth. "Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face."

The irrepressible pride and indomitable pluck of Southern manhood was still with him—and although in the agony of want, contemplating and retrospecting, with proud but saddened eyes, the terrible ordeal of fire and blood through which he had just passed, realizing the situation and recognizing the demand of the hour in behalf of those he most loved crying unto him for bread—he did not ask for outside help, nor in melancholly mood give way to lamentation; nor cover himself in sackcloth and ashes—but as the antique wrestler in the Olympian games, when thrown in the dust, he arose with renewed challenge, the greater for the fall. No! while he keenly felt he did not succumb to this iron fortune, this hard logic of fate, but the spirit of true manhood asserted itself, and with "resurgam" as his motto, and his brain and brawn, aided by the genial climate and generous soil which nature gave, was his talisman.

The new house, in time, rears its walls where the old one stood; the green ivy clings close to the bare old chimney, covering its war scars; the Virginia creeper and the eglantine—that "country cousin of the rose"—vieing with each other in beauty and aroma, entwine about the new porch; again, "the old oaken bucket hangs in the well," the witch elms lengthen their evening shadows, and the mocking bird's throat is in tune. The song of the reaper is heard in the fields, and again the "lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," and "the plowman homeward plods his weary way." It is home again!







This war-worn Confederate swept away obstacles and moved a swift courser along the great Apian way to Southern development, and stands to-day in the front rank, the peer of the noblest, the bravest and best.

In firm and manly strides he forged ahead in the development of what is called in the nomenclature of the day, the "— South;" he, however, forgets not the past, but with the loftiest pride and tenderest devotion, turns to the "old South" as turns the sunflower,

"To its god when he sets
The same look that it gave when he rose."

The valorous sons of the South, who, on the crested ridge of battle, stood for her honor, her rights and her life, and fought her historic battles, even at the cannon's mouth, held her then, and hold her now, supreme in their heart of hearts—while her daughters, unwavering in their loyalty and love, will ever crown the "old South" queen of song and star of chivalry. * * *

It was refreshing at the close of our interstate struggle to witness the delicate observance of the high points of chivalry between true and tried soldiers, who had met face to face with visor down and lance well poised—soldiers—many of whom I see around me—who had stood tip to tip, toe to toe, and dared to stand and do their duty. One of the most marked characteristics of Federal and Confederate soldiers, after they had ceased to do battle, was that manly bearing and courteous recognition among those who did the fighting and modestly wore their battle scars—not scars of infamy, but honor. It is not the brave and generous who bears malice and treasures hate, and seeks to offend his disarmed quandom combatant, but the montebank who struts in a misplaced uniform, with mock heroic air, who fights battles in mimicry with words for weapons, when the danger has past. Some such there were in the days of "reconstruction."

Clothed in a little brief authority,
They cut such fantastic capers before high heaven
As to make the angels weep!

But they were rare exceptions, and were condemned by their fighting comrades, who were made of "sterner stuff." * * *

The Confederate soldier element has borne up against reverses in peace as against defeats in war. The South already has had marked success, and has given earnest of far greater. And happily for her future, the policy of New England is forcing her in the line of manufacture—the arsenal of industry that will enable her to supply home wants in that line, and give employment to home people, which is the greatest element of prosperity.

Providence has lavished bounties on the South—given to it the luxuriance of the tropics without its disadvantages, and the salubrity of the North without its drawbacks. The South of to-day holds in trust the elements of the wealth of nations to a greater extent than any part of the habitable globe. Her annual crop of one staple alone, cotton, yields $250,000,000—without which there would be no balance of trade—no balance in commercial accounts in our favor in custom house or treasury. * * *

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS DURING THE WAR.

The difficulty has been for the North and South to understand each other. That accomplished, troubles end and sectionalism stands mute. A pertinent illustration of this is in the delicate matter of the treatment of prisoners by the respective parties when war was flagrant. Andersonville had its counterpart in Johnson's Island—and Libbey in Fort Delaware. While these may be said to be sad evidences of the unhappy past—each had a history that is much misunderstood. Immediately upon the close of the war, vicious literature, masquerading as history, flooded the country—influenced the passions and warped public judgment. The Confederates were then practically without means of publishing their side of these matters. Hence, error and slander went forth through the press without explanation or contradiction, and the one-sided statements were taken as truth, and easily found lodgement in the popular mind. Since, however, the correspondence between the two belligerent powers has been published officially by order of the Government, that popular judgment has undergone a great change—forced into honest minds by reading both Federal and Confederate official records. Without detail, or reviewing the correspondence, or the cartels resulting therefrom, I beg in this connection to read a short paragraph of the report of the then Secretary of War, Stanton, the highest Federal authority in these matters.

As to comparative deaths in prison of Federal and Confederate soldiers, Secretary Stanton, in his report, dated July 19, 1866, said: "Confederates in







SCENES ABOUT CHICKAMAUGA-CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL PARK.

Northern prisons, 220,000; Union soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; excess of Union prisoners, 50,000; deaths in Northern prisons, 26,436; deaths in Southern prisons, 22,756."

This report of Secretary Stanton was carroborated the next June by the report of Surgeon-General Barnes, and when reduced down to pure mathematics means that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died in Northern prisons, while less than nine per cent of Union soldiers died in Southern prisons. If these facts are true, and they are all a matter of record, does not this show the falsity of the South's maltreatment of prisoners in her hands?

Should the time ever come—which we pray never will—that calls our men to battle, the record of the past gives promise and assurance to the future, that the descendants of the men who followed Bragg on yonder field will be as responsive to the call, as valient in the fight, and as vigorous in the pursuit as the children of those who rallied under Rosecrans, and I believe the conservative South may yet prove to be the rod that will conduct the fiery bolt harmless to the earth, and when liberty takes her flight, if she ever should, from this country, her last resting place will be in our constitution-loving, and constitution-defending South.

The time has come when genuine peace should prevail in all sections of our country, and no rankling from our civil war left in the hearts of our people. But a little while and all those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray will have crossed "over the river." The record of their patriotism, their courage, their sufferings and sacrifices—on both sides—is imperishable.

The men of to-day, and those who come after them, should stand together and see that the priceless heritage of liberty—the rights of the states—the rights of man, individually and collectively—under our Constitutional Government, should be maintained. * * *

But the crust is broken and assimilation is gradually going on. Trade, with its self-interest, is the chief factor in this assimilating process, and brings about business relations and mutual dependence, and they most naturally beget political, religious and social relations, and they, in turn, often light the torch at the hymenal altar, which settles feuds and consumes hate, even as when Hiawatha and Minnehaha became one at the arrow-maker's door in the land of the Dacotahs.

TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

An address from a Confederate at the dedication of battlefields where Confederates fought would be incomplete without grateful acknowlgement to the noble women of the South. They were truly our companions, our support, our guardian angels during that long, weary and bloody period of the war. Their graces, their courage, their constancy, their prayers lightened our difficulties, relieved our trials, and assuaged even the humiliation of our defeat.

"The women of the South!" These words convey a eulogy in themselves, and are so interwoven with our Southern history as to give to it its brightest page and sweetest charm. It is a phrase that epitomizes all that is noble and exalted; a type of all that is gracious and refined; uniting the patriotism of a Joan of Arc with the heroism of a Maid of Saragossa—inspiring faith with fervor, and courage with love of country. Their influence on the Southern soldier, from enlistment to the close, was like a "pervading essence," and filled the surrounding air. Their hearts might have trembled for the safety of those they loved, but their voices did not falter when they spoke of duty and gave words of encouragement.

God bless them for the patience with which they endured privation and the cheerfulness with which they gave up luxuries for the cause they loved. Who can describe her conduct during that

wonderful drama of a thousand bloody fields? Her sympathetic inspiration moved the hearts of the soldiers in the midst of the terrible shock of battle. The battle over, she found the hospital, and, like Noah's trembling dove, she was the first to enter. She soothed the last hour of the dying hero, and received his last adieus to his loved ones far away, which were faithfully conveyed. She was the ministering angel that mitigated pain, that inspired the despairing and aroused in him a new hope of future success.

The women of the South were our greatest sufferers during the war, as they are from its results. Holding positions of ease and comfort in all their domestic and social relations,—when the wheel of fortune turned against us, and all was lost—the ease and grace with which they adapted themselves to the change of the situation, and set about their household affairs to suit the new order of things, called forth expressions of admiration at home and abroad. They cheered by their example and strengthened by their practical aid, their husbands, fathers and brothers—and made home happy.

NATIONAL MONUMENT.

We inaugurate then here to-day a great national monument, not Westminister Abbey, where poets, philosophers and statesmen "sleep with kings and dignify the scene," nor a Florentine cathedral, where under one holy roof rest the tombs of a Gallileo, a Michiavelli, a Michael Angelo and a Alfieri, but a more glorious monument of God's design and architecture, with mountain walls and hills and dales and living streams—a lovely cyclorama of nature's ornamentation, finish and display—unrivaled by artistic touch of brush and tint on any canvas, or by impression on any plate since Daguerre made an artist of the sun.

It matters not whether the Confederate who fell in these battles is buried under the dry, smooth surface of mother earth in unmarked or unknown graves, or under the little swelling mound of green grass, or under the marble shaft—it is equally a patriot's rest and a hero's grave. His gallant and devoted spirit passed from us in the din and smoke of battle—

"Into that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul."

We have trophies that belong to history which we hold sacred. Oar flag, now known as the "Conquered Banner," plucked by the hand of fate from among the symbolical emblems of nationality, finds a niche in the temple of fame so high that detraction cannot reach it. Its cross of St. Andrew, its stars and bars, are a part of our history—and we will hold its image unblurred in the mirror of memory.

Our old Confederate sword, broken and bloody, but not dishonored, and our shield, though battered and bent, yet untarnished, hang in the "Temple of Fame" as "bruised monuments" to the valor, sacrifice and patriotism of Confederates.

We shall, by these monumental battlefields, engrave on the hearts of our people, that record of a heroic past, which, though it be written in the blood of civil war, yet was essentially American in all the glorious attributes of American citizenship. It is right and proper to preserve the memory of the martial spirit which animated our people in this civil war.

It is upon that spirit the safety of any country depends. In vain shall we encircle our land with fortresses—modern gunnery will demolish them; our only security and safety reposes in the spirit and valor displayed alike by the blue and the gray on these fields, which record not your victory, nor our defeat. When you remove Thermopolae from ancient and the charge of the six hundred from modern history, you may expunge Lee from Gettysburg, or Bragg from Chickamauga. Therefore, embellish and beautify these glorious battlefields for the truth they tell of unexampled courage and endurance and sacrifice for the right, the constitution and liberty as each understood them, and credit yourselves with a triumph won by a larger army, and by our exhaustion—for that will be the record of history.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

Isaac F. Eaton, in the Baltimore Sun.

The armies, they had ceased to fight,
The night was still and dark,
And many thousands on the field,
Were lying stiff and stark.
The stretcher men had come along
And gathered all they could;
A hundred surgeons worked that night
Behind the clump of wood.

They flashed the lanterns in my face,
As they went hurrying by;
The sergeant looked and said, "He's dead,"
And I made no reply.
The bullet had gone through my breast—
No wonder I was still;
But once will I be nearer death
Than when upon that hill.

A Gray-clad picket came along
Upon his midnight beat;
He came so near me that I tried
To move and touch his feet.
Instant he bent and felt my breast
Where life still fought at bay;
No one who loved me could have done
More than this man in Gray.

Chilled with damp of blood and dew,
His blanket o'er me spread;
A crimson sheaf of wheat he brought,
A pillow for my head.

* * * *

The sounds of war are silent now;
We call no man our foe.
But soldier hearts cannot forget
The scenes of long ago.
Dear are the ones who stood with us,
To struggle or to die;
No one can oftener breathe their names,
Or love them more than I.

* * * *

But from my life I'd give a year
That gray-clad man to see;
To clasp in love the foeman's hand
Who saved that life to me.

CONFEDERATE MATTERS IN NEW YORK.

Col. A. G. Dickinson writes from New York Nov. 15:

Nearly everything in connection with the Memorial Hall comes into my hands, and much of the duty in connection with correspondence falls upon me. Mr. Rouss was delighted with the action of the committee at Atlanta, everything that was done seemed to be satisfactory to him. Col. McIntosh is very active, and has already organized and gone to work. Col. Wood has been appointed Traveling Manager, and I think the appointment is a good one. His heart is in it, and he will be very active and energetic to produce good results. * * * I think every dollar of the money will be raised before the meeting of the convention at Richmond. Col. Wood writes me that the New Orleans camps have already come forward with their subscriptions, and the ladies everywhere have taken hold of the matter with their usual energy. Mr. Chas. Broadway Rouss will make himself immortal by his devotion to the lost cause, as well as his grand gifts to everything where the interests of the South take precedence.

The matter of our monument here promises to be in every respect a success. The burial place has been laid out, and the contractors are hard at work on the monument. It will be turned over to us complete by the 1st of May, next. The monument will be a splendid one, and will stand 56 feet high. The obelisk will be about 47 feet of pure Vermont granite, without spot or blemish. The whole monument will weigh 102 tons, and will be erected at a cost to the contractors, Messrs. C. E. Tayntor & Co., of $7,500, and they themselves donate $2,500 towards the monument; ordinarily, such a monument would cost about $10,000. A beautiful spot was given us by the Mt. Hope Cemetery Co., which is in less than an hour's ride of City Hall Square. The burial place will be beautifully prepared and kept in order by the Cemetery; this was truly a munificent gift made by this Company. A committee of prominent ladies will patronize the benefit, and you know they are always successful in anything they undertake to do. Our present plan is to dedicate the monument on Decoration Day, although many of the Grand Army Posts and Naval Veteran Posts here, who wish to be present on that occasion, have grave fears that Decoration Day will take up so much of their time, that they cannot attend on that day. I cannot tell whether the day will be changed or not.

I am now busily engaged in making arrangements for a benefit at the Fifth Ave. Theater, which will take place in the latter part of December through Mr. Harry Miners liberality in giving us his beautiful theater for a performance. Interest is being taken in it by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, as well as other leading actors. We cannot know of any such word as fail. There are eight boxes for which we expect to get at least $1,500, and I have little doubt that the benefit will net us considerably over $5,000, and the whole of this amount will be deposited in interest bearing securities, as a trust fund, to be used exclusively for burying our dead.

When we have another meeting of our camp, I shall again call attention to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and tell them of the good work that you are doing.

BLOCKADE-RUNNING FROM WILMINGTON.

Wm. H. Oliver, of Newbern, N. C., under date of September 1, '95, writes to James Sprunt, Esq.:

Early in 1863, I was commissioned by Gov. Z. B. Vance, an agent for the State of North Carolina to purchase cotton for blockade-running purposes. The instruction which I received through Major John Devereux, Quarter Master General for North Carolina, was to buy every bale of cotton that I could purchase, and to pay a stipulated price of twenty cents per pound. I went at once to the sections nearest the Federal lines so as to get all the cotton out of reach of the Federal troops if a raid should be made by them.

In a short time I purchased about seven thousand bales and paid for the same about seven hundred thousand dollars. On account of the scarcity of railroad accommodation it was a tedious matter to get the cotton moved.

Arrangements had been made to ship the cotton as fast as possible by running it through the blockade at Wilmington, N. C. A large part of the cotton was taken to Graham, N. C., it being unsafe to leave it in the eastern part of the State.

Mr. John White, of Warrenton, N. C., was appointed agent for the sale of it in England. Mr. White sailed from Charleston, S. C., on the steamer Leopard, on the 15th day of November, 1862. A number of cargoes were shipped to him, and from a report of his to Gov. Vance, it will be seen that he purchased with the proceeds of cotton and North Carolina cotton bonds, the steamship Lord Clyde, afterwards known as the Advance, at a cost of £35,000—$175,000; 150,115 yards grey cloth, 6-4 wide; 11,023 yards grey cloth, 3-4 wide; 28,582 yards grey flannel, 6-4 wide; 83,173 yards grey flannel, 3-4 wide; 2,978 yards brown canvas padding, 25,897 pairs grey blankets, 37,092 pairs woolen socks, 26,096 pairs army shoes, 530 pairs cavalry boots, 1,956 Angola shirts, 7,872 yards grey flannel shirts, 1,006 cloth overcoats, 1,002 cloth jackets, 1,010 pairs cloth trousers, quantity of sole and harness leather, 20,000 pairs army shoes, 10,000 pairs grey blankets, 1,920 pairs flannel shirts, 5,800 yards army cloth, 6-4; 10,000 yards army cloth, 7,000 pairs cotton and wool cards, 5 machines for making cotton cards, with wire sufficient to keep them running twelve months.

A large quantity of the cotton was delivered by order of Gov. Vance, to Messrs. John Newlan & Sons, at Saxapahawee Factory, to be manufactured into cloth and yarn. The cloth was delivered to the Quarter Master for the use of the army, and the yarn was exchanged in Virginia for leather, which was made into shoes. The card machines were put up in Mr. William H. Willard's factory, and a large number of pairs of cards were made and distributed by me all over the State.

At the close of the war, about 200 bales of the cotton was at Graham, N. C., and it was taken by Col. D. Heaton, of the U. S. Treasury Department.

TEXANS FORAGING FOR CHRISTMAS.

J. B. Polley of Floresville, Texas, (November 23, '95), copies an interesting story which is so vivid that comrades will go back the third of a century in its amusing perusal.

Mr. Polley states that the writer of the original is a grandfather now—the fair lady to whom it was addressed, a grandmother, but "his'n is'nt her'n" nor "her'n, his'n." The excerpts are copied from the yellow stained paper on which the original was written.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., January 20, 1864.

CHARMING NELLIE:

* * * The Texas Brigade left Bean's Station on the morning of December 22. Jack S——. Green G—— and I determined to forage for material for a Christmas dinner. Straggling off on a by-road, we tramped about the country all day, slept in a house that night, and next morning—our haversacks filled to overflowing with the good things of life—wended our way, in the best humor imaginable, toward Morristown. Of course we kept a sharp look-out for provost guards, and were not surprised to come upon one of those despised but lordly individuals, complacently standing in the road ahead of us.

Jack and Green proposed to "flank the enemy," but having great confidence in the powers of persuasion and argument which had extricated me from many a predicament, I finally induced them to join me in a bold advance. Giving the fellow no time to make inquiries, I stated to him that we had just been relieved from guard duty, and asked to be directed to the camp of the Texas Brigade. While politely and promptly furnishing the desired information, he most unkindly arrested us as stragglers.

"But we are not stragglers," I insisted—"We left the command yesterday, guarded a private house last night according to orders, and must return to camp at once."

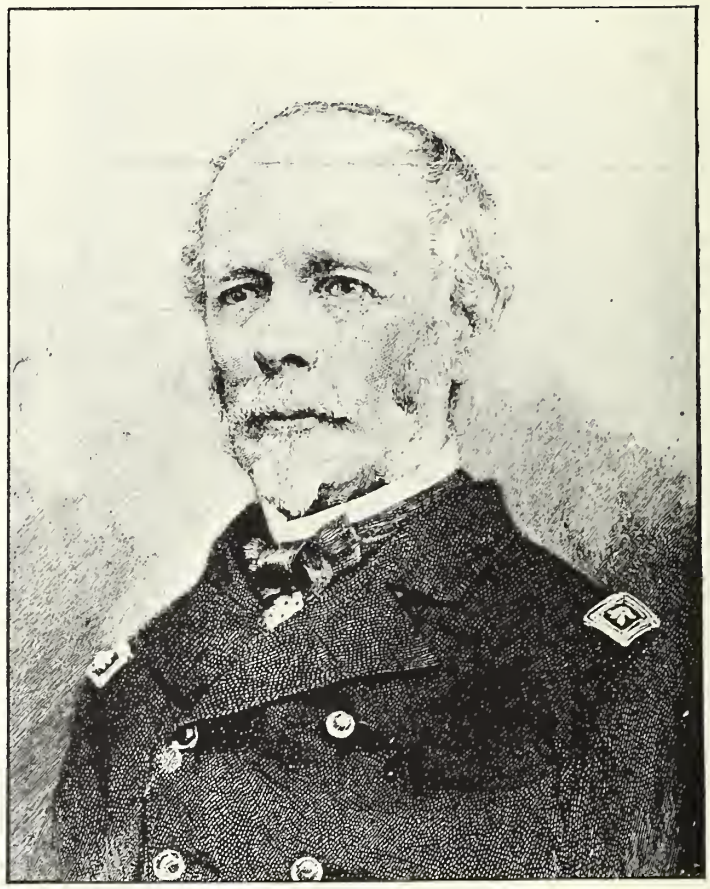
"Maybe so," said the guard with a provoking smile, "I ain't a disputin' nothin', but we can't let you pass; orders are to stop everybody that hain't a pass."

"Call your corporal, then," said I, and that officer appearing, exercised upon him every blandishment and argument at my command, but alas, without in the least softening his obdurate heart.

"Carry us to the officer of the guard," I demanded, "I reckon he will have a little common sense."

"It isn't common sense or any other kind he's got to have—he has simply got to obey orders" responded the corporal as he led the way to the huge guard fire.

By this time Jack was mad as a hornet, his glances at me lowering, savage, contemptuous; once he sidled up to me and remarked in a tone of withering scorn—"Now, darn your old hide, you've got us in a —— of a pickle by your confounded faith in your ability to out-talk people."



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

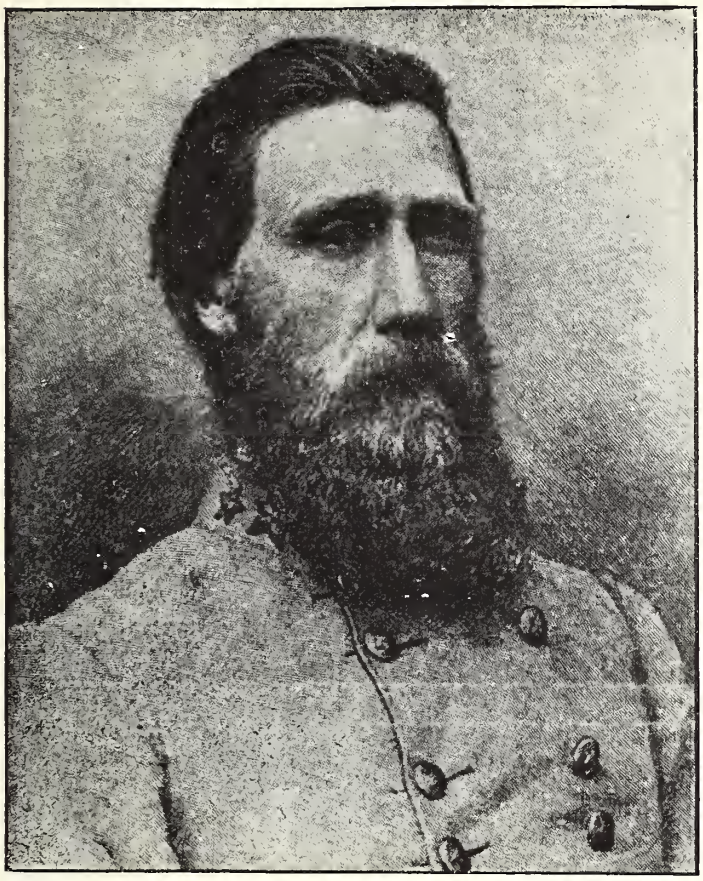
Born near Farmville, Virginia, February 3, 1807, died in Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891. A General in the Army of the Confederate States.

"Wait a while, old fellow," I replied, "no telling what may happen." But I had more misgivings than my words indicated, and I had still more when the Lieutenant politely but positively refused to release us.

When the ultimatum fell on his ears, Jack dropped down before the fire with a surly groan, Green looked blue and smiled in a sickly manner, and I felt that my last hope was departing. But "nil desperadum" is my motto whenever I get into trouble; I entered at once into conversation with the Lieutenant, and learning that he was a Georgian, complimented the soldiers of his state, and especially those of the Eighteenth Regiment so extravagantly yet judiciously, as to persuade him into a real good humor, and was wondering how to utilize my advantage, when, on the other side of the fire, partly concealed by a blanket, I espied a fiddle and a bow.

Like a flash the inspiration came; I stepped around the fire, boldly seized the instruments, and handing them to Jack, said in the most cheery tone imaginable, "Give us some music, old boy."

You never in your life saw such a sudden change as occurred then and there in Jack's countenance; every shadow and trace of ill-humor disappeared in an instant, and a smile that was absolutely charming, irradiated his homely features. He grasped the



GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.

Born in Owingsville, Ky., June 1st, 1831, died at his home in New Orleans, August 30, 1879. A General in the Army of the Confederate States.

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fiddle and began to tune it, with an eagerness that was surprising, for he is much more fastidious ordinarily about the violin he plays on, than about his eating; neither the landlord nor the quality of the food affects his appetite, but he has an unutterable horror of drawing the bow across the strings of any except his own violin. That has such a sweet and powerful tone, and Jack made such delightful music on it, that Col. Winkler carries it with his private baggage in order to have it always at hand when Jack is in the humor to play.

Little music as I have in my benighted soul, I discovered at his first scrape of the bow that it was a miserable apology for a fiddle. It did not seem to matter with Jack though; whether he felt the need of music just then to soothe his own savage breast, or imagined that he might use it as a means of securing release from "durance vile," he handled the bow with a deftness and heartiness, that made the hills and hollows of East Tennessee echo and re-echo with delicious strains. He put his whole mind to the business as if there was nothing else in the world worth doing, kept time with one foot, wagged his head from side to side for the half beats, and never once forgot to keep his hard favored countenance illumined with a smile that was a plea to his captors, totally unexpected charm to his fellows in misfortune.

The Georgians expected only a little amateur sawing, but Jack had not got halfway through "The Devil's Dream" ere they realized that a master hand wielded the bow and the highest order of musical genius directed the hand. Entering fully into the spirit of the occasion, some of them began to pat, others to shuffle their feet, and all to nod their heads and show their teeth with delight. Jack was not so overcome by the divine afflatus as to be unconscious of surroundings, and marking the impression made on his auditors, played, told and acted "The Arkansas Traveller"—changing his voice to mimic first the strong one of the traveler, and then the weak, piping tones of the chill-stricken settler, and question and answer having been given, making the woods ring with melody from the violin. * * * You could even hear the traveler ask, "Where does this road go to, sir?" then the reply of the settler, "Tain't gone nowhere, stranger, since we'uns bin livin' in these woods." Then the first part of the tune—the only part the settler knew—would be played over and over again until interrupted by another question, Jack would stop sawing long enough to answer and then begin again. It is a long story you know, for you must have heard some old darkey play and act it, but Jack not only told all of it I ever heard, but a good deal more. Finally, reaching the place where the traveler asks, "Why don't you play the balance of that tune?" Jack, as he repeated the question, handed me the fiddle and bow, and then answering it, "'Case I ain't never heard it stranger—kin you play it?" personated the traveler by reaching for the instrument and playing the balance of the tune with a spirit that made a final conquest of our Georgia captors.

From the "Arkansas Traveller," Jack switched off suddenly to "Gray Eagle," and as he played, called all the turns of start, backstretch, homestretch and finish of the grand Kentucky race that was the inspiration of the author in composing the music. Indeed, it was a revelation of genius, of the wonderful power of a master to extract the sweetest music from an old, weatherbeaten and warworn fiddle, and of histrionic and pantomimic talent, which held the auditors breathless and spellbound.

A radical metamorphosis had taken place in the performer. Generally, we have to beg Jack to play, and, when he consents, it is with the lordly, far away manner of one who feels that he is "casting pearls before swine." He rebukes any request for a particular tune by a forbidding frown or a curt, gruff remark that the instrument is not in tune for it, and with a frown, says to the offender more plainly than words, "What do you know about music that warrants your presumption in selecting a tune for me to play?" But now no longer surly of voice and crusty of manner, he was the most mild tempered and accommodating of mortals, and let the strings down or screwed them up at the slightest hint of choice on the part of our hosts, and played every

tune called for with an alacrity which demonstrated that it was the very one he was most anxious to play.

How long the music lasted, I cannot say, for captors and captured forgot time, the world and all its sordid cares, as they sat around the big log fires. At last however, there was a lull, a hush, a silence. Jack laid the fiddle and the bow, tenderly on a blanket, brushed from his eyes the tears evoked either by the smoke or the exalted condition of his mind, and reached out for a coal with which to light his pipe; the Circean spell that enthralled minds and hearts was broken, and the auditors, drawing long breaths of sorrow, became once more human beings, "of the earth, earthy."

My tumble from supernal realms was not so precipitate as to drive from my mind the direness of our extremity. With the genius of a great captain, I laid instant hold on the favorable impression made by the music, and rising to my feet, ready equipped for departure, looked the Lieutenant full in the face with a confident smile, saying, "Well gentlemen, we must be getting on to camp."

Jack looked up at the words, astonishment depicted in every line of his rugged face; but when the gallant Georgian smiled kindly back at me and said, "Yes—you fellows go up the hill behind the fence to that skirt of timber yonder, then follow the timber down to the road and you'll get to camp all right—but of course, if you are caught again, you will not give us away,"—the astonishment vanished to be replaced by a look of inexpressible relief.

Little conversation was indulged in until all points of danger safely passed, Jack turned to me, and with a disgustingly self-complacent air said:

"You ain't worth a —— Joe. You can always rely on me though, to get out of a bad scrape. We would be on our way to Captain Scott's quarters now, if I had't dazed that Lieutenant with the music I gave him."

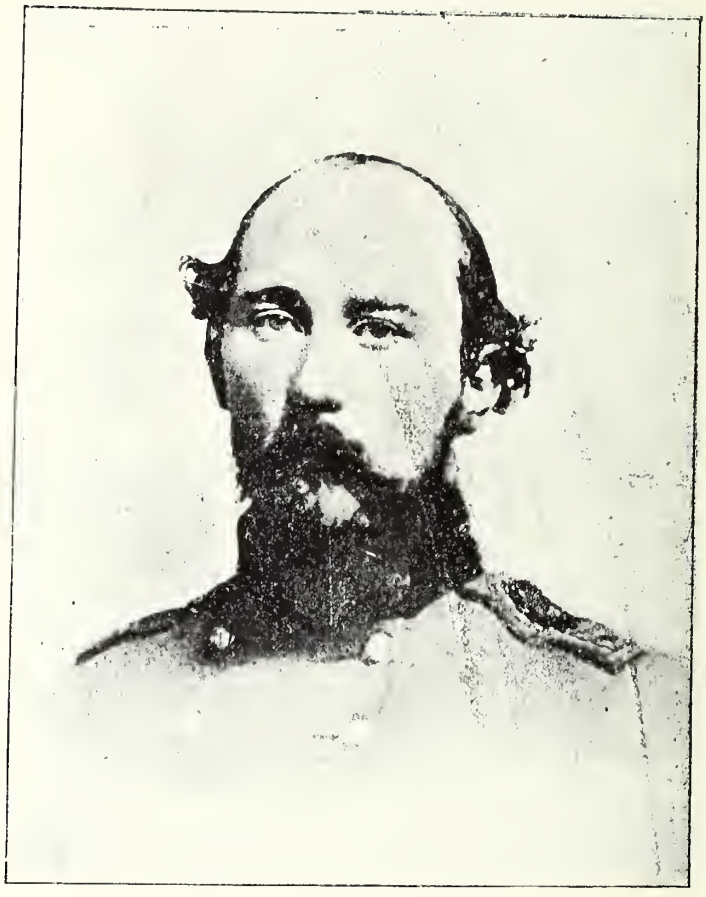
I felt outraged that the prominent part I had taken in the happening of the last few hours should be so conceitedly ignored. "The devil you say, I restorted, "You did draw a good bow, but you lacked the wit, either to hunt for the fiddle or, after the battle was won, to take advantage of success. It was my unparalleled and sublime conception to pretend that we were mere visitors whose departure would not be opposed. You and Green would have begged for release—I was the Napoleon who seized the golden opportunity and trotted you fellows out of danger into our present safety—was'nt I, Green?" [How very, very modest!—Ed.]

Thus appealed to, Green looked as wise as an owl, and weighing each word as carefully as if giving an opinion on a question of law said, "Well boys it strikes me this way; Jack can beat all creation a scrapin' o' catgut, and Joe is ——! when it comes to workin' them jaws of his, and sticking the words in pointedly. Betwixt fiddling and chin music, you fellows got away with the Lieutenant.

Green's judicious administration of soft soap restored amity. The first tents of the regiment approached, were those of the band. Pausing here to overlook the camp and get its geography, I glanced to the right, and there, fifty yards away, stood Col. Winkler and Sergeant Major Brown, looking straight at us. * * * * *

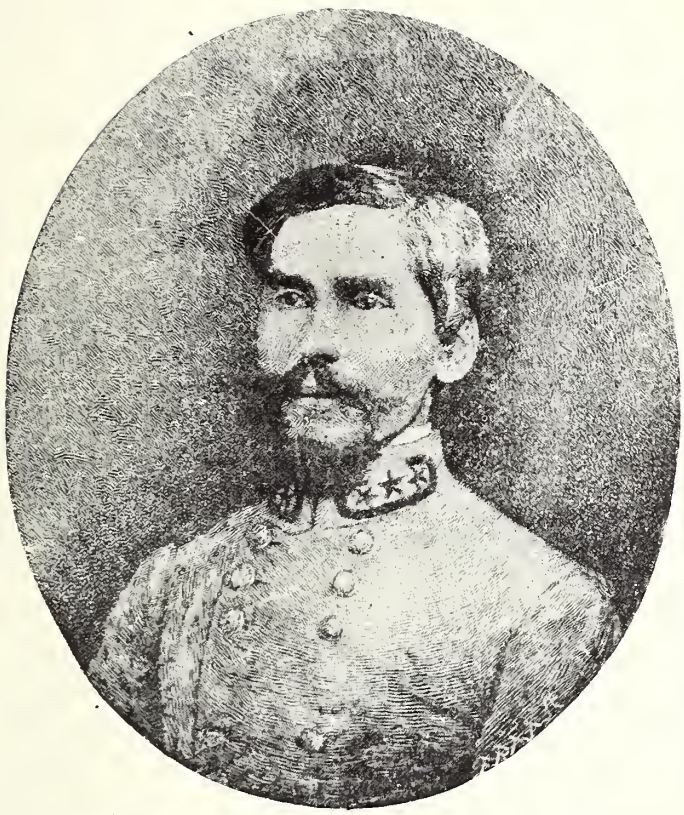
I picked the old hen and rooster that had fallen to my share of the capture, and salted them down for cooking the next day. Just as I finished the job, Brown sauntered up near me and I asked him what Col. Winkler had said when he saw us coming in. "He just asked where you fellows had been," said Brown, "and I told him you were returning from guard duty." "Did he swallow the lie?" I asked. "Of course not," said Brown, "he is no fool—you got in too late in the day to be mistaken for men relieved of guard duty." * * *

Christmas morning, I invited Lieut. Brahan of Company F.—then acting Adjutant of the regiment



GENERAL BEN. HARDIN HELM.

Gen. Ben. Hardin Helm, in whose honor the Government has erected a cannon ball monument in Chickamauga Park, was born near Elizabethtown, Kentucky, June 2, 1831. He was appointed Colonel and assigned to the First Kentucky Cavalry by the Confederate War Department in September, 1861. He was made a Brigadier General March 14, 1862. He succeeded Roger Hanson in command of the Orphan Brigade. Gen. Helm served gallantly at Shiloh, Murfreesboro and other battles. He was killed at Chickamauga, Sunday morning, September 20, 1863.



GENERAL PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE.

The gallant Pat. Cleburne, who fell at Franklin, was born near Cork, Ireland, March 17, 1828. He had been in this country, a citizen of Arkansas, for some years, and was at Helena when the war began. He enlisted promptly as a private in the Yell Rifles. Promotion for gallantry was rapid until he was a leading Major General. He was wounded at Richmond and Perryville, also at Murfreesboro. The story of his heroic death at Franklin is well known. Gen. Cleburne was a unique character.

--and Mr. Bunting, the Chaplain of the Terry Rangers, to take dinner with me. I promised them a chicken pie, and anxious that it should be a masterpiece of its kind, gave my whole mind to its preparation. I had carried operations to the point where the least carelessness would be ruinous to hopes and pie, when Brahan walked hastily down from the Colonel's quarters and stopping a hundred yards from me, called out loudly, "Joe—Col. Winkler wants you to report to him immediately."

Truly, I was in a nice predicament. A fat hen and rooster in the skillet on a hot fire, just at that stage of cookery which required the utmost delicacy of management, and I, the only living person thoroughly capable of giving it, called away at the very culmination of the critical moment. It was enough to provoke a saint—especially when it was a question whether he would be permitted to return to his pie, or be sent to the guardhouse.

Judging from their countenances, Jack and Green felt the same consternation I did. Jack kindly volunteered to take care of the pie, but knowing that he had already eaten up his share of plunder, I distrusted him, and requested "Joe Bowers" of Company D., to watch it. Then in fear and trembling, I went to the Colonel's tent. As I entered, he rose from the Adjutant's desk, and saying, "I wish you would sit down here, Joe and copy this application," handed me three closely written pages of foolscap.

"I'll do it with the greatest pleasure, Colonel," said I, relieved of every apprehension except for the pie, "but see here—I have a couple of chickens on the fire, and I am afraid they will get burnt—can't I do your work after dinner?"

"No," said he, "It is an application to transfer our three Texas regiments to Texas, and a staff officer is waiting at Longstreet's headquarters to carry it to Richmond. You copy it at once, and I'll go down and see after the chickens."

"I'll do the work at once then, Colonel," said I hastily, "but you need'nt bother about the chickens—they are in charge of Joe Bowers—the only man in the regiment who won't steal."

The Colonel laughed heartily at my evident doubt of his good faith, and I copied the application in a hurry, and then flew on the wings of hunger and apprehension, to my mess of pottage. The crust was a little burned, the gravy had a flavor of smoke, but the pie was still very toothsome to a Confed. Better than all, neither Jack, Green, nor I have been punished for an offence that has kept half a dozen of our comrades in the guardhouse ever since Christmas.

HONOR TO GEN. A. P. HILL.

The Louisiana Division of the Army of Northern Virginia took advantage of the presence of Miss Lucy Lee Hill in that city, after the Dallas fair, to do worthy honor to the memory of her father, Gen. A. P. Hill.

President Edwin Marks had the badge of the Association which was made especially. It is very beautiful and costly, being a gold crescent, surmounted by a pelican, and below the Badge of the Association, set with diamonds, Miss Hill's full name on the crescent, in black letters, and on the reverse side is the inscription, telling by whom and when it was given.

The letter sent with the badge states:

It has been wrought, by cunning hands, in the shape of our Confederate Badge, the immortal cross of St. George, that your chivalric father so often led to victory and whose last lingering glances fell so often upon, in the waning hours when the hosts of the enemy overpowered us and broke the lines at Petersburg.

You have, dear Miss, reason to be proud of your descent from Ambrose Powell Hill, the Southern cavalier; the trusted counsellor of Lee and Jackson and whose name rested upon their lips in their last words.

Gen. Hill married Miss Dollie Morgan, sister to Gen. John H. Morgan. The surviving children of General and Mrs. Hill are Miss Lucy Lee Hill and Mrs. Russell Hill Gay. They reside in Chicago.

TWO PICTURES OF LOUISIANA LIFE.

The Franklin Banner, October 31: Twenty years ago, and even ten years, St. Mary, under the old system, which Abolitionists painted in such horrid colors, was an Eden compared to its present situation.

Then our white people were prosperous and happy, and our black people well fed, well cared for and contented. Our fields smiled, and the autumnal harvests were rich and abundant.

The smoke of a hundred and seventy furnaces, over which a thousand huge sugar kettles foamed and boiled, ascended to greet the blue autumnal skies.

The corn song of the negroes, the loud laugh, the cheerful voices and happy faces of the colored race, the dance and fiddle at the quarters, were indications, not merely of peace, but of lively enjoyment.

Cheerfulness at the cabins, and hospitality at the house of the planter, were the order of the day all over St. Mary's Parish, La.

When ever the negro and the white man met on the road, the respectful touching of the hat, the friendly nod and kind voices, showed how kind were the relations that existed between the two races in this delightful and happy land.

And when the abundant sugar crop was ready for market, our bayous, lakes and bays were enlivened by twenty puffing and smoking steamers, from the two-horse towboat up to the fine passenger steamer, whose tables were always loaded with all the luxuries of the land, and whose cabins were cheered by ladies and gentlemen of refinement, wealth, and a high order of intelligence.

Our colored population were then well clothed, abundantly fed, nursed in sickness, and kindly cared for. Behold them now in rags, dissatisfied, unhappy, the pliant tools of strangers who wish to use them, and then throw them aside!

Our roads were then well worked and were graced by hundreds of fine horses and splendid carriages. Look at them now! Who has profited by this melancholy change?

Madness rules the hour! (Louisiana).

COMING HOME FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

CONCLUSION OF B. L. RIDLEY'S JOURNAL.

June 5, 1865.—And now after a delightful stay of ten days at Cornucopia, we start for Tennessee. Have taken this circuitous route to avoid the bushwhackers of the mountains. We have the pleasure of Mrs. Stewart's company, her little son Alex, Dr. Jas. A. Ridley and son Granville—one Judge, one General, one Surgeon, one lady and little boy, and four attaches, besides our two Irish teamsters and two servants. Camped to-night five miles east of Jackson. Lieut. Stewart and I went by Forsyth for news. I pointed out to him, in that hospitable town, the old church where, in 1864, Col. Cunningham and Lieut. Smith, of Gen Hood's Staff, Lieut. Hawkins, of Maj. Gen. Smith's Staff, and I attended a swell wedding—the occasion being the marriage of Lieut. Eth. B. Wade, one of Gen. Hood's Aides, to Miss Dora Cochran, when in our $1,500 uniforms of Crenshaw gray, we moved down the aisle to the tune of Mendelssohn's march, each swinging one of Forsyth's inimitable beauties. As Scott said of Rebecca and Rowena in Ivanhoe, they were "roses of loveliness, gems of wealth, bundles of frankincense and clusters of camphire."

June 6.—Camped to-night one and a half miles north of McDonough, a journey of twenty-five miles. Saw Andrew Johnson's proclamation and find little encouragement in it.

Understanding from citizens that any one who wears rebel uniform through Atlanta is liable to have his buttons, bars, stars and lace cut off, we have changed our coats.

Camp to-night near Griffin. It was in Griffin that Gen. Jno. C. Brown, last year, married Miss Bettie Childress, a niece of Mrs. James K. Polk, she being a refugee there from Murfreesboro, Tenn. Immediately after the ceremony was over, a telegram announced the advance of the enemy and called the General from his bonnie bride to return at once to the front.

June 7.—And now, our Irish teamsters are alarmed about their mules. The two that Gen. Stewart intended for them are branded U. S. It is amusing to see them stop occasionally and put mud on the brands, to hide them from the Yanks. They also let a piece of sack hang over their shoulders. We pass Lovejoy, the point from which Gen. Hood had his controversy with Sherman about driving the women and children out of Atlanta—also the point to which Jefferson Davis came and reviewed the Army of Tennessee before making the campaign to Nashville.

We conclude to shun Atlanta with the wagons and strike for Howell's Ferry on the Chattahoochee; Gen. Stewart and party to go direct, my father to make a detour, Granville Ridley and I to go into the city and report news, but all to meet at Howell's Ferry.

It turned out that there were three Howell's Ferries on the Chattahoochee, all wide apart. Each party went to a different one, and we never met again until we got to Tennessee. The country was such a barren waste that we could not follow in Sherman's and Johnston's trail from Atlanta to Dalton, because of nothing for man or beast. All animated nature was so nearly starved that, in crossing the trail, a hungry horse fly popped me on the lip, producing such torturing pain that for a day I thought myself poisoned.

[In the city, the lone chimneys show that arson had held sway, but the old gopher holes in the railroad embankment, where citizens had taken shelter during the storming of Atlanta remained. We passed our headquarters during the siege, and went by our old quarters, near Peachtree Creek, where Gen. Hood took breakfast with us the morning he took command of the army. Oh! how we were shocked when we heard of that change! Ah, the gloom with which the army was filled! It looked for the time as if the soldiers, who idolized Joe Johnston, would throw down their muskets and quit.]

Granville and I journeyed along somehow until

we struck the railroad at Cartersville; sold our two horses for $15.00. We got free transportation, and, on arriving at Chattanooga, went to a hotel room and remained until the train of box cars was ready to take us home. From our window we could see those who wore the blue promenading the streets with the composure of victors. I thought of the Turkish executioner with his scimeter, of the old Indian Chief with his scalps dangling by his side. It did not take us long, though, to size them up as quartermasters, commissaries and hangers on to an army far enough in the rear to hear no bullets whiz, but to blow and put on airs as if they were the United States Government.

By the way, if you find a fellow, North or South, now, fire eating and vindictive, follow his history when the death shot rattled, and I will wager that you will find a black spot in it.

My old father wandered through North Georgia over the Cumberland Mountains on a little mule, and Gen. Stewart and party, likewise aided by his maps, crossed over via Short Mountain. Here my Journal ends.

AT HOME.

We beat the party home at least three weeks. (June 12th). My dear old mother threw her arms around me and wept. Old "black mammy," and other darkies who remained at home, rushed up and hugged me, and old Henry, the faithful servant who had taken care of my mother through the war, with its maelstrom-like swirl of fire and persecution, got a bottle of whisky and was soon "gloriously" drunk. My faithful dog Carlo, that gave the alarm which kept my mother and sister from burning up, seemed as if he realized the situation and would go crazy with delight. For a moment I forgot the gloom of surrender.

I had reached home in time to join with mother in meeting her absent ones. One by one my brothers came in—Maj. J. S. Ridley, of Stevenson's Division; Capt. George C., and Lieut. Charles L. Ridley, of Gen. Ben Hill's Staff, and Dr. J. L. Ridley, Surgeon in Dibrell's Cavalry, and then our little sister, a refugee at Lagrange, Ga., returned, and next came my venerable father from across the mountains on his little mule. Last of all, my servant Hannibal to whom I am indebted for bringing home the diary from which this journal was written. Old "black mammy's" joy upon Hannibal's return may be imagined.

Gen. Stewart and family were back home at Lebanon, and we at home at old Jefferson, Tenn., within a few miles of the battlefield of Murfreesboro. Two dwellings had been laid in ashes by Federals, and my oldest sister had died from fright created by these fires.

"The old home" was not what it used to be, "yet there was no place like the old place." In pondering over these sorrows, I took fresh courage in the sentiment:

"Behold! we live through all things,
Famine, thirst, bereavement, pain,
All grief and misery, all woe and sorrow,
Life inflicts its worst on soul and body,
But we cannot die, though we
Be sick, and tired and faint and worn.
Lo! all things can be borne."

In a short time everybody went to work to drive "the wolf from the door;" all was gone but the wallet and staff. I went off to school to supplement my broken education, interrupted by war's dread alarm. One day in April, 1866, I received from Gen. Stewart a letter that made me so happy—"just as proud as a big sun flower that nods and bends to the breezes." I copy it here as a family heritage. It is a beautiful tribute to the Confederate soldiers who "fought the good fight and kept the faith."

Lebanon, Tenn., April 13, 1866.

My Dear Bromfield:—I hope you have a good school and that you are making the best possible use of your time and opportunities. You have passed creditably through the scenes of the great struggle for constitutional liberty, and I hope will be prepared to pass with distinction through the still more stirring scenes which are before you.

It is my conviction that events will succeed each other for a few years with much more rapidity than formerly, and you may participate in some of the greatest events of history. Aside from such a consideration, it behooves every young man in the South to do the best that is possible with his time, talents and physical powers. The South needs workers, and she needs men of high moral and religious character, as well as cultivated intellecually, so while improving your mind, do not neglect the body, and remember that the moral education is the most important of all. * * *

I find everywhere our late Confederate soldiers busy at work, and, in my opinion, the men who were with their colors a year ago, are the "salt of the earth." Remember me very kindly to your father and mother, when you write them, and believe me always very sincerely, Your friend,

ALEX. P. STEWART."

It has now been over thirty years since the events I have written about transpired. When I recur to them, as Ossian said, "There comes a voice that awakes my soul, it is the voice of years that are gone. They roll before me with all their deeds." How many of us are living? Oh! how many will soon be gone?

"Life's shores are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year.
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.
But the truer life draws nigher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year."

Vic Reinhardt, Terrell, Texas: In reply to my article in the VETERAN telling of my butter sale in the Yankee lines, I received a letter from Captain Henderson of the Twenty-second Alabama. The letter was lost and I beg the Captain to send me his address and I will write him.

Yes, I am the little drummer boy of the Twenty-fifth. All will remember me better by that statement, probably, than any other.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

WE LOVE THOSE WHO LOVE US.

During the recent visit of the large gathering of Chicago citizens, in Atlanta, the Journal gave the following greeting by Frank Hatch:

Hail, Chicago, Queen of the West!
Of all the North we love thee best.
'Twas you who dared, in lovely May,
To weld in one—the Blue and Gray!
Your living heroes bowed their heads
In honor of our heroes dead!
And so the part that brave men play
Has made us one—the Blue and Gray.

EIGHT MILLIONS FOR CEMETERIES.

The recent annual report of the Secretary of War gives some interesting statistics about expenditures upon National Cemeteries.

During the year, 7,340 white marble headstones were provided for graves of soldiers, sailors and marines buried in national, post, city and village cemeteries, and the sum of $19,454.88 was expended in necessary repairs to roadways to national cemeteries, which were constructed by special authority of Congress.

The appropriation made by Congress for the establishment, maintenance and improvement of national cemeteries, including pay of superintendents, headstones, monuments, purchase of sites, and construction and repair of roadways, from their inception to June 30, 1895, amounted in the aggregate to $8,165,635.47.

It is well to honor heroic dead. The Southern people never murmur at this, but what a picture would be the contrast if human eyes could look upon covering to Federal and Confederate—the former largely of foreigners fighting for pay under interpreters of the English language. The latter in the land of their nativity fighting to protect their liberties, their homes and their property! Let us not linger in the contrast. It is not manly to mope, but in the light of the past and the hope of the future, we would have the new generations present and to come understand the contrast. Maybe the time will come when the Confederate dead will be honored equally with those who paid dearly for their soldier salaries.

There should be monuments in bronze to the Johnstons, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other leaders, and to the private Confederate soldiers in the National Capital. This serious question will be varied with a little humor at the expense of a Grand Army soldier attending the Louisville reunion. He confronted the new Confederate monument, about sixty feet high, with colossal bronze statues, on Third street, while out on a stroll, and was surprised. He read the inscriptions, and while meditating about it, he addressed a man near by, saying: "This seems to be altogether for the Confederates. Where is the Union monument?" and the brusque answer was: "Union monuments are not allowed in Kentucky." The unsophisticated soldier, wearing a Congressional medal for gallantry, did not get over the surprise and depression for two days. He came to his right mind, however, on reading the VETERAN, called when in Nashville and left a fraternal communication for its columns.

Would Confederate monuments be allowed at the National Capital? May the time come when the soldiers of the South who were as patriotic and true, as heroic and steadfast, as any that ever went down to death for principle be worthily honored! Ah, what a picture if human eyes could see the surface of the earth wherein has been mixed the return dust of Confederate soldiers not gathered in cemeteries! They are "known only to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps," but "the hand that made the thunder's home will come down every spring and paint with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow on their graves."

Does it occur to comrades now growing old—all are—that if each one would do his part the success of the VETERAN would be a marvel in journalism, and that the fact of such coöperation would be an external feature in the history?

Suppose you let your subscription expire and accept its continuance for months and months and at last, when it must be stopped, what do you think would be the result? Would you put a burden upon the shoulders of others and not do your part? Would that be Confederate? Bear in mind that the mission of the VETERAN is not to make money. Judges on the bench, bank officers, lawyers, and eminent men are zealous solicitors and serve the VETERAN gratuitously. They would not do it all for pay. Please, good sir, do your part to the end.

A recent compilation shows that since the organization of the United States Supreme Court there have been fifty-seven Justices. Thirty-one from Northern and twenty-six from Southern States, with aggregate services respectively of 483 and 354 years. Considering that through nearly one-third of our national life a dominant party has ruled in favor of the Northern States, the comparison is not a bad one for the Southern.

Apologies are not usually in good taste, but a mishap occurred ust as the November issue went to press, in the pieing of a form; the misplacement of engraving of Col. Rogers, whose wonderful courage at Corinth merits extensive record here, the delay of other articles promised for this number that will be expected by friends specially interested, and much of the correspondence by contributors to the Samuel Davis monument, also articles on the work of Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia and in Texas. Diligence will be exercised to get in these delayed features next month.

However, this issue of the VETERAN, aside the exceptions mentioned, will certainly prove of creditable merit.

Active measures have been inaugurated in Tennessee in behalf of the Rouss Memorial Fund. Gen. W. H. Jackson, Commanding Tennessee Division U. C. V., and Col. Thomas Claiborne, President Tennessee Association Cenfederate Soldiers, have both published appeals asking subscriptions of one dollar for memberships. This matter will have extended notice in the January VETERAN.

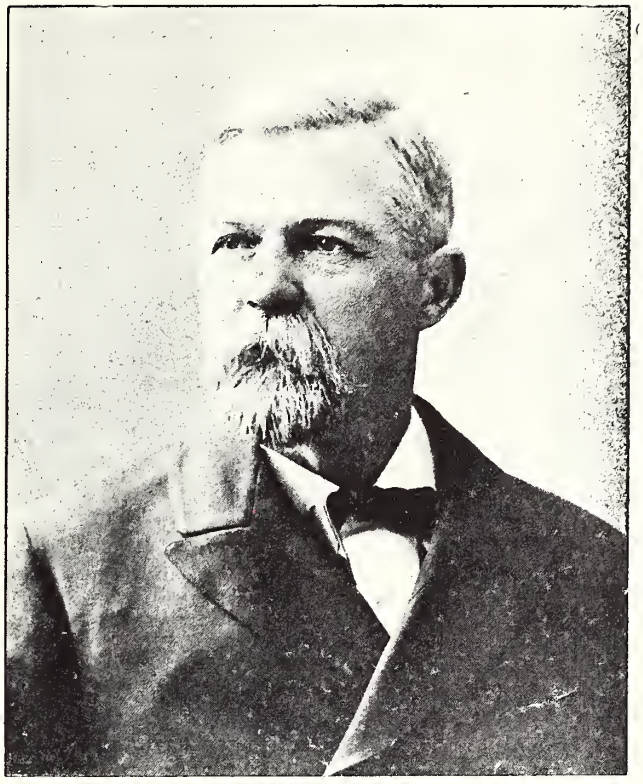
The death of comrade and confrere W. A. Wade, of Milan, editor and owner of the Exchange, has caused a general sorrow in Tennessee. Mr. Wade was an exalted character, always dignified and yet so cordial as to make himself generaliy popular. He was ever a gentleman.

Another death of a fellow journalist, and one of special sorrow to the writer, was that of William Henry Peck, of Nashville, a most cultured gentleman. Mr. Peck was not old enough te serve in the war, but he was so earnestly sympathetic in our cause that his interest in the VETERAN was ever a matter of gratitude and comfort to its founder.

Veterans of Nashville have organized in a military way and have made amazing progress in drill and discipline. It was expected to have an engraving of them in their new gray jackets, made from old patterns, in this Christmas number, but it must be deferred.

Gen. John Boyd, an ever diligent and faithful worker in the cause that is most sacred, gives a new surprise in the gray volume recently issued of 217 pages with the portrait of some gallant man of the Confederacy who has gone to his reward on nearly every page. Several of these engravings are reproduced in this VETERAN. This immense work is a labor of love with Gen. Boyd. It contains the constitution, by-laws and list of members arranged by counties and camps with the name, rank and residence of every member. The elegant volume will have attention again. It can be had for one dollar from Gen. Boyd, or the Transylvania Printing Co., Lexington, Ky.

BROMFIELD LEWIS RIDLEY.



Thousands who have read the carefully prepared chapters of B. L. Ridley's Journal, now completed m this issue, although other reminiscences—a remarkable collection of incidents in markemanship next—are to come from his pen, will be glad to see the excellent likeness given above.

Among Capt. Ridley's schoolmates at Old Jefferson, Tenn., his native place, was his neighbor and associate, Sam Davis, the Confederate martyr. When Fort Donelson fell, Brom. Ridley, Sam Davis and his brother, Oscar Davis, were rooming together at the University of Nashville.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, young Ridley, with four or five other boys, not members of any command, too young for soldiers, engaged in "picking up" 212 Federal stragglers, from the different battlefields, and delivered them to the Confederate pickets at Black's shop. After the battle, although but seventeen, Ridley joined regularly Company F., Ward's Regiment, Morgan's Cavalry. and followed the regiment through the battles of Milton. Carthage, Lancaster, Ky., Snow Hill, Greasy Creek, Ky., and McMinnville, Tenn., after which he was promoted and ordered to report to Maj.-Gen. A. P. Stewart, at Tullahoma, with whom he served until the surrender, as shown by his Journal. Capt. Ridley is now a lawyer at Murfreesboro, in full practice. The VETERAN readers will ever remember many incidents in his Journal, both interesting and instructive.

Readers generally will know that the building on the twenty dollar Confederate note of title page is the capitol of Tennessee, and that the face is that of Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens.

SAMUEL DAVIS MONUMENT.

Readers of the VETERAN will be gratified with the beautiful beginning for a fund to erect a monument, or monuments, in honor of Samuel Davis, whose faith and courage were tested and found true.

The impulse to review the record here is resisted because it has had prominence already, and for the greater reason of incompetence to do the subject justice. Some authentic data has been secured along with the promise of his mother's picture for the January VETERAN. Readers who know the story will not weary of the theme. They will be gratified with every act which tends to establish the glory of the sublime record. The editor of the VETERAN, who is responsible for this movement, imbued with its sacredness, only hesitates in pressing the theme because of its responsibility. He refers to the subscription list, published here, with gratitude and with subdued pride. It shows the hold the VETERAN has upon the attention and interest of the Southern people.

Practical questions are herein to be considered, since so many subscribers leave it to the editor, whom they so honor, as to location, etc. He will give his views and then request definiteness of instructions from those who contribute.

His sentiment is in favor of building, first of all, a granite structure in Pulaski, and in engraving deep in the side that

"THIS SPOT
IS
SACRED FOREVER
TO THE MEMORY OF
SAMUEL DAVIS,
A FAITHFUL AND TRUE CONFEDERATE
SOLDIER, WHO DELIBERATELY SUFFERED
THE IGNOMINIOUS DEATH OF THE
GALLOWS, RATHER THAN VIOLATE HIS WORD,"

or some such inscription is suggested. It need not cost more than $500 00. The pride of that town and county should make it a great deal finer, however. Then a beautiful granite monument might be erected in the town of Murfreesboro, the county seat of Rutherford, honored by his nativity. That should be erected close by the railway station having the nicest park of any depot in Tennessee. If there, tens of thousands could see it. Let that be as fine as contributions of outsiders who choose that location, together with county and town pride can make it.

The aspiration of the VETERAN is to erect a monument here at Nashville on the finest spot procurable in the city, as fine a structure of granite and bronze as is possible. The writer would like equally well to see duplicates of such in the rotunda of the National Capitol, and strong by the side of that colossal bronze statue of Washington, erected on the spot where he took the oath of office as President of the United States, in front of the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street, New York City.

Nashville, however is certainly the most fitting place for it. It is the capital city of Samuel Davis' native State, and is believed to be the most central spot of the South, estimating the area from which men enlisted and are now living who fought the battles of the Confederacy, or as considered from the battlefields. Next to Tennessee, the greatest number of battles are recorded as in Missouri and Virginia to the Northwest and to the Northeast, thereby balancing the wider distance directly South.

While Samuel Davis was in all respects a Tennessean, he was in the fullest sense a Confederate soldier, and every man who fought in that army, and every woman who worked and prayed for the success of that cause, share in his imperishable fame—aye, every American soldier is elevated by that sacrifice, and all who do honor to his name should seek to have the principal monument located where it would accomplish the greatest possible good as an object lesson.

Since the writer is so prominent in the movement, he will add that his views are to construct it in such form as that two engravings may be made of it to go in all school books and histories, representing American heroism and honor. One of them to take in the entire structure, the other to be a reproduction of a pure bronze tablet to contain the wonderful story in simplest form. This would make the form for each about the usual length and breadth of a book page. Anyhow, such shaped tablet would be very desirable.

Comrades, look to this subject now. At different times in the three decades it has been given to the public, but this is the first attempt to raise a public monument in his honor. It was deliberately undertaken; as stated the purpose being to do the best possible, and to do something "if not more than to carve his name on a curbstone" in his capital city.

Additional aspiration in connection with it is to publish a souvenir volume to contain the name of every person who contributes one dollar and over. Such a book would be an honor roll. Let it contain one name at least in every family who honors the memory of this private soldier. Blank notes, addressed to the writer as editor of the VETERAN will be supplied to all who will undertake to help, in the following form:

"I hereby subscribe ——— dollars for the erection of a monument in memory of that true Confederate, Samuel Davis—who deliberately gave his life for principle, Nov. 27, 1863—payable upon this order, July 1, 1896. It is my wish that this sum be expended upon the monument to be erected at ————, Tennessee." S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

The following extracts from letters will please patriots:

J. K. Davis, Dickson, Tenn., Nov 27.: "Here! I enclose two dollars for the Sam Davis Monument, and vote to build it on Capitol Hill at Nashville. Let it reach the clouds, if possible.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Terry, Hartsville, Tenn., will contribute to the monument to Samuel Davis, "the ideal hero"—although "neither children nor grandchildren" of Confederates.

R. J. Dew, Trenton, Tenn., expects to do something soon for the monument.

Henry Branch, Jacksonville, Tex., wants to contribute, as "nothing could be more deserving," but has been in bad health ever since the war.

Frank A. Owen sends $1 from Evansville, Ind., and thinks "it should be erected in the Capital City of Tennessee."

Mrs. Nannie H. Williams, Guthrie, Ky., sends $1 for Master Robert Williams, and favors Nashville as the location, "as more people would behold it there, and the object lesson would have untold influence."

John Scruggs, Altamont, Tenn., answers, "Here," encloses $2"—and states " * * * The fame of Samuel Davis should and will be preserved as long as a patriotic impulse throbs in a Southern heart."

S. F. Trowbridge, at Piedmont, and W. A Pepper, of Stirling, S. C., answer to roll call; send each one dollar, "wishing a monument may be built as high as the highest peak of the Rockies, and that it be located in Nashville. We wish it built at Nashville for the reason that it is a city of great educational advantages, and the young from all parts of our grand Union will gather there."

E J. Harwell, Stonewall, La., sends fifty cents and wants to make it fifty dollars, "only poverty prevents."

H. H. Duncan, Tavares, Fla: "I will contribute to the Sam Davis Monument if opportunity is extended," and adds "Put me down until death for the VETERAN. If I fail to remit, draw on me."

C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Texas, hopes to send something soon for the monument, and thinks it ought to be at the place of his burial as it would honor also his parents. [There is a beautiful marble shaft there, erected by the senior Davis.—Ed.]

L. Hughes, Dyersburg, Tenn., November 27: "Fall in! Right dress! Attention! Louis Hughes, $1.00; C. C Moss, $1.00; J. W. Green 50 cents, and cash 50 cents, Sam Davis Monument—all vote Nashville—"Cash" thinks that few of the big officers even would have displayed such unfaltering patriotism as this brave boy, who, when all the world was lovely to him, deliberately died for his honor and his country."

Dr. Hyam Cohen, Waxahachie, Texas: We who survive him must erect to his memory one of the grandest monuments that any nation ever erected to its dead I enclose fourteen dollars in dimes that were freely given, collected by myself and Capt Tom Yates.

Col. J. W. Simmons, Mexia Texas: The enclosed $2.50 I cheerfully send for the Samuel Davis Monument. If there was a Confederate soldier who deserves a monument—and I think all do—Samuel Davis is the man.

P. J. Rast, Farmersville, Ala., sends one dollar and writes: "Assess me again if necessary."

T. O. Moore, Comanche, Texas, was up bright and early to answer "Here," and sends 25 cents, hoping to send more.

A. H Webster, Walnut Springs, Texas, sends one dollar to honor "the greatest dead hero of the great war," and hopes that every subscriber to the Veteran will forward at least one dollar "for this noble purpose."

N. S. Bonner Lott, Texas: Sam Davis was almost a neighbor of mine. A braver or a more patriotic man never lived or died. I think the monument should be put as near the place of his execution as possible, but here's a dollar that says it must be put somewhere." with renewals for himself and F. H. Calhoun. He sends another dollar for the latter.

An interesting and highly appreciated letter comes from the office of the Railroad Commission of Texas signed by Hon. John H. Reagan, L. J. Storey and H. G. Askew: In compliance with your request we answer "Here" and also enclose one dollar each as a contribution to the Samuel Davis Monument fund. We do not wish to express any preference as to where the monument should be erected, but hope that the contributions will be sufficient to build one at each of the three places contending for the honor.

The compliment of consideration by our Postmaster General, who (since the war) resigned his membership in the United States Senate for the more important service to the great Texas, is appreciated. There is pride as well as gratitude in having the honored and sole survivor of the Confederate Cabinet pay his respects to an appeal in the Veteran and for his promptness in answering "Here!" in honor of a private soldier away across in Tennessee—his native State —and by appeal from one who carried a gun.

B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.: As a boyhood friend and college roommate of Samuel Davis. I have watched with deepest interest the movement so auspiciously inaugurated by the Confederate Veteran to raise funds for a monument in his honor, and I send you my subscription of fifty dollars to that fund.

Proud as I am of his and my native county, in which I should rejoice to see a granite shaft surmounted by his manly form, I feel it should be located in the most prominent spot in the South, and I can see no more central or beautiful place, hence I vote for Nashville, the Capital of his native State.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn., November 27, after mention that Stonewall Jackson Bivouac will subscribe adds: I am going to take it on myself to raise all I can from private sources. A gentleman, who was too young to be a soldier, tells me to let him know when I am ready to start the subscription, "that he had rather contribute to a monument for Sam Davis than to any other man who had ever died." We must build the monument, and Nashville is my choice of location. J. M. Null, McKenzie, answers "Here."

The Memphis, Tenn., Commercial Appeal * * * : There is a lesson for the humblest as well as the highest in the matrydom of Sam Davis. His title to the admiration of his countrymen rests in a simple, steadfast, unwavering devotion to duty and to a principle of honor. The youth of the land can not copy the mighty genius of Lee; but they may be taught to love truth and honor, to be faithful even unto death, like Sam Davis.

Raise to the young hero of the common people a monument that will hold aloft the lesson of his glorious martyrdom—that will teach the proud and the haughty that even among the humble and the obscure there are hearts of gold and souls of iron to suffer and endure.

Rev. John R. Deering, Harrodsburg, Ky., November 27, 1895: HERE! Enclosed please find $2. one each for the Samuel Davis Monument fund and the Confederate Veteran, to which I am a lifetime subscriber. I wish I owned a bank, that I might endow this periodical and build this monument. The other Davis, the illustrious Jefferson, our beloved President, will have a memorial worthy his position and people. We must look to it that this Tennessee private soldier boy be known to our children's children. No nobler spirit was ever given up for our Southern land.

Let every soldier of the Army of Tennessee send in the $1.00, and tell the story at his fireside. Your Comrade.

E. H. Welburn, Nashville, Tenn., December 4, 1895: I rejoice to see your proposition to erect a monument to Samuel Davis, and have a dollar for you toward that object.

I also read with pleasure your suggestion for a Centennial Column to be placed on "West Point"—appropriately named. If a public subscription is raised for that purpose, you may count me ready for it. I would also be glad to subscribe toward bringing the Confederate Monument from Mt. Olivet and placing it in a suitable place within the city limits.

R. S. Turner, Esq., Ashland City, Tenn., December 3, 1895; Who can sing the praise of Samuel Davis? No poet has been born, no orator has been made; no language has been conceived that could shadow even the outlines of such a character. Such an instance of loyalty was too unlooked for to find appreciation!

After thirty-two years of amazement we build his monument. 'Tis all that we *can* do.

Tennessee is the mother of volunteers; Samuel Davis is the prince of them—the pattern for all generations. His bones should rest on our Capitol Hill, and his monument should be there, as a witness forevermore that Tennesseeans love glory. God bless you and your efforts.

I send you $5.00, you may call on me again and again, and again—and on till our duty is done.

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Texas, November 29, 1895: The Jno C. Brown Camp held a special meeting on the 27th, as suggested by the Veteran, and donated $5.00 to the Sam Davis Monument.

Barney Harmsen gave $5.00 also; Barney is a bricklayer, came to this country a boy in 1855, is a "true blue" Confederate and says he is going to order a gray uniform and lay it away to be buried in. I sent you $2.00 for his subscription in my last letter.

I trust that as the Camp has given you the right to cast its vote for place, you will agree with me that its vote should be for Pulaski, where Gen. Brown is buried and where Davis joined the "immortals."

Dr. Yandell must pardon this additional part of his letter: Personally I should prefer Murfreesboro where both my grandfathers lived and died, but the "eternal fitness" of things makes Pulaski the spot.

Capt. James R. Crowe, Sheffield, Ala., November 27: I simply write to answer the roll call. I might write appropriately a long letter on this, the anniversary of the death of brave Sam Davis, as I was a prisoner at Pulaski, Tenn., at the time Davis was, and was tried by the same Court for the same offense. I will contribute my mite to the Monument. I think it should be erected at Pulaski, Tennessee.

Mr. R. H. Dudley, Nashville, Tenn., November 28, 1895: I note with a great deal of pleasure the noble effort you are making for a subscription to erect a monument to this grandest hero of modern times. Upon the completion of our Confederate Home we adopted the plan of allowing any friend of a deceased Confederate to name a room for him, if he would furnish it. I furnished the most central and prominent room in the building, and named it for my old friend in arms Sam Davis, and put a nice tablet with his name on it, just over the door.

In addition to this I want to assist in building a grand monument to his memory, so put me down $25.00. I wish you great success in this noble undertaking.

The Waxahatchie, Tex., collection, $14, was given in dimes to the gentlemen named. Tennessee should re-pond enthusiastically to a monument that stirs the entire South in honoring one of her citizens, and should aspire to erect the grandest monument in America.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SAMUEL DAVIS MONUMENT.

The name and addresses are:

D. M. Gordon, Nashville, $1.
W. A. Coffey, Scottsboro, Ala., $1.
J. M. Graves, Lexington, Ky., $1.
Maj. W. G. Bush, Nashville, $2.
Maj. R. H. Harris, Warrington, Fla., $1.
J. T. Pryor, a "Terry Texas Ranger," Belton, Tex., $1.
Judge John B. Stone, Kansas City, Mo., $5.
Capt. Chas. H. May, Benton, Ala., 50 cents.
J. W. Fielder, Benton, Ala., 50 cents.
Capt. W. E. Bell, Richmond, Ky., $1.
Dr. J. J. Ikirk, East Liverpool, O., $1.
Mrs. H. O. Dixon, Flat Rock, Tenn., $1.
A. E. Mitchell, Morrisville, Mo., $1.
J. F. Cargile, Morrisville, Mo., $1.
Leonard Johnson, Morrisville, Mo., $1.
Capt. F. M. Smith, Norfolk, Va., $1.
Capt. E. H. Wilson, Norfolk, Va., $1.
J. C. Biles, McMinnville, Tenn., $3.
E. S. Payne, Enon College, Tenn., $2.
A. E. Ashburn, Baltimore, Md., $1.
Frank A. Owen, Evansville, Ind., $1.
V. Y. Cook, Elmo, Ark., $2.
J. A. Harris, Purdon, Tex., $1.
N. L. Norton, Austin, Tex., $1.
E. Y. Hanrick, John C. West, Dr. J. C. King, Waco, Tex., $3.
Mack Fletcher, Denison, Tex., $1.
Albert E. Pardue, Cheap Hill, Tenn., $8.
S. W. Meek and S. A. Cunningham, $10.
Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Nashville, $5.
B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn., $50.
Col. J. B. Killebrew, $5.
J. T. Hardison, Nashville, $5.
Col. John Overton, Nashville, $10.
W. B. Cheatham, Nashville, $1.
N. S. Bonner, Lott, Tex., $1.
F. H. Calhoun, Lott, Tex., $1.
J. K. Cayce, Hammond, Tex., 50 cents.
Hon. John H. Reagan, Austin, Tex., $1.
Col. E. L. Story, Austin, Tex., $1.
H. G. Askew, Austin, Tex., $1.
Master Wilson Meek, Nashville, $1.
A. H. Webster, Walnut Springs, Tex., $1.
Col. J. W. Simmons, Mexia, Tex., $2.50.
T. O. Moore, Comanche, Tex., 25 cents.
Robert Williams, Guthrie, Ky., $1.
John Scruggs, Altamont, Tenn., $2.
J. C. Carnahan, Donnell's Chapel, Tenn., $1.
W. H. Ogilvie, $1.
E. S. Hughes, Allisona, Tenn., 25 cents.
S. D. Van Pelt, Danville, Ky., $1.
E. G. Sexton, Dover, Tenn., $1.
E. J. Harwell, Stonewall, La., 50 cents.
Rev. John R. Deering, Harrodsburg, Ky., $1.
S. F. Trowbridge, Piedmont, S. C., $1.
W. A. Pepper, Stirling, S. C., $1.
Louis Hughes, Dyersburg, Tenn., $1.
John W. Green, 50 cents, and cash 50 cents, Dyersburg, Tenn.
C. C. Moss, Dyersburg, Tenn., $1.
J. K. Davis, Dickson, Tenn., $2.
Jos. W. Allen, Nashville, $100.
Maj. E. C. Lewis, Nashville, $25.
John P. Hickman, Nashville, $1.

The Stonewall Jackson Bivouac of McKenzie, in subscribing, sends this note: "It was resolved to contribute $5 toward the erection of a monument to the most deserving man in history, to wit: Samuel Davis."

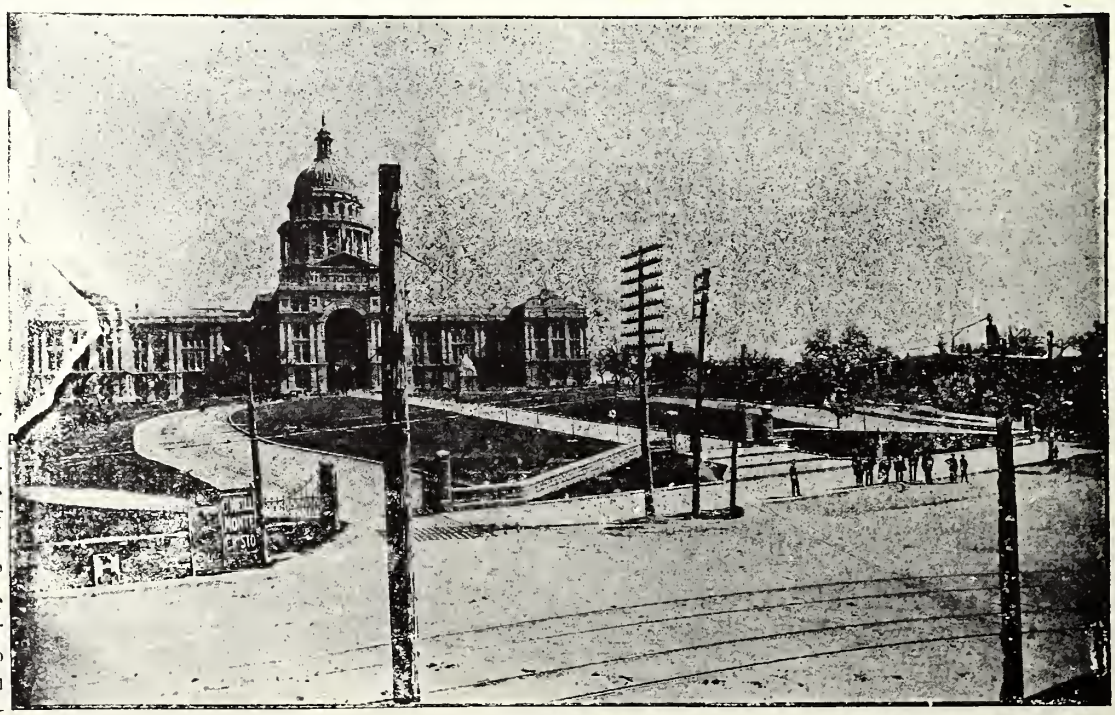
Many other notices are held over for lack of space.

J. W. Gilman, Nashville, 50 cents.
Hugh Heverin, 50 cents.
Maj. W. J. Slatter, Winchester, Tenn., $1.
J. R. Harper, Rosston, Tex., $1.
J. T. Bryan, Marianna, Fla., 25 cents.
Joe McVoy, Cantonment, Fla., $1.
S. W. Chadwick, Greensboro, Ala., $1.
Dr. E. Young, Greensboro, Ala., 50 cents.
W. W. Powers, Greensboro, Ala., 50 cents.
Dr. Hyman Cohen and Capt. Tom Yates, Waxahatchie, Tex., in 10-cent contributions, $14.
Rev. E. E. Hoss, D. D., Nashville, $1.
J. P. Rast, Farmersville, Ala., $1.
J. W. Rutland, Alexandria, Tenn., $1.
W. D. Finney, Wrightsboro, Tex., $1.
Dr. B. F. Calhoun, Beaumont, Tex., $1.
Stonewall Jackson Camp, McKenzie, Tenn., $5.
N. P. Davidson, Wrightsboro, Tex., $1.
Mrs. T. G. Hickman, Vandalia, Ill., $1.
Tom W. Neal, Dyersburg, $1.
R. S. Turner, Ashland City, Tenn., $5.
Miss Fanny Dyas, Nashville, $1.
R. Z. Levy & Bro., Nashville, $5.
Maj. R. H. Dudley, Nashville, $25.
Edwin B. Voegtly, Pittsburg, Pa.
Mrs. E. B. Voegtly, Pittsburg, Pa.
Mrs. Sarah C. Douglas, Nashville, $1.
Hon. J. E. Washington, Tenn., $2.
Barney Harmsen, El Paso, $5.
F. G. Eleazer, Colesburg, $1.
John C. Brown Camp, El Paso, $5.
J. H. Bruce, Nashville, $5.
Total, $374.25.

Send remittances or for blank notes. The best time to do a good thing is now.

CAPITOL OF TEXAS.

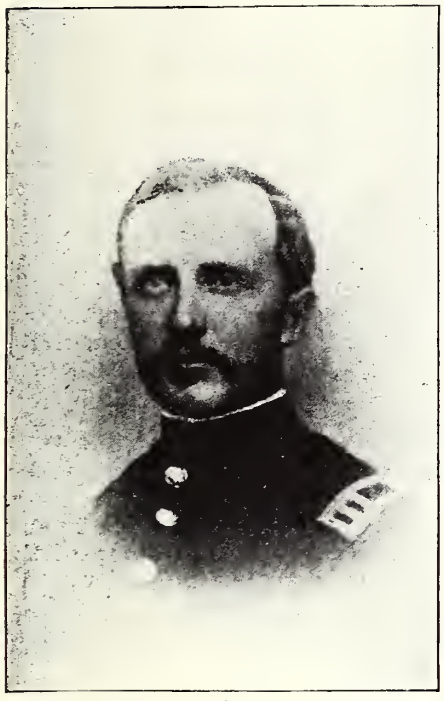
This interesting and accurate view of the capitol of Texas, was sent to go with the appeal, on page 355, for a Confederate monument to be erected at its main entrance in honor of Confederates for all Texas. Many of the thousands of readers in the "Lone Star" State, and the many other thousands who have never seen even a photograph of the grand building will appreciate this.



The flag in the group of persons designates the center of the proposed Monument.

The Monument Committee should have the earnest co-operation of all Texas.

UNION VETERAN'S TRIBUTE TO DAVIS.



H. I. SMITH.

Captain H. I. Smith, of Mason City, Iowa, long a patron of the VETERAN, sends a subscription to the Samuel Davis Monument Fund. He sent also his mite to the Monument Fund in honor of Col. Rogers, killed at Corinth, Miss. He saw both heroes die. Concerning Samuel Davis' death Capt. Smith writes:

It was a heart-rending, sickening sight to me, and every heart went out to him in sympathy and sorrow, to see him so sacrificed for an act of duty, that he was ordered to perform as a soldier, and which was not a crime.

The stern necessities of grim war seemed to demand that an example should be made of some one and fate decreed that it should be Samuel Davis. I don't know of a more noble specimen of manhood that could have been chosen as a martyr for the sacrifice. I had nothing to do with his capture or trial, being then only a non-commissioned officer of one of the regiments in Gen. Sweeney's Division in camp at Pulaski. I was close enough to see his features and countenance when he was executed. He was young and seemed to be possessed of superior intelligence and manliness, and when it was understood that he was offered life and liberty if he would divulge the name of the party who furnished the information found in his possession when captured, and would not betray the sacred trust, none of us could help but admire his trust-worthiness and nobleness of character.

It was a fearful test to be put to a young man with life and a bright future before him, but he proved equal to the test, and I think he is worthy of a monument to forever perpetuate his memory, and as a noble specimen of valor as an American soldier.

I saw many of our hardened and bronzed-visaged veterans, who had seen much of carnage and suffering, draw the back of their rough hands across their eyes as they secretly wiped away tears. All it needed to complete the picture and change sorrow to gladness was a courier to have ridden into the throng with a reprieve then such a shout of joy would have gone up from the throats of his foes as would have astounded the citizens of Pulaski and made glad his friends, but it was not to be. I think it was Gen. Sherman who said "War is hell," and so it seemed to me on that occasion. Everybody was deeply affected. There were few dry eyes among those who were the sorrowful witnesses, and when the drop fell there was such a pall of sadness and silence that the air seemed oppressive. He was captured, I think, by Lieut. E. B. Spalding, of the Fifty-Second Illinois Infantry, who now resides at Sioux City, Iowa. I have heard him speak in sorrow and praise of him, and that war and fate should decree his untimely and ignominious death.

I am sure that Gen. Dodge would have been only too glad to have saved his life if he could have seen his way clear to have done so, as he was regarded by his command as a usually kind and humane officer.

I served over four years in the war, was twice wounded, and lost my only brother at the battle of Shiloh, and believed then and do now that our cause was right.

I have no animosity against my former foes, and want to see all sectional bitterness wiped out. I want no North, no South, no East nor West, but one common united country in which brotherly love and loyalty to a common flag will prevail, and I rejoice in the fact that both "Yank" and "Johnnie" share equally in the benefits of our victory.

D. S. JOBE, FELLOW SCOUT OF SAM DAVIS.

H. E. Jobe, of Paris, Tenn., furnishes the following tragic story of the death of his uncle:

D. S. Jobe was born and reared in Rutherford County, Tenn. He volunteered at the age of 21 in the Twentieth Tennessee, Col. Battle Rucker's Company, at its organization, at Triune, in May 1861. He was captured at Fishing Creek, and imprisoned at Camp Chase. When released he returned to his old regiment, but was soon detailed in the secret scouts by Gen. Hardee, who was then at Shelbyville. Their duty was to go in the enemy's lines, but never as a spy. While in this service he was captured near Triune, and while being carried North to prison, he made his escape near Louisville by jumping from the car window. He made his way back to the army then in Georgia; was then attached to "Coleman's" Scouts, where he was a comrade of the brave Sam Davis. On one of these scouts he went to the house of Sam Waters, between Triune and Nolensville, where he met his true and tried friend, Miss Bettie Puckett, who frequently gave him information in regard to the enemy's movements. She directed him to a thicket near by to remain during the day, where she could furnish him food for himself and horse. He was gone only a short time when a squad of Federal Cavalry came up in pursuit of him, and accused Miss Bettie of concealing him. She endeavored to decoy them in a different direction, but seeing the tracks of his horse they soon found him asleep in the thicket. They endeavored to make him divulge some information, but failing, they put a leather strap around his neck, crossed at the back, and two men getting hold of either end they choked and strangled him to death. Thus died another martyr to "the lost cause."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE SOUTH.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY PERFECT A GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

The National Order of the Daughters of the Confederacy held its annual session in Atlanta on Nov. 8th, Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Tennessee, presiding.

After considerable argument as to credentials, delegates from the various Divisions and Chapters were admitted to the floor.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read as well as those of a called meeting in Nashville last spring. They were adopted.

The convention then went into consideration on changes and amendments of the Constitution. The Committee comprised of Mrs. Hickman, of Tennessee, Chairman; Mrs. Smythe, of South Carolina; and Mrs. Parsley, of North Carolina, submitted two reports. One of the reports was submitted by Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Parsley, and the other by the Chairman. Both were read in full. Being put to the vote, the majority report was accepted as a basis upon which the amendments were to be made. It was read section by section, and the consideration occupied the entire afternoon. A number of changes were made, the most notable of which was that of the name from National Daughters of the Confederacy to *United* Daughters of the Confederacy.



MRS. JOHN C. BROWN.

The Constitution as it now stands is published herewith in full, and other changes may be observed by comparing the new Constitution with the old. Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mrs. John C. Brown, Nashville, Tenn., President; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah, Ga., Vice President; Mrs. Issabelle M. Clark, Nashville, Tenn., and Mrs. Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., Recording and Corresponding Secretaries; Mrs. Lottie Preston Clarke, Lynchburg, Va.. Treasurer.

The Convention then heard a letter from the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, in Richmond, through President J. Taylor Ellyson, urging upon the Daughters the necessity of devoting time and labor to the aid of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. This request was formally recommended to the Divisions.

The work of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in our general cause was reported, and the VETERAN was made official organ of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The constitution is as follows:

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

SECTION I. The name or title of the Association shall be The United Daughters of the Confederacy.

SEC. II. Each State Organization shall be known as a Division, and designated by the name of the State in which it is located, and each local organization in that State, as a Chapter of the said Division, to be numbered consecutively, and any name selected by such Chapter.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS

The objects of this Association are educational, memorial, literary, social and benevolent; to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war between the Confederate States and the United States of America: to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States, and to record the part taken by Southern women, as well, in the untiring effort after the war in the reconstruction of the South, as in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle; to cherish the ties of friendship among the members of the Society, and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity to the survivors of the war and those dependent upon them.

ARTICLE III.—ORGANIZATIONS OF CHAPTERS.

SECTION I. Those women entitled to membership are the widows, wives, mothers. sisters, nieces and lineal descendants of such men as served honorably in the Confederate Army, Navy and Civil Service, or of those persons who loyally gave material aid to the cause. Also, women and their lineal descendants, wherever living, who can give proof of personal service and loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war.

SEC. II. Each State Division shall furnish blank applications for membership to be used throughout that Division. These blanks may differ in form, but must not conflict with the qualifications of membership as set forth in this Constitution. The mode of electing and admitting members may also vary with each Division, provided, again, the qualifications for membership be not inconsistent with this Constitution.

SEC. III. Seven or more women in any State in which no Division exists, may organize a Chapter

and be chartered on application to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and all Chapters subsequently formed in that State shall apply through the first Chapter to the United Daughters of Confederacy for their Charters. A fee of three dollars shall be paid to the United Daughters of the Confederacy for each Charter. Each Chapter shall report annually to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and shall on the first day of each succeeding February pay into the Treasury of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the sum of ten cents for each and every member who may at such date be in good standing on the roll of such Chapter. Provided, however, that nothing in this Constitution contained shall be construed as preventing any Division or Chapter from becoming legally incorporated under the laws of the State in which it is located, should it desire to do so.

SEC. IV. The United Daughters of the Confederacy suggest that the annual meeting of all Chapters be held on Gen. Lee's birthday, January 19th, or if that day falls on Sunday, then on the day following.

ARTICLE IV.—ORGANIZATION OF STATE DIVISIONS.

SECTION I. When three or more Chapters shall be organized in any state, it shall be the duty of the first or Charter Chapter to call a Convention for the purpose of organizing a State Division. Such Convention shall be held at a time and place to be designated by the Charter Chapter, at which Convention each Chapter shall be entitled to one vote for every twenty-five members or fraction thereof if such fraction be not less than seven.

SEC. II. Such State Division shall be organized by the adoption of a Constitution and By-laws, none of which shall be inconsistent with any of the provisions of this Constitution, and by the election of a president and other proper officers. Any one or more representatives from any Chapter shall be authorized to cast the full vote to which such Chapter may be entitled. In case a Chapter is unable to send a delegate its vote may be cast by proxy.

SEC. III. From and after the organization of such State Division, all Chapters in such State shall be organized upon proper application for their Charters to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through the Division.

ARTICLE V.—CONVENTIONS OF U. D. C.

SECTION I. Conventions of United Daughters of the Confederacy shall be held annually on the second Wednesday of November, at such place as designated by the preceding Convention.

SEC. II. Each Chapter shall be entitled in all Conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to one vote for every twenty-five members or fraction thereof not less than seven, provided that when a Chapter has less than twenty-five members it shall be entitled to one vote. Any one or more representatives from any such Chapter shall be authorized to cast the full vote to which such Chapter may be entitled. Any Chapter not able to send a delegate may send the vote by proxy.

ARTICLE VI.—OFFICERS.

The officers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy shall be a President who shall preside at all meetings.

A Vice President, who shall preside in the absence of the President.

A Recording Secretary.

A Corresponding Secretary.

A Treasurer.

All these shall be elected to serve for one year, or until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

In case of a tie, the President has power to cast the deciding vote.

ARTICLE VII.—FINANCE.

A Committee on Finance shall be composed of five members, to whom shall be referred all matters of receipts and expenditures.

ARTICLE VIII.—CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Certificates of membership shall be furnished by each Chapter to all members in good standing. Such certificates shall be supplied by the United Daughters of the Confederacy with their seal attached. These Certificates must be signed by the President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the President of the State Division and the President and Secretary of the local Chapter.

ARTICLE IX.—BADGES—INSIGNIA—SEALS.

SECTION I. The badge to be worn by the Daughters of the Confederacy shall consist of a representation of the Confederate flag (stars and bars) in white, blue and scarlet enamel, surrounded by a laurel wreath with the monogram, D. C. under the flag, and dates '61-'65 on loops of bow tieing wreath. Divisions and Chapters may use in addition a badge of their own.

SEC. II. The seal of the United Daughters of the Confederacy shall be a reproduction of the great seal of the Confederate States of America, with the addition of the inscription, Daughters of the Confederacy, on the outer rim.

SEC. III. The seals for all State Divisions shall be of the same design with the addition of the name of the Division.

SEC. IV. All official documents emanating from the United Daughters of the Confederacy shall bear the impress of its great seal.

SEC. V. The use of the name, seal and badge of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for business purposes other than the business of this Association is expressly prohibited.

ARTICLE X.—AMENDMENTS.

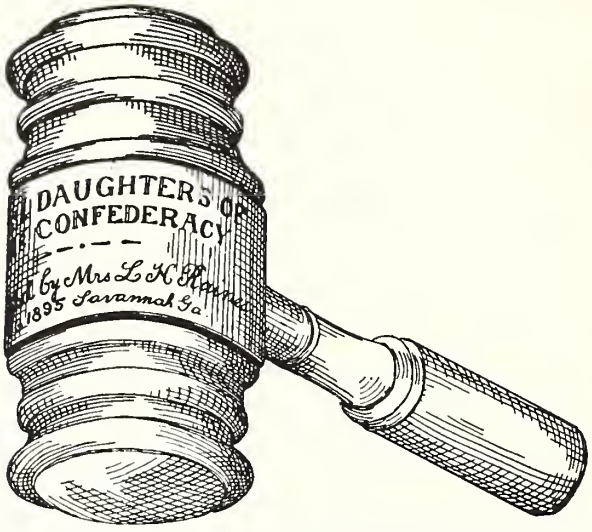
This Constitution may be amended by a two thirds vote at any Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, provided notice of such intention to amend be filed with the Secretary at least thirty days before the day fixed for the Convention. Upon the filing of such notice the Secretary shall forthwith extend the same to each of the officers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and to the representative of each Chapter in direct connection with the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

We, the Committee appointed March 30, 1895, to revise the Constitution of the National Association

of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and reappointed November 8, 1895, and empowered to put it with its amendments into proper shape for printing, hereby certify this paper to be in every clause a true copy of that passed on by the Convention of November 8, 1895, with the exception of a few grammatical and clerical corrections made necessary by the amendments.

Signed, Mrs. Jno. P. Hickman,
Mrs. Wm. M. Parsley,
Louisa McC. Smythe.

Atlanta, November 9, 1895.



Gavel presented to the United Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. Raines; Vice-President. It is of elegantly polished hard wood cut from near General Lee's residence, Washington-Lee University, and the broad silver band is handsomely engraved.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

On Friday morning, November 8, the Georgia Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy met in Atlanta for the purpose of forming a State Division. Representatives were present from the Charter Chapter in Savannah, from Augusta, Atlanta and Covington.

Officers for this State Division were elected as follows: President—Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta; Vice-President—Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah; Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. John Ottley, Atlanta; Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Conyers, Covington. No other business of importance was transacted.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY DAY, NOV. 9.

One of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences which has yet assembled in the Auditorium of the Cotton States and International Exposition, assembled on the morning of Nov. 9, to do honor to that *Storm-cradled nation that fell*, and to aid in the dedication of the exhibit of Confederate relics, that commemorate so touchingly the flag which now

Has not a hand to wave it,
And the heroes who knew how to die to save it.

The exercises were opened by "Maryland, My Maryland," played by the Fifth Infantry Band, which was the gift for the occasion of Col. Kellogg, of the United States Army. Dr. Barnett, himself a brave Confederate soldier, led in prayer. Mrs. Helen Plane, President of the Atlanta Chapter of D. of C., delivered an address of welcome to the National Order.

MRS. PLANE'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The comprehensive address of Mrs. C. Helen Plane, President of the Georgia Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, will be read with universal admiration and it will stir the deepest sentiments and most sacred memories of all who lived and acted as did this venerable patriot, whose own hero went down in the strife. Deference to her demand causes the withholding of her own wonderful sacrifices.

Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To appear before you to-day as a chosen representative of Southern women, to meet and greet you on this glorious occasion, I deem the proudest moment of my life! I do so with words of warmest welcome, and feelings of intensest regard and affection.

I welcome you to Atlanta, this marvelous and beautiful peach blossom city of the South, which has opened its homes and hearts and arms to receive, welcome and honor us.

But what language can express the thousand thoughts that come surging through my soul at sight of this vast assemblage? Who can tell the majestic thrill that vibrates through each link of this adamantine cordon of sisterhood?

"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY!"

Some few of us are time-worn survivors of that bloody struggle—many more have been born of heroes who dared to die for it! We feel ourselves welded heart to heart and hand to hand by a chain of illustrious deeds and memories that can never fade.

Glorious heritage! and we are worthy of it! We are to-day the living "out-put," the precious and polished gems from the fiery crucibles of war and adversity; many widows and orphans who, with a patience and fortitude unparalleled, have filled the places of dead heroes—and such heroes!

The ages that will roll in the future will but brighten the pages of history which bear the record of the civil and military leaders of that imperishable conflict.

The boasted glories of ancient Greece and Rome, and of more modern times, tell of no blood-bought fields like ours. The heroic valor of Scotland's Robert of Bannockburn pales before that of our peerless commander-in-chief, Robert E. Lee. The solid square of the Corsican's Old Guard on that fearful and fatal field of Waterloo, stood not more invincible in the face of death than ever stood our Christian hero, Stonewall Jackson.

The memorable pass of Thermopylæ was not more heroically defended than were the rock-girt hills of Missionary Ridge by our own Leonidas of Tennessee. The Fabian policy of brave Joseph E. Johnston in his masterly retreat in Georgia, before overwhelming numbers, was well worthy the military genius of the successful rival of Hannibal. Marcel-

lus lived again in Alabama's brave and beautiful boy, John Pelham. The success of Shiloh's bloody field was ours, the day was won, Victory was perching her gory wings on our standard, when the fatal shot that took the life blood of dauntless Albert Sidney Johnston, snatched it from us and gave it to the enemy.

Nor can I, on the sacred soil of Georgia, refrain a passing tribute to one of her sons, beloved in Alabama as in his native state; one who perished in the flower of his manhood, a sacrifice at Port Gibson; I allude to General Tracy. Receiving the fatal order to charge the enemy, he buckled on his armor, and repeating to the comrade by his side the sad but appropriate words of the Latin poet,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,"

intrepidly rode to his death as rode the Three Hundred! Gallant Lyt. Tracy!

But the instances of personal bravery and incredible daring are countless; they fill the world's eye and challenge its admiration. The roll of honor is interminable; its cherished names crowd the temple of fame. In its carved niches stand for all time the proud but pallid forms of Forrest, Stuart, Beauregard, Hood, Hardee, Hindman, Bragg, and the gallant Hills, Morgan, Magruder, Ewell, Early, Pickett, Price, Harvey, fearless Wheat of Zouave memory, Pike, Elzy, Pendleton, Wilcox, Wise, Withers, dashing Van Dorn, Bee, Bartow, and the noble Lamar and Cobbs of this Empire State, Marmaduke, and Breckinridge, Gustavus, and lovable Edmund Kirby-Smith, who has so lately joined the illustrious band! "*When* can their glory fade?"

From the billowy shores of the historic Potomac, where sleeps the hallowed ashes of our loved President, to the thousand mounds of those who fell in fight or perished in prison walls, this once desolated Southland is now, and will forever remain, alike, the Mausoleum and the Mecca of patriots. The undying nimbus of glory shining from each lowly but loved mound, will expire only when the light of the God of Day goes out, and it is our precious privilege to hallow and worship it. It is more dear to us than was the sacred fire to the Vestal Virgin. Let us keep it burning!

We are in part the sentinels guarding the bivouac of the dead. We are the true chroniclers of their valor. Our deeds and their precious memories must be kept perennial in the hearts of our children.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,"

Let each one bear their wealth of flowers and strew them with a loving hand. The laurels they won must never fade. Their trophies and mementoes must be gathered and garnered in the museum appropriated for them and given into our keeping.

The banner they bore through field and flood must remain a sacred thing when every shred has mouldered to dust! Never can we forget that,

"Four stormy years we saw it flung
Like meteors in the sky,
And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it to die!"

But that banner is now furled, never to kiss the breeze again! The tender heart and poetic pen of Father Ryan has embalmed, and laid it away lovingly, as does the mother her dead infant's last worn robe! There let it rest.

To-day, this precious commemorative day of the immortal past, thank Heaven, gleams upon us with the rainbow promise of prosperity in the future.

The god of battles who stilled the roar of cannon has revived the roar of machinery in the land, the sword is laid down, and the pruning hook taken up—the war steed no longer "Smelleth the battle from afar," but has given place to the patient beasts of the furrow, and white-winged Peace, once affrighted from our borders, again hovers in reposeful security over them.

The stars and stripes, immortalized by gifted Key, flutter and float on land and sea, and we salute them!

We have accepted the situation gracefully if not graciously, and are loyal if not loving subjects of our common country, the grandest Republic the world has ever seen.

That it may never be again subjected to the "bloody arbitrament of the sword," but bloom and bourgeon as the rose through coming ages is my heartfelt prayer not only for ourselves, but posterity.

RESPONSE OF MRS. M. C. GOODLETT.

In her address, Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, who had the honor of being first President of the general organization, made a strong appeal for coöperation from all the States.



MRS. M. C. GOODLETT,
The retiring President, and the first President National, now United Daughters of the Confederacy.

She paid fine tribute to Georgia in rebuilding so beautifully after Sherman's "Vandalism" thirty years ago, when his army like a cyclone carried ruin and destruction in its wake. In Sherman's own language he left a "clean field."

Mrs. Goodlett said that within the year twenty Chapters have been chartered in Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Texas, Kentucky and in Washington City, while so many others are being organized that a network of them will soon be formed throughout the South.

"We want Legislatures to make appropriations to build or procure homes for our disabled homeless Confederate soldiers and to maintain them." She pointed to her own State with pride to show what

had been accomplished, and gave a description of its Confederate soldier's home.

She described the thrilling times of the war, and what even young girls did for the soldiers. And she established for the women of the South that they were very important factors in the war. "As farmers, merchants, shoemakers, tailors, smugglers." She described how women in the war would carry smuggled goods two to three hundred miles on horseback, smuggling medicines and other supplies to Southern hospitals. Young girls would pilot Confederate scouts through the enemy's lines at some unguarded point, while older ones would go boldly into prisons and bribe the guards to let out some beloved Confederate. She showed how great the mistake was by the Northern people who believed our women were "weak, dependent creatures, who would keep their husbands and sons at home to protect them."

She declared that a history of Southern women from '61 to '65 would be far more interesting and thrilling than all the sensational novels sent from the North. She emphasized the importance of a history of Southern women not only during, but since the war. The sacrifice of the South was not made in vain, for it created respect not only of the Northern people but of the whole world.

The address would make a splendid Chapter in the best of histories.

Enthusiasm and depth of feeling reached a climax when Miss Nellie Knight, of Alabama, gave a most dramatic and thrilling rendering of that inspired cry of a fallen nation, Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner." The copy of the song she used was itself a relic, tattered, worn and marked with tears, and the song itself is undying, for not a dry eye in the audience looked into the gray ones of the singer as she uttered the wonderful words. As an encore she sang our dear old "Suwanee River."

Mr. Lucien L. Knight gave a beautiful rendition of an ode, written for the occasion by Mrs. Clara Dargan McLean, a heroine of the seige of Fort Sumter.

MRS. MACLEAN'S ODE.

Mother of men! thou liest in solemn state
Upon the bier of many faithful hearts,
All mute and cold, pierced thro' with many darts,
A queen discrowned by Fate.
Bring here the frankincense of loyal vows,
And myrrh, the meed of grief too deep for tears,
The precious spice of love, t' embalm thro' years,
And gold for royal brows.

We shall not wake thee from thy dreamless sleep,
With murmuring moan disturb thy deep repose;
No blatant tongue shall travesty thy woes,
As silent here we weep.
Yet we remember! Aye, nor can forget,
Those deeds of splendor, those heroic days,
When thy leal sons rode forth thro' bloody ways
Where Death and Honor met

O dream of glory past! Of high resolve,
To teach the world how brave it is to dare,
And daring, do—tho' costing lives so rare,
A nation to evolve.
Roll drums, and sound across the utmost sea!
Blow bugles, in one long majestic strain!
Tho' she is dead, she dieth not in vain,
Whose death hath made us free.

Free to live on and learn to suffer wrong,
Nor vengeance seek, nor feel ignoble fear;
Free to see truly and to grandly bear,
And grow thro' suffering strong.
Mother of Men! we gather round thy grave,
And pledge thy pure name ne'er shall be belied;
A martyr thou hast lived, a martyr died,
The South's best self to save.

Yes, we will bury thee with pomp and pride,
And leave thee sleeping in thy sacred shroud:
For we behold thee far above the cloud,
Transfigured, glorified!
Sound we a pean, then, and not a knell,
Sing we a Jubilate not a dirge;
For lo! the South holds Victory's noblest verge!
God is in Heaven! All's well!

Then Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, perhaps the most famous woman of the Confederacy, individually, read a paper amid deafening applause.

(Mrs. Clopton's paper to come.)

The whole audience rose and waved their handkerchiefs as the boys in blue, once our enemies, now our friends, burst into the familiar strains of "Dixie."

The oration of Dr. J. S. Hopkins, a soldier, a scholar and a divine, was a fitting crown for a perfect day.

(Dr. Hopkins' address to come.)

The most phlegmatic soul could scarcely fail to have been moved when the great audience, that to an individual had "sworn so madly that their dear flag should ever wave," rose and waved their handkerchiefs when the band gave our great national hymn, and this honor to the "Star Spangled Banner," proved that we were again, at heart, one people and one nation, with one God, one heart and one flag.

All in all, the occasion will long be kept green in the memories of all who were with us, as a day full of sweet and tender memories, with no taint of rancor or bitterness.

Such occasions teach the salutary lesson that the heart which does not thrill responsive to the heroism of the brave men who wore the gray, are not the stuff of which patriots are made, and are too craven to ever be truly loyal to any country or any flag.

Mr. John K. Ottley, of Atlanta, Secretary of the Georgia Division, did her part so well as to justify a finer presentation of the proceedings and of the cause than the VETERAN exhibits, but this official organ will never tire in their service.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy give promise of a strong organization and great usefulness. The president and other officers appreciate the high honors paid them. They are impressed with the good that may come by their general cooperation and, the United Confederate Veterans, of 715 Camps and more to follow, may expect a co-operation very soon that will show the women of the South, as of old, fully alive to the noble needs already appealing to them.

There is much regret at the loss of a history of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia, as well as further delay of report about the Texas Daughters and the progress of their work in building a monument at Dallas, caused by sickness.

A GALLANT NORTH CAROLINIAN.

Gen. Wm. L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C., writes of Col. Parsley, whose widow is so zealous in the cause of the Daughters of the Confederacy. My old friend and comrade, William M. Parsley was one of four sons of a prominent citizen of this town, who did much towards equipping companies organized here. He went into service as Captain of Company F. Third North Carolina Infantry, was several times wounded but not seriously, and gradually rose by promotion to be Lieutenant Colonel of his Regiment. He was killed the day before the surrender at Appomattox. After peace was declared his remains were brought home and lie in our beautiful Oakdale Cemetery. It was on the occasion of a meeting of his brother officers for the purpose of arranging to receive the remains, that it was determined to perfect a permanent organization of the officers, and hence grew the Association of Officers of that regiment, later, after admitting the enlisted men, known as the Third North Carolina Infantry Association, and it is doubtless the oldest organization of the kind in the United States. They have met every year, regularly, on May 16th, since 1866.

Col. Parsley was particularly careful as to the comfort of his men, and was beloved by them, and always enjoyed the esteem of his brother officers.

Mrs. Parsley has always been one of the most devoted members of the Ladies Memorial Association, and earnest in her endeavor to organize the Sons of Veterans.

PRIZED OLD PICTURE.

When, in October, 1861, a Tennessee lad volunteered to go and fight for "Dixie's" land, he had his first picture taken. The ambrotype was well tinted and thirty years afterward it looked as fresh and well as when taken. He concluded to put it in the VETERAN, but unhappily it had received some injuries in the nineties and does not special credit to the person or the artist.



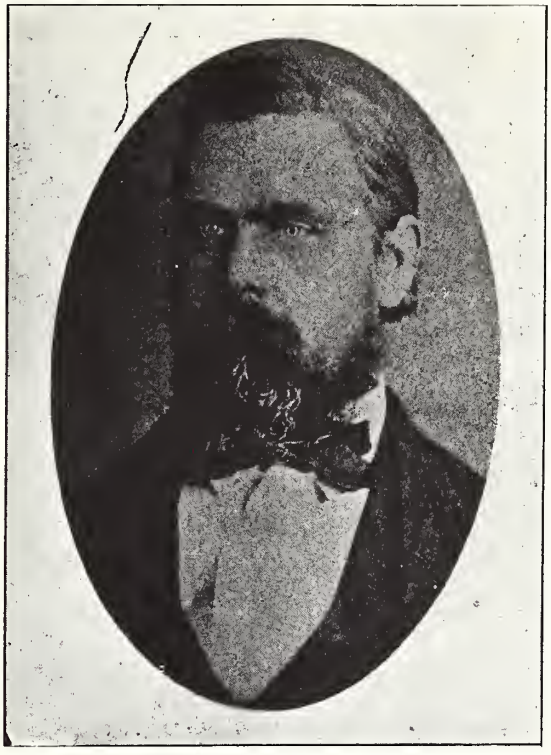
The lad was ambitious for prominence, and as he could not wear stars, he procured a girl's belt buckle and so ornamented the standing collar of his butternut uniform. The picture showed his dirk and pistol buckled on, but the fact must be told as the space given the defective print takes away even the outline.

The face is not as smooth now, but the hair, never black nor red, has not yet any gray. If the defects had been known before, the fancy to have it engraved, the vanity of boyhood days, would not be so conspicuous in the VETERAN now.

It was a familiar face in the Forty-first Tennessee Regiment, and at the last great roll call when those who suffered together are reassembled, this member shall hope to hear the name of the editor of the VETERAN, and to answer "Here!"

A CAPABLE SURGEON, A TRUE FRIEND.

Dr. Samuel M. Thompson, of Shelbyville, who was Surgeon of the Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, died at his home last May. An excellent



DR. SAMUEL MIMS THOMPSON.

photo engraving was made at the time, with the intention of publishing a sketch in the VETERAN, but it was deferred. A communication of much importance had been expected from him. He had expressed his anxiety and determination to write it but was called to Florida to attend a son through a severe illness and had delayed it. A note was written to remind him afresh, and his brother, Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, answered it saying: "My brother will be dead before this reaches you."

Dr. Thompson was born in Tennessee, but a part of his childhood was spent in Texas. He enlisted as a private soldier but ere long was detached and assigned to an Arkansas regiment under Gen. Hindman, as surgeon. And subsequently he was transferred to the Forty-First Tennessee, and will be remembered with pride and gratitude by members of that gallant command until the last man shall have lost his life.

After the war Dr. Thompson practiced medicine and surgery in his native state. He was magnetic and generous in an eminent degree, and his faithfulness as a friend was unceasing and untiring.

OUR OLDEST VETERAN.—An exchange states that North Carolina has a Confederate veteran, Elijah Walker, now 101 years old. When he enlisted in the great war he was 67. He fought all through the war and was severely wounded several times, having been shot in both hands, which latter wounds partly disabled him. As long as he could support himself he would take no State pension.

GENERAL THOMAS N. WAUL.

Gen. Thomas Neville Waul, of Texas, is a native of South Carolina, born near Statesburg, January 5, 1813, and was an only child. His mother died when he was an infant. His grandfathers on both sides were soldiers of the Revolution.



The death of his father, his own ill health and straitened circumstances induced young Waul to leave the South Carolina College before graduating. He declined to take any part of the small patrimony, giving all to his stepmother. He went west on horseback, stopping at Florence, Ala., where he, at the age of seventeen, was made principal of a school. At the end of a year, with strong credentials, he went on to Vicksburg, Miss., where he met S. S. Prentiss. The two became fast friends, and young Waul studied law in his office. He made such progress in the law that he was licensed to practice before the Supreme Court of his State while yet a minor. He resided afterward at Yazoo City, and then at Grenada, where he married Miss Mary Simmons, of Georgia. He succeeded in the law and became active in politics. He was elected to the first Confederate Congress from Texas, but declined a re-election, having determined to go in the field. He then raised "Waul's Legion" of 2,000 men.

In the seige of Vicksburg, Col. Waul won promotion, and was made Brig.-Gen., after his exchange. In the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., he so distinguished himself that he was given the command of Walker's division, after Gen. Walker was wounded, and later of all the troops in that field. In the battle of Saline, or Jenkins Ferry, hard fought in the mud with muskets and bayonets, it being impossible to use artillery, two Texas Generals were killed, and Gen. Waul, the other, was severely wounded.

After the war, Gen. Waul having lost his property along with his people, he resumed the practice of law. He served as a member of the Constitutional Convention of Texas, but has refrained from political life, except in a few instances. His merits for Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of United Confederate Veterans were pressed with great zeal at Houston.

In a personal letter, dated Nevland, Texas, Nov. 12th, enclosing photograph, Gen. Waul states: "According to promise, I enclose you photograph taken a year since in my preserved uniform, the coat has been so well cared for by my good wife, that she would be entitled a premiun at any 'Dress Parade' of Confederate survivors."

SOUTH CAROLINA REUNION.

Of the interesting and important events that should be in this VETERAN is a report of the grand gathering at Columbia of the United Confederate Veterans of South Carolina.

An important feature, of which official notice has been given, was the election of Gen. H. L. Farley, historian for the State Division. General Walker issued an official order in regard to it:

Resolved. That the General commanding the South Carolina Division of United Confederate Veterans, do appoint a historian of this Division, who shall in turn appoint Brigade historians, to be aided by selected Regimental and Battalion historians, whose duty it shall be to collect all the facts and incidents connected with South Carolina troops in the Army of the Confederacy to be preserved for the use of this Division by the Division historian. That at each meeting all comrades be invited to read such recollections as they may prepare. Adjutant General Holmes writes additional to Gen. Farley: It affords the writer—who having served with you in war, worked with you in peace, and knows your worth—pleasure to extend this order.

On motion of Comrade Holmes and seconded by Capt. Geo. B. Lake, of Edgefield, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously passed:

"Whereas, The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, edited by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., has proven its worth to the United Confederate Veterans and all kindred associations, in materially preserving the truths of history for the Confederate side, in the war between the States, and is most deserving of our upholding. Be it

Resolved, That we adopt the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of the South Carolina Division United Confederate Veterans, and suggest to all veterans to become subscribers."

JAMES G. HOLMES, Adg't Gen. and Chief of Staff.



CHILDREN OF MAJOR GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

Veterans of the Western Confederate Army will be interested in the above picture of the five children of Gen. Cheatham. He married Miss Anna B., daughter of Col. A. B. Robertson, of Coffee County, Tenn. He resided on the Robertson farm for several years, and was a progressive and successful farmer, but misfortunes attended the wholesale grocery trade of Col. Robertson in Nashville, so Gen. C. had changed his residence to this city and was appointed postmaster of Nashville, holding that office at the time of his death. Mrs. Cheatham's health gave way before his death, but she was given the postoffice afterwards and she conducted creditably the business until she, too, fell asleep. Her last days were a comfort in securing to her children a good home in one of the best locations in Nashville. She was so grateful to Mr. Ike T. Rhea for his benevolence in selling her a fine lot at cost, when others would have paid largely more, that the VETERAN is pleased to make note of it.

B. Frank Cheatham is the eldest of the five children. He is a civil engineer and is engaged upon the Government locks and dams of the Cumberland River.

Patten R. is Assistant Secretary of the Nashville Board of Underwriters—fire insurance. Joe Johnston, the middle child and youngest son, is Assistant Paymaster in the United States Army. This excellent position is a life appointment.

The two daughters, Medora and Alice, are bright young girls attending college in Nashville. They were beneficiaries of their uncle, Major Felix Cheatham, who died some two years ago.

The five children live together, Miss Hattie Robertson, a sister of their mother, having had charge of the home since their mother's death.

The N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga, has elected officers for the ensuing term as follows:

Commander—W. P. McClatchey; Lieutenant Commanders—John W. Faxon, J. L. Price and J. P. Smartt; Adjutant—L. T. Dickinson; Quartermaster—E. T. Henderson; Surgeon—G. W. Drake; Chaplain—J. W. Bachman; Officer of the Day—W. N. Haskins: Assistant Surgeon—Y. L. Abernathy; Treasurer—Milton Russell; Sergeant Major—J. W. Willingham; Vidette—J. H. Jones; First Color Guard—W. A. Terrell; Second Color Guard—T. L. Yarrington; Color Sergeant—W. T. Tyler.

Executive Committee—B. L. Goulding, T. P. Wells and W. R. Royster.

Memorial Committee—J. F. Shipp, J. L. Price, F. M. Gardenhire, E. R. Betterton Tomlinson Fort.

Comrade Dickinson is ever a diligent worker.

FLORIDA'S CONFEDERATE HOME.

In the northwestern part of Jacksonville, Fla., "fanned by the breezes of the St. John's River," is ten acres of land, purchased for a Confederate Soldiers' Home. It has a neat but small building. The view from the piazza at the front of the house is charming. Comrade S. B. Flinn, who was in many of the hard-fought battles, is in charge of the Home.



FLORIDA CONFEDERATE HOME.

The Florida Home, as may be seen, is a very unpretentious structure, but through the great-hearted benefactions of Col. George W. Scott in a gift of $2,500 the Home has been freed from debt. Col. Scott was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Florida in 1868, but Florida was still under "carpet bag" rule and he was defeated. He resides in Atlanta now.

In the war Col. Scott was in command of the Military Sub District of Florida. During the latter part of the civil war he commanded the Military District of Florida. Col. Scott owns extensive phosphate interests in Florida, and is generous in proportion to his prosperity.

The Florida Home was established in 1892, with the following named trustees: Maj. A. J. Russell, President; Ex-Governor F. P. Fleming, Gen. Wm. Bayn, Capt. D. E. Maxwell and Col. W. R. Moore —the latter from Wellborn.

There is much need of help to the Institution. A larger building is necessary, and the State appropriation of $8 per month for the inmates that are there is not enough to sustain it. However, the management falters not. Ladies of Pensacola furnished $100 some time since to be used in improvements. The Florida Daughters of the Confederacy will do, whenever fully aroused to whatsoever is found necessary. They should lobby, if any of its people ought, with the State Legislature. The names of those who inaugurated the Home movement in preference to a monument are Col. W. D. Ballantine, Fernandina; A. C. Martin, of Sanford; T. W. Givens, of Tampa; R. B. Hargis, M. D., of Pensacola; Gen. J. J. Dickinson, of Ocala; and J. L. Inglis, of Madison.

CHICAGO MONUMENT SOUVENIR.

Gen. John C. Underwood of Chicago has in preparation an official report of the erection and dedication of the Confederate Monument in Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, together with the ceremonies and entertainments incident thereto. It will contain the speeches made at the complimentary banquet given by Chicago citizens to the Southern guests, the dedicatory services in the Cemetery, "with a full and complete description of all the ceremonies around the monument and during the occasion," and an account subsequently of the Cincinnati, Ohio, and Fort Thomas, Ky., ceremonies.

The work contains sixty or more elegant engravings of distinguished people, mainly Southerners.

Owing to its elaborate character and the great expense, souvenir copies, bound in gray and gold, with name of purchaser stamped in gold on front cover, will be sold by prepaid subscription only, as such "souvenir edition" will be limited to the number of copies actually ordered.

To assist in meeting the expense of publishing such an elaborate and intrinsic work of art, it will be expressed in white and gilt paper boxes, carefully wrapped, on subscription order and payment as follows:

For single copies, all charges prepaid.....$2.50 per copy.
Clubs of 10 to 50 copies, to one address, to be delivered by prepaid freight, at..... 2.00 "

The book will soon be ready, and for safety in procuring copies it will be well to send at once to Gen. Jno. C. Underwood, Room 4, 260 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

AT REST—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"The casket has a silver plate, upon which is the single inscription, 'Jefferson Davis, at Rest.'" Full of grief-laden years, he has passed to his tomb:

But see! as its portals unfold,
Immortality's lamp shines bright 'mid the gloom,
And memory as sentinel watches his tomb,
And the laurel beside it bursts forth into bloom,
And Peace breathes "At Rest" to his soul.

At rest from the battle-field's fearful array,
Where he bled for the Union he loved;
At dread Buena Vista, and fierce Monterey,
His genius and prowess won for us the day,
And wreathed round his temples a chaplet of bay,
His slanderings ne'er have removed.

At rest from the Cabinet's council of State,
Where he faithfully served thro' the strife
In the Halls of the Nation, where heated debate,
And partisan rancor, and sectional hate,
Drove the Southron to arm for the Rights of his State,
And Liberty, dearer than life.

When the cloud-burst of battle overwhelmed our land,
With unfaltering devotion to right,
Our chieftain pledged all to our patriot band,
And after defeat, in the dungeon enchained,
He patiently suffered at Power's fell hand,
A victim to fate, and to might.

For our "Lost Cause" he suffered, and so will his name,
Embalmed in our memories dwell;
And his tomb prove a Mecca, at whose holy fane,
The sons of the South inspiration will gain,
And History write of his glorious fame,
Of all he hath done, "It is well."

Camden, Ala. SALLIE JONES.

THRILLING STORY BY A UNION VETERAN.

W. B. Lowell, Boston, Mass.: Of the battle of Newton, N. C., March, 1862, I saw a thrilling account a few days ago in which it was stated that a young Confederate artillery officer, Captain Mayo, was killed by the explosion of his magazine after our capture of the Confederate position. I wish to say such was not the case, as our regiment, the 11th Connetticut, captured him. But there is so much heroism in the incident that goes to the credit of the American soldier, I beg to relate it for your Journal for the benefit of posterity; and just here as one of the "Boys in Blue," I want to congratulate you on your efforts to perpetuate the individual acts of bravery and self-denial on the part of our "Brothers who wore the Grey."

After we had carried the breastworks on that cold, dark, rainy day, I was moving up with a detachment in rear of one of the forts that had been and was still actively engaging our gunboats and when within a few rods of it a mostly unearthly explosion took place that made us think a volcano had suddenly burst forth, hurling heavy timbers so high, they looked like walking-canes whirling in the air, and came crashing down around us with a rain of bursting shells. Not knowing what other kinds of infernal traps we were about to run into on that river, we beat a hasty retreat towards the railroad, taking up wounded prisoners who had been left by the burning of the Trent River bridge by the Confederates as they crossed. About night in going through some thick brush we found, lying on the ground on an old army blanket in which his men had dragged him from the field. this young man; his uniform torn in shreds, both legs broken, his face, neck and hands burned black and badly torn, his eyes seemed burned out, and blood trickling from his whole body which was swollen—in fact, he was the worst looking object to be alive I ever saw. Really I could not realize that he was alive until I asked his men (there were three of his men standing over him who told us they had come back to look for him after the explosion). I asked: "Who is this?" "Capt. Mayo." "How was he killed?" The Captain then spoke: "I am not quite dead." "How did you get hurt so?" "Blowing up my magazine." "Why did you do it?" "It was an order, and a soldier knows nothing but obedience." "You must be in great pain; can I do anything for you?" "A little water, if you please, if you have it; you will have to pour it into my mouth, as I can't see nor use my hands." I did as he requested, which seemed to revive him, and he thanked me. He then told me he would not let any of his men go to the river after water for him, fearing that they might be seen, and that after nightfall he wanted to try to swim the Trent (the river was at least 1,000 feet wide and the weather cold) with his men and escape.

"Then you were the cause of that terrific crash that came so near killing my squad, in rear of the fort that fought our gunboats so pluckily to-day?" "I suppose so; I saw you coming." "How much powder and shells did you have left?" "Some 3,000 pounds of powder and about 500 loaded shells." "Could you not have laid a longer train and got out of the way?" "That all could have been done had I anticipated defeat; besides, you were too close; I had just sent my men out, and knew the explosion would stop you, thereby enabling my men to get safely away." "Then you sacrificed yourself for your command?" "It was an order from a superior officer, the execution of which entailed great risk. I chose to do it. I didn't have a man but would have done it had I ordered him. But tell me, how came you to defeat us, and what part did you play in the drama to-day?" I told him we had turned the Confederates' right flank by the railroad, and that our regiment had charged with the 27th Massachusetts, and were among the first over the breastworks. "Well, somebody is to blame; we ought to have whipped you; we had the advantage in position, which should have overmatched your superior numbers, which I suppose you had. If my rear had been protected, I think I would have whipped your gunboats."

When I first found him I had sent two men to the Ambulance Corps for a stretcher, and this conversation occurred while w ewaited. We lifted him tenderly to the stretcher when four men took him to our headquarters which were the 2nd North Carolina Cavalry Camp. On the way I told him I was sorry to see such as he suffering in a war the cause for which was due to the leaders such as Jefferson Davis. His reply was characteristic: "Give yourself no uneasiness on that score; the people of the South are the leaders, and were Mr. Davis less loyal to the Southern Cause he would not be President a day."

About midnight, when good old Dr. Whitcomb got around to him to dress his wounds, not a groan or murmur had passed his lips and never did; he asked him if our wounded had been attended to and if the wounded prisoners had been looked after? Upon being assured that they had, says he "take me." The next morning he dictated an affectionate letter I wrotet o his mother, telling her partially of his injuries and bidding her to be cheerful; this was sent through the lines by flag of truce.

A few days after the battle I took his men with me to the scene of the explosion. They showed me where he had fallen when they picked him up; the full imprint of his body was plainly seen. I measured the distance he was thrown and it was over one hundred feet.

Strange to say, in three or four weeks, under the skillful management of Dr. Whitcomb and the other doctors—for they all came to see him—he could see, and in about five months he was able to ride in an ambulance and Gen. Burnside sent him and his men through the lines without paroling them, the General having him to dine with him the day before he left.

I hope he lived through the war if he was ever able to go in again and if alive will write me. He will remember me as reading whole books to him and playing the violin for him. While he was mettlesome, we always found him a gentleman and a man of most wonderful nerve.

Attention is called to the partial list of books offered by the VETERAN for clubs and at reduced rates. Whenever the title of the book interests, upon notice to VETERAN office extended data will be furnished.

GOOD BOOKS WITH THE VETERAN.

As an extra inducement for renewals and to aid in circulating Southern literature, the following list of books will be furnished on terms designated.

The Other Side, by Virginia Frazer Boyle. A poem. Will be sent as premium for four subscriptions, or with the VETERAN for $1.75. Price $1.00 This is a remarkable poem, Jefferson Davis being the theme of the gifted author.

Christ in the Camp. 624 pages is illustrated and characteristic of the eminent author, Rev J. William Jones, D.D. Price $2.50. Given as premium for five subscribers.

The American Epic, a Concise Scenic History of the United States and other poems by Drummond Welburn. Cloth, $1.00. Sent with four subscribers, or with one and the VETERAN for $1 50.

Virginia Before and During the War, by H. H. Fariner. Price 25 cents, paper. 102 pages. Sent with two subscriptions, or with VETERAN for $1.12.

A Tribute in Song, from Virginia to Georgia, by Virginia women, edited by Mary Stuart Smith. Price 50 cents. Sent with two subscriptions for the VETERAN.

Rebel Rhymes, and other Poems, by Elizabeth J. Hereford, of Texas, $1 00. Sent with three subscribers.

Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade, by John O. Casler. Reduced from $2.00 to $1.50, now supplied with the VETERAN for $2.00.

Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. A large octavo volume, $2 50. This book can be had for $1.50 if a club of twenty-five can be secured.

The Civil War from a Southern Standpoint, by Mrs. Annie E. Snyder, of Nashville, can be had for three subscribers, or with the VETERAN for $1.50. Price $1 00

Rebel Relics, by Rev. A. T. Goodloe. Price $1.00 .Supplied with the VETERAN for $1.50, or for three subscribers.

The Sponsor Souvenir Album, advertised on back cover page by the Souvenir Co., Houston, Texas will be supplied from the VETERAN office also at the publishers prices.

Memories of Jefferson Davis, by his wife, in two elegant volumes containing 1,640 pages. This most entertaining and valuable book will be furnished by the VETERAN with a years subscription for $5 25.

Campaigns and Battles of the Sixteenth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, from its organization, at Camp Trousdale, through its campaigns in West Virgina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, together with sketches of other Tennessee Regiments, by Thomas A. Head. Five hundred octavo pages. Twenty illustrations. Price $1 00.

The World and How to Take it, by Rev. A. J. Baird, D D., an eminent minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who was associated with the Confederate Army from the beginning to the close of the war. Prefaced to the work is a sketch of the life of the au hor, by John M. Gaut. The book is discussed in most attractive style, and illustrates with interesting incidents, most of the practical problems of life. Home, Society Business, Personal Virtues and Vices, and Life's Closing Scenes are all treated in the author's peculiarly fascinating style. The book contains 400 pages with a fine steel engraving of the author; is printed on fine paper, and beautifully bound in cloth, embossed in colors and gold; an apppopriate gift book. Price $1.50 Given with the VETERAN for $2.25 or for five subscriptions.

Annals of an Invertebrate, by Laurette Nesbet Boykin. "This book is a marvel." Rev. Dr. Vance, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It is a weird and exquisite poem in pure prose. Dr. A. J. Battle, President of Shorter College, Rome, Ga , mentions it as "the work of a child of genius." Charles J. Bayne, Editor Augusta, Ga. Chronicle, asserts that "George Eliot would have been proud of it." Lilian Whiting, of Boston, writes that "It is a wonderful book—as sympathetic as a human presence." This book is one dollar. It will be furnished with the VETERAN a year for ,$1.60, and free with four subscriptions.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS—"THE BIG FOUR."

Christmas, 1895. New Year, 1896 Big Four Route, one and one-third fare round trip. Tickets will be sold between all points on the Big Four Route, good going December 24, 25 and 31, 1865, and January 1, 1896, good returning until January 2, 1896, inclusive. E. O. McCormick, Gen. Traffic Manager. D. B. Martin, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

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The equipment, and service of this line is equal to any in the country, and carries the traveler through the most picturesque portion of the South. More than fifty miles of famous battlefields and five National Cemeteries are located on and near this great railway system between Hickman, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., and Atlanta, Ga. Take this route to Chattanooga for the famous Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.

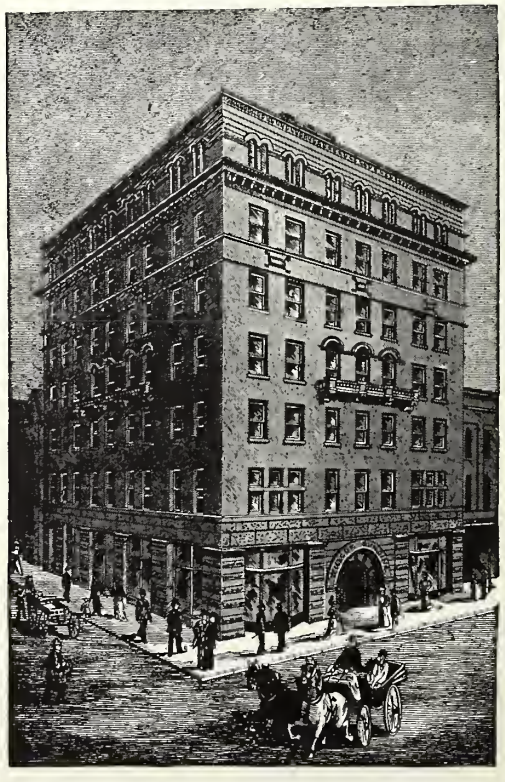
The Dixie Flyer Through Sleeping Cars run between Nashville and Jacksonville, Fla., the year round via Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Atlanta, Macon, etc. Solid trains carrying through sleepers between Cincinnati, Louisville and Atlanta, and through sleeping cars between St. Louis and Jacksonville, Fla., during the winter trourist season.

For information with reference to the resources, climate, soil, water power, timber, location for manufactories and for colonies or homes for thrifty settlers, write J. R. Killebrew, Immigration Agent, Nashville, Tenn.

For information as to rates, through car service, etc., write R. C Cowardin, Western Passenger Agent, Railway Exchange Building, St Louis, Mo.; Briard F. Hill, Northern Passenger Agent, 328 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; D J. Mullaney, Eastern Passenger Agent 59 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.; J. H. Latimer, Southeastern Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Ga.; J. L. Edmonson, Southern Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. L. DANLEY, G P. & T. A.,
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The splendid engravings in the address by Senator Bate at Chickamauga are furnished by this popular and excellent line.



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TEST OF COURAGE FOR A SOLDIER.

W. A. Collier, Esq., Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 1, 1895: I recently had the pleasure of meeting Maj. F. A. Dangerfield, one of the bravest of the brave, who often commanded the famous Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Our conversation naturally drifted to the war, and he told me of the remarkable exhibition of personal courage by Jim O'Mera.

Near nightfall on the 6th of May, '64, the second day of the fighting in the Wilderness at Spottsylvania, the General (Stuart) desired to ascertain whether or not the line of Federal earthworks in his front had been abandoned. Gen. Stuart sent to Maj. Dangerfield, whose regiment was close by, for a man who would "perform a hazardous duty." Private Jim O'Mera was selected and reported to Gen. Stuart. In reply to his salutation, Gen. Stuart simply said, "You see that line of earthworks; I want to know if it is manned. Ride within seventy yards of it, then turn to the left and gallop parallel with it to the end of the line. If the enemy is there, ride rapidly and they will shoot behind you." Jim simply replied, "All right, Gin'ral, I know it," with an appreciative gesture. Jim rode within seventy yards of the works and started on his run, parallel with the line. The works being well manned, were immediately illuminated by a terrific fusilade. It did not swerve Jim, however. When he had gone half the length of the line a bullet went through his horse's nose midway between the eye and the nostril. Jim then stopped his horse, unslung his carbine, and with as much deliberation as if aiming at a squirrel, he fired upon the enemy. He then spurred his horse and ran parallel with the line to the end; then hurried to Gen. Stuart, who had watched the wonderful feat, saluted and reported: "They'er thar yit, Gin'ral."

Maj. Dangerfield's beautiful and accomplished daughter, Henrietta Henderson Dangerfield, only eleven years of age, wrote the enclosed poem, which, with the story, deserves space in the VETERAN. There is no braver nor more patriotic race than the Irish.

JIM O'MERA'S RIDE.

"Send me a man who is brave and true."
This message the General sent,
And over the roll in quick review
The Captain, in fancy, went.

"No lion's more brave than the Irishman,
Aye, brave. nor is steel more true;
Nor fears he loss of life or limb,
Yes, Jim O'Mera 'll do."

His orders received, to horse Jim leapt,
To the General's side he sped,
Then checked his steed and doffed his cap.
"Well, Gin'ral, I'm here," he said.

Sure, never a shell more rough and rude,
Covered a soul more brave and true,
And the General thought, "The Captain's right.
Yes, Jim O'Mera 'll do."

he orders were brief: "Ride parallel
To the breastworks of the Yanks
And see if they're manned." O'Mera bowed
And smote his good steed's flank.

He galloped amain, till parallel
The piled-up breastworks lay
Fully manned, he saw without thought of fear,
Not seventy yards away.

A cocking of rifles; a sudden flash,
And the forest rang again.
O'Mera escaped, but his horse was hit
And plunged and reared in pain.

Undaunted by the heavy fire,
O'Mera drew his rein,
And coolly fired his trusty gun
And then rode on again.

Ah, he rode for life! The foam on his horse
Was flecked with bloody red.
The breastworks passed, the lines regained,
"They're there yit, Gin'ral," he said.

GRAVES OF OUR DEAD AT PERRYVILLE.

S. W. Peeples, Mackville, Ky., Oct. 17: As the graves of the 347 Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Perryville have never been enclosed, nor any monument erected to their memory, but are now covered with bushes, briars, etc., a gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to use, proposes to be one of eight to give $25.00 each to enclose the lot with a stone wall. Mr. H. P. Battoms will give the stone and piece of ground, which will be deeded to the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, and every cent shall go towards erecting the wall or be returned to the donor. Any amount will be gratefully received.

In a personal letter Mr. Peeples writes that the Union soldiers had a reunion there recently and that their dead were cared for in a National Cemetery. He wants to get the Perryville and surrounding countrywomen to fix a day for decorating these graves each year. There are but few Confederate soldiers here, nearly all Federal, and concludes: I was too young to be in the Army, though I had three brothers there with Cheatham. I don't know a single soldier buried here, though I will look over their names the next time I go to Mr. Battom's, he has the names of some of them and the place where they are buried, and cut initials in a shingle and put over them where they buried them. I am an Itinerant Methodist preacher, member of Kentucky Conference. Am doing this as a labor of love. Every cent will be put on the graves. I have a church in one and a half miles of Cemetery. Wish we could put up a monument

Mr. Peeples refers strangers who may be interested, to Rev. John R. Deering, Harrodsburg, Ky.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON'S SON.

Griffin Johnston, youngest son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, died in Los Angeles, Cal., recently, from hemorrhage of the brain, superinduced by a fall which he received a few days before. "He was an estimable and popular young man, and possessed an excellent legal mind." He leaves a widow and child.

A SOUTHERNER'S WELCOME.

The Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn., on a recent visit to Richmond, was entertained at the Jefferson—a superb new hotel, just opened—when Maj. Albert Akers, a Virginian now living in Washington, but who is well-known in Tennessee and other Southern states, was called for. In his usual modest way, he declined, but on being urged, said:

Gentlemen of Hartford, Conn., if I were not a Virginian I would be a New Englander:

"Our stern alarms have changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures."

Thrice welcome to the land of Washington, of Lee, and of Jackson.

You no longer tread upon a hostile shore; useless now are your sharp swords and unerring muskets. The veterans of Lee and Jackson no longer harass your rear, but look you squarely in the face and say, "Fellow-citizens." Your pathway is no longer strewn with the dead and dying, and henceforth we will shower upon you grape as you pass; not the grape whose iron clusters grew so luxuriantly on the hillsides of Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, and Manasses, whose juice was the red blood, but the grape that comes from the battery of the banquet. * * *

More than thirty years of profound public tranquillity have passed away and blessed our land since Stonewall Jackson came thundering down the Shenandoah Valley like a military cyclone, scattering terror and consternation among the Northern Armies.

We have forgotten the use of weapons of war, and have been cultivating the arts of peace. We have engrossed our thoughts and enlisted our hearts in the pursuits of agriculture, manufacture and commerce, and in advancing the arts and sciences most useful to man. No people have been so blessed, and none have so prospered. Whilst we have thus been improving our condition, amassing wealth at home and accumulating honors abroad, other nations have been vexed and worried with the "dogs of war."

The war cloud has darkened the sunny sky of Italy; armies have trampled on the vine-clad fields of France, and the recruiting drum has been heard on the green hills and sweet valleys of merry old England.

We hang out our banner to-day, not the bonnie blue flag representing the twilight of seven stars, but the old banner that Decatur unfurled to the Barbary States, that Jackson held over New Orleans, that Scott carried to the halls of the Montezumas.

"The lily will fade and its white leaves fall,
The rose from its stem shall sever,
The thistle and shamrock will fade away,
But the stars will shine on forever."

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one nation evermore.

Go back, gentlemen, to New England and tell your people that peace hath its victories no less renowned than war.

"I followed ole Marse Robert for four years, nigh about,
Got wounded in three places and starved at Point Lookout;
I cotched the rheumatism a-campIng in the snow,
And I killed a chance o' Yankees, but I'll never kill no more."

THE STARS AND BARS.

ANDREW M. McCONNELL, Keener, Ala.

There's not beneath the gilded stars
An ensign or a fallen banner,
Which like the glorious Stars and Bars,
Is held in such a sacred manner.

It rose upon the wings of peace
To wave for equal right and glory,
But every year saw hopes decrease
To end its short eventful story.

It had a valorous, youhtful might,
It conquered only to surrender;
Now memories of its honor bright
Are all that wounded hearts remember.

O may the memory of its dead
Forever linger round above us,
The virtues of the ones it led
Fill well our lives, that others love us.

We do not ask for it to wave,
That rising might restore it;
But that we all revere the brave
Who till their death, so nobly bore it!

The death of Capt. William Griffin Waller, which occurred at Rockbridge, Alum Springs, Va., during the past summer, should have extended notice here:

Capt. Waller was a grandson of President Tyler. He left the West Point Academy at the beginning of our great war and engaged on the Confederate side, serving on the staff of Gen. J. B. Fry. His brother, John Waller, was killed in the battle of Williamsburg. He was twice married; his first wife was Miss Minnie Howell, sister of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis. He afterwards married Miss Austin, of Georgia.

Capt. Waller was a journalist of concise expression, conservative in tone but always strong. His last work was on the Richmond Times, which paper said of him:

"He was courteous, polite and affable, and was not only popular, but was greatly beloved by all of his associates. His popularity with the newspaper profession of Richmond is shown by the fact that he was recently elected by a unanimous vote an honorary member of the Old Dominion Press Club, he being the only honorary member ever elected by that organization."

Captain Waller was a bright Mason and consecrated Christian, being an active member of the Episcopal Church.

THE DAUGHTES IN VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., October 23.—The Virginia Daughters of the Confederacy to-day elected officers as follows: Mrs. John Withers Clarke, of Lynchburg, President; Mrs. Samuel Boyer Davis, of Alexandria, Vice-Vresident; Mrs. C. W. Hunter, of Appomattox, Recording Secretary; Miss Ruth Early, of Lynchburg, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Visginia Beverly Corse, of Alexandria, Treasurer; Mrs. Belle Hunter of Warrenton, Historian; Miss M. Moson, of Warrenton, Registrar. Mrs. Clarke was also chosen as delegate to the National Convention, at Nashville, to meet in November.

It was decided to hold the next meeting at Warrenton, a year hence.

"SCHOOLMASTERS AT CHICKAMAUGA."

Col. Jno. H. Savage writes of the speeches of Woodbury and Turney at Chickamauga. Col. Savage is of Tennessee. He served in the war with Mexico; was a member of Congress in the fifties, and was a Confederate in the sixties:

I have read the speeches of Woodbury and Turney published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Governor Woodbury teaches his children that Turney was wrong, and Governor Turney teaches his children that Turney was right and, therefore, Woodbury was wrong. In my opinion these speeches were misleading, because they fail to state the whole truth as written in history. Since the days of Abraham there has not been recorded a single instance where right ruled the contests and battles between contending nations; might and not right has prevailed in all ages and with all people. Homer has adorned his poetry by assuming that the gods took sides in the battle between the Greeks and Trojans, yet looking to the truth of history there is no proof that the Ruler of the universe has ever taken sides in a battle between men. Better soldiers with better arms, more skillfully commanded may conquer superior numbers, but all things being equal, victory, as a rule, is with the heaviest battalions. In brief: Woodbury was right because he had the might, and Turney was wrong because he failed and bowed his neck to the yoke of the conqueror. There is no such thing as abstract right in the affairs of nations as recorded in history; power has been the universal rule and is the rule now with England and all other nations.

If Turney had made a good fight and maintained the secession and independence of the Confederate States, he would now be applauded by the world as a wise statesman, patriot and great warrior; and Woodbury and his crowd would be regarded as disappointed and defeated tyrants.

Secession without war is a peaceable revolution and a revolution with war is a forcible secession. Our ancestors seceded from England; they preferred peace, but war came; they triumphed and are now applauded by the world as patriots, wise statesmen and great warriors. If they had failed they would be recorded in history as rebels and traitors. Great Britain had the right in 1776 to subdue her seceding colonies but did not have the might, and she has the same right to-day, and if she had the power would doubtless be as ready to take possession of these United States as she was to occupy Egypt.

Some people say that through the device of loans and bonds that our people are as much or more her slaves than if Queen Victoria and the Parliament made our laws. Secession in one sense was right in 1861, and is right now, and while Turney in loud tones proclaimed his loyalty to the flag, there is room for a suspicion, if he could see his way clear, beyond doubt he would re-establish the Confederacy and white supremacy and lead an invincible army triumphant over states and people upon this continent, and perhaps put upon his head a crown and teach his children that they would succeed him by Divine right; such is human nature as recorded in history. But Turney will be loyal to the flag because it is the best thing he can do. No moral wrong or dishonorable conduct attaches to the advocates of secession; it was simply a military mistake. * * * There may be glory and fame but there is little wisdom in fighting a battle with overwhelming odds against you.

The South was conquered; African slavery was the pretext, but the same principle that ruled Philip, Alexander, William the Conqueror, Timour the Tartar, Napoleon and other conquerors dominated the Northern mind. To reduce the proud slaveholder to a level with the negro was the ruling idea with the abolitionist, but Northern politicians had other motives for the crusade of slander and abuse which they preached against the South. Their purpose was to transfer the offices and control of the Government from Southern to Northern men. The war accomplished these purposes, and in addition thereto has made slaves of the people to bondholders, bankers, corporations, millionaire speculators and hungry creditors for debts, public and private, so large that no human wisdom can tell the day when they can be paid, if ever paid. It is written of conquerors:

> "Where his carnage and his conquest cease
> He makes a solitude and calls it peace."

Texas seceded from Mexico, and if left to fight her own battles unaided, it is probable that Mexico would have subdued her; the armies of the United States came to her relief and fought the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey Bueana Vista, Vera Cruz, Cero Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino Del Rey, Chetultezpec, and captured the city, and thus, by military power established the right of Texas to secede. For these services to Texas thus rendered, the United States obtained from Mexico, territory of incalculable value.

Massachusetts had a strong party for secession in 1812, and has a perfect right to secede to-day, but before doing so she ought to be sure that she has the might to maintain by military power her independence if the other states resist.

Geo. F. Rozell writes an interesting sketch in Blackburn's Free South, of Gen. John Edward Murray, who was killed July 22, '63, before Atlanta. Young Murray was at West Point for a year when he left to fight the battles of his native Southland. He had the favor of Hardee's friendship, who knew him at West Point, and started the promotion which was accelerated, through his gallantry, until he was commissioned a Brigade General at the age of twenty-two. It is a coincidence that his commission reached Atlanta the day he was killed. He had not received it. Both the Rozell and Murray families emigrated from Virginia to Arkansas. Comrade Rozell was a student in the St. John's College, the President of which, as Lieutenant-Colonel of Fagan's Regiment, was killed at Shiloh, being pierced by eight bullets. Another professor in the college, Major Bronough, was cut in twain by a cannon ball at Antietam.

Mrs. Lillian Rozell, Messenger of Washington, D. C., who has written beautiful things for the VETERAN, is a sister of the author of the sketch.

Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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CONFEDERATE FLAGS FOR SALE.

The last flag of the Confederacy, having the red end to white ground, with the battle-flag cross on the starry field, 17½x35 inches, is for sale at VETERAN office. Price, 25 cents, postpaid, or $2 per dozen, delivered to express.

WORDS OF LINCOLN.

The VETERAN has received from the compiler and publisher, Osborn H. Oldroyd, of Washington, D. C., an elegant volume, under the title "Words of Lincoln," dedicated to the American people from whose humblest ranks he rose and whose interests he so faithfully guarded through a great civil convulsion, "with malice towards none, with charity for all." The book has not been perused, therefore comment cannot be intelligently made. Mr. Oldroyd oc-



cupies the house in which Mr. Lincoln died, 516 Tenth Street, N. W., and which contains the Oldroyd-Lincoln memorial collection.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positve cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address.

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Fayetteville, Tenn., June 21, 1895.

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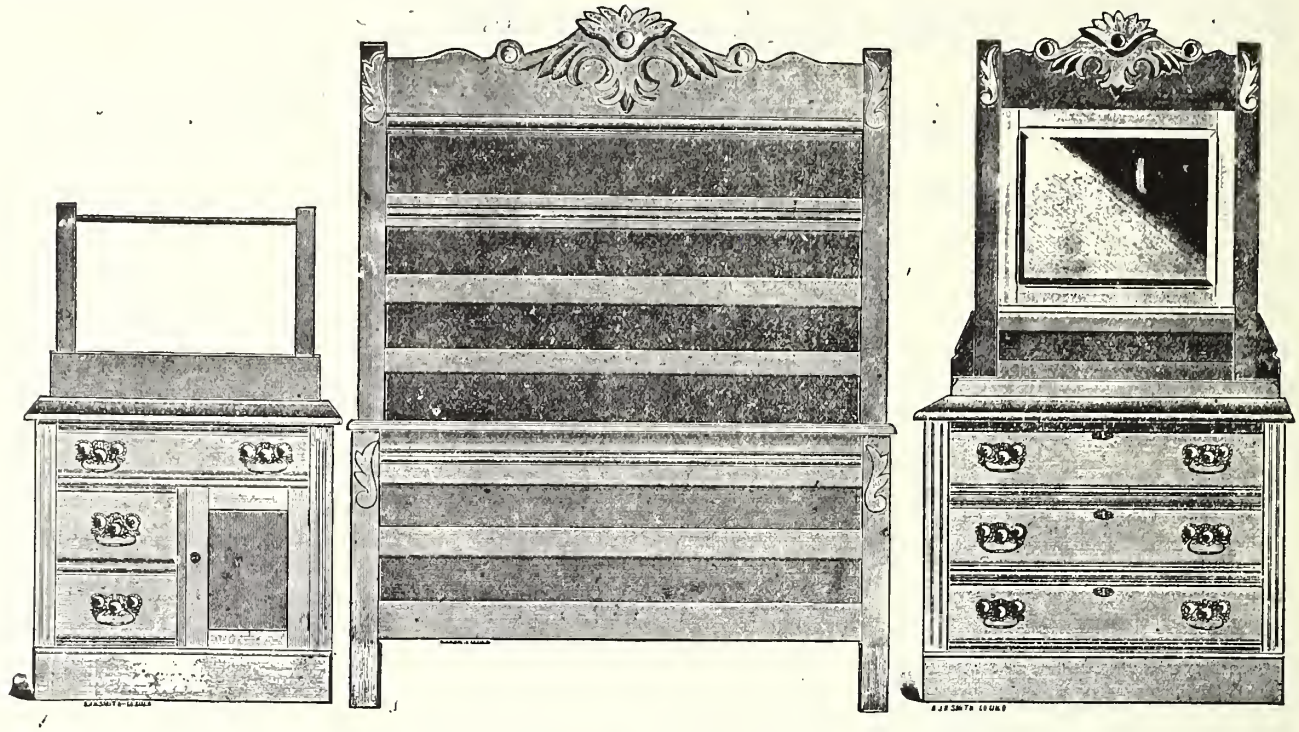
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HISTORY OF THE SHILOH BATTLE.

An exchange states: Col. E. T. Lee, Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, is preparing to write a book on Shiloh, and there is no one better qualified to undertake it. He will give the causes leading up to the battle, a history of the engagement itself, including the number engaged, with their commanders and the losses sustained. The work will contain fine portraits of the leaders who took part on both sides and copious illustrations of scenes on the battlefield. There will also be a history of the origin and organization of the Shiloh Battlefield Association and of the work it has accomplished, and what it proposes to do in the future. The particulars concerning the appointment of the Shiloh commission and how it was accomplished will also be given.

Appended to the work proper, will be a complete roster of the battle, given by regiments, brigades and divisions. It will show what state each survivor was from. Each regiment and battery will be in alphabetical order.

Col. Lee desires "the name of every living soldier" who was in the battle, that each may have a place on this great roll of honor. Send names with company, regiment and postoffice address, to him, at Monticello, Ill.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters 25c. at all druggists.

CERTIFIED.

EIGHTY-SIX CALLS IN NINETY DAYS, CERTIFIED BY BANKERS, BUSINESS MEN AND OTHERS—EIGHTY-SIX GOOD POSITIONS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 2, 1895.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have examined the correspondence of the Employment Department of Draughon's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn., and we find that applications from business firms and banks for book-keepers, stenographers and telegraph operators are received by this department almost daily; eighty six (86) which we have examined, having been received during the past ninety days.

From the letter headings, postmarks, and other evidences, we are satisfied that these applications were all written in good faith, and were sent in due course of mail; and judging from the character and number of these applications, we would infer that Draughon's Business College furnishes unexcelled advantages to persons who desire good positions, and this College is managed with energy and success.

J. H. Fullton, Cashier First National Bank.

A. S. Williams, Cashier City Savings Bank.

H. G Lipscomb, of H. G. Lipscomb & Co., Wholesale Hardware.

Edward Buford, of Buford Bros., Wholesale Hardware.

A. W. Wills, Secretary Chamber of Commerce and Commissioner General Tennessee Centennial.

P. A. Shelton, Clerk County Court, Davidson County.

J D. Blanton, President Ward's Seminary for Young Ladies.

J. M. Frost, Pastor of First Baptist Church.

R. K. Brown, Presiding Elder Nashville District.

Robt Hill, Pastor Cottage Presbyterian Church.

☞Prof. Draughon will give $100 00 cash to any other Business College in the South that can make the above showing in five years time prior to this date, Nov. 8, 1895.

$500.00 DEPOSITED IN NASHVILLE TRUST COMPANY.

CAPITAL STOCK $350,000.00.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov 8, 1895.

This certifies that J. F. Draughon, President "Draughon's Practical Business College," Nashville, Tenn., has this day deposited $500.00 with the Nashville Trust Company to be held in trust eighteen months from this date as a guarantee fund subject to the following conditions, viz: That said J. F. Draughon has and will faithfully discharge all the obligations that he has imposed or will impose upon himself under his written "Guarantee Plan" in regard to securing positions for his students. Any person or persons holding the said "guarantee contract" and failing to secure a position as specified therein, can and are hereby authorized to make a legal demand upon the said Nashville Trust Company for the amount of tuition paid to said Business College and same will be refunded when the person or persons making such a demand establish a legal right thereto under said contract within eighteen months of the date hereof, to the extent of the fund ($500 00) deposited with the said Trust Company as herein before stated and no further.

NASHVILLE TRUST COMPANY,
JOS. H THOMPSON, President.

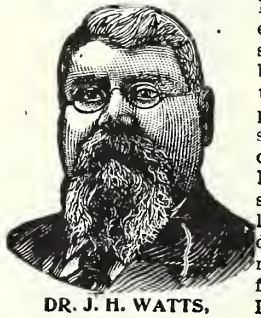
N. B.—For free catalogues which will explain all, address J. F. Draughon, President, Nashville, Tenn.

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Dr. J. H. Watts, druggist and physician, Humboldt, Neb., who suffered with heart disease for four years, trying every remedy and all treatments known to himself and fellow-practitioners; believes that heart disease is curable. He writes:

"I wish to tell what your valuable medicine has done for me. For four years I had heart disease of the very worst kind. Several physicians I consulted, said it was

Rheumatism of the Heart.



DR. J. H. WATTS,

It was almost unendurable; with shortness of breath, palpitations, severe pains, unable to sleep, especially on the left side. No pen can describe my sufferings, particularly during the last months of those four weary years. I finally tried

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and was surprised at the result. It put new life into and made a new man of me. I have not had a symptom of trouble since and I am satisfied your medicine has cured me for I have now enjoyed, since taking it

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I might add that I am a druggist and have sold and recommended your Heart Cure, for I know what it has done for me and only wish I could state more clearly my suffering then and the good health I now enjoy. Your Nervine and other remedies also give excellent satisfaction." J. H. WATTS.

Humboldt, Neb., May 9, '94.

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Val. is an old Confed. soldier, 7th Ga. Reg., Co. K.

J. E. Dashiells writes the VETERAN from Dudley, Kings County, Cal., Nov. 10: "A mine of pure mineral soap has just been found, in the Coast Range Mountains of Kings County, by Erastus D. Jones, a native of Bedford County, Tenn."

DR. MARION PRICE, Specialist,

Is permanently located in tbis city, and has handsome offices in tbe Jackson Building, rooms 409, 410, 411, wbere be treats all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Nose, Lungs and Nervous System.

Glasses accurately adjusted, all frames being made to order, and of tbe best quality. Gold frame and lens for from $5 to $8.

Cross Eyes straightened without pain, and cured without an operation in children under 15 years of age.

Catarrh of all kinds successfully treated and quick cures guaranteed.

Consumption that most dreadful of all diseases, is cured if seen in time, and life prolonged in those too far advanced to be cured.

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Ladies will receive special and careful treatment for all their many ailments.

Private Diseases--Gonorrhœa, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Tenderness, Weakness of Organs, Piles.

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WRITE your troubles, if living away from tbe city. Absolute secrecy in all professional dealings. Testimonials of patients are never published. Bank references as to my responsibility cheerfully given. Address,

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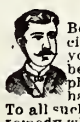
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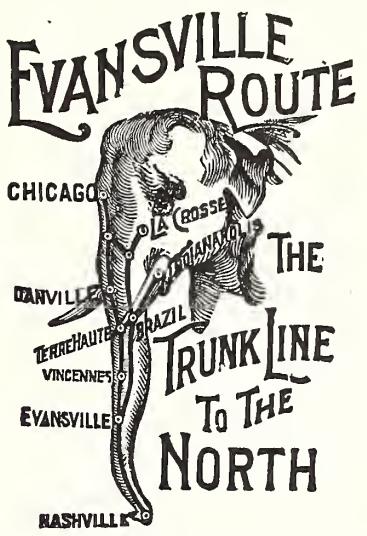
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Being an earnest disciple of this ethical principle, I offer a helping hand to all who through youthful folly or unhallowed pleasures have been caught in the maelstrom of mental and physical suffering, and whose fears and pains have been prolonged by unprincipled quacks. To all such I will send (sea ed) free, a recipe of a simple remedy which restored me to manly health after everything else had failed. It will do the same for you. Address C. H. MULLER, Box 1425, Kalamazoo, Mich.



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Hon. Wm. M. Cocke, who has recently been at death's door with pneumonia, chatted with Uncle Dan Emmett in the VETERAN office, and made these remarks about our oldest Congressmen: Judge Edward H. Ewing, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Col. Cocke are the only living members in the South of the Congress of 1845. Those from the North now living are Allen G. Thurman, Columbus, O., Columbus Delano, Mt. Vernon, O., Jno. E McClenand, Springfield, Ill.

Richard W. Thompson, President of the last Republican Convention, which met in Chicago, was a member in 1843 and came back in 1874.

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$4.50 per dozen. Also, a nice line of Pins, Charms, Cuff Buttons, and other Confederate Emblems. Send for revised price list to

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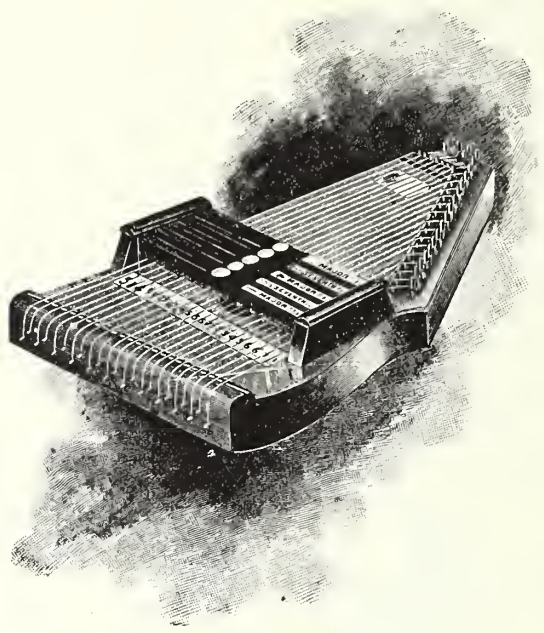
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"It says to the 'person who desires recreation at home, 'Buy me for $5 00.' And so on all the way up, it will follow the growth of musical desire and accomplishment. It appeals to one and another with the irresistible argument of economy; for in all styles it will be found much cheaper than any other instrument possessing anything like the same possibilities, for even the skillful artist finds in the $150.00 Autoharp an instrument with as great scope as any which can command his attention."

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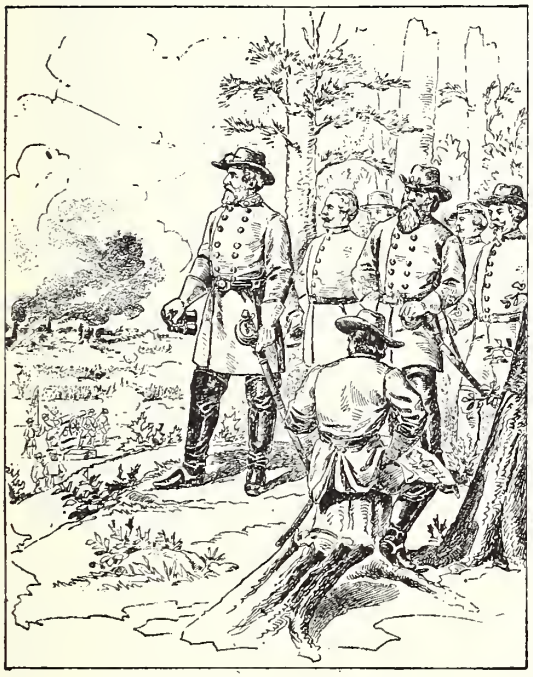
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Life of General Robert E. Lee for Children.

Just the Book that has been Wanted. It is in Easy Words and Illustrated with Colored Plates.



(GEN. LEE AT GETTYSBURG.)

Price of this book 75 cts., sent post paid, with the VETERAN—renewals or new subscriptions for $1.40.

Sent free for a club of four subscribers.

The Southern Churchman says: In writing this "Life of General Lee" for the children whose fathers wore the gray, Mrs. Williamson, who is, by the way, a niece of Dr. Gessner Harrison, of the University of Virginia, and a cousin of Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, has done an excellent thing and done it in an admirable way. Among all the "lives" of the great military genius and the greater Christian gentleman that have been written, we think this is unique. Its language is of the utmost simplicity, the degree of simplicity which the average, and not exceptional four-year-old child can readily understand and enjoy. We cannot speak too warmly of the admirable aim to give to the small people, in a style which will hold their interest, whatever is noble in biography. Its effect for good cannot be calculated. Children are invariably attracted by what is brilliant in personality, when joined to what is good; and put before them intelligently, it has an educational value upon which it is hardly possible to lay too great stress. Certainly if ever a Christian hero lived and died, Robert E. Lee was he, and the life and character of the man cannot be brought too closely to the attention of the children. They will bear close inspection. The colored pictures, too, will be a joy forever to Mrs. Williamson's small readers.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D.D., writes of it: "The Life of Robert E. Lee for Children," by Mrs. Mary L. Williamson, is a fine conception admirably executed. * * * *

The larger books are unsuitable for this purpose, and many of the so-called histories used in our schools are utterly misleading in what they say and in what they omit. What child could get any correct idea of the real life and character of Lee from such books as Barnes' History of the United States, or "The Eclectic," or Montgomery, or Swinton?

Mrs. Williamson has, therefore, done a needed work in bringing the life and character of our Lee down to the comprehension and admiration of our children. Her style is simple and her narrative deeply interesting, while she has displayed sound judgment and excellent taste in the selection of her material and her admirable use of it.

Children will delight in her clear, deeply interesting narrative, while grown people will read with quickened interest her thrilling story of a great life. * * * * *

Without reserve, and very earnestly, therefore, I would commend this little volume as every way worthy of a place in our homes our day schools and our Sunday schools—far better, indeed, than the average Sunday school library book—and I express the hope that it may have so wide a sale as to encourage the early publication of "The Life of Stonewall Jackson," for children. * * *

Rich-mond and Pe-ters-burg.

When the South-ern troops were leav-ing Rich-mond, by law of Con-gress the to-bac-co hous-es were set on fire to keep them from fall-ing in-to the hands of the foe. The fire spread, and Mrs. Lee's house was in dan-ger of be-ing burnt. Friends rushed in and wished to move her to a place of safe-ty, but she would not go. The fire had no ter-ror for her as she thought of her hus-band with his band of rag-ged, starv-ing men march-ing with their fa-ces turned from Rich-mond. White clouds of dense smoke, with the light of fire in their folds, hung a-bove the cit-y as the Fed-er-al ar-my, with wav-ing flags and clash-ing mu-sic, marched in and stacked arms in the Capitol Square.

In the mean-time, Lee marched on to-wards A-me-li-a Court-House, where he had or-dered meat and bread to be sent for his men. But when he got there he found that it had been sent else-where, and now real want set in. His men had noth-ing to eat but corn, which they would parch at night and eat as they marched a-long. Gen-er-al Lee's plan had been

(REDUCED FACSIMILE FROM THE BOOK.)



YOUNG ROBERT AND HIS MOTHER STARTING FOR A DRIVE.

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[*Notices under this heading will be inserted at 20 cents per line each insertion.*]

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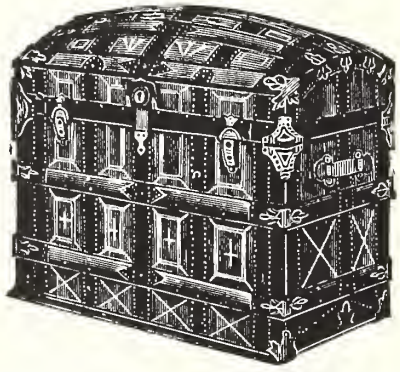
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WANTED, All good Southerners to continue to secure first-class Teachers—Music, Literary and Art—from THE SOUTHERN TEACHERS' BUREAU OF EDUCATION, 618 S. College St., Nashville, Tenn. Positions filled in twenty-four hours from receipt of your letter or telegram.

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Dr. Marion Price, the specialist on diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Nose, Lungs, and Nervous System, has a card elsewhere in this issue, and we would call the special attention of our readers to this card. Dr. Price has had several years experience and has permanently located in this city, where he hopes to see all who may need his services. We would call especial attention to what he says in regard to Glasses, Cross Eyes, Catarrh, Consumption, and the Whiskey, Morphine and Cocaine habits. Anyone who may wish it will be furnished references by Dr. Price and he considers all correspondence strictly confidential.

He has very handsome offices in rooms 409-10-11 Jackson Building.



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If you would live to a ripe old age, and be healthy all the time, remember this fact: that

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Write for article on the blood, and testimonials of cures.

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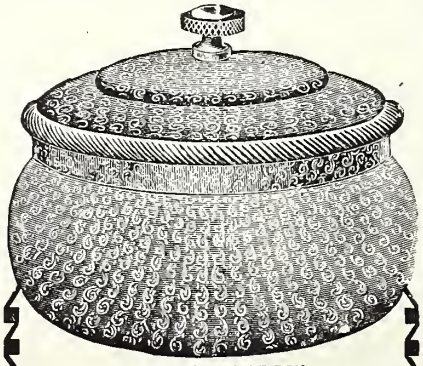
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This scholarship entitles the holder to all the privileges of a literary course for five months, including board, and the cash value of same is 135.

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This college is advertised in this number of the VETERAN, where full particulars of its curriculum may be seen.

This is a splendid opportunity for those having daughters to educate, as there is no better college in the South.

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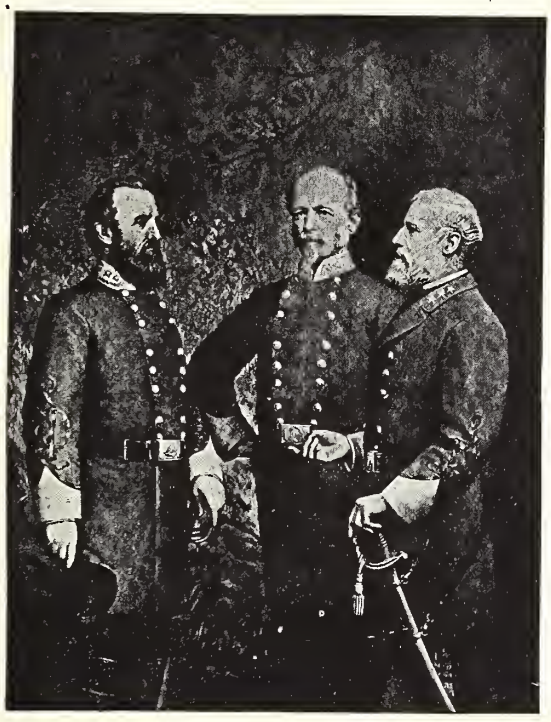
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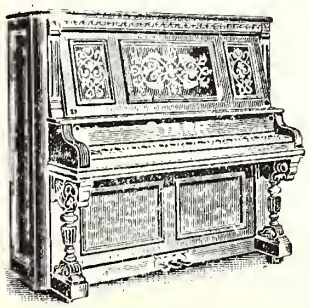
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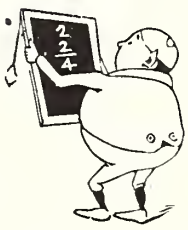
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Should be in every household—*Houston Business League.*



"BABY" MAY MILLER, Milledgeville, Ga.

Professor William Bledsoe Philpott, of Bryan, was in the city yesterday and gave a reporter of the Post an opportunity of examining "The Sponsor Souvenir Album and History of the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion," which has been compiled as a memorial of the great meeting held in this city last May. The album and history were edited by Prof. Philpott, with the assistance of other well-known Texas gentlemen, and is a blending of the beautiful and the historical that cannot fail to make it popular throughout Texas and the South. The book will be issued from the press in a week or so, and the compilers are anticipating a rapid exhaustion of the first edition, as letters of inquiry in regard to it are being received from every section. The binding is a substantial one of cloth and gold, while the engraving and typography are of the highest excellence. Houston is especially prominent in its pages, photographs of her citizens, public buildings, residences, beautiful women, picturesque scenes and pretty ladies occupying a large portion of the volume. Reunion scenes are given full space and charming description, with portraits of the leading living Confederates and dead officers. Representative women of Texas, the maids and sponsors of the different States, as well as pictures of beautiful women in all sections of the Southland, are photographed upon its pages. Selections of poetry especially dear to every Southerner, constitute a feature of the work, many of them being printed in connection with the scenes described. The work is an appropriate commemoration of the Reunion, and as a souvenir will be prized by all who are so fortunate as to possess it.—*Houston Daily Post.*

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